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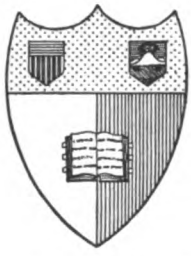

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SIX PENCE

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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See Page 22.

No. 241
VOL 41

JAN.
1911

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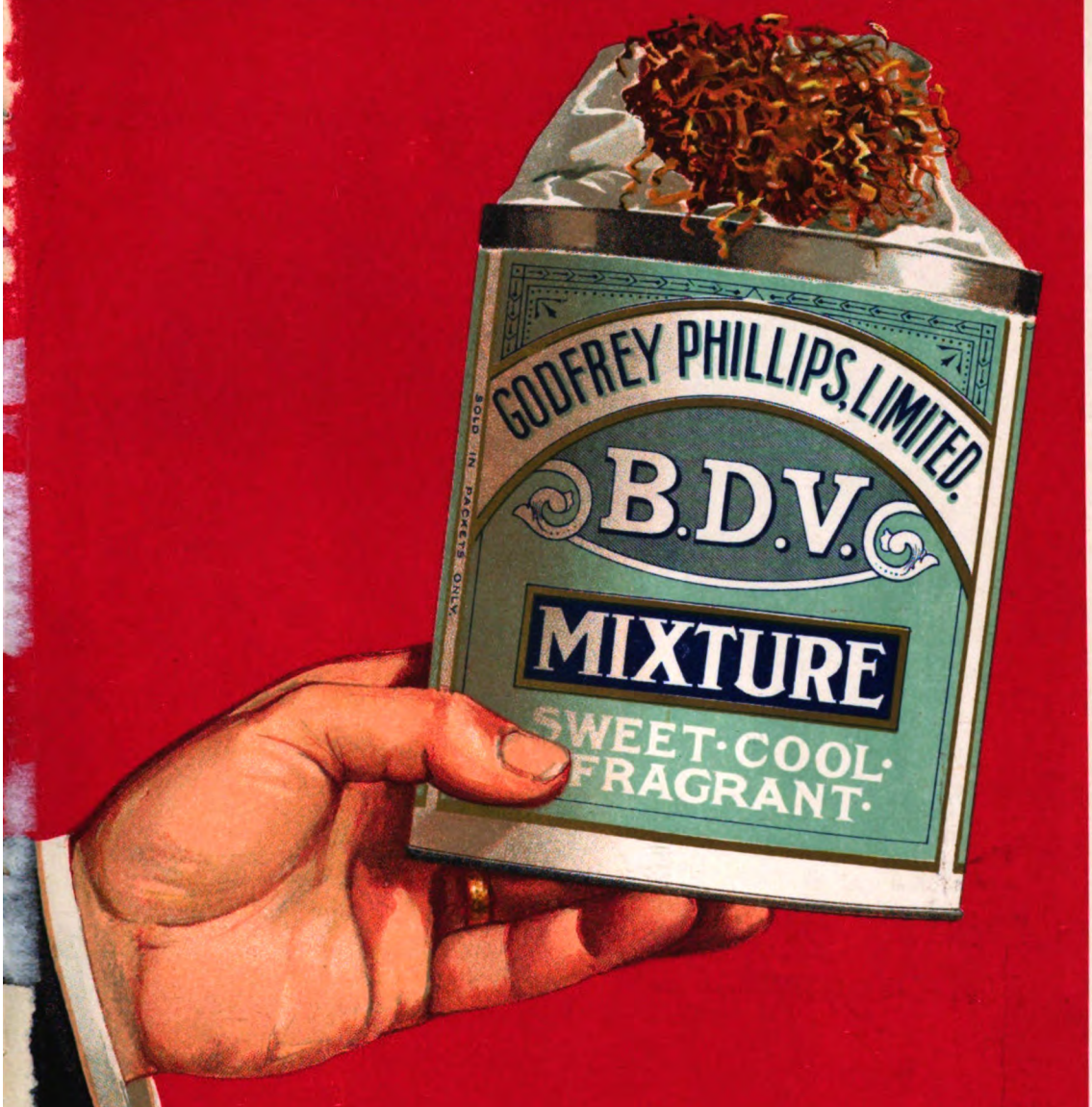

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"'MADAME,' SAID ARISTIDE, 'YOU ARE ADORABLE, AND I LOVE YOU TO DISTRACTION.'"

(*See page* 5.)

A.284?.??

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. No. 241.
JANUARY, 1911.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

II.—The Adventure of the Arlésienne.

ARISTIDE PUJOL bade me a sunny farewell at the door of the Hôtel du Luxembourg at Nîmes, and, valise in hand, darted off in his impetuous fashion, across the Place de l'Esplanade. I felt something like a pang at the sight of his retreating figure, as, on his own confession, he had not a penny in the world. I wondered what he would do for food and lodging, to say nothing of tobacco, *apéritifs*, and other such necessaries of life. The idea of so gay a creature starving was abhorrent. Yet my invitation to stay as my guest at the hotel until he saw an opportunity of improving his financial situation he had courteously declined.

Early next morning I found him awaiting me in the lounge and smoking an excellent cigar. He explained that so dear a friend as myself ought to be the first to hear the glad tidings. Last evening, by the grace of Heaven, he had run across a bare acquaintance, a manufacturer of nougat at Montélimar; had spent several hours in his company, with the result that he had convinced him of two things: first, that the dry, crumbling, shortbread-like nougat of Montélimar was unknown in England, where the population subsisted on a sickly, glutinous mess whereto the medical faculty had ascribed the prevalent dyspepsia of the population; and, secondly, that the one Heaven-certified apostle who could spread the glorious gospel of Montélimar nougat over the length and breadth of Great Britain and Ireland was himself, Aristide Pujol. A handsome salary

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had been arranged, of which he had already drawn something on account — *hinc ille Colorado*—and he was to accompany his principal the next day to Montélimar, *en route* for the conquest of Britain. In the meantime he was as free as the winds, and would devote the day to showing me the wonders of the town.

I congratulated him on his almost fantastic good fortune and gladly accepted his offer.

"There is one thing I should like to ask you," said I, "and it is this. Yesterday afternoon you refused my cordially-offered hospitality, and went away without a *sou* to bless yourself with. What did you do? I ask out of curiosity. How does a man set about trying to subsist on nothing at all?"

"It's very simple," he replied. "Haven't I told you, and haven't you seen for yourself, that I never lose an opportunity? More than that. It has been my rule in life either to make friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness—he's a muddle-headed ass is Mammon, and you can steer clear of his unrighteousness if you're sharp enough—or else to cast my bread upon the waters in the certainty of finding it again after many days. In the case in question I took the latter course. I cast my bread a year or two ago upon the waters of the Roman baths, which I will have the pleasure of showing you this morning, and I found it again last night at the Hôtel de la Curatterie."

In the course of the day he related to me the following artless history.

And here, as I have nothing more to do, save in the most external manner, with the fortunes of Aristide Pujol, I take the opportunity of withdrawing my unimportant and uninteresting personality from these chronicles.

Aristide Pujol arrived at Nimes one blazing day in July. He had money in his pocket and laughter in his soul. He had also deposited his valise at the Hôtel du Luxembourg, which, as all the world knows, is the most luxurious hotel in the town. Joyousness of heart impelled him to a course of action which the good Nimois regard as maniacal in the sweltering July heat—he walked about the baking streets for his own good pleasure.

Aristide Pujol was floating a company, a process which afforded him as much delirious joy as the floating, for the first time, of a toy yacht affords a child. It was a company to build an hotel in Perpignan, where the recent demolition of the fortifications erected by the Emperor Charles V. had set free a vast expanse of valuable building ground on the other side of the little river on which the old town is situated. The best hotel in Perpignan being one to get away from as soon as possible, owing to restriction of site, Aristide conceived the idea of building a spacious and palatial hostelry in the new part of the town, which should allure all the motorists and tourists of the globe to that Pyrenean Paradise. By sheer audacity he had contrived to interest an eminent Paris architect in his project. Now the man who listened to Aristide Pujol was lost. With the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner he combined the winning charm of a woman. For salvation, you either had to refuse to see him, as all the architects to the end of the R's in the alphabetical list had done, or put wax, Ulysses-like, in your ears, a precaution neglected by the eminent M. Say. M. Say went to Perpignan and returned in a state of subdued enthusiasm.

A limited company was formed, of which Aristide Pujol, man of vast experience in affairs, was managing director. But money came in slowly. A financier was needed. Aristide looked through his collection of visiting-cards, and therein discovered that of a deaf ironmaster at St. Étienne whose life he had once saved at a railway station by dragging him, as he was crossing the line, out of the way of an express train that came thundering through. Aristide, man of impulse, went straight to St. Étienne, to work upon the ironmaster's sense of gratitude. Meanwhile, M. Say, man of more sober outlook, bethought him of a client, an American millionaire, passing through Paris, who had speculated considerably in hotels. The millionaire, having confidence in the eminent M. Say, thought well of the scheme. He was just off to Japan, but would drop down to the Pyrenees the next day and look at the Perpignan site before boarding his steamer at Marseilles. If his inquiries satisfied him, and he could arrange matters with the managing director, he would not mind putting a million dollars or two into the concern. You must kindly remember that I do not vouch for the literal accuracy of everything told me by Aristide Pujol.

The question of the all-important meeting between the millionaire and the managing director then arose. As Aristide was at St. Étienne it was arranged that they should meet at a half-way stage on the latter's journey from Perpignan to Marseilles. The Hôtel du Luxembourg at Nimes was the

place, and two o'clock on Thursday the time appointed.

Meanwhile Aristide had found that the deaf ironmaster had died months ago. This was a disappointment, but fortune compensated him. This part of his adventure is somewhat vague, but I gathered that he was lured by a newly-made acquaintance into a gambling den, where he won the prodigious sum of two thousand francs. With this wealth jingling and crinkling in his pockets he fled the town and arrived at Nîmes on Wednesday morning, a day before his appointment.

That was why he walked joyously about the blazing streets. The tide had turned at last. Of the success of his interview with the millionaire he had not the slightest doubt. He walked about building gorgeous castles in Perpignan—which, by the way, is not very far from Spain. At last he reached the Jardin de la Fontaine, the great, stately garden laid out in complexity of terrace and bridge and balustraded parapet over the waters of the old Roman baths by the master hand to which Louis XIV. had entrusted the Garden of Versailles. Aristide threw himself on a bench and fanned himself with his straw hat.

"*Mon Dieu!* it's hot!" he remarked to another occupant of the seat.

This was a woman, and, as he saw when she turned her face towards him, an exceedingly handsome woman. Her white lawn and black silk head-dress, coming to a tiny crown just covering the parting of her full wavy hair, proclaimed her of the neighbouring town of Arles. She had all the Arlésienne's Roman beauty — the finely-chiselled features, the calm, straight brows, the ripe lips, the soft oval contour, the clear olive complexion. She had also lustrous brown eyes; but these were full of tears. She only turned them on him for a moment; then she resumed her apparently interrupted occupation of sobbing. Aristide was a soft-hearted man. He drew nearer.

"Why, you're crying, madame!" said he.

"Evidently," murmured the lady.

"To cry scalding tears in this weather! It's too hot! Now, if you could only cry iced water there would be something refreshing in it."

"You jest, monsieur," said the lady, drying her eyes.

"By no means," said he. "The sight of so beautiful a woman in distress is painful."

"Ah!" she sighed. "I am very unhappy."

Aristide drew nearer still.

"Who," said he, "is the wretch that has dared to make you so?"

"My husband," replied the lady, swallowing a sob.

"The scoundrel!" said Aristide.

The lady shrugged her shoulders and looked down at her wedding-ring, which gleamed on a slim, brown, perfectly-kept hand. Aristide prided himself on being a connoisseur in hands.

"There never was a husband yet," he added, "who appreciated a beautiful wife. Husbands only deserve harridans."

"That's true," said the Arlésienne, "for when the wife is good-looking they are jealous."

"Ah, that is the trouble, is it?" said Aristide. "Tell me all about it."

The beautiful Arlésienne again contemplated her slender fingers.

"I don't know you, monsieur."

"But you soon will," said Aristide, in his pleasant voice and with a laughing, challenging glance in his bright eyes. She met it swiftly and sidelong.

"Monsieur," she said, "I have been married to my husband for four years, and have always been faithful to him."

"That's praiseworthy," said Aristide.

"And I love him very much."

"That's unfortunate!" said Aristide.

"Unfortunate?"

"*Parbleu!*" said Aristide.

Their eyes met. They burst out laughing. The lady quickly recovered and the tears sprang again.

"One can't jest with a heavy heart; and mine is very heavy." She broke down through self-pity. "Oh, I am ashamed!" she cried.

She turned away from him, burying her face in her hands. Her dress, cut low, showed the nape of her neck as it rose gracefully from her shoulders. Two little curls had rebelled against being drawn up with the rest of her hair. The back of a dainty ear, set close to the head, was provoking in its pink loveliness. Her attitude, that of a youthful Niobe, all tears, but at the same time all curves and delicious contours, would have played the deuce with an anchorite.

Aristide, I would have you remember, was a child of the South. A child of the North, regarding a bewitching woman, thinks how nice it would be to make love to her, and wastes his time in wondering how he can do it. A child of the South neither thinks nor wonders; he makes love straight away.

"Madame," said Aristide, "you are adorable, and I love you to distraction."

She started up. "Monsieur, you forget yourself!"

"If I remember anything else in the wide world but you, it would be a poor compliment. I forget everything. You turn my head, you ravish my heart, and you put joy into my soul."

He meant it—intensely—for the moment.

"I ought not to listen to you," said the lady, "especially when I am so unhappy."

"All the more reason to seek consolation," replied Aristide.

"Monsieur," she said, after a short pause, "you look good and loyal. I will tell you what is the matter. My husband accuses me wrongfully, although I know that appearances are against me. He only allows me in the house on sufferance, and is taking measures to procure a divorce."

"*À la bonne heure!*" cried Aristide, excitedly casting away his straw hat, which an unintentional twist of the wrist caused to skim horizontally and nearly decapitate a small and perspiring soldier who happened to pass by. "*À la bonne heure!* Let him divorce you. You are then free. You can be mine without any further question."

"But I love my husband," she smiled, sadly.

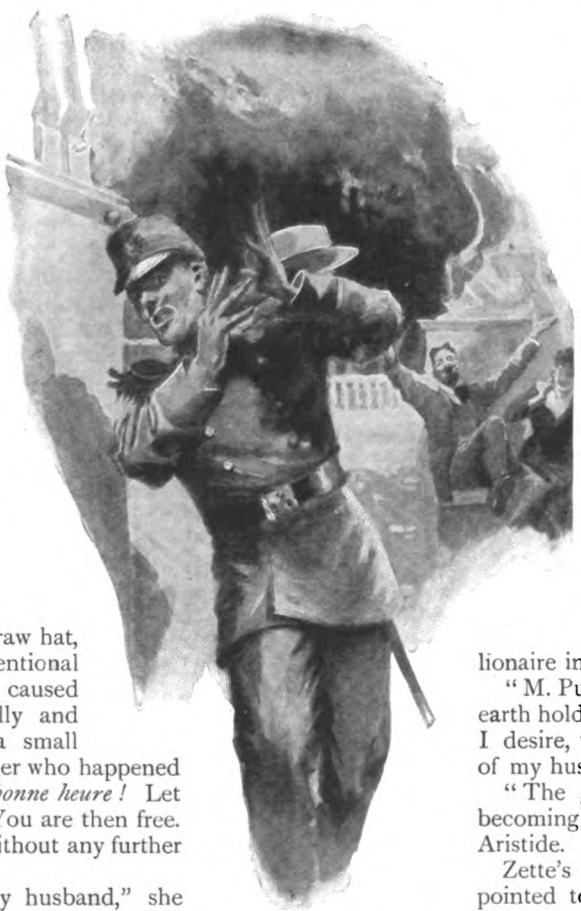
"Bah!" said he, with the scepticism of the lover and the Provençal. "And, by the way, who is your husband?"

"He is M. Émile Bocardon, proprietor of the Hôtel de la Curatterie."

"And you?"

"I am Mme. Bocardon," she replied, with the faintest touch of roguery.

"But your Christian name? How is it possible for me to think of you as Mme. Bocardon?"



"'À LA BONNE HEURE!' CRIED ARISTIDE, EXCITEDLY CASTING AWAY HIS STRAW HAT, WHICH NEARLY DECAPITATED A SMALL AND PERSPIRING SOLDIER."

They argued the question. Eventually she confessed to the name of Zette.

Her confidence not stopping there, she told him how she came by the name; how she was brought up by her Aunt Léonie at Raphèle, some five miles from Arles, and many other unexciting particulars of her early years. Her baptismal name was Louise. Her mother, who died when she was young, called her Louisette. Aunt Léonie, a very busy woman, with no time for superfluous syllables, called her Zette.

"Zette!" He cast up his eyes as if she had been canonized and he was invoking her in rapt worship. "Zette, I adore you!"

Zette was extremely sorry. She, on her side, adored the cruel M. Bocardon. Incidentally she learned Aristide's name and quality. He was an *agent d'affaires*, extremely rich—had he not two thousand francs and an American millionaire in his pocket?

"M. Pujol," she said, "the earth holds but one thing that I desire, the love and trust of my husband."

"The good Bocardon is becoming tiresome," said Aristide.

Zette's lips parted, as she pointed to a black speck at the iron entrance gates.

"*Mon Dieu!* there he is!"

"He has become tiresome," said Aristide.

She rose, displaying to its full advantage her supple and stately figure. She had a queenly poise of the head. Aristide contemplated her with the frankest admiration.

"One would say Juno was walking the earth again."

Although Zette had never heard of Juno, and was as miserable and heavy-hearted a

woman as dwelt in Nîmes, a flush of pleasure rose to her cheeks. She too was a child of the South, and female children of the South love to be admired, no matter how frankly. I have heard of Daughters of the Snows not quite averse to it. She sighed.

"I must go now, monsieur. He must not find me here with you. I am suffering enough already from his reproaches. Ah! it is unjust—unjust!" she cried, clenching her hands, while the tears again started into her eyes, and the corners of her pretty lips twitched with pain. "Indeed," she added, "I know it has been wrong of me to talk to you like this. But *que voulez-vous?* It was not my fault. Adieu, monsieur."

At the sight of her standing before him in her woeful beauty, Aristide's pulses throbbed.

"It is not adieu—it is *au revoir*, Mme. Zette," he cried.

She protested tearfully. It was farewell. Aristide darted off to his rejected hat and clapped it on the back of his head. He joined her and swore that he would see her again. It was not Aristide Pujol who would allow her to be rent in pieces by the jaws of that crocodile, M. Bocardon. Faith, he would defend her to the last drop of his blood. He would do all manner of gasconading things.

"But what can you do, my poor M. Pujol?" she asked.

"You will see," he replied.

They parted. He watched her until she became a speck and, having joined the other speck, her husband, passed out of sight. Then he set out through the burning gardens towards the Hôtel du Luxembourg, at the other end of the town.

Aristide had fallen in love. He had fallen in love with Provençal fury. He had done the same thing a hundred times before; but this, he told himself, was the *coup de foudre*—the thunderbolt. The beautiful Arlésienne filled his brain and his senses. Nothing else in the wide world mattered. Nothing else in the wide world occupied his mind. He sped through the hot streets like a meteor in human form. A stout man, sipping syrup and water in the cool beneath the awning of the Café de la Bourse, rose, looked wonderingly after him, and resumed his seat, wiping a perspiring brow.

A short while afterwards Aristide, valise in hand, presented himself at the bureau of the Hôtel de la Curatterie. It was a dingy little hotel, with a dingy little oval sign outside, and was situated in the narrow street of the same name. Within, it was clean and well kept. On the right of the little dark entrance-hall was the *salle à manger*, on the left the bureau and an unenticing hole labelled *salon de correspondance*. A very narrow passage led to the kitchen, and the rest of the hall was blocked by the staircase. An enormous man with a simple, woebegone fat face and a head of hair like a circular machine-brush was sitting by the bureau window in his shirt-sleeves. Aristide addressed him.

"M. Bocardon?"

"At your service, monsieur."

"Can I have a bedroom?"

"Certainly." He waved a hand towards a set of black sample boxes studded with brass nails and bound with straps that lay in the hall. "The omnibus has brought your boxes. You are M. Lambert?"

"M. Bocardon," said Aristide, in a lordly way, "I am M. Aristide Pujol, and not a commercial traveller. I have come to see the beauties of Nîmes, and have chosen this hotel because I have the honour to be a distant relation of your wife, Mme. Zette Bocardon, whom I have not seen for many years. How is she?"

"Her health is very good," replied M. Bocardon, shortly. He rang a bell.

A dilapidated man in a green baize apron emerged from the dining-room and took Aristide's valise.

"No. 24," said M. Bocardon. Then, swinging his massive form half-way through the narrow bureau door, he called down the passage, "Euphémie!"

A woman's voice responded, and in a moment the woman herself appeared, a pallid, haggard, though more youthful, replica of Zette, with the dark rings of sleeplessness or illness beneath her eyes, which looked furtively at the world.

"Tell your sister," said M. Bocardon, "that a relation of yours has come to stay in the hotel."

He swung himself back into the bureau and took no further notice of the guest.

"A relation?" echoed Euphémie, staring at the smiling, lustrous-eyed Aristide, whose busy brain was wondering how he could mystify this unwelcome and unexpected sister.

"Why, yes. Aristide, cousin to your good Aunt Léonie at Raphèle. Ah — but you are too young to remember me."

"I will tell Zette," she said, disappearing down the narrow passage.

Aristide went to the doorway, and stood there looking out into the not too savoury street. On the opposite side, which was in the shade, the tenants of the modest little

shops sat by their doors or on chairs on the pavement. There was considerable whispering among them and various glances were cast at him. Presently footsteps behind caused him to turn. There was Zette. She had evidently been weeping since they had parted, for her eyelids were red. She started on beholding him.

"You?"

He laughed and shook her hesitative hands.

"It is I, Aristide. But you have grown! *Pécaire!* How you have grown!" He swung her hands apart and laughed merrily in her bewildered eyes. "To think that the little Zette in pigtails and short check skirt should have grown into this beautiful woman! I compliment you on your wife, M. Bocardon."

M. Bocardon did not reply, but Aristide's swift glance noticed a spasm of pain shoot across his broad face.

"And the good Aunt Léonie? Is she well? And does she still make her *matelotes* of eels? Ah, they were good, those *matelotes.*"

"Aunt Léonie died two years ago," said Zette.

"The poor woman! And I who never knew. Tell me about her."

The *salle à manger* door stood open. He drew her thither by his curious fascination. They entered, and he shut the door behind them.

"*Voilà!*" said he. "Didn't I tell you I should see you again?"

"*Vous avez un fameux toupet, vous!*" said Zette, half angrily.

He laughed, having been accused of confounded impudence many times before in the course of his adventurous life.

"If I told my husband he would kill you."

"Precisely. So you're not going to tell him. I adore you. I have come to protect you. *Foi de Provençal.*"

"The only way to protect me is to prove my innocence."

"And then?"

She drew herself up and looked him straight between the eyes.

"I'll recognize that you have a loyal heart, and will be your very good friend."

"Mme. Zette," cried Aristide, "I will devote my life to your service. Tell me the particulars of the affair."

"Ask M. Bocardon." She left him, and sailed out of the room and past the bureau with her proud head in the air.

If Aristide Pujol had the rapturous idea of proving the innocence of Mme. Zette, triumphing over the fat pig of a husband, and eventually, in a fantastic fashion, carrying off the insulted and spotless lady to some bower of delight (the castle in Perpignan—why not?), you must blame, not him, but Provence, whose sons, if not devout, are frankly pagan. Sometimes they are both.

M. Bocardon sat in his bureau, pretending to do accounts and tracing columns of figures with a huge, trembling forefinger. He looked the picture of woe. Aristide decided to bide his opportunity. He went out into the streets again, now with the object of killing time. The afternoon had advanced, and trees and buildings cast cool shadows, in which one could walk with comfort; and Nimes, clear, bright city of wide avenues and broad open spaces, instinct too with the grandeur that was Rome's, is an idler's Paradise. Aristide knew it well; but he never tired of it. He wandered round the Maison Carrée, his responsive nature delighting in the splendour of the Temple, with its fluted Corinthian columns, its noble entablature, its massive pediment, its perfect proportions; reluctantly turned down the Boulevard Victor Hugo, past the Lycée and the Bourse, made the circuit of the mighty, double-arched oval of the Arena, and then retraced his steps. As he expected, M. Bocardon had left the bureau. It was the hour of absinthe. The porter named M. Bocardon's habitual *café.* There, in a morose corner of the terrace, Aristide found the huge man gloomily contemplating an absurdly small glass of the bitters known as Dubonnet. Aristide raised his hat, asked permission to join him, and sat down.

"M. Bocardon," said he, carefully mixing the absinthe which he had ordered, "I learn from my fair cousin that there is between you a regrettable misunderstanding, for which I am sincerely sorry."

"She calls it a misunderstanding?" He laughed mirthlessly. "Women have their own vocabulary. Listen, my good sir. There is infamy between us. When a wife betrays a man like me—kind, indulgent, trustful, who has worshipped the ground she treads on—it is not a question of misunderstanding. It is infamy. If she had anywhere to lay her head, I would turn her out of doors to-night. But she has not. You, who are her relative, know I married her without a dowry. You alone of her family survive."

It was on the tip of Aristide's impulsive tongue to say that he would be only too willing to shelter her, but prudently he refrained.

"She has broken my heart," continued Bocardon.

Aristide asked for details of the unhappy affair. The large man hesitated for a moment and glanced suspiciously at his companion ; but, fascinated by the clear, luminous eyes, he launched with Southern violence into a whirling story. The villain was a traveller in buttons—*buttons !* To be wronged by a traveller in diamonds might have its compensations—but buttons ! Linen buttons, bone buttons, brass buttons, *trouser buttons !* To be a traveller in the inanity of button-holes was the only lower degradation. His name was Bondon—he uttered it scathingly, as if to decline from a Bocardon to a Bondon was unthinkable. This Bondon was a regular client of the hotel, and such a client !—who never ordered a bottle of *vin cacheté* or coffee or Cognac. A contemptible creature. For a long time he had his suspicions. Now he was certain. He tossed off his glass of Dubonnet, ordered another, and spoke incoherently of the opening and shutting of doors, of whisperings, of a dreadful incident, the central fact of which was a glimpse of Zette gliding wraith-like down a corridor.

Lastly, there was the culminating proof, a letter found that morning in Zette's room. He drew a crumpled sheet from his pocket and handed it to Aristide.

It was a crude, flaming, reprehensible, and entirely damning epistle. Aristide turned cold, shivering at the idea of the superb and dainty Zette coming in contact with such abomination. He hated Bondon with a murderous hate. He drank a great gulp of absinthe and wished it were Bondon's blood. Great tears rolled down Bocardon's face, and gathering at the ends of his scrubby moustache dripped in splashes on the marble table.

"THE VILLAIN WAS A TRAVELLER IN BUTTONS—BUTTONS !"

"I loved her so tenderly, monsieur," said he.

The cry, so human, went straight to Aristide's heart. A sympathetic tear glistened in his bright eyes. He was suddenly filled

with an immense pity for this grief-stricken, helpless giant. An odd feminine streak ran through his nature and showed itself in queer places. Impulsively he stretched out his hand.

"You're going?" asked Bocardon.

"No. A sign of good friendship."

They gripped hands across the table. A new emotion thrilled through the facile Aristide.

"Bocardon, I devote myself to you," he cried, with a flamboyant gesture. "What can I do?"

"Alas, nothing," replied the other, miserably.

"And Zette? What does she say to it all?"

The mountainous shoulders heaved with a shrug. "She denies everything. She had never seen the letter until I showed it to her. She did not know how it came into her room. As if that were possible!"

"It's improbable," said Aristide, gloomily.

They talked. Bocardon, in a choky voice, told the simple tale of their married happiness. It had been a love-match, different from the ordinary marriages of reason and arrangement. Not a cloud since their wedding-day. They were called the turtle-doves of the Rue de la Curatterie. He had not even manifested the jealousy justifiable in the possessor of so beautiful a wife. He had trusted her implicitly. He was certain of her love. That was enough. They had had one child, who died. Grief had brought them even nearer each other. And now this stroke had been dealt. It was a knife being turned round in his heart. It was agony.

They walked back to the hotel together. Zette, who was sitting by the desk in the bureau, rose and, without a word or look, vanished down the passage. Bocardon, with a great sigh, took her place. It was dinner-time. The half-dozen guests and frequenters filled for a moment the little hall, some waiting to wash their hands at the primitive *lavabo* by the foot of the stairs. Aristide accompanied them into the *salle à manger*, where he dined in solemn silence. The dinner over he went out again, passing by the bureau where Bocardon, in its dim recesses, was eating a sad meal brought to him by the melancholy Euphémie. Zette, he conjectured, was dining in the kitchen. An atmosphere of desolation impregnated the place, as though a corpse were somewhere in the house.

Aristide drank his coffee at the nearest *café* in a complicated state of mind. He had fallen furiously in love with the lady, believing her to be the victim of a jealous husband. In an outburst of generous emotion he had taken the husband to his heart, seeing that he was a good man stricken to death. Now he loved the lady, loved the husband, and hated the villain Bondon. What Aristide felt, he felt fiercely. He would reconcile these two people he loved, and then go and, if not assassinate Bondon, at least do *him* some bodily injury. With this idea in his head, he paid for his coffee and went back to the hotel.

He found Zette taking her turn at the bureau, for clients have to be attended to, even in the most distressing circumstances. She was talking to a new arrival, trying to smile a welcome. Aristide, loitering near, watched her beautiful face, to which the perfect classic features gave an air of noble purity. His soul revolted at the idea of her mixing herself up with a sordid wretch like Bondon. It was unbelievable.

"*Eh bien?*" she said, as soon as they were alone.

"Mme. Zette, to-day I called your husband a scoundrel and a crocodile. I was wrong. I find him a man with a beautiful nature."

"You needn't tell me that, M. Aristide."

"You are breaking his heart, Mme. Zette."

"And is he not breaking mine? He has told you, I suppose. Am I responsible for what I know nothing more about than a babe unborn? You don't believe I am speaking the truth? Bah! And your professions this afternoon? Wind and gas, like the words of all men."

"Mme. Zette," cried Aristide, "I said I would devote my life to your service, and so I will. I'll go and find Bondon and kill him."

He watched her narrowly, but she did not grow pale like a woman whose lover is threatened with mortal peril. She said, dryly:—

"You had better have some conversation with him first."

"Where is he to be found?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "How do I know? *Tiens!* He left by the early train this morning that goes in the direction of Tarascon."

"Then to-morrow," said Aristide, who knew the ways of commercial travellers, "he will be at Tarascon, or at Avignon, or at Arles."

"I heard him say that he had just done Arles."

"*Tant mieux.* I shall find him either at Tarascon or Avignon. And by the Tarasque of Ste. Marthe, I'll bring you his head and

you can put it up outside as a sign and call the place the 'Hôtel de la Tête de Bondon.'"

Early the next morning Aristide started on his quest, without informing the good Bocardon of his intentions. He would go straight to Avignon, as the more likely place. Inquiries at the various hotels would soon enable him to hunt down his quarry; and then—he did not quite know what would happen then—but it would be something picturesque, something entirely unforeseen by Bondon, something to be thrillingly determined by the inspiration of the moment. In any case he would wipe the stain from the family escutcheon. By this time he had quite convinced himself that he belonged to the Bocardon family.

The only other occupant of the first-class compartment was an elderly Englishwoman of sour aspect. Aristide, his head full of Zette and Bondon, scarcely noticed her. The train started and sped through the sunny land of vine and olive.

They had almost reached Tarascon when a sudden thought hit him between the eyes, like the blow of a fist. He gasped for a moment, then he burst into shrieks of laughter, kicking his legs up and down and waving his arms in maniacal mirth. After that he rose and danced. The sour-faced Englishwoman, in mortal terror, fled into the corridor. She must have reported Aristide's behaviour to the guard, for in a minute or two that official appeared at the doorway.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*"

Aristide paused in his demonstrations of merriment. "Monsieur," said he, "I have just discovered what I am going to do to M. Bondon."

Delight bubbled out of him as he walked from the Avignon Railway Station up the Cours de la République. The wretch Bondon lay at his mercy. He had not proceeded far, however, when his quick eye caught sight of an object in the ramshackle display of a curiosity dealer's. He paused in front of the window, fascinated. He rubbed his eyes.

"No," said he; "it is not a dream. The *bon Dieu* is on my side."

He went into the shop and bought the object. It was a pair of handcuffs.

"HE GASPED FOR A MOMENT, THEN HE BURST INTO SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER."

At a little after three o'clock the small and dilapidated hotel omnibus drove up before the Hôtel de la Curatterie, and from it descended Aristide Pujol, radiant-eyed, and a scrubby little man with a goatee beard, pince-nez, and a dome-like forehead, who, pale and trembling, seemed stricken with a great fear. It was Bondon. Together they

entered the little hall. As soon as Bocardon saw his enemy his eyes blazed with fury, and, uttering an inarticulate roar more like that of an infuriated elephant than a man, he rushed out of the bureau with clenched fists murderously uplifted. The terrified Bondon shrank into a corner, protected by Aristide, who, smiling like an angel of peace, intercepted the onslaught of the huge man.

"Be calm, my good Bocardon, be calm."

But Bocardon would not be calm. He found his voice.

"Ah, scoundrel! Miscreant! Wretch! Traitor!" When his vocabulary of vituperation and his breath failed him, he paused and mopped his forehead.

Bondon came a step or two forward.

"I know, monsieur, I have all the wrong on my side. Your anger is justifiable. But I never dreamt of the disastrous effect of my acts. Let me see her, my good M. Bocardon, I beseech you."

"Let you see her?" said Bocardon, growing purple in the face.

At this moment Zette came running up the passage.

"What is all this noise about?"

"Ah, madame!" cried Bondon, eagerly, "I am heart-broken. You who are so kind—let me see her."

"*Hein?*" exclaimed Bocardon, in stupefaction.

"See whom?" asked Zette.

"My dear dead one. My dear Euphémie, who has committed suicide."

"But he's mad!" shouted Bocardon, in his great voice. "Euphémie! Euphémie! Come here!"

At the sight of Euphémie, pale and shivering with apprehension, Bondon sank upon a bench by the wall. He stared at her as if she were a ghost.

"I don't understand," he murmured, faintly, looking like a trapped hare at Aristide Pujol, who, debonair, hands on hips, stood a little way apart.

"Nor I, either," cried Bocardon.

A great light dawned on Zette's beautiful face. "I do understand." She exchanged glances with Aristide. He came forward.

"It's very simple," said he, taking the stage with childlike exultation. "I go to find Bondon this morning to kill him. In the train I have a sudden inspiration, a revelation from Heaven. It is not Zette but Euphémie that is the *bonne amie* of Bondon. I laugh, and frighten a long-toothed English old maid out of her wits. Shall I get out at Tarascon and return to Nîmes and tell you, or shall I go on? I decide to go on. I make my plan. Ah, but when I make a plan, it's all in a second, a flash, *pfuit!* At Avignon I see a pair of handcuffs. I buy them. I spend hours tracking that animal there. At last I find him at the station about to start for Lyon. I tell him I am a police agent. I let him see the handcuffs, which convinced him. I tell him Euphémie, in consequence of the discovery of his letter, has committed suicide. There is a *procès-verbal* at which he is wanted. I summon him to accompany me in the name of the law—and there he is."

"Then that letter was not for my wife?" said Bocardon, who was not quick-witted.

"But, no, imbecile!" cried Aristide.

Bocardon hugged his wife in his vast embrace. The tears ran down his cheeks.

"Ah, my little Zette, my little Zette, will you ever pardon me?"

"*Oui, je te pardonne, gros jaloux,*" said Zette.

"And you!" shouted Bocardon, falling on Aristide; "I must embrace you also." He kissed him on both cheeks, in his expansive way, and thrust him towards Zette. "You can also kiss my wife. It is I, Bocardon, who command it."

The fire of a not ignoble pride raced through Aristide's veins. He was a hero. He knew it. It was a moment worth living.

The embraces and other expressions of joy and gratitude being temporarily suspended, attention was turned to the unheroic couple who up to then had said not one word to each other. The explanation of their conduct, too, was simple, apparently. They were in love. She had no dowry. He could not marry her, as his parents would not give their consent. She, for her part, was frightened to death by the discovery of the letter, lest Bocardon should turn her out of the house.

"What dowry will satisfy your parents?"

"Nothing less than twelve thousand francs."

"I give it," said Bocardon, reckless in his newly-found happiness. "Marry her."

The clock in the bureau struck four. Aristide pulled out his watch.

"*Saperlipopette!*" he cried, and disappeared like a flash into the street.

"But what's the matter with him?" shouted Bocardon, in amazement.

Zette went to the door. "He's running as if he had the devil at his heels."

"Was he always like that?" asked her husband.

"How always?"

"*Parbleu!* When you used to see him at your Aunt Léonie's."

Zette flushed red. To repudiate the saviour of her entire family were an act of treachery too black for her ingenuous heart.

"Ah, yes," she replied, calmly, coming back into the hall. "We used to call him Cousin Quicksilver."

In the big avenue Aristide hailed a passing cab.

"To the Hôtel du Luxembourg — at a gallop!"

In the joyous excitement of the past few hours this child of impulse and sunshine, this dragon-fly of a man, had entirely forgotten the appointment at two o'clock with the American millionaire and the fortune that depended on it. He would be angry at being kept waiting. Aristide had met Americans before. His swift brain invented an elaborate excuse.

"'AND YOU!' SHOUTED BOCARDON, FALLING ON ARISTIDE; 'I MUST EMBRACE YOU ALSO.'"

He leaped from the cab and entered the vestibule of the hotel.

"Can I see M. Congleton?" he asked at the bureau.

"An American gentleman? He has gone, monsieur. He left by the three-thirty train. Are you M. Pujol? There is a letter for you."

With a sinking heart he opened it and read:—

DEAR SIR,—I was in this hotel at two o'clock, according to arrangement. As my last train to Japan leaves at three-thirty, I regret I cannot await your convenience. The site of the hotel is satisfactory. Your business methods are not. I am sorry, therefore, not to be able to entertain the matter further.—Faithfully, WILLIAM B. CONGLETON.

He stared at the words for a few paralyzed moments. Then he stuffed the letter into his pocket and broke into a laugh.

"*Zut!*" said he, using the inelegant expletive whereby a Frenchman most adequately expresses his scorn of circumstance. "*Zut!* If I have lost a fortune, I have gained two devoted friends, so I am the winner on the day's work."

Whereupon he returned gaily to the bosom of the Bocardon family and remained there, its Cousin Quicksilver and its entirely happy and idolized hero, until the indignation of the eminent M. Say summoned him to Paris.

And that is how Aristide Pujol could live thenceforward on nothing at all at Nimes, whenever it suited him to visit that historic town.

The next story, "The Adventure of the Foundling," will be found particularly amusing.

Hunting Big Game with Lasso and Camera.

By GUY H. SCULL,

FIELD-MANAGER OF THE BUFFALO JONES AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

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II.—LASSOING A LION.

"BUFFALO JONES" (otherwise Colonel C. J. Jones), the Western ranchman, who has throttled wild wolves with his bare hands, and who went to Africa to lasso lions, rhinos, giraffes, and other animals, is the hero of this expedition. Long ago he broke his rifle, and vowed that he would never again kill game save for food or in self-defence. Words cannot better show the extraordinary nature of the exploits described in the following pages than those used by Mr. Roosevelt after seeing the cinematograph pictures at a club in New York. The ex-President clapped his hands with delight at the sight of moving pictures of the pursuit of a wart-hog, a zebra, a rhinoceros, and a lion. He explained in detail to his friends many of the interesting points about African game, and shouted with glee at the sight of the pictures. Before he left the club he insisted upon taking the platform to pay a tribute to "Buffalo Jones" and the Mexican cow-punchers accompanying him, and another tribute, equally glowing, to the Englishman, Cherry Kearton, who had cinematographed their gallant deeds.

"I think," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that I am acquainted with all the notable lion hunts from the days of Tiglath Pileser to the present time, and I speak with absolute accuracy when I say that in all that period there has been no such feat as that portrayal which we witnessed to-night, and, above all, no such feat as the portrayal itself. To tackle those beasts with a rifle is one thing, but to tackle them with the rope is a perfectly marvellous feat. I was in Africa when word was brought that 'Buffalo Jones' and two cow-punchers were coming out there to rope the animals. Everybody laughed at the thought. They didn't believe that there was any seriousness in the proposal. I said, 'You don't know those cow-punchers, and there is nothing they'll not try to do.' I didn't believe they could accomplish the feat. I didn't believe it possible to rope a lion or a rhinoceros as they did, and to have caught these pictures with a cinematograph is a thing that was never before begun to be approached. You have witnessed," concluded Mr. Roosevelt, "a really phenomenal record of a really phenomenal feat, and I congratulate Mr. Kearton with all my heart on what he has done, and I congratulate 'Buffalo Jones' and the cow-punchers."

THE morning star was still bright in the eastern heavens when the expedition rode out of camp in the early hours of April 8th. At the end of half a mile the three parties gradually separated on slightly diverging lines and moved silently to their appointed stations. Leaving the horses and the camera-porters at the base of the reef, the three of us of the centre station climbed the rocks in the darkness and waited for the dawn.

Slowly the first signs of day appeared over the hills and the morning star commenced to fade. As the light strengthened the wide panorama of the plains and the far-off mountains unfolded, and the individual patches of scrub and single trees began to stand out distinctly from the general blur of the darker reaches.

For fully half an hour everything was still and the light steadily broadened. Then, suddenly, Ulyate pointed.

In the plain to the south-east we could see a black speck moving about in a strange manner—first one way, then another, then stopping and moving on again.

"It's the Colonel," said Kearton, who had the glasses. "I think I can see the dogs. He's up to something."

It was not many minutes before the Colonel's actions took on a different trend. For a space he rode straight for the reef; then the smaller black specks of the dogs appeared on the plain in front. No doubt remained now of what the Colonel was up to. The dogs were on the trail of some animal—lion or hyena, there was no telling which—but the scent was hot and the hunt was coming strong.

At one place the dogs made a big bend to the north toward our camp. So the beast, whatever it was, had come to have a look at us in the night. For the first time then, as they swung back for the rocks, we faintly heard a hound give tongue. It was the only sound in the stillness. Kearton began tearing

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up the dry grass that grew in the cracks between the rocks, and piled it in a heap.

"Not yet," said Ulyate; "wait till we're sure."

On came the hunt, following close to the southern base of the reef. The hounds could be heard giving tongue in turn now. The Colonel rode behind, leaning forward and cheering on the dogs.

"He's made for the rocks all right—come on," said Ulyate, as, rifle in hand, he started down the cliff.

Kearton touched a match to the pile of grass and blew on it in his hurry, and as the small flame sprang into life he threw on some green stuff, and in a thin blue column the smoke rose up straight into the air.

"That will fetch the boys all right," he said, and we followed Ulyate down to the plain.

Although the delay in lighting the fire was brief, yet by the time we had reached the base and had mounted the horses, the Colonel, Ulyate, and the dogs had already passed out of sight beyond a farther out-jutting buttress of rock. We rounded the buttress only to find that the chase had vanished. The almost perpendicular wall of rocks was empty. There was a moment's halt. Then two quick shots rang out, and at once there began a general chorus of baying, yelping dogs, intermingled with the deep, heavy roar of a lion.

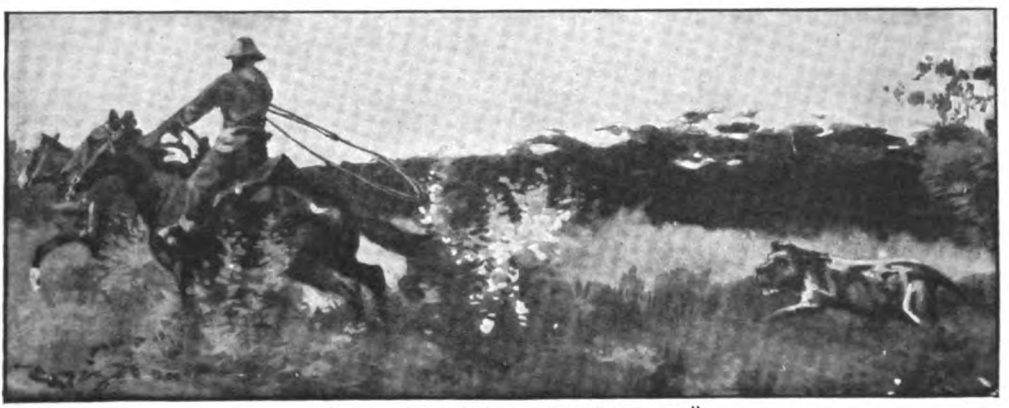
The sounds came from somewhere in the thick growth on the top of the reef, so we left the horses and climbed toward the sound. On the plateau the ground was covered with rugged lava blocks, and the scrub and creepers were so dense that when Kearton shouted Ulyate's name the white hunter answered from not more than ten yards away.

"It's a lioness," said Ulyate. "The dogs have got her bayed. Look out! She's just on the other side of that bush. When I got here I found the Colonel seated on his horse, facing the beast and trying to rope her. He hadn't even a knife. Why she didn't charge him I don't know. He couldn't get away over this kind of ground. He told me to call the others, and so I fired."

When the cowboys arrived from the distant donga they came threading their way toward us through the brush, leading their horses. A short consultation was held.

"We've got to shift her," said the Colonel. "Can't do anything with her here. Bring the crackers. Bring—— There she goes!"

The lioness had decided the issue and had bolted of her own accord. There was a streak of yellow through the bushes, a scrambling of dogs, a wild, frightened cry from the approaching camera-porters, and the hunt was on once more.



"ALL AT ONCE THE LIONESS CHARGED."

The beast ran to an open cave at the edge of the plateau and crouched there facing the dogs. To manœuvre the horses was absolutely out of the question, so the lioness had to be shifted again. For upwards of two hours then, by means of the dogs, fire-crackers, and lighting the grass, we drove her from one stronghold to another, from crevasse to crevasse, in trying to force her down off the reef.

The sun rose and the heat commenced. The dogs were feeling the strain of the constant baying. One by one they would seek a spot of shade and lie panting there for a while and then return to the fray. Sounder, being weak from distemper, was the first to give out, but he had done his share of the work. Porters were sent back to camp to bring water. Because the ground was bad

and the beast was on the defensive photography was difficult, but Kearton managed to catch small bits of action here and there, with Ulyate standing by him.

The day advanced and the dogs showed signs of tiring fast, yet the lioness still clung to the stronghold of the rocks. Every means at hand to drive her into the open had been tried time and again without avail. The task began to look hopeless. We had already reached that stage when we saw our resources coming to an end.

"Get a pole," said the Colonel, "and we'll poke a noose over her."

"It won't work," said Loveless. "We've tried that often enough to show it won't work."

"All the same, we'll try it again," replied the Colonel.

Loveless had just started to hunt for the pole when, without warning, the beast gave a quick, savage snarl, scattered the dogs from in front of her, and, dropping down the face of the reef to the plain below, ran straight for the distant donga.

Old John led the chase with the rest of the dogs trailing along as best they could, and behind them the men and horses, camera-porters, *saises*, and dog-boys went scrambling down the rocks in pursuit.

On the bank of the donga the lioness stopped to fight the ropers. She had run far enough and meant business now, and the hunt came up and halted a short distance away for a breathing spell.

The lioness had taken up her position at the end of a short tongue of land projecting into the donga, so that she was partially protected on three sides. The yelping dogs had quickly surrounded her, but she paid little heed to them now. Crouched by the side of a small thorn-bush she watched every move of the horsemen preparing to advance.

Kearton mounted his camera at one side of the scene, selecting his position with care to obtain the best background and general composition. He shifted about two or three times before he was satisfied.

"Of course, there's no telling which way she's going to jump," he explained. "But we might as well get the beginning of it right."

Means went first. Slowly he manœuvred toward her for a chance to throw his rope, and the lioness, alert, opened her jaws and snarled at the horseman circling near.

Closer and closer Means approached. Then all at once she charged. Means wheeled and spurred his horse to escape. For the first thirty yards of the race the lioness gained rapidly. Then the bay began to gather headway and slowly forged ahead.

With a quick change of front the lioness turned and charged the Colonel, who was sitting on his horse near by. Again the lioness gained at first and again the horse drew away from her, and so, giving up the charge, she returned to another thorn-bush, where she crouched down low and snarled and growled as before. And all the while Kearton, on foot with his tripod, was busy taking pictures of the show.

This second position of hers gave the horsemen a better chance. There was now more room in which to get near her by a quick dash past the bush. While Means edged round on the northern side, the Colonel moved to the south, and by tossing his rope about and shouting he managed to attract and hold her attention. In fact, he nearly succeeded too well, for once she rose to the first spring of the charge and the Colonel half wheeled his horse for flight, but the beast sank back again and glared at him.

Then from behind her Means darted forward on the run, swinging his rope free round and round his head. Kearton began shouting.

"Wait, the camera's jammed! Wait a bit, she's jammed here!"

But there was no stopping then, and before the lioness knew what he was up to Means dashed by within a few feet of her and roped her round the neck. But a lioness's neck is short and thick, and with a quick, cat-like twist she slipped the noose over her ears.

"Why can't they wait?" complained Kearton. "Somebody tell them to wait till I fix this. It's jammed. It must have got knocked on a rock somewhere. It never acted this way before." And all the while he talked his fingers were busy ripping out the jammed piece of film and loading up afresh.

When he declared himself ready, Loveless, this time, had already taken up his position to the north. Again the Colonel waved his rope and shouted, and when the right moment came Loveless dashed past her and likewise roped her round the neck. Again the beast slipped the noose.

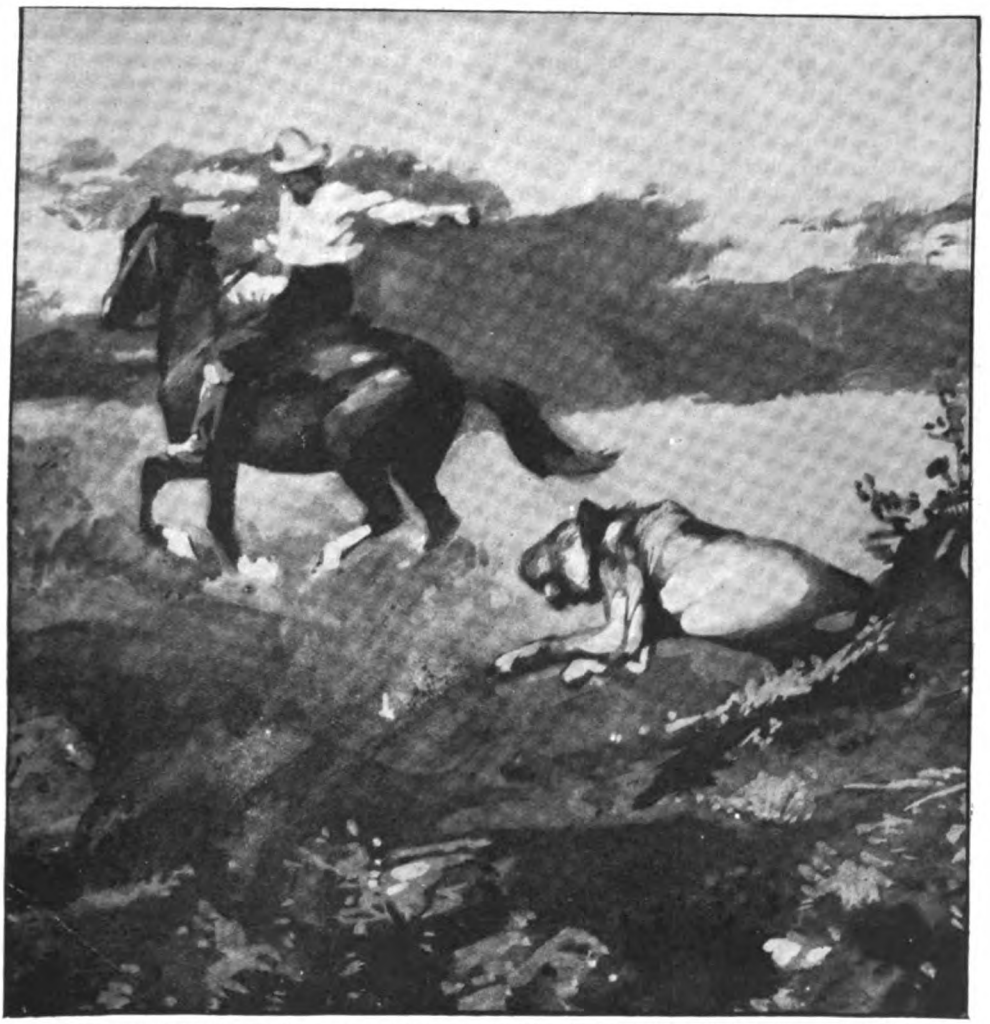
Here a rather strange thing happened. We had been told on many occasions that in shooting lions the beast will give its attention to the man who has the rifle, as if the instinct of the animal told it which man to fear. Up to this moment the lioness had held off the horsemen easily, but no sooner had she freed herself from Loveless's rope

than she fled into the donga and hid herself in a thicket of scrub and grass.

For a time then it seemed that nothing would move her from out this scrub. The dogs were finished; men and horses were becoming played out; fire-crackers and burning grass were used without result. Eventually the Colonel fastened a forked stick to his rope and dragged it across her hiding-place to uncover her. This manœuvre partly succeeded — succeeded enough, at least, for Loveless to throw his rope at her. And at the sight of the rope coming toward her through the air she hurled herself at him like a flash, so that it was only the side jump of his horse that saved him, and she turned and broke away along the donga.

At once Means was after her, galloping hard, for without the dogs there was danger of our losing sight of her. But the lioness did not run far. Her next and last position was in the bed of a small gully about three feet deep in the bottom of the donga and thickly grown with grasses. Here the ropers held a brief consultation and planned a final attempt.

Loveless made a throw and the noose landed fairly above the beast's head, but the thick grasses held it up. Loveless passed the other end of his rope over the branch of a tree and down to the horn of his saddle.



"AT THE SIGHT OF THE ROPE COMING THROUGH THE AIR SHE HURLED HERSELF AT HIM LIKE A FLASH."

The rest of us with the cameras trained on the scene had no knowledge of the plan. We had not the slightest idea what the Colonel intended to do. Still wondering, we watched him procure a long pole and ride quietly along the edge of the ditch toward the place where the lioness crouched.

For a moment there was intense silence. The Colonel stopped his horse. Then leaning over from his saddle he poked the noose down through the grass.

With a roar the beast sprang at him—sprang through the loop—and at the other end of the rope Loveless yanked quickly and caught her by the last hind leg going through. Putting spurs to his horse, Loveless galloped away, hauling the lioness back across the gully and up into the tree, where she swung to and fro, dangling by the one hind foot and snapping upward at the rope she could not reach.

"Got her!" yelled the Colonel.

The beast was furious. She was still swinging, head down like a pendulum, from the limb of the tree, and was tossing her body about in frantic endeavour to get loose. Means approached close and deftly slipped a noose over one of the wildly-gyrating forelegs. Leading his rope over the branch of another tree he stretched her out in a helpless position, horizontal to the ground.

"Now lower away on both lines," said the Colonel.

He dismounted and stood beneath her, directing affairs as methodically as the foreman of a construction gang.

"Steady, Means—a little more, Loveless—now together—easy."

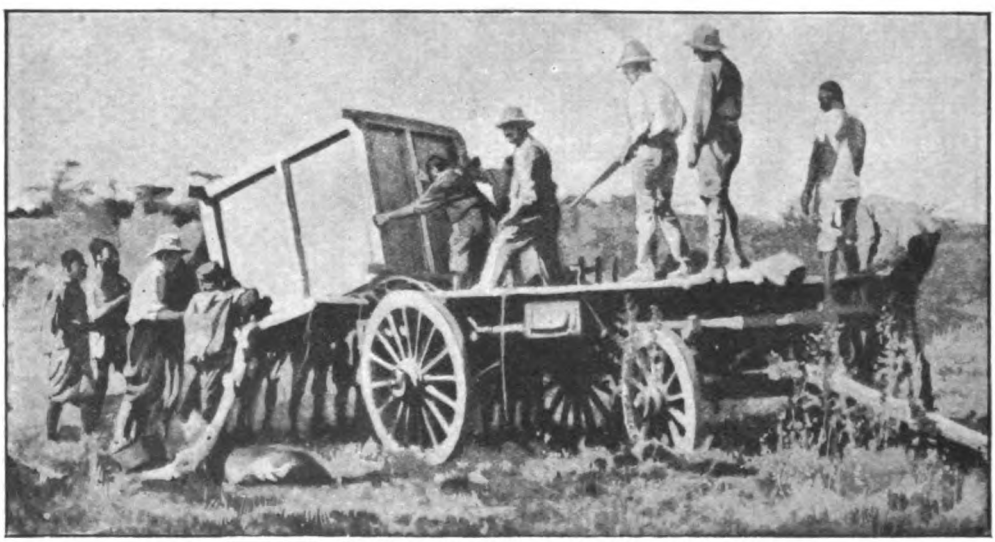
She came within his reach and, with a quick grab, he caught and held her two hind legs with both hands while Kearton bound them together with a piece of light line.

The rest was easy. In less than five minutes she was bound securely and lowered to the ground to rest in the shade.

It was nearly noon, and time to call a halt to let the heat of the day pass over before attempting to bring her back to camp. Porters were sent to fetch food and more water, horses were off-saddled and turned loose to graze, and one by one the dogs came straggling in.

The men stretched themselves out on the ground where a bush or a tree afforded some protection from the sun. But the Colonel kept wandering over to the prize, to examine a knot, to arrange a better shade, or to pour the last drops of water from his canteen into her open mouth. Once he stood over her for a while, watching her vain attempts to cut the ropes with her teeth.

"Yes, you're a beauty," he finally said. "You're certainly a beauty. I guess we'll just have to take you home with us as a souvenir of the trip."



PREPARING TO CAGE THE LIONESS AT BLACK REEF CAMP.

Our readers will be interested to know that the Cinematograph film of this hunt will be published by the Warwick Trading Co., Ltd., of 113-5-7, Charing Cross Road, London, and will be on view at the Cinematograph Theatres throughout Europe.

A Matter of Contract.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

"HOW much is the bill?" asked Marriott from the bed.

"Three hundred and fifty-three pounds," answered his wife from the writing-table. "The stone-merchant's traveller is waiting in the dining-room now."

"Pay him," said the sick man. "Draw a cheque for the full amount."

Mrs. Marriott silently obeyed. Then, getting up, she brought him the book and pushed a pen into his outstretched hand.

"Here," she said. "Sign here."

And she guided the groping fingers as she spoke. When the wavering signature was completed she blotted it and tore the cheque from the book

"This makes the fourth application in a fortnight," said the sick man, dully. "And the timber, brick, and cement accounts are still to come. Someone must be purposely setting rumours about. My credit — my reputation — has always stood so high—till now."

Mrs. Marriott stooped swiftly and kissed his cheek.

"It does still, darling. Besides, you are paying everyone in full. Remember what Mr. Power at the bank told me the other day. Nothing but good can possibly come of it in the end."

Her voice was cheerful, even gay. But her face contradicted the spoken words. Anxiety and fear showed there, plain to see.

She turned, her lips twitching, to the door.

"I must go and give the man his money," she said.

But first she turned back and kissed her husband.

When she was gone Marriott lay back with closed eyes. His great love for her made his cross more hard.

He was a son of Birmingham, a scion of progress, a sample of what, for good or ill, the most vigorous cities in the Empire send. He had once been a carpenter's apprentice. To-day he was the foremost builder in a prosperous Midland town.

Too poor to qualify as an architect, he had learned all that was needful of that profession in the after hours of his apprenticeship's days. On his twenty-first birthday he had set up as a carpenter in a cellar lighted by a grating. The cellar was both workshop and home. A litter of shavings served him as a bed.

The great architect whose lectures he had

"HE HAD SET UP AS A CARPENTER IN A CELLAR."

attended—who saw in him a constructive genius lost—put trivial tasks in his way. Marriott did them well and swiftly; clamoured eagerly for more. The architect, proud of his *protégé*, helped him to bigger things. Presently he got a small contract. The architect stood at his back. Then Marriott migrated to Murcester, twenty miles away. In ten years he was building suburbs; in fifteen he got his first municipal job. By the time he was forty he was a power in his little world. Then the black hour that comes once at least in each man's life came swiftly to stay his hand.

There is an adage that what a man wants done well he must do himself. Like all adages it is only half true. So Marriott's breakdown proved. He had tried to do too much. He should have taken an experienced manager; instead of which he made a trusted foreman suffice.

And, having worked fourteen hours a day for two decades, suddenly, without let or warning, he collapsed. His illness was neuritis in its most aggravated form. Upon it inflammation of the eyes supervened. For six months he was almost blind. He directed business from his bedroom. That business began steadily to decline. He lost contract upon contract, always to the same competing firm. Not wholly without reason. On the Town Council a relative of his rival sat.

But there was a leakage somewhere. Of that Mrs. Marriott, silent, watchful, suspicious—the secretary, the confidante of her husband always, in these dark days his very eyes and ears—was absolutely sure. Even the foeman on the Council could do nothing unless the rival firm's tenders equalled or undercut those that her husband sent in. And when they did undercut him it was only by a few dividing pounds. For Marriott's plant was the most modern in Murcester and his expenses were pared to the final masterly ounce. Given fair play, no one, she believed, could compete with him when it came to building on the grand, the really imposing scale. Yet, day after day, she saw him lie, impotent and despairing, in his bed. And the business that was his life's bood ebbed hourly and steadily away.

Nothing — nothing that counted — was coming in. Everything — that meant anything—was going out. He could pay to the uttermost farthing; the bank held fullest security for all that he had been allowed to overdraw. But when the uttermost farthing had been paid? There would be nothing left for him—or for the woman who had helped him to succeed. If he died his wife would be penniless. How the thought stayed with and stung this proud, industrious, self-made, fate-confronting man!

She had helped him? How much, all Murcester guessed at; he alone knew. In spite of the mischief that miscalled moderns make, duty and service, given willingly with both hands, flourish in England still; above all in the provinces, which are the sole of the boot—and sane.

Mrs. Marriott re-entered, carrying the receipted account. She put it into a drawer of the writing-table which stood at the foot of the bed and came round to her husband's side. She helped him into a sitting posture, smoothed out the pillows, reversed them, let him lie back. She did these things with great gentleness, this woman, in whom, though she had never had a child, the mothering instinct was, for all her business gift, so dominant, so ineradicable and strong. The sick man felt all that he might not see. And the green shade hid the tears that welled to his suffering eyes.

"Gurney is here. You will see him—you will talk to him, I mean? You feel equal to it, dear?"

"Equal? Of course, of course. The neuritis is gone. It's only a question of my eyes now and lying still, Minchin says. It's work—work and stimulus—that I want to put me right. If only I could get *them* I should be well in a month."

"I *know* you would," said Mrs. Marriott, putting her hand in his. "And when we get this contract you won't have to worry any more. You'll be able to go away for a long rest."

"*If* we get it, yes. But we get nothing but disappointment now."

The man's voice was almost a sob, and his hand groped for his wife's hand that met and held it fast.

"Darling, we *shall* get it. I know we shall. Cheer up and hear what Gurney has to say."

The voice—the words were brave; but once more the face betrayed the misery that they strove to mask. Mercifully, most mercifully, Marriott could only hear. And, hearing, he caught the courage that words and voice inspired.

His wife rang the bell and set a chair at the bedside, facing the light. Then she went over to the desk and sat down. Her back was towards the window; her face was in the shade. Before her grey-coloured, crinkling, oily-textured papers lay. They were the bills of quantities for the coveted work—for the

art gallery, whose contract would float the firm from the financial quicksands that held it high and dry.

"I told Annie to bring up Gurney if I rang," she explained. As she spoke a knock sounded. "Come in," she called; "come in!"

"Mr. Gurney, ma'am."

And Gurney, the foreman, entered, carrying his hat. Big, burly, half-illiterate, but full of sheer horse-sense, he looked what he was—a splendid ganger, a born driver of men.

"Good morning, ma'am. Good morning, Mr. Marriott. I hope you're going on well, sir."

Mrs. Marriott forced herself to smile. "I'm doing nicely, Gurney," said her husband. "Sit down by the bed." And he turned towards the visitor his drawn and pain-puckered face.

"Any orders, sir?" asked the foreman. "Anything in by post?" For all letters came to the house now that Marriott was ill. His wife, once a schoolmistress, still most swift at figures and with pen, acted as secretary and as confidential clerk.

"None, Gurney," answered his employer. "Nothing at all."

"Except bills!" interposed Mrs. Marriott, quietly. "There are plenty of those to-day." She spoke slowly; she looked steadily at the huge, impassive face.

Marriott set his teeth, stayed silent, then raised himself and turned on his side, speaking towards the listener on his right.

"There's that tender, Gurney," he said at last. "The art gallery one. Mrs. Marriott and I have been working at it for a week. We've cut and pared till we can cut and pare no more. No one but Sampson can touch us—in Murcester, that is; and they never let these big things go out of the town. I can't see how *he* can get within ten thousand of our tender either. I reckon that's just what our new machinery saves. I don't see how he can have come within five per cent. of us these last half-dozen times with any profit at all. He must have dropped money over every job he's got since I've been laid up. A few more like them would smash him. But that we want work and money I wish he'd get this."

Mrs. Marriott, sitting now with her elbows on the table, her chin between her hands, saw the foreman's jaw drop as if her husband's emphatic words had hammered some new thought into Gurney's slow-moving mind. But the foreman's voice was quite calm, and he answered in his usual heavy way.

"He won't get this one. I reckon it's a cert. From what you told me yesterday we've got down to the bed-rock."

Marriott, on his pillows, moved a little and groaned.

"That's what we've done all the time, Gurney," he said, querulously. "But he equalled us or tendered less. And Arthur Richards, on the Council, did the rest."

"Richards is gone now," said the foreman; "this last election has done for him. We shall get fair play."

"Unless we're under-tendered. That's the incredible part. Remember, Sampson has never been higher than we—always equal or less." And Marriott, lifting himself difficultly, leaned across, groped for, found, and touched the big man's sunburned wrist.

"I suppose there *is* no leakage?" he said, searchingly. "You've always delivered the tenders yourself—you never trusted them to anyone because you were overworked through my being away? It would be so easy for them to open an envelope and to stick it down."

"Never, Mr. Marriott. I took the tenders in their sealed envelopes, just as Mrs. Marriott gave them me, and I've always been most careful to get a signature at the town hall. My book'll show that, if only you care to see."

Marriott fell back on his pillows. His eyes ached under their friendly shade. "It's luck, then, sheer bad luck," he said, faintly; "a run of it that looks like never coming to an end. Better get back now, Gurney. I'm done; I must have a rest."

The foreman rose clumsily. Mrs. Marriott got up too.

"I'll come down with you," she said, suddenly. "I'll come down and let you out."

Gurney held open the door, clumping heavily after her down the thickly-carpeted stairs. At the front door he paused.

"It'll come all right, mum," he said. "I'm sure we shall get the contract this journey. Then you'll see how fast the guv'nor'll go ahead."

The moment for which Mrs. Marriott had contrived was at hand. Her heart was lead, and she hated herself for a plotter; but it was a matter of life and death. So she laughed innocently, almost coquettishly, and the verbal arrow sped.

"I'm afraid we're out of luck, Gurney," she said, confidingly. "It wants changing if we're to get better days. I'm awfully superstitious, you know. And so"—she looked at

him half-plaintive, half-quizzical—"so *I'm* going to be postman now. I'm going to deliver this tender myself."

Then, very swiftly, she averted her eyes lest they should show what they had seen. For her shaft had gone home. Gurney had paled, and his cloaking answer came too late.

"If anyone could change it, mum, you can. I hope the new postman'll bring success."

His fingers found his forehead, and he hurried down the path. Mrs. Marriott ran quickly up the stairs. Tip-toeing into the room, she saw that her husband slept. Still tip-toeing, she went back to her chair.

She sat long and motionless, once more with her chin in her hand.

Gurney was a traitor—she was sure, sure, sure—a rat who would find safe quarters, who would flee the sinking ship. He was in league with Sampson; it was to Sampson that he would look for employment when her husband's business failed. She knew it; she was certain, positive, convinced. Proofs she had none. It was instinct—simply that. Gurney had opened the tenders that she had given him to deliver at the town hall. He had divulged them to Sampson; perhaps even Sampson had copied figures and words.

What could she do to stop it—to plug the leak—to save the sinking ship? True, she could deliver the tender with her own hands. Yet now that rumours of her husband's financial shakiness were abroad the Council might reject the tender, lowest though it should be. To tell her husband was useless. He was a strong and self-reliant man: like all strong and self-reliant men, easily deceived where once he had set his trust. To argue with him in his present state would be useless—almost fatal. He would not hear unless she brought proofs.

Unless she brought proofs. Unless—unless—— For a full hour she sat, striving to find a means. The day waned; the room, save for the firelight, was dark. And that which she sought stayed always unfound.

Presently her husband stirred, turned over again, lay for a little, turned again, and spoke.

"Are you there, Mary?" he asked, wearily.

"Yes, dear, I'm here. Have you had a good nap?"

"Good? I don't know. I don't think so. I dreamed so much. It was so vivid, so plain. I was reading the *Gazette* and I saw my name—*my* name, Mary—after all these years of work. Oh, it was terrible! I can see it still. It seems photographed on my brain"

Mrs. Marriott came across to him and took and held his hand.

"Cheer up, dearest!" she said, fighting the sob in her throat. "Cheer up! We shall get this contract. The pendulum will swing at last."

Then, before he could answer, she had gone across to the bell. "We will have tea," she said; "and after tea I will read to you aloud."

The maid came in with the tray. Mrs. Marriott sat by the bedside, guiding the cup to the sick man's mouth. Then she lighted the lamp and began to read to him. The book was a Jacobs. Marriott's spirits revived; he laughed merrily at the jokes. His wife read story after story. Yet all the time she was thinking of the unfindable means.

"I must do something—*do* something," her subconscious voice goaded her. "It is cowardly, it is base not to struggle while a fraction of hope remains. If poverty comes to us, if the house, the furniture goes, it will be less hard to bear if I can think that I worked to the bitterest end. Gurney may beat me, but not without a fight."

Gurney! With the word a swift thought came—a desperate resolve took shape. She would go and see with her eyes what she saw now, unceasingly, with her brain. She would go—she would catch him, perhaps, red-handed, plotting with Sampson, compassing some devil's deed. That night—in an hour—she would visit the office with her husband's keys. Hazard—or Providence—might put some revealing correspondence, some convincing proof, in her way. Useless, most likely, the search—the visit. Well, for all that she would go. It would at least be action. Anything was better than waiting for the *débâcle* to come.

At a few minutes to six she ceased reading, smoothed out the pillows, and coaxed her husband into seeking sleep.

"I must go into the town," she said. "There are things that I wish to buy. The maids will look after you. I will be as quick as I can."

Then, veiling and cloaking herself quickly, she took his keys from the mantelpiece, set the electric bell-rope in his fingers, and went out.

The tram took her within half a mile of Marriott's yard. Ten minutes found her before its gates. All was darkness, but, fumbling for the lock, she found the gates give at her pressure. For some reason they were still unlocked. Her heart thumped and all her body shook.

She passed in quickly, pulling-to the gates. Thirty yards ahead of her a light shone. Someone was in the office, staying after hours.

"I was right—I was right," she thought, exultantly. "It's Gurney and Sampson. Gurney is selling Tom."

Immediately she stepped forward, picking up her skirts, going straight towards the light. It was as if she ran an obstacle race in the dark.

On her right a vast stack of timberloomed. Her shoulder struck a projecting beam. She staggered back, half-dazed, but quickly went on, feeling her way past. Only to stumble again. This time a layer of drain-pipes barred the way. Still she went forward, crossed them, touched ground once more. Then she splashed full into a bed of mortar, warm, sticky, fresh-run. She plunged across it. She was before the frosted window at last.

Gurney was there, alone.

"UNSEEN, SHE SAW HIM NOW."

Through a little space where the foreman had scraped away the frosting to let him see, unseen, she saw him now. He was working under the light. A book was propped before him. Painfully, laboriously, he was copying something out. In a flash Mrs. Marriott understood. It was her husband's book of quantities, on which, when he did not trust to his wonderful memory, all his tenders were based. She had compiled it, at his dictation, with her own hand.

Gurney had somehow got to the safe, was copying the book that the copy might pass to Sampson's care. In her zeal she had made this essential. She had said that she was going, this time, to deliver the tender herself. Only by the copied book that Gurney would bring him could Sampson now estimate the tender that Marriott would send in.

Mrs. Marriott waited, watching always, while the man worked. He wrote with enormous labour. When he ceased only three pages were done. The watcher saw him replace the original, lock it in the safe, put on his hat and coat, and walk beyond her vision to the door. Then the light died. The woman, crouching by the window, heard the gate closed. Then steps diminishing. Upon that the locking of the gates.

She was alone in the yard.

She found her key, opened the door, went in, and switched on the light. Going to the

safe she took out the book of quantities. She stood there, turning over its pages, driving her brain to thought.

The thought came to her, chance or fate-impelled. And after it a laugh that echoed back to her from the building's metal roof. Gurney had devised his own undoing and with it Sampson's downfall, and the triumph of her husband's firm. She removed her hat, she let down her heavy, abundant hair. Then she took book and pen. For three hours she worked at breakneck speed. But her work was sure.

And when she had finished she had traversed fifty-seven pages of manuscript, had obliterated the figures, had raised every item between five and ten per cent.

Lead, lead-piping, red-deal tongue-and-grooved floorings, slates, bricks, oak panellings, cement, and stone — these and a hundred others—she raised the cost of them all, scratching out figures with a penknife, entering new, misleading ones in their place. The stove was cold; the night was of a stinging bitterness; but the fire of duty, as she conceived it, warmed her with its blaze. She worked on, on, till the task was finished, giving, as she had given all her lifetime, duty and service, playing, with all her heart and soul and strength, the game, as she understood it, for her side.

And the prize was her husband's recovery, the regaining of health, of reputation, of all that counted to them in their two united lives.

The three pages that Gurney had copied she left alone. He was a fool when it came to pen and paper. He would think the amendments old ones; of that she had never a doubt. It was a thousand, many thousands, to one that he would fall into the trap. Sampson would get the copy, would, in his need for undercutting, base his tender upon *that*. As she thought of the total Mrs. Marriott laughed again.

It was done at last. She bundled her hair together, put on her hat, replaced the book, hurried out of the door. As she turned to lock it she started back. In her haste, her eagerness, she had forgotten the light. She shuddered and went, for the first time, cold. To have achieved a master stroke, to have imperilled it thus! Going into the office again, she touched off the switch; she actually held it down for a minute to make sure. Then, coming out, she looked back fearfully to see if she had bungled her job.

Satisfied at last, she locked and left the door. She went towards the gates carefully, picking her difficult way. She locked them, passed out of the side street into the main road. There she found a cab. It was more than midnight when she reached her suburban home.

A maid admitted her, wondering, sleepy-eyed.

"Oh, mum, the master! He's so anxious. He's been asking for you these three hours." And then, as her mistress hurried past her, the girl fairly gasped. "Oh, mum, your boots, your skirt, what a dreadful mess they're in!"

But Mrs. Marriott did not stop. "It's nothing, Maggie," she called. "I fell. That's all. Go to bed. I sha'n't want you again to-night."

Then, as she reached the first-floor landing, she saw in front of her, slippered and dressing-gowned, the sick man. The shade was gone from his eyes. He was carrying it in his hand.

"Mary, where have you been?" he asked, stumbling forward with uncertain steps. "You've been away hours and hours — I couldn't stay in bed. I felt so nervous. I thought that something had happened to you. And your skirt, your boots are all muddy. Have you had a fall? Did you tumble in getting off a tram?"

"Cheer up, there's nothing the matter," said Mary his wife. "I'll tell you all that there is to tell."

She took him by the arm and led him gently to his room. There she pushed him into a deep, chintz-clad chair.

"Tom, I insist," she said, motheringly. His lips met the fingers that restored the shade to his eyes.

She took off her hat, pulled up a footstool, sat down, leaning against his knee, taking his two thin hands in hers.

"Tom," she began, "you said you wanted work and stimulus. I have brought you both. Gurney is a traitor; he is in Sampson's pay. I found him to-night, at the office, copying out your book of quantities that he had managed, with a duplicate key, to get out of your private safe."

"*You* found him! *You!*"

The man strove to rise, but the woman pushed him back.

"I found him. Yes. But so far he has only copied three pages. It will take him a fortnight to do the rest."

Tom Marriott set his teeth. His wife heard the hiss of swiftly intaken breath.

"The hound!" he muttered. "After all that I've done for him. Oh, the contemptible cur!"

Then, suddenly, his force went, his head sank down upon his chest.

"They are too many for us, Mary," he said, hopelessly. "We've put up a good fight, but we're beaten; we're done. Even sacking Gurney won't bring us work. We must go under. There is nothing, absolutely nothing to be done."

His wife's arms went round him, passionate, mothering, kind.

"There is nothing to be done now," she agreed, "except to wait, because I have altered every item in the book of quantities —have made everything higher by five or ten per cent. Let Gurney take his copy to Sampson; let Sampson base his tender upon *that*. Meantime we sail in winners—we cut the ground from Sampson's scheming feet. All that we need to do is to watch—to watch Gurney and to wait. Sampson is young; he has small experience. He will be mystified—taken in. We shall sail in, I tell you. We shall undercut him—as he meant, with Gurney's help, to undercut *us*." And her words ended on a note of triumph, heart-issuing, rich, elate.

"Mary! What a — how magnificent—how fine of you! I——"

The big boldness of it stopped, for a moment, Tom Marriott's breath. Then the full splendour of his wife's scheme caught hold of him, stirred him into eagerness and strength. Craft had been opposed to craft; they would fight their foemen with the weapons their foemen had picked. And he —he and Mary—would triumph in the end.

He stooped down, his arms about her, he drew her to him, holding her tight and close.

"You made me—you'll save me!" he exulted. "We shall win, darling; we shall win after all."

Long, long, in their great sympathy, in their tremendous sense of partnership, helped by the certainty that they both travelled—not alone, but a "firm," if ever a firm had been—allies of head and soul, towards the same goal, by the same undeviating road, they sat by the red and heartening blaze. From the talk Marriott drew no harm—stimulus and hope, hope and stimulus; these things were better than all the medicines in the world. And the knowledge that it was his wife who had done this great, this saving deed, thrilled him and made him infinitely proud. No qualm, no doubt assailed him as it might have assailed a softer, more sensitive, gentler-nurtured man. According to his code, she was magnificent; business people fight—and the world knows it—with sharp, unbuttoned foils. All have the morals of their like. By their like should the Marriotts be judged.

So, then, the sick man drew no harm. The load was gone. For the moment even Gurney was forgot. The contract would come to them; the all-but-certainty was salvation and life. When Marriott slept it was dreamlessly. His wife was astir at dawn. The post brought bills for him She opened them; she hid them away. They could wait; and Tom must, at all costs, be kept cheered.

For the foreman would come that afternoon. Tom must be braced and buoyed to play his part. It would be hard for him—desperately hard. Acting comes most uneasily to plain and commonplace folk.

But before noon the maid knocked, entering at their call.

"Mr. Gurney is downstairs, ma'am. He says he must see the master at once. It's something that's most important—something that can't wait."

Marriott snatched away his shade, looked swiftly at his wife. She nodded. It was as if she said loudly, "Gurney has found out something. He *knows*."

Then her look changed to a question. It was answered by Marriott's answer to the maid.

"I will see him. Bring him up at once."

The maid went out. Mrs. Marriott came hurriedly across the room.

"Tom, I must have blundered. I must have left some trace. Gurney must know that I went there. Oh, to have gone so close —to have so hopelessly, utterly failed! Can you ever forgive me, dear?"

Marriott faced her with a little exclamation, half protest and half laugh. "Dearest," he said, "you did your best. You fought an uphill fight. You've failed through no fault of your own."

"Mr. Gurney, ma'am!"

The foreman was very pale, and perspiration beaded his cheeks. His usually stolid face was all a-twitch. It was as if he had sustained—was still suffering from—some fierce surprise or shock.

Marriott glanced at his wife. She glanced back; then hurriedly averted her eyes. It was the husband who spoke first.

"What is it, Gurney?" he asked. And, waiting for the answer, he gripped the covering clothes.

"Sampson, sir—Sampson," blurted the foreman. "It's all over, sir. He's failed."

"What?"

The word leapt from the pair of them in a breath, while Mrs. Marriott held the bed-post hard,

"Yes, sir; he's spouted. He's done. He's gone, and his works are closed. They say half the town's let in."

For a space the room was silent; then Mrs. Marriott laughed hysterically. Marriott raised a warning hand. He was quite calm, through triumph surged in his breast.

"And the cause, Gurney? What is the cause?"

Gurney, before answering, mopped his dripping face.

"It's undercutting *you*, sir. He went too low. He tried to smash you—he couldn't stand the racket, and failed. Those contracts finished him. You've won, sir, on the post. No builder in Murcester can compete with you now."

Marriott nodded, lay back a little with half-shut eyes. Then he raised himself.

"I suppose, now, you'll want to be staying with us?" There was a wealth of delicate intention in his tone.

Gurney flushed, hesitated, stammered, twisting his cap.

"Stay with you, sir? I—I—I'm afraid I don't understand."

His employer laughed. "Perhaps not," he conceded. "Let me make things plain. I mean that now the ship isn't going to sink the rat would like to stop."

The other strove to answer, failed lamentably, stood there mouthing and dumb. Then his master struck out straight.

"I know everything, Gurney. I know how you opened my tenders and gave Sampson their price. You thought I was going under, so you made yourself safe with *him!*"

Gurney, struggling desperately, managed to find voice.

"It's false! it's false!" he cried. "I told Sampson nothing. Someone has been telling you lies."

Marriott waved a contradictory hand.

"Then why did you copy three pages of my book of quantities last night, Gurney? Why did you open my safe with a key which you had no business to possess?"

The man stood speechless. Marriott implacably pursued.

"My wife watched you. She saw all that you did. Come, give me the key; it's in your pocket now."

"THE MAN STOOD SPEECHLESS."

The foreman hesitated, his slow mind weighing the chances of falsehood and truth. Presently he put his hand into his pocket and took out the key.

"Thank you," said Marriott. He took it, turning it over in his hands.

"It would be interesting to hear further why you tried to sell me, Gurney," he went on. "I should immensely like to know. I've never done you any harm."

"I've children—and a wife. I thought you were going under. And a man must live. Now they'll starve. I shall never get another job."

"And don't deserve to. I——"

"Hush, dear!" interrupted Marriott, quickly. "Leave this to me."

He sat bolt upright now, furrowing his brows. The room was silent, save for the clock's faint tick and the shuffle-shuffle of the foreman's restless feet. At last Gurney turned and lumbered heavily to the door.

"Stop!" cried Marriott. "Stop!"

The man faced him, sullen, dejected, limp.

"I'll keep you," said his master, speaking in sharp, staccato tones. "You're useful. You're the best ganger I ever knew. As you say, a man must live. And I suppose the temptation was pretty strong. I don't think you'll ever try your tricks again. And, under a good manager, I'll take good care you don't get the chance. Now get. If you say a single word it's the sack. Get, man, I tell you—get!"

As the door closed upon the foreman Mrs. Marriott ran to the bedside, caught her husband's hands, and, stooping over him, kissed him on the lips.

"'I'M PROUD, TOO,' HE ANSWERED. 'THE PROUDEST MAN THAT EVER WAS.'"

"Ah, but you did rightly, Tom," she said. "I was wrong to say what I did. And you're big, too—big, big, big. You make me very proud. No other man in Murcester could have done that."

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged her husband. Then his arm found and kept her waist.

"I'm proud, too," he answered. "The proudest man that ever was. There isn't a woman living who has helped a man more than you've helped me."

"That's as it *should* be," said Mrs. Marriott, tearfully, but very happily. "If you *really* love me you'll get that manager immediately, take a long holiday, and come away and get well at the sea."

An Academy for Waiters.

By PAUL EDWARDS.

IS it not to be expected that, in these days, all our actions and callings in life should become regulated by science? We cannot bring back the system of apprenticeship, but we can realize that the old haphazard methods are unprofitable, and that if a man, from king to costermonger, wants to succeed he must know his business.

Bearing this in mind, we may ask, then: "What is the most important calling in the world?" "That of cook," answered Lord Lytton; and after the cook speeds the waiter. "Good service," declares the proverb, "is a great enchantment"; and also, "A good dinner may be spoilt in the serving." Civilized man looks to the waiter for the real blessings of life.

He may live without love—what is passion but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without books—what is knowledge but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

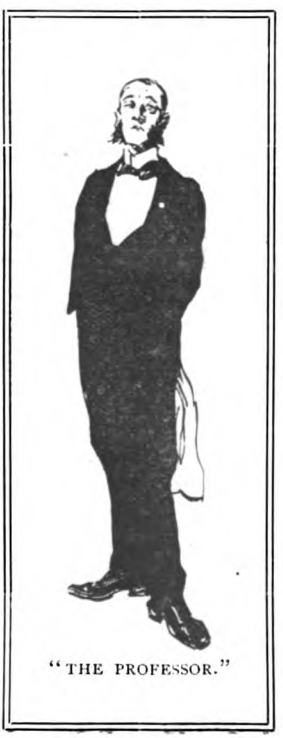
To which Lord Houghton added:—

Who brings him his dinner, then, surely is greater
Than poet or preacher; and such is the waiter.

All the world loves a waiter, we are told, and a recent American writer actually attributes much of Dickens's popularity not merely because there is so much eating and drinking in his novels as because there are so many waiters. "Find me a chapter in Dickens through whose pages there is no waiter slipping in and out, where Mr. Weller, senior, fails to call for a double glass of the inwariable, and there is no such incident as this:—

"'Here, waiter!' shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, 'glasses all around—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet and plenty!'"

And there are the public dinners, where the waiters lose their serenity and "tureens of soup are emptied with awful rapidity, waiters take plates of turbot away to get lobster sauce, and bring back plates of lobster sauce without turbot," and the sacerdotal function of the waiter is interrupted by speechmaking individuals. Nor do we forget that in one of Dickens's stories the waiter comes from a long line of waiters; he boasts five brothers who are all practitioners of the art, and whose only sister is a waitress.



"THE PROFESSOR."

"You Never Can Tell" is, perhaps, the pleasantest of Mr. Shaw's comedies, because of dear old "William," a far more lovable personage than his son, the barrister.

It may be that a good waiter is born, not made; but training has a good deal to do with it. The chief professor of the art of waiting in London has publicly stated the five necessary qualifications for the perfect waiter, as follows:—

1. The patience of Job.
2. The wisdom of Solomon.
3. The wit of a diplomat.
4. The skill of an artist.
5. The bearing of a prince.

Probably not even Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the waiter in "Jack Straw" would quite pretend to all these virtues, and the perfect servitor would certainly not be content to serve long without promotion to

RECEIVING A TIP—OLD STYLE (EXTINCT).

managership and even proprietorship. But in the Metropolis there are three schools for waiters which attempt to teach the rudiments of what is, on the whole, a difficult and not unremunerative art, and to one of these academies the writer recently paid a visit.

In a long room occupied by three square tables, with a mirror at one end and a pair of baize-covered push-doors at the other, a group of eleven young men are listening to the exhortations of a professor.

"The first thing you've got to do is to be clean," he says; "the second thing is to be quick, and the third thing is to be graceful. By graceful I don't mean you've got to imitate the Apollo Belvedere or a dancing-master, but you mustn't be awkward in your movements. And you've got to have a good memory. There's nothing annoys a customer so much as a waiter saying he 'forgot.' Accidents, of course, will happen in a rush of business, and it may be necessary for you to cover up your forgetfulness. In that case say 'Coming, sir!' or 'One moment, sir!'" Here the professor illustrated the phrases with a bow.

"And now, gents, if you'll give me your attention, we'll begin at the beginning—table-laying." Forthwith a cloth was produced and, with the assistance of a pupil, a demonstration given of how a table should be laid—plates, knives, forks, and glasses, bread, salt, napkin, and the rest.

"There are as many ways of folding napkins as there are of cooking eggs—namely, seven hundred and fourteen; but the leading ways recommended in the best English houses are these." Here the professor slowly performed several simple feats in napkin-folding, after which he proceeded:—

"We now, with our kind friend's assistance, assume that a diner has sat down. Now, of course, I needn't tell you that diners are of five kinds:—

1. Private diners,
2. Club diners,
3. Restaurant diners,
4. Chop-house diners,
5. Public diners,

each of which has to have rather different treatment. We'll begin this morning with restaurant diners. The customer arrives. If he hasn't been previously to the cloak-room, which in this class is probable, you must bow—like this—and take his hat, coat, and umbrella, and, placing them on a chair for a moment, help him to be seated and hand

"THICK OR CLEAR SOUP, SIR?"

SOUP-CARRYING—THE "SINE QUA NON" OF SOUP IS THAT IT MUST BE HOT.

him the menu. While he is studying the menu you dispose of his hat and coat and return, taking up your position on his right—like this."

According to the professor, there is much virtue in an attitude.

"The exact pose you ought to assume in various circumstances is not to be learnt in a day. A year's study will hardly do it. I know one waiter at Brooks's Club who has made it the special study of a lifetime. The poses of one waiter at a certain private hotel in the West-end make a diner forget when the soup is cold or the ices hot. He is so dignified that he actually takes his tip with his back to the customer—quite an extinct fashion. We will pass over this, then, for the present, merely mentioning that you stand like this: one hand in front—so; the other behind—so; head bent forward, eyebrows raised. Don't be afraid of raising your eyebrows. The picture, gents, might be entitled 'Waiting.' It is the attitude of expectancy—a readiness to serve—and first gave rise to the term 'waiter.' In Shakespeare's time we were called servers and drawers, and people were in such a blessed hurry with their vic——"—the professor coughed slightly behind his upraised palm—"gastronomic arrangements that there was no time to wait.

"Is the dinner *table d'hôte* or *à la carte?* If it is *table d'hôte*, after serving the *hors d'œuvres* you ask, 'Thick or clear soup, sir?' Never try to be original. There's no room for originality in our vocation. What we do is the evolution of centuries—conduct in its relation to the inner man. I once knew a waiter who invariably asked, 'Clear or thick, sir?' but it put the customer off his feed at once. Suppose the customer asks you what *Potage à la St. Germain* is, you tell him, because you have previously asked the head waiter what it is. You always get the menu translated beforehand—that is, if you don't happen to know 'chefs' French' naturally.

"When the order is given you say 'Very good, sir,' with a slight bow, and go off with your tray, like this."

This is followed by a lesson in tray-carrying. Until they hear the professor on the subject it is certain the class never suspected there was so much in carrying a tray. "The way in which he handles his tray always gives a bad waiter away. You handle a tray in different ways for soup, for entrées, joint, or sweet, but you always hold a tray up; like this—with the ability to make it go as high as possible. Always remember there is dignity in carrying a tray high, as well as level. If you do away with dignity, you do away with style, and style is good service, and good service is more than half the dinner. Try and remember that."

At a later stage the professor gave some lessons in tray-loading and tray-carrying

ONLY BY PRACTICE CAN A LARGE DISH BE INSERTED BETWEEN TWO HEADS CLOSE TOGETHER.

which were very edifying. He explained that where a number of waiters were passing and repassing it was necessary, to avoid collisions, that trays should be carried at different levels, and illustrated this by four trays in the hands of four bearers.

"And remember this," he added, impressively; "the actual amount or number of dishes on the tray doesn't regulate the way you carry it. You bring in a small dish of olives or a potted shrimp just exactly as if you were carrying John the Baptist's head on a charger.

"Clearing away should be done from the careful of your thumb. A thumb inside a dish—especially soup—is nearly always fatal. But it can be done without attracting attention, only that belongs to hypnotism and takes years and years to acquire."

At this point the elementary class is dismissed to make way for another set of budding servitors who were learning the art of quick table-clearing. The practice to an onlooker savoured very much of legerdemain. Plates were piled up and set down by the score, piled up and set down again, each one in turn striving to achieve the feat more quickly and more noiselessly than his pre-

"ALWAYS KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE DINER'S NEEDS." "THE PRACTICE TO AN ONLOOKER SAVOURS OF LEGERDEMAIN." "NEVER LAUGH—A SMILE IS SUFFICIENT."

left quickly and silently. Never reach your arm in front of a customer. I remember a waiter who did that once at Simpson's, and a hot-tempered old Indian colonel stabbed him with a fork. The waiter complained to Simpson, and Simpson said he ought to consider himself lucky that the colonel hadn't killed him. If you must reach things in front, do so from the side or from on top, quick—like this. There's a way of doing it so that the customer doesn't even know it's done. And that's one secret of waiting. It is to handle things, to handle dishes, without seeming to handle them. Be

decessor. Plates and dishes with dummy viands upon them, in the form of stale rolls, were carried by twos and threes and finally by half-dozens, and even by dozens, once the length of the room and back again, and deposited in a more or less horizontal position in front of the professor, who, for once, impersonated the fastidious banqueter.

Then came a demonstration in crumb-brushing. Incidentally the professor cast a light upon the difference between Continental and English dining-room arrangements. "In a restyrong," he remarked, "you call them serviettes; in a club or private hotel you call

them napkins. Only there's no occasion to call them anything — remember that. Be careful how you talk too much. Remember, you are not a barber. There's one phrase that will carry you through nearly everything. It is, 'Very good, sir.' Only don't overdo it. Never dispute with a customer and never laugh at his jokes, especially towards the close of the repast. A smile is sufficient. Always keep your eye on the diner's needs and try to anticipate his wants. That is another great secret. The customer appreciates that. If he is dining alone, ten to one he will not like to be stared at, and you must stand off at some distance and watch every item he is negotiating, so that you can replenish, gents, or clear."

"THERE IS A RIGHT AND A WRONG WAY OF CARRYING A DISH."

There were various other demonstrations, such as that in wine-pouring. First came a lesson in the order — sherry, hock, claret, champagne, liqueurs, and port; then the distinction in the various glasses; then the actual pouring from the bottle—a graceful and yet, as the professor showed, a solemn and portentous rite. There were many other points noticed, much advice tendered, and aphorisms uttered.

"In spite of everything, accidents will happen, such as spilling soup down a diner's neck. A good deal depends upon the diner; but, if the waiter is wise, he will not attempt to apologize. He will disappear instantly, ostensibly for the purpose of calling assistance, and let his place be taken by another."

One can quite understand that the presence of the blundering Ganymede would exert a maleficent effect upon that particular diner's temper and appetite for the remainder of the meal.

"Then there's the question of tipping. If you wish it to be seen that you are disappointed with your tip, you don't do it by a rude scowl. There's a way of letting a customer know you are disappointed. You convey a mild reproach and yet a desire to please on the next opportunity, which he won't forget."

"RECEIVING A LARGE—

These academies for waiters promise to become popular, in view of the demand for well-trained English waiters. "Our idea," says Mr. Lang, the principal of the Strand Waiters' Academy, "is to train Englishmen in the art—and it is an art—of waiting at table, and to offer such education in restaurant work that many unemployed young men will be able to earn good livings in what I may call an ancient and historic calling.

AND SMALL TIP."

Many of our pupils are London clerks, who find a waiter's work more lucrative than many a 'genteel' occupation."

It is interesting to find that in this school, and in another presided over by Mr. George Montagu, French is thoroughly taught, and that the training includes a complete course of instruction of the pupil. During the day he will be constantly under the eye of his instructor; he will be taught to clean silver, wash and wipe glasses, shown how to handle the glass in a way which renders it least liable to breakage, and to carry a dish—which may seem easy, but to the initiated there is a right and a wrong way, and woe betide him should he bring it in the latter. Tray-carrying will be practised, which is quite an art, and a heavy tray handled in the approved method is made easy to carry. He will be taught how to take a bottle of precious wine from the bin, in the manner least likely to disturb its contents. By being willing and agreeable, he will learn from his elders how to compose a meal not only perfect from its nutritive qualities, but that also, from the colours of the viands chosen, will, in its composition, appeal alike to the eye and appetite. He will note that a white soup must not be followed by a fish served with white sauce, but must tax his ingenuity to vary the whole menu. How to clear a champagne bottle of all string and wire with two movements will be a feat he must soon learn to accomplish, or be dubbed a "shoemaker."

"PRACTICE IN WINE-POURING AT HOME WITH A DUMMY."

Many of the exercises can be practised at home, such as wine-pouring in the presence of a critical dummy composed of a chair, a jacket, and a cap.

At another school the training of messenger-boys to become waiters is about to be undertaken. The difficulty of obtaining anything like a needful supply of really good English waiters has long been the complaint of managers. It must be confessed that, while some thirty thousand foreigners are able to make a lucrative career of waiting in this country, English waiters are in a great minority. Can it be that Englishmen are "ashamed of being waiters"? Possibly this is a reason for the scarcity of English waiters. But there is another, and a better one. For, while a French or German waiter starts at the bottom rung of the ladder at the age of fifteen, and during all his youth is thoroughly and systematically trained for the profession, it is the usual custom for an Englishman to make an attempt to earn a living in other capacities before he can bring himself to put on the dress of a waiter.

There is a difference, too, between the English boy and the French or German boy. The foreigner knows that if he is to succeed he must put his whole soul into the work, and must not hope to make restrictions as to working hours. But the English boy is very seldom willing to sacrifice any of the liberty he so dearly loves; he works during a minimum amount of hours; and he wonders why he fails to learn the business. If, however, he chooses to give up his whole time to making himself proficient in the art of waiting, there is no height in the profession to which he may not rise. If he has also gained experience on the Continent he has even less difficulty in getting an appointment, and often has the choice of remaining at home or going abroad. So may he, perhaps, give the lie to the assertion that an English waiter is in a class far inferior to that of his foreign *confrère*.

THE COMET.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

"I DO think that it's very hard on us," said Cassie Ringwood in confidentially plaintive tones to Mrs. Barton, as they sat together on the grass terrace that sloped down to the Rectory rose-garden, not so remote from the tennis-lawn as to make it impossible for them to hear the latest score called out by the players. "I say it is very hard on us. I can't for the life of me form more than the most distant friendship with the heavenly bodies."

"And your father objects to your forming any closer with the earthly?" said Mrs. Barton.

"Yes, that is what I complain of," said Cassie—her full name was Cassiopeia: she had been called after the constellation of "The Lady in the Chair." "He shuts himself up in his horrid observatory night after night—even Sundays."

"What—even Sundays?"

"He doesn't mind. He calls it his 'place of worship.' Just think of it! An old observatory! He will not allow anyone to enter it with a duster or anything. You should see his hands when he comes out—and the smudginess of the papers with his foolish calculations!"

"Not foolish, my dear girl—you can't call them foolish. Everybody knows that your father is one of the foremost astronomers of the day—or perhaps I should say of the night."

"But what good does his astronomy do to anyone? What good does it do to his daughters, Annie and me? I don't mind so much about myself; I am quite content to be an old maid and look after him for the rest of my life; but poor Annie—I think it's very hard on her. The poor child is naturally fond of gaiety—such gaiety as is within our reach here; and, besides, she is an attractive girl, and should have her chance."

"She should. You are both attractive girls, and should both—— By the way, is it to your sister that Captain Sedgwick is so obviously attracted?"

Miss Ringwood's face became suffused with the delicate pink of one of the La France roses in the bed at the foot of the terrace. She did not reply immediately—at least not in words, for she seemed to have some difficulty in finding the right words; but even if Mrs. Barton had been a less observant lady than she was, she would have needed no more explicit reply than was suggested by that La France flush.

"Do you really think that Captain Sedgwick——" began Cassie, looking at the tips of her fingers. "Do you really——?"

"Forgive me for asking you such a foolish—such an impertinent question, my dear," said Mrs. Barton. "What was on my mind was that although you are on the shady side of twenty—I think you told me that you were actually twenty-two——"

"Twenty-two in February."

"That makes you twenty-two and a half. But even this weight of years may not prevent the possibility of your finding favour in the sight of someone; in fact, there are some men who find a certain charm in advanced maturity, so that—— Oh, never mind; I quite agree with you that it is very hard that two such girls as you are should be cut off from all association with terrestrial objects because your father allows himself to be absorbed in the study of the celestial."

"I knew that you would be sympathetic, Mrs. Barton," cried the girl. "You see, Mrs. Weston, though extremely nice and very kind, has never been about much, and she could not understand that we have a grievance—a sort of grievance—because father will

not let us ask anyone to our house. She would only say, 'Why should a couple of girls be so eager to entertain?' and all that. But you who know how we are placed—I knew that you would listen patiently to my grumble."

"You were quite right to confide in me, dear," said Mrs. Barton. "I am sure you saw how interested I was in you all from the first moment that I came here. I was greatly a desire to assist you if I could. That is why I led you on to confide in me as you have done just now. I can't say that I am prepared to offer you any suggestion just at this moment, but when I give my attention to the situation—— Oh, here comes Captain Sedgwick. Victorious again, as usual, I suppose, Captain Sedgwick?"

"By the aid of some marvellous luck and a steady partner," said Captain Sedgwick.

"HE SQUATTED DOWN ON THE TERRACE AT THE FEET OF MRS. BARTON AND NEVER SO MUCH AS GLANCED AT CASSIE."

interested indeed, and when I saw how things were situated—how your father was so absorbed in his astronomy that he did not allow himself to give a thought to his daughters and their prospects—I could not help having

He was a tall, slender man of perhaps a year or two under thirty, and was unmistakably a gunner.

He squatted down on the terrace at the feet of Mrs. Barton and never so much as

glanced at Cassie. All his attention seemed to be concentrated on digging up a weed with the rim of his racket.

"How did the game go?" asked Mrs. Barton. "Did Mr. Pryor and his partner do anything at all?"

"They had rotten luck," he replied.

"That means six games to love?" said she.

"They should have won the second," said he. "Oh, they had rotten luck."

"I suppose it was Annie who pulled you through?" remarked Cassie. It was her sister Annie (her full name was Andromeda: she was called after the constellation) who had been Captain Sedgwick's partner.

"Altogether," he replied. "She never made a mistake. Who are they shouting for? I expect it's you, Miss Ringwood."

"I fancy it is," she said, getting to her feet and looking in the direction of the net. "Oh, yes; they are waving to me. I see that Bertie wants a partner."

She ran off towards Bertram Weston, the Rector's young son, who was waving to her.

Captain Sedgwick followed her, but with his eyes only. He showed no eagerness to stir. He was feeling in his pockets for his cigarette-case.

"Charming girls, the Ringwoods," suggested Mrs. Barton, after an interval.

Her remark was successful in getting from him an acquiescent mumble.

"I'm afraid they haven't a particularly good time of it," she was encouraged to say. And she saw that he had become interested in a moment.

"Why shouldn't they have a good time?" he asked.

"It's rather a handicap for two nice girls like them to have a clever father," she said.

"I don't see that it matters much," said he. "There are plenty of nonentities in the father line in this neighbourhood, aren't there?"

"Oh, plenty, goodness knows!" she cried. "But the cleverness that takes the form of shutting oneself up in a musty old observatory with a lot of rusty old telescopes is the most objectionable."

"Is it? Of course, you know. But it seems to me that it doesn't do anybody any harm. It's not as if he were a Socialist or a male Suffragette, or a street preacher. An astronomer doesn't do any harm to anybody. Nobody's hurt if he discovers things a hundred million miles away."

"If anyone had told me twenty-five years ago that Wilfred Ringwood would turn out like that I should have laughed."

There was a certain pensive note in her voice that matched the far-away look in her eyes at that moment.

"Did you know him before you came here?" asked Captain Sedgwick. "You're not old enough to remember anybody twenty-five years ago."

"I may not look it; but I am, all the same," said she, regretfully. "It is close upon twenty-four years since we parted."

"What? It came to that—it actually came to that—you parted?"

"Yes, it was actually as serious as that. Of course, he knows nothing that goes on beneath the stars; he has no notion that I am here. Even if he heard of it, it might mean nothing to him. I have often wished—— But what is the good of wishing?"

The pensive note in her voice was almost becoming a sentimental one. She certainly sighed when she had made that well-founded remark regarding the futility of wishing for some undefined eventuality.

"Have you given either of the girls a hint?" asked the man on the grass.

"Not yet. But we have become very friendly. You can now understand the interest I take in them."

He nodded. He felt that it was the easiest thing in the world to take an interest in them. He took a certain amount of interest in at least one of them himself.

"You have never met the father, I suppose?" said she.

"Has anyone not connected with the astronomical industry?" he inquired.

She sighed.

"That's the sad part of the affair; he is a hermit."

"And hermetically sealed at that."

"He cannot see that he is behaving unfairly to his daughters, not letting them have anyone to their house, and forbidding them to go anywhere except to the rectory. Fancy two nice girls like that shut up in a gloomy old house with an observatory attached! Oh, we must devise some means of emancipating them. We must force him to behave rationally. I believe that their dining-room is forty feet long, and with a polished oak floor. Fancy such a room for a dance going to waste!"

"And you intend to begin with a dance? Don't you think it would be wiser to start operations with a Sunday lunch—something simple—usual—roast beef and horse-radish—a nice crisp lettuce?"

She laughed.

"What you gunners call 'shelling the outposts'?" she said. "Well, perhaps it might be as well to keep the dance in reserve; but—— How long does your leave last?"

"Four months still," he replied. "But I can't see that my leave has anything to do——"

"Then the sooner you see it the better it will be for yourself," cried the lady.

She spoke so decisively that he was actually startled, though it took a good deal to startle him. There was on his face the look of the man who is asking himself, "How much does she know?"

But before he could make up his mind on this point, the Rector, who was prowling around to see that none of his guests evaded his hospitality, hurried up the terrace steps to ask Mrs. Barton if she was quite sure that she had had tea. He himself was quite sure that Captain Sedgwick had not, so he shepherded him to the table in the shade of the elm where Mrs. Weston dispensed tea and cake.

It was quite a small tennis party, but the Rector and his wife were wise enough never to attempt anything on a large scale, and the result was that every function that took place in the Rectory garden was a success.

At any rate, Cassie Ringwood, walking homeward with her sister and Mrs. Cardew, of The Cedars, an hour after Captain Sedgwick had had his second cup of tea, was certain that the party had been a delightful one. She had not had a previous chance of putting her grievance before a stranger—a comparative stranger—and she felt the better for having confided in Mrs. Barton as she had done on the subject of her father's strictness and inconsiderateness. She had an instinct that Mrs. Barton would be able to help her in her attempt to break down her father's prejudices against entertaining and being entertained. She knew that Mrs. Barton, who had come to live in the neighbourhood in the spring, was the widow of a distinguished officer in the Army, and having spent several years in India she was, Cassie felt assured, capable of grappling with an unusual and delicate problem. That was why she had allowed herself, with a little tactful encouragement from the lady, to tell her how she felt it to be a great hardship that her father would not behave as ordinary fathers behaved when left with two daughters of the ages of herself and her sister Andromeda; but devoted his life to astronomical research, refusing all the invitations that came to himself and his daughters from the hospitable families of Mallinghurst, and refusing to allow the girls to make some attempt to return the social amenities of the friendly people. She felt that if this handsome and self-possessed woman would not be able to help her no one in the world would be able to do so.

When she recalled what Mrs. Barton had said to her she felt very hopeful, and was disposed to think that the tennis party had been an unequivocal success.

Orchardcroft, the home of Mr. Ringwood and his daughters, was an interesting old, half-timbered house that stood far away from the road, in the centre of a few acres of old-world gardens, with a walled orchard and a green paddock. While the girls had been at school the grounds had been badly cared for; their father had turned a delightful eighteenth-century domed temple, which stood on the highest part of the grounds, into an observatory, and from this place he hardly emerged even for his meals. When his daughters returned from school he became a little more human; he usually—except on an astronomical gala night, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, or an occultation that promised much—dined with his daughters at eight o'clock, and returned to his telescopes by nine.

On their return from the little tennis party, however, they waited for him until a quarter past eight, and then sent a message to him in the observatory that they were doing so. Considering that he knew what was the time to the tenth part of a second, it seemed absurd for them to have to remind him that it was a quarter past the dinner-hour. He told the servant that he was quite well aware of the time, but it was impossible for him to leave the equatorial instrument at which he was engaged for another hour.

When Cassie got the message she said nothing, but after helping her sister and herself sent the joint away to be kept warm for her father.

"He is getting worse and worse," said Andromeda when they were eating their peaches together a little later.

"I give him up," said Cassie. "I hate the very sight of a star, and as for the moon, I have simply come to detest that round foolish face of hers. As if anything up there is of the least importance compared to what goes on down here!"

An hour passed, and still the astronomer showed no sign of appearing. Cassie was clearly becoming uneasy. Her sister noticed

her looking at the clock every few minutes as the night advanced. At ten o'clock Cassie said:—

"Father is very tiresome. I think I will go to the observatory and find out what is the matter."

"Nothing is the matter; I'll go to bed," yawned Annie. "I wouldn't bother about him if I were you, Cassie."

Cassie shook her head.

"Go to bed if you are tired," she said. "I'll just go to the door of the observatory. It's a beautiful night."

"Of course it is," said Annie. "It's the fine nights that keep him in the observatory."

She went upstairs, and Cassie, putting over her evening dress a silk cloak which she kept in the cloak-room for the purpose, went quickly out of the drawing-room window and fled along the path toward the slope of the observatory.

But she did not go to the observatory. She turned aside from the walk and got upon a narrow track leading through a plantation of rhododendrons on to the paddock gate. The night was one of pale summer starlight. High in the sky Jupiter was hanging like an electric lamp; and in the west the Evening Star was glowing mildly. Beneath it, and just over the top rail of the gate, another star was shining—red and intermittent—the burning end of a cigar.

She stood still in the shelter of the shrubbery; and the red star became a meteor flying through the air. It was Captain Sedgwick who vaulted over the gate and came toward her. He put his arms about her and kissed her without a word. So they remained. Not a whisper passed between them; but the exchange of kisses was as rapid as the beats of a pendulum.

At last she turned her face away from his and hid it on his shoulder. He could hear—and feel—that she was sobbing.

"My darling," he whispered, "what's the matter? What's your trouble?"

She could not answer him. He waited patiently for a long time.

"Can you not tell me, dear?" he said. "No? Well, shall I tell you what has brought you to this? I think I know."

"You cannot; you cannot," she said.

"Can I not? Do you fancy I can't understand how you feel from knowing how I feel myself? Do you fancy that I can't understand what you feel, meeting me in this hole-and-corner way—you who have never been guilty of an underhand act in all your life?"

She raised her face and looked at him through large, tearful eyes.

"That is it; that is it," she said. "I made up my mind yesterday never to meet you in this way again. I meant to tell you so to-day, only we never had a chance of being together. Oh, Fred, it is a shocking thing to do, and I will never do so again, whatever you may say."

"I will not ask you, darling," said he. "It was my fault altogether. No one but a cad would have asked a nice girl like you to meet him in this way, even for the few minutes we have together. Heaven knows I would not have asked you if your father had been approachable—if you were situated as other girls are. Your father is to blame. But we'll not discuss that. The end has come now. I'll force him to see me to-morrow, and to hear what I have to say to him."

"I have made up my mind to confess to him to-night," said she. "I cannot sleep before I have told him that we love each other and will never cease to love each other. But I know what the consequence will be: he will refuse to let me see you. He will ask me if I have no sense of my duty as a daughter."

"Let him only give me the chance of asking him if he thinks he has done his duty as a father in regard to you. I'll tell him a few home-truths, never fear. Stars! What business has the father of such a girl as you to spend his time mooning up there?"

He nodded in the direction of the observatory, through the broad open section in the dome of which the light streamed. Suddenly the door of the building was flung open, and out there rushed the figure of the astronomer himself, bareheaded, and with a sheaf of papers clasped tightly in one hand.

In a second Cassie had pushed back Captain Sedgwick into the shadow of the rhododendrons and had run across the little track to intercept her father. She cried out to him when he had started to run to the house. He was clearly surprised, and waited for her.

"What is the matter?" she gasped, when she was beside him. "You have had no dinner and I came out to learn what on earth had happened."

"Nothing on earth has happened—nothing *on earth*; but something a good way beyond the earth," he cried. "My child, congratulate me. I have achieved the object of my most ambitious dreams—I have discovered a comet. I picked it up at ten o'clock in the

morning, and I have been at it ever since. Only this moment have I completed the calculation of its motion that proves it to be a comet. It is of the sixteenth magnitude, and at midnight should be close to *Gamma Lyra.* It will be classed 'No. 3, 1908.' I must drive at once to Lastertown. The telegraph office there does not close till midnight. Pray heaven that none of those prying Americans with their mammoth instruments and clear atmosphere have already discovered it. But why do I stand here talking like a fool? Every moment is precious!"

"Why not borrow Dr. Barnes's motor?" suggested Cassie. "It will get to Lastertown in half an hour."

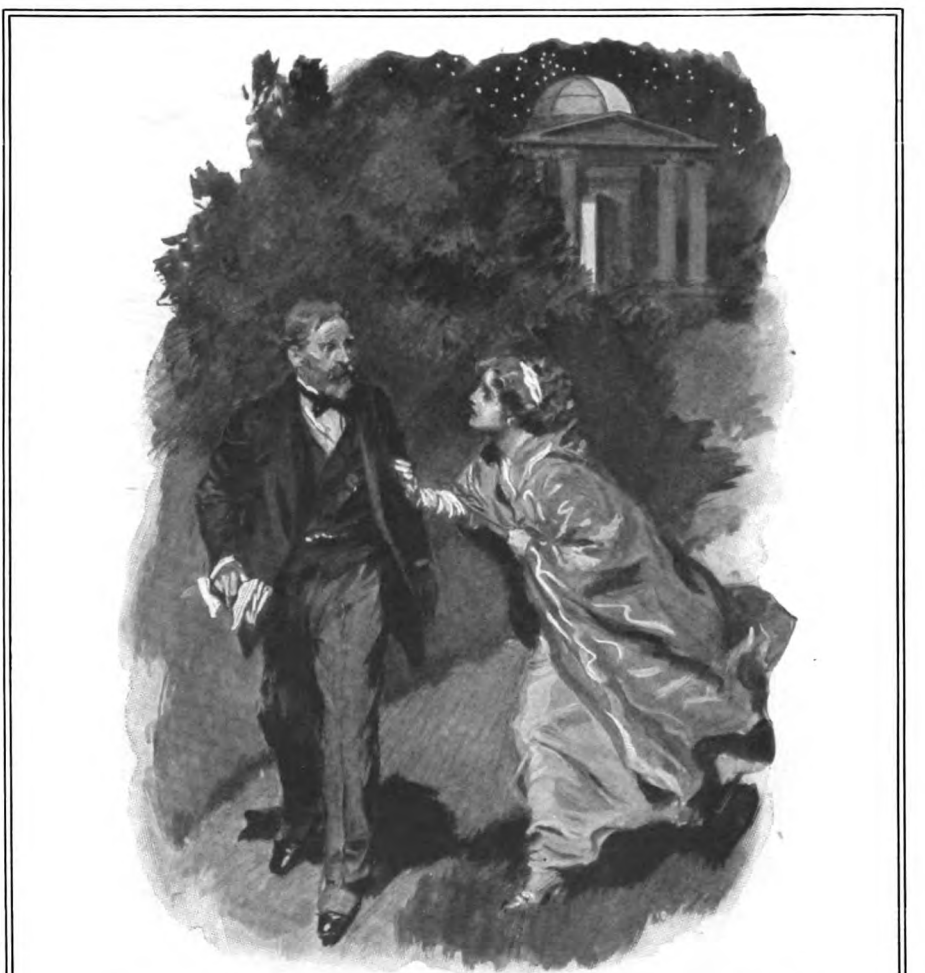
"Heaven bless you, my dear! That saving of half an hour may mean the dishing of the Lick people, to say nothing of the Italians, who have become very prying of late. As if an Italian could know anything of astronomy!"

Cassie rather fancied that she recollected reading of an Italian named Galileo who had a sort of reputation for dabbling in astronomical matters. She said nothing,

"HE PUT HIS ARMS ABOUT HER AND KISSED HER WITHOUT A WORD."

however, but watched her father hurry off clutching his calculations to his breast. She waited up for him on his return from the telegraph office at Lastertown. She had made up her mind to confess to him her secret engagement to Captain Sedgwick and the stolen meetings which it entailed; but he never gave her the chance of doing so. She could only sit there in silence while he paced the floor of the drawing-room, excitedly discussing the possibilities of his being anticipated in his discovery by some rival observer. After half an hour of this perturbation he rushed out to the observatory to verify his calculations by noticing the change in position of his discovery, and she went to bed with a sigh.

The newspapers the next morning relieved the suspense of Mr. Ringwood. He had lost the credit of two previous discoveries through having communicated them at first to a brother savant instead of to a press agency, but he did not make such a mistake this time. He had telegraphed to a press agency from Lastertown, and the morning papers had gone to press with big head-lines announcing the discovery of a new comet by Mr. Wilfred Ringwood, and there was no mention of Lick or Greenwich or any prying Italian in the connection. All that day there was a stream of telegraph messengers flowing toward Orchardcroft bearing congratulations to the discoverer from the members of various learned bodies through-



"'WHAT IS THE MATTER?' SHE GASPED, WHEN SHE WAS BESIDE HIM."

out the kingdom, and several motor-cars, bearing deputations from London newspapers, with attendant photographers, were buzzing away on the carriage-drive. The newspaper gentlemen seemed to be under the impression that they could embellish their interview with the astronomer with photographs of his comet, taken from various points of view, as if it were an ordinary foreign visitant. Finding out their mistake, they consoled themselves by taking several snapshots of the astronomer's daughters, and there is no reason to believe that the general public was dissatisfied at the substitution of the pictures of the terrestrial figures for those of the celestial.

Of course, with the appearance of these pictures, and the views of Orchardcroft and the Greek temple observatory, the people in the neighbourhood were made aware of the fact that Mr. Ringwood was a person of distinction. But this did not prevent a good many people from asserting that if Mr. Ringwood had been a hermit previously, he would be a much more exclusive one in future; and they all agreed in pitying his daughters. It was, however, only Mrs. Barton who set herself considering if it might not be possible to make Mr. Ringwood's comet play as important a part in the fortunes of the family as was assigned to such heavenly bodies by popular superstition in respect of reigning dynasties. The result of her consideration of the matter was embodied in a note to Cassie, which was followed by a long chat with that young lady; and a few days later the girl approached her father in a spirit of chaste inquiry respecting the movements of the comet. In a few words he relieved her anxiety on this point, and expressed his satisfaction at the intelligent interest she took in it; and she replied that every person in the neighbourhood was interested in it, and put so many questions to her about it she was quite ashamed not to be able to answer them all. She had been wondering, she said, if it was altogether fair to the people to allow them to remain groping for the information that he could impart to them in half an hour. Why should he not read a paper to them some evening before the comet disappeared, telling them all that they were so anxious to learn respecting it—twenty or thirty people, no more—really anxious inquirers who had struggled on year after year without finding anyone who could tell them the truth about comets?

The pathos of the position of these unhappy persons made a powerful appeal to her father. He asked Cassie if she thought there were really so many as thirty people who would come to hear him read a paper; and she assured him that, leaving the schoolmaster and the organist out of the question, there would be no difficulty in getting so large an audience, and all quite irreproachable people into the bargain—not a word to be said against them—some of them had been presented at Court. She was afraid that her father did not quite appreciate the advance that had been made during the past few years in the popular yearning after the truths of science.

Her father felt flattered—she meant him to feel flattered—and with some emotion he gave her leave to invite as many persons as she chose to the house on the following Friday evening; the comet was to reach its nearest point to the earth at 10h. 14m. 5·01s. on that night, and could any more appropriate time be chosen for his paper? He would have told his audience all that was possible for them to learn about this particular comet by that time, and then at the exact moment he would enable them to experience the unique sensation of being 852,000,000 miles away from it one second and the next second 852,523,491, and not for 7,321 years would any human being on earth have a chance of getting so close to it again.

The reflection was a terrible one; but Cassie bore up against the strain that it entailed, and hurried off to tell Mrs. Barton of the concession made by her father, and to consult as to the arrangements to make for the scientific *fête* for the following Friday. The result of their conference was the issue of some thirty-five or forty invitations in this form:—

> MR. WILFRED RINGWOOD, F.R.A.S.,
> and
> MISS RINGWOOD
>
> Have the honour to invite
>
> .....
>
> to the Observatory, Orchardcroft, on Friday, September 4th, at 9 p.m.
>
> THE COMET. DANCING.

There was a considerable amount of discussion in many households where the card arrived as to the exact character of the entertainment it promised; but a sufficient amount of curiosity was excited in the neighbourhood to cause almost every invitation to be accepted. Some sanguine people were under the impression that somehow Mr. Ringwood

had acquired certain proprietary rights over the comet, so that he could make it do practically anything that he pleased when he gave the word, and they conjectured that he was about to exhibit it in a new light to his friends; they only hoped that he would not go too far, and make them run any risk. Comets were ticklish things, they said; like live shells or stray torpedoes, they required to be very delicately handled. The word "Dancing," however, was reassuring. People knew where they were when they got a card with "Dancing" upon it, and so acceptances flowed in upon Miss Ringwood. She did not like to bother her father with any details of the arrangements she was making for the success of his lecture; and when he was rather mystified at the removal of the heavy furniture from the dining-room and the polishing of the floor, she had no trouble in explaining to him that earnest seekers after scientific truth would listen all the more attentively to his paper if they were to warm themselves up to it, so to speak, by the healthful exercise of a dance; and when, later still, he found the furniture in his library arranged so as to allow of the introduction of a long trestle table, and inquired the reason of this, she assured him that a stand-up supper would go far to counteract the exhaustion due to the mental strain of following closely the scientific revelations which his paper would undoubtedly bring before a considerable number of his audience.

He was easily satisfied with her explanations; and for the two evenings preceding the Friday, anyone passing close to his observatory would have heard him rehearsing his lecture to the cold stars that winked humorously—though he did not notice that—through the aperture in the revolving dome of his Greek temple.

After a quick and rather scrappy dinner on the Friday evening, Mr. Ringwood went out to the observatory to assure himself that he could lay his hand at a moment's notice upon the material for his paper—the volumes from which he was to quote, and the diagrams which he was to exhibit. His elder daughter had strongly advised him to adopt this course, and she promised to bring out to him his audience when they should be ready. As a matter of course the paper was to be read in the observatory, and Miss Ringwood expressed the hope that everyone would be able to get a glimpse of the comet when it was closest to the earth, though it had been explained to her that at least a quarter of a million miles must be passed over between the approach of one observer and another to the big telescope.

And the moment that the astronomer disappeared his daughters made a rush for their rooms. When they emerged in the course of an hour or so they were dressed as they never expected to be dressed, in that house or any other. Mrs. Barton had just driven up in her brougham—the first of the guests—and she held up her hands in admiration of their charming toilettes. But neither of the girls had sufficient self-possession to hold up her hands at seeing Mrs. Barton. They felt sure that they had never seen anyone so handsome before. She was radiant in Spanish lace and diamonds, and did not look a day over thirty-five. She walked with the air of an empress going forth to conquest. There was the light of triumph in her beautiful eyes, Captain Sedgwick whispered in her ear. He was the second guest to arrive.

"Do please see that everything is right in the supper-room," said Cassie, when she had allowed him to hold her hand for a moment or two. She could only give him a few seconds. Two motors had just stopped at the hall door, and she had to receive her guests and explain that her father was waiting to do the honours of the observatory, and that she believed that the comet was in great form.

And then there came the sound of the tuning of a violin, a violoncello, and a piano, followed by a few bars of a favourite waltz.

"If anyone had told me a fortnight ago that I should live to see such a scene in this house I should have smiled," said Sir Gresham Hanley to Georgie Roberts, as they stood at the door of the dining-room and watched a dozen pairs of dancers whirling along the polished floor.

"How the mischief did those girls manage to bring their dad up to the scratch?" asked Georgie, when he had found his eye-glass and had screwed it into its place with a firm hand.

"That's what beats me," said Sir Gresham. "Not but what it's about time that the old chap made a move in this direction. He has been in this house for eleven years, and I give you my word he never asked one of us if we had a mouth."

"These learned Johnnies aren't built that way, I suppose," said Georgie. "It was a bit rough on the girls, wasn't it? What about that comet business? I hear it's a new farce to be played by amateurs."

"No fear," said Sir Gresham. "The old

boy invented a comet—didn't you see all about it in the papers?—and he's going to give us a lecture on it later on."

"I hope it will be a good bit later on. But, sooner or later, he won't catch me listening to him," said Georgie. "Lord High Admiral! I see what his little game is. This is the gilding of the pill he has in store for us."

"Shouldn't wonder," remarked Sir Gresham. "Well, I've licked the sugar off more than one pill in my nursery days and then found I had no use for the pill. I'll keep my eyes open."

There was, however, no hint given by either of the girls of the house that the dance was to be a prelude to something of a different character. Several of their guests had put smiling questions to them on this point, and they had replied, also with smiles, that as soon as people were tired of dancing they were expected to join their father in the observatory.

When an hour or so had passed no further inquiry was made after the comet. Everyone declared that the floor was perfect, and the music the best that had ever been danced to.

"THEY WERE ENGAGED IN DANCING TOGETHER A POLKA-MAZURKA."

Mrs. Barton was the only one who seemed to feel that the lonely old man—he was, she happened to know, just fifty-one—sitting in his observatory, far out of the sound of the revelry of the dance, was deserving of some consideration. At the close of a waltz she hurried to Cassie and said:—

"Would you spoil all between you? You are both very brave with the flush of that last waltz still upon you," replied Mrs. Barton. "No, my dear; let me manage this affair in my own way. Just give me the bearings of the observatory in the meantime."

The girl threw a wrap over her shoulders

"HE TOOK ONE OF HER HANDS AND BROUGHT IT TO HIS LIPS."

"I promised to look after your father. Will you guide me to the observatory?"

For a moment the girl had a qualm of conscience.

"I will go to him, too," she said. "I will confess all. Fred is quite ready to face him."

and led the lady through an oak-panelled passage that brought them into the garden at the back of the house. For fifty or sixty yards they hurried along the path until the glare from the observatory roof was apparent.

"No farther! Hurry back to your guests; but you must look us up in half an hour, and bring your Fred with you," whispered the widow; and Cassie, putting her arms about her to kiss her, was amazed to find that she was trembling.

"What is the matter? Good gracious! what's the matter?" she cried.

"Nothing is the matter, my child, except that I am going into the presence of the man who loved me twenty-four years ago, and whom I have not ceased to love during all that time."

She rushed away, leaving the girl in amazement on the garden path, with all the stars of the heavens, and perhaps a stray comet or two as well, shining over her and about her.

Miss Ringwood walked very slowly back to the music and the dance. She was bewildered at the revelation made to her by Mrs. Barton, and possibly it was this feeling which intensified the impression of remorse of which she was becoming conscious. She fought against it all through the next few dances—the two last of them were with Captain Sedgwick; but when her partner suggested an ice she broke down.

"Oh, Fred," she whispered, "I feel that we have behaved very badly in regard to my father. It is a shame. We took him in quite shamefully, and there we went on enjoying ourselves while he has been waiting for us in his lonely observatory."

"I agree with you," he said. "Come along; I told you an hour ago I was ready to face him, and I'm just as ready now. Bring me to him and give me a chance of telling him what are my intentions. The evening is not wasted if I am given the chance which I could not get any other way."

"Will you listen to his paper on his comet?" she cried.

He did not quail; he did not even blench.

"Lead on," he said, in a low, resolute voice. "Lead on!"

She hurried along without even waiting for him to put his hand in hers for proper guidance; and in a few minutes they were together at the door of the observatory. There they paused to take breath, and at that moment there came from within the Greek temple the sound of laughter—of the laughter of two people of different sexes.

"Pull yourself together, my dearest," whispered Fred, putting his arm round the girl. "Pull yourself together. He may recover in time. I've known cases of chaps going off their heads with too much cram. Let me go first and——"

There came another outburst of hilarity from the observatory.

Cassie opened the door quietly, and they both peered through the aperture into the room beyond.

What they saw was the figure of a well-set-up man in the prime of life, standing by the side of a radiant lady, in Spanish lace and diamonds, and they were engaged in dancing together a polka-mazurka of twenty-five years before, while they lilted in unison the melody from a once-popular opera. Every now and again one of them became breathless, and then they both laughed together. Suddenly the lady broke away from his encircling arm and threw herself into a chair, saying:—

"I cannot dance any more, Wilfred. I tell you I haven't danced a mazurka since that last we had together long ago—ah, how long ago?"

"How long? Only five minutes ago, my dear lady," he cried. "I refuse to think that anything has happened since we had that dance together."

He pulled a footstool close to her with his toe and sat down on it at her feet. He took one of her hands and brought it to his lips.

It was at that moment that Mrs. Barton saw that the door was ajar. She cried out. Cassie entered the room boldly.

"What about the comet?" she said, sternly.

"The comet? The comet be—spectroscoped!" cried her father. "Who would look at a comet of the sixteenth magnitude when Venus is shining in front of him? Can you dance a mazurka, my dear daughter?" He had sprung to his feet.

"No," said Cassie, severely; "but Captain Sedgwick wishes to speak to you."

"You are a pair of young—young fools!" he said, looking from one to the other. "A man does not know what love is until he is fifty-one. I was fifty-one in June."

"And I was fifty-one a month ago," said Fred.

"You? Nonsense, sir!" cried the father.

"It's a fact, sir; if what you have stated is a fact, and a man must be fifty-one before he can love, I must have been that age when I met your daughter a month ago!"

SCROOGE AND THE DICKENS STAMP.

AN ALLEGORY.

OGGIER yet and colder —piercing, searching, nose-biting cold! The owner of one scant young nose stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas Carol, but at the first sound Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his melancholy tavern and departed for his chambers. There was a fire blazing on the hearth and an easy-chair in front of it. Scrooge put on his dressing-gown and slippers.

He took down "David Copperfield," and, forgetful of bed, was deep in its pages when a sudden sound startled him. He looked up, and there at his side stood a strange, pale spirit, like a wondrous child, yet not so like a child as an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium.

"Who—who and what are you?" faltered Scrooge.

"I am the Spirit of Literary Justice," spoke the apparition. "I have been watching your enjoyment of those volumes at your side—and not yours alone, but that of millions. I have been, in my earthly round, a spectator of the humanizing influence they exert, not merely upon the youthful and the sentimental, but upon even such natures as yours. And yet, for all your enjoyment and all your gratitude, I see you have not paid your debt—trifling as it is—to the memory of Charles Dickens."

"You refer to the DICKENS STAMP, I suppose?" muttered Scrooge, with something like a sneer.

"I refer," rejoined the Spirit, reproachfully, "to the certificate which all books of Charles Dickens should bear, that they have paid duty to the extent of a single penny in the Custom House of Literary Morality. Publishers and printers of these books grow rich, while those whom their author dearly loved, whom he literally wore his body out to benefit, do not receive from the sale of all these millions of books one single farthing. How can you be grateful to Dickens and yet refuse to pay even a penny to his family?"

"How? Easily enough," snorted Scrooge. "It ain't the penny—it's the principle of the thing. Why should I pay a penny I don't have to pay? Answer me that! What do I care about copyright? What do I care about authors' property? If authors want to make money—if they want to create property, let 'em go into some other business, I say. I never pay any copyright fee. Ha, ha!"

"And you refuse to pay this small deferred royalty to the Dickens family?" asked the Spirit.

"Certainly I do," retorted Scrooge. "No Dickens Stamps for me. But here—hi! there, what are you doing?"

Well might he ask. For the Spirit had not gathered up into his arms the volumes Scrooge had taken from the shelves, but was gathering up several others still there.

"It is such a little thing to do," murmured the Spirit; "will you do it?"

"*No!*" roared Scrooge. "Give me back the books."

The Spirit held a curious object in its hand, which Scrooge recognized as a heated branding-iron, and could even distinguish the red-hot letters, "Unpaid," reversed, of course.

"Then," said the Spirit, "I am obliged to take a step which I am loath to take, but which is the only one which carries any weight with such natures as yours."

Very rapidly the red-hot brand was raised eight times, and eight times brought down upon the inside cover of each volume. Once Scrooge attempted to intervene and was rewarded by a burn on the knuckles which made him howl with pain. When the Spirit had finished its task, there the letters stood out black and forbidding on the white boards:—

"UNPAID.
NO Tribute to Genius."

Scrooge gazed upon the inscription and for a moment was very angry. But he pretended to laugh it off.

"I don't care," he cried. "What does it matter to me? Besides, I'll scrape it off to-morrow."

But the Spirit shook its head.

"It will never scrape off. The more you seek to erase it, the deeper it will get. There is only one way it can be obliterated. There is only one way it can be turned into an

TO COMPLETE THIS PICTURE STICK A DICKENS STAMP ON SCROOGE'S SANDWICH-BOARD.

For the Prize Competition see the other side.

Our Dickens Prize Competition.

£50 IN PRIZES.

First Prize	- - - -	£25
Second Prize	- - - -	£10
Third Prize	- - - -	£5

And Ten Prizes of £1 each.

THE picture on the preceding page shows some well-known Dickens Characters, all of whom are carrying sandwich-boards displaying the Dickens Stamp, with the exception of Scrooge, whose board is vacant. The intention is that the reader should fix one of the Dickens Stamps on the vacant space on this board and thereby complete the picture. If he wishes to compete for one of the above prizes, he must send the picture thus completed to this office, together with a list of as many of the characters shown in it as he can identify, placed in what he considers to be their order of popularity, each reader making the list of his own favourites in order of preference. The whole number of competition papers will then be examined and a list of those characters obtaining the greatest number of votes will be made out, and the readers whose lists approach most nearly to this general consensus of opinion will obtain the prizes. Competitors may send in as many lists as they like, provided that each is accompanied by a stamped picture.

Having made out such a list, each competitor should sign it with his or her name and address, and, having placed a Dickens Stamp in the empty space on the other side of this page, the whole should then be sent, on or before the 31st of January, to THE STRAND MAGAZINE, 3 to 13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. The words "DICKENS COMPETITION" should be plainly marked in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.

Another picture will be given next month with a different group of characters, when similar prizes will be offered to our readers.

inscription of honour, of truth, and of beauty, which will reflect credit upon, and give pleasure to, the owner of every book the Master wrote."

"The DICKENS STAMP, I suppose?" snarled Scrooge.

"The Dickens Stamp," assented the Spirit.

"And suppose I refuse? I dare say you'll come and burn the books themselves next. Nice notions of honour and justice you people have!"

"If you refuse, the brand upon that book will gradually eat into it and spread itself upon its pages. It will appear before your eyes in the most touching passages and spoil your zest in all their author writes. It will poison the well of his pathos and dry up the fountain of his wit. The more he gives the greater will be the blot, the louder you will seem to proclaim that you pay him and his heirs no tribute at all, until at last you will be fain to get rid of the book—for you will no longer have pleasure in Little Nell, in Sam Weller, in Oliver, and Tiny Tim—and so let it pass into the hands of someone who will gladly and right willingly pay their penny tribute to the genius who wrote the book."

And with these words the Spirit of Literary Justice departed. The noise it made in shutting the door woke Scrooge up. The room was his own, the bed-post was his own, the volumes of Dickens scattered on the floor were his own. He seized upon them eagerly, as the memory of the Spirit's words returned to him, and turned them over with trembling fingers. No mark on the inside cover—no mark on the fly-leaves—no mark on the title-page. Wonderful—very!

"Heaven be praised!" cried Scrooge. "Spirit, hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. I believe that the heirs of such a beneficent genius should have something for his work, and that even though they can ask nothing as of right, yet in honour of him and to celebrate his hundredth birthday I will place a guinea Stamp in each of the volumes I possess. Halloa, my fine fellow!" called out Scrooge to the newspaper boy, who was endeavouring to insert a *Daily Telegraph* into the letter-box.

"Halloa!" returned the boy.

"Here's a ten-pound note," said Scrooge. "Go and get me eight guinea Dickens Stamps, and keep the change, my buck."

"Rats!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge; "I'm in earnest. Go and buy 'em, and bring 'em here this minute."

"Do you mean Dickens Centenary Testimonial Stamps?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful youth!" said Scrooge. "Yes, my fine fellow."

"Why, they're only a penny."

"Only a penny!" echoed Scrooge. "Not the best and dearest?"

"There's only one kind," replied the boy. "One penny each book for rich and poor. The same that His Majesty King George has put in his copies at Marlborough House and Sandringham, and the same the little lame girl at the London Hospital last week put in hers. I've gone without cigarettes two days running and put one in my 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" added the boy.

"Then buy me a thousand," cried Scrooge, giving him the money. "Come back with 'em in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown."

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send the rest to the poor," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands and chuckling. "I'll send 'em to the little lovers of Dickens in the East-end, and in the shop and factory libraries, who can't afford even a penny. And I'll help lead others to buy them, too, so that all—all among the millions—young and old and rich and poor, may pay their tribute to the genius of Charles Dickens. We don't want a halting, half-hearted thing; it must be a bumper testimonial—something to show the Spirit of Literary Justice that, although he is not alive with us to celebrate his hundredth birthday, although he has been sleeping in Westminster Abbey these forty years, the world has not forgotten, nor is likely to forget, what it owes to the genius and the beautiful soul of Charles Dickens."

And so it all ended—as all such stories should end—well and happily, and (as Tiny Tim observed) *God bless us every one!*

Now it is not necessary to suppose that the foregoing allegory will be taken seriously to heart by any large class among the readers of Dickens. Not for a moment is it to be imagined that there are any owners of copies of works of the great novelist who will really refuse to pay their Centenary penny tribute. It is a small thing to do. Will *you*—YOU, dear reader, who hold this Magazine in your hands, and whose eye scans this page, will you pay your penny for the Dickens Stamp, now on sale everywhere? Will you do it *now?*

The Reader's Love-Story.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

TITTENHAM had not been back from his holidays more than a week before his colleagues at the big publishing house began to suspect that there was something the matter with the assistant reader. Within the next few days suspicion became certainty. The only doubt left was as to the precise nature of the malady from which he was suffering. Diagnosis was difficult: the symptoms were so perplexing. For one thing, Tittenham had all at once become quite painfully particular about his clothes. Mr. George Alexander would not have been ashamed of the crease which adorned Tittenham's trousers. Now, creased trousers are not things which it is easy for a busy publisher's reader to cultivate with any notable degree of success. Tittenham's determination carried him to the length of standing up all day to his work. That, to say the least of it, was significant.

Then there was the dreamy look in his eyes. Perfectly true it is that young men not infrequently come back from a seaside holiday with a dreamy look in their eyes; but it rarely persists for more than two or three days. Tittenham had retained his for more than a fortnight. The thing had all the appearance of a permanency about it. No wonder the phenomenon excited comment. Publishers' readers never have dreamy looks in their eyes. Wild looks—stern, relentless, pessimistic, even bloodthirsty looks they have, if you like, but not dreamy ones, or at the most only baddreamy ones.

Even the editor-in-chief—that great Panjandrum upon whose nod all that was best and brainiest in English literature hung trembling—noticed at last that Tittenham was not quite himself. The Mighty One had a ready explanation to offer.

"Great mistake—holidays, my dear Tittenham," he remarked, when the assistant reader came into his room one morning. "I found that out years ago, when I couldn't afford to have 'em. You're feeling the effect of yours, I can see. Hadn't you better take another week or two to get over it?"

"I'm all right," declared Tittenham, with a wan smile. "Fit as a flea. I'm not pale, really; it's only the tan wearing off that makes me look so."

"Yes, that's all very well," demurred the other, "but you didn't get any tan on your brain, you know; and that's where *I* notice the change. Not that I mean you're at all touched," he hastened to explain, noting the look of alarm which had come into Tittenham's face; "but some of the stuff you've been chucking at me this last day or two, and making out that it's the goods—well, really!" He delved into an untidy pile which lay on the table before him and held up a manuscript. From his expression one would have thought he had in his hands a superannuated fish—a smelt, say, which was trying to live up to its name. "Take this effusion, for instance, my dear boy! Slush—absolute drivelling, gushy, sloppy slush! The man who could mark that 'V. G.' can't possibly be well."

"I'm sorry you don't agree with my opinion," said Tittenham, stiffly. "I thought it a very moving story."

"'Moving' is right," retorted the editor, dryly, as he dropped the offending MS. into a basket at his side. "It moves out of here by to-night's post. Now look here, Tittenham," he went on, in as kindly a tone as he had at his command; "you know the sort of thing we want—better than any reader we've had for years; and you know jolly well it isn't piffling little yarns about young dukes falling in love with their sisters' governesses—pages of rot about his gazing into her eyes and seeing the love light, and Heaven knows what other nonsense. You're out of form, Tittenham, or you would have turned a thing like that down after reading two pages of it. You take two or three days' rest. Never mind the old scripts—let 'em stew."

In vain did Tittenham protest that there was nothing whatever the matter with him.

"A tonic, my boy, that's what you want," announced the other, with all the cocksure finality of the amateur physician. "A good bracing tonic—three times a day, before meals. Now, cut along to the chemist and have it made up. Don't show your nose here till next Monday."

"Tonic!" ejaculated Tittenham, bitterly, as he made his way downstairs; "precious lot of good a tonic will do me."

Truth to tell, the Pharmacopœia is not so rich as it might be in remedies for the particular complaint from which Tittenham was suffering.

Briefly, he was in love.

Her name was Muriel. That, however, was no fault of hers. It was just her god-parents' mistaken prognosis of the case, that was all.

On the whole there was a good deal of excuse to be found for Tittenham's downfall. Over and above a quite unusual allowance of good looks, Muriel had many other points in her favour. Item, there was not a trace of affectation about her. In an age in which it appears to be the great ambition of every young woman to be mistaken by the casual passer-by for one of the leading lights of musical comedy, Muriel could only be described as unnaturally natural. She could look at a man who did not happen to be the owner of a motor-car without endeavouring to imply by her expression that she was regarding a peculiarly offensive type of earth-worm. When she spoke, she did so without endeavouring to give an imitation of an Oxford undergraduate suffering from extreme ennui. Her novelty was amazing.

Therefore, it was not surprising that Tittenham, after a week of her society, arrived at the conclusion that either he must make her his or go away to some sequestered spot and pine gently but firmly to death.

At first the odds seemed slightly in favour of his having to take the latter course. For a time he made absolutely no progress whatever in her good graces. Even when he telegraphed desperately to town for three new suits and wore them all in the course of a single day, Muriel seemed comparatively unmoved. She was, as I have said before, an unusual type of girl.

But on the day when, following a remark dropped by Muriel to the effect that if there was one thing she loved it was to read novels and to hear about their authors, Tittenham took occasion to inform her that he was the reader for one of the great fiction-publishing houses, his stock rose with a bound.

"Oh, I take such an interest in everything to do with books!" she cried, excitedly. "Do please tell me all about yourself, Mr. Tittenham. What does a publisher's reader have to do?"

When elderly ladies put that same question to him (as they frequently did) it was Tittenham's practice to say carelessly, "Oh, I just have to read the books which authors submit to us, you know, and see if they are any good," and let it go at that. But he felt somehow that Muriel ought not to be fobbed off with so bald and inadequate a description of his massive functions. Muriel, he felt quite sure, would like the matter to be gone into with greater detail. So he set himself out to be informative.

Maybe he got just a little carried away by the possibilities of the subject, or perhaps it was that he thought the flattering air of expectancy upon his listener's face deserved to be rewarded with something more satisfying than a strict adherence to the actual facts of the case would probably have afforded. Anyhow, by the time he had finished Muriel had undoubtedly gathered the impression that she was sitting beside one of the most potent factors in modern English literature. The power lurking behind the throne—that was the picture of himself which Tittenham darkly adumbrated. The man who made and unmade authors with a few words scribbled on the outside cover of a MS. . . . The ripe judgment upon which a vast publishing concern relied almost exclusively for its support.

No wonder Muriel was just a little awe-struck. Not every day did she find herself in close proximity to one of the people who count.

An interval of respectful silence intervened before she found courage to voice a timid opinion upon one of the minor advantages attaching to the profession of publisher's reader.

"How nice it must be for you," she hazarded, appreciatively, "to be able to read all the splendid novels and stories long before ordinary people get a look at them!"

"True," admitted Tittenham, not displeased at the delicate flattery of that "ordinary." "On the other hand, I also read a large number of not at all splendid novels, etc., which ordinary people have the good luck never to see. That is where ordinary people distinctly have the laugh."

But Muriel could see no fly in the pure amber of her companion's life.

"I should just love it!" she cried, enthusiastically. "Fancy! How thrilling it must be to think, every time you sit down before a pile of new manuscripts, perhaps you are going to meet a new George Meredith, or discover a second Charlotte Brontë!"

Tittenham's eyebrows went up for a moment. This point of view had never occurred to him.

"Thank you," he said, after thinking it over. "That hadn't struck me. I must remember that the next time I'm settling down to work. Nothing like looking on the bright side of things."

For three weeks following the day on which that delightful conversation had taken place Tittenham rose each morning from his bed with the fixed determination that he would ask Muriel to be his ere night fell. Yet night after night had fallen with the fateful words still unspoken. Tittenham came at last to the reluctant conclusion that the seaside was an unfavourable *milieu* for serious love-making, with a firm offer of matrimony as its ultimate objective. Flirtations were all the seaside was any good for. But, by Jove, when Muriel got back to town — thank goodness, she had given him her address and permission to call—by Jove, when she got back to town! Ah, ha! No silly beating about the bush for C. Tittenham then!

"BY THE TIME HE HAD FINISHED MURIEL HAD UNDOUBTEDLY GATHERED THE IMPRESSION THAT SHE WAS SITTING BESIDE ONE OF THE MOST POTENT FACTORS IN MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE."

The interview with his chief gave his resolution just that stimulus which it so sorely needed. He went straight home from the office, lunched in ten minutes, changed his clothes in two hours and a half, and set out in a taxi for Muriel's abode. He went in a taxi—not because he felt tired or because the distance was very considerable, but because he thought if he dashed noisily up to the house it would give Muriel the pleasing impression that he practically lived in cabs. Unluckily, as he discovered when he got

there, Muriel's drawing-room was at the back of the house, consequently the effect which he had designed was a little marred.

He was so lucky as to find Muriel at home and alone. This was distinctly helpful. The little programme he had laid down in the cab was that, after a few polite remarks about the weather and her mother's health, he should proceed immediately to the more important business of demanding Muriel's hand. That was all very well in its way; but when it came to the point Tittenham found that his programme was not quite so easy to carry out. Muriel's conversation was flowing, but it did not flow in the direction he desired. Chit-chat from the book world was what Muriel appeared to want more than anything else. Positively there seemed to be no limit to her curiosity on the subject of authors and their doings.

"I dare say you wonder what makes me so inquisitive about authors and their work?" she remarked, after she had been plying Tittenham for about an hour with her questions.

"Not at all," he replied, politely. "It gives me great pleasure to be able to tell you what you want to know. Go on, please; I like it."

As long as she went on he had a decent excuse to remain where he was; and Tittenham felt not the least desire to leave Paradise and go out into the cold world outside.

Muriel, however, did not go on. Instead, she sat silent for quite an appreciable time, fidgeting nervously with her fingers, and looking very much as if she had something she wanted to say without knowing quite how to express it.

"The fact is," she confessed at last, in a very small, timid voice, "I—I—I've had the cheek to try and write a little story myself."

A horrible dread began to clutch at Tittenham's heart. A cloud, considerably larger than a man's hand, began to gather on his mental horizon.

"Oh, really, have you?" he managed to stammer, while he contorted his features into a nervous grin, intended to convey to Muriel the fact that he felt the liveliest pleasure in the good news she had just imparted. "Written a story, have you? Indeed! Come. That's capital!"

"You can hardly say that until you have seen it, you know," objected Muriel, with a gay little laugh. Tittenham laughed too—the sort of laugh which a man might emit who, having just been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery, receives the news that his rich uncle has died that very morning.

He studiously avoided Muriel's eyes during the brief but awkward silence which fell upon the meeting after her last remark. A man of courage would have rushed forward to meet the inevitable blow, but for the life of him the wretched young man could not get out the words which he knew full well he was expected to say.

There was a shade of disappointment on Muriel's face as she remarked:—

"Of course, I know I have no business to think I can write——"

And there she was mean enough to stop. Clearly Tittenham had either to make a move at once or she would be huffed.

"Oh, not at all. Why should you think that?" was the best he could manage. Then, struck with a sudden, useful inspiration, he hastened to add: "Though, mark you, I don't think authorship is a wise occupation for a woman to take up. Too exhausting. Takes too much out of one. A woman's delicate constitution isn't adapted to the strain."

"Oh, I didn't find it exhausting at all," Muriel assured him. "After I had once got started, I was quite surprised to find how easy it was to go on."

To a similar surprise on the part of many other light-hearted men and women might the plentiful crop of grey hairs on his own youthful head be justly ascribed, pondered Tittenham, gloomily. He searched a wildly whirling brain for some way out of the deadly impasse which lay before him. Not a vestige of a loophole could he see anywhere.

"I've been wondering," Muriel went on, diffidently, "if I might—that is to say, would you mind very much—I mean, do you think I could possibly ask you to—to——" She broke off in confusion, and gazed at Tittenham with a world of mute appeal in her eyes.

Tittenham shifted uneasily in his chair, and asked himself the desperate question—"Can I possibly pretend that I don't understand what she is working up for?" A thousand inward voices roared back an instantaneous and unanimous "NO!"

"Perhaps," he hazarded, in a voice which he found it difficult to recognize as his own—"perhaps you would like me to look over your story and tell you—er—what I think of it?"

"Oh, how perfectly sweet of you!" In an access of gratitude Muriel allowed her

hand to rest for an instant on his arm. Certainly the ecstasy imparted by that touch did something towards allaying the turmoil within Tittenham's bosom; but the effect soon wore off. Muriel went over to the escritoire, Tittenham watching her as a dog in disgrace watches its master making for the corner where the whip is kept.

It was a nice fat parcel of paper which Muriel brought out of the carefully-locked drawer. It was tied up with pale-blue ribbon, too. And it was called "For the Kiss of a Woman." Tittenham found it hard to repress a shudder as he caught sight of that title. There were darksome things concealed under that label, if he knew anything.

"Mind—I want your real, candid opinion!" was Miss Muriel's injunction, as she placed her literary first-born tenderly in his hands. "If you think it is just a lot of silly nonsense you must tell me straight. I sha'n't be in the least offended."

Tittenham thought sadly of the many friends who had come to him with similar little parcels in their hands and the selfsame words on their lips. Old college chums some of them had been. They hurried up side-streets when they saw him coming now.

There was a brave attempt at a smile upon his lips when he took up the manuscript and rose to go. Muriel never guessed that the obliging young man who stood before her was busily engaged in realizing the dissembled agonies of the Spartan boy.

"When do you think you will be able to let me know?" she asked, anxiously.

Tittenham, reflecting that, as all the probabilities pointed to his losing her for ever some time or other, there was little object in deferring the day of doom, said he thought a week ought to be sufficient to enable him to form an opinion upon her work.

"I expect you'll find it awful!" laughed Muriel, gaily, as she bade him good-bye.

Tittenham made a praiseworthy attempt to catch her note as he assured her that he felt no such apprehension; but the result was rather sepulchral.

"For the Kiss of a Woman" Tittenham found to have greater depths in it than he had expected. He read it all through once, and then he took a very stiff brandy and soda and read it all through once more. Then he had another brandy, neat, and sat down to think about it. The conclusion to which he came, after some hours of thought, was that in all probability "For the Kiss of a Woman" was the worst thing that had ever happened anywhere. It was incredibly unlike anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. It was the limit, the outside edge, the last word, the absolute North Pole of blithering ineffectuality. If half-a-dozen undoubted geniuses had set themselves in freakish competition to see which could, with all the resources of art at command, get nearest to the utterly impossible, it might have been the prize entry.

"Oh, Muriel!" groaned Tittenham, as he thrust the awfulness into the innermost recesses of his most secret drawer. Then he said "Oh, Muriel!" two or three times more and tottered feebly away to bed.

It was not until the receipt of her second note, marked "Very Urgent," that he screwed his courage up to the point of going to see her again.

A journey to the dentist as the alternative to his journey to Muriel's house would have struck Tittenham in the light of a very enjoyable outing.

Of course, he found her looking more ravishing than she had ever looked before; that was only to be expected. Things never seem so entirely desirable as they do at the precise moment when they are receding permanently from our reach.

Tittenham refused resolutely to see the mute question in her eyes as she shook hands with him. Instead, he plunged into a vast sea of generalities, talking madly and incessantly about everything and nothing, so that the evil moment might be postponed as long as possible.

Muriel listened with ill-concealed impatience to his babble. At last he had to pause for breath, and she struck, swiftly and unerringly.

"Well—now, tell me—what do you think of it?"

Tittenham cleared his throat, and strove vainly to arrange in their due order the neat collection of euphemisms which had taken every waking hour of the past week for their preparation. He felt as if he were standing up before a crowded court to receive sentence. His tangled thoughts refused to obey the feeble summons of his will. He stood, a lone, lost mortal, in the very centre of whirling chaos.

He tried to avoid Muriel's eyes. It was impossible. They drew his own irresistibly towards them. He had to look at her.

One glance settled it.

Whatever he told Muriel it should not be the remotest approximation to the truth.

Rather would he perjure his soul irretrievably than disappoint the hopes that manifested themselves in that sweet, wistful face.

"I suppose you found it too stupid for words?" said Muriel, dejectedly, as he still kept silent. Tittenham felt sure he could see her lip trembling. He longed—ye gods, how he longed!—for the right words to come. There must be something he could say. What had become of that graceful sentence with which he had been so pleased the other night? Dash it, he had written it down and said it over countless times so as to be sure of getting it right. Where had it got to?

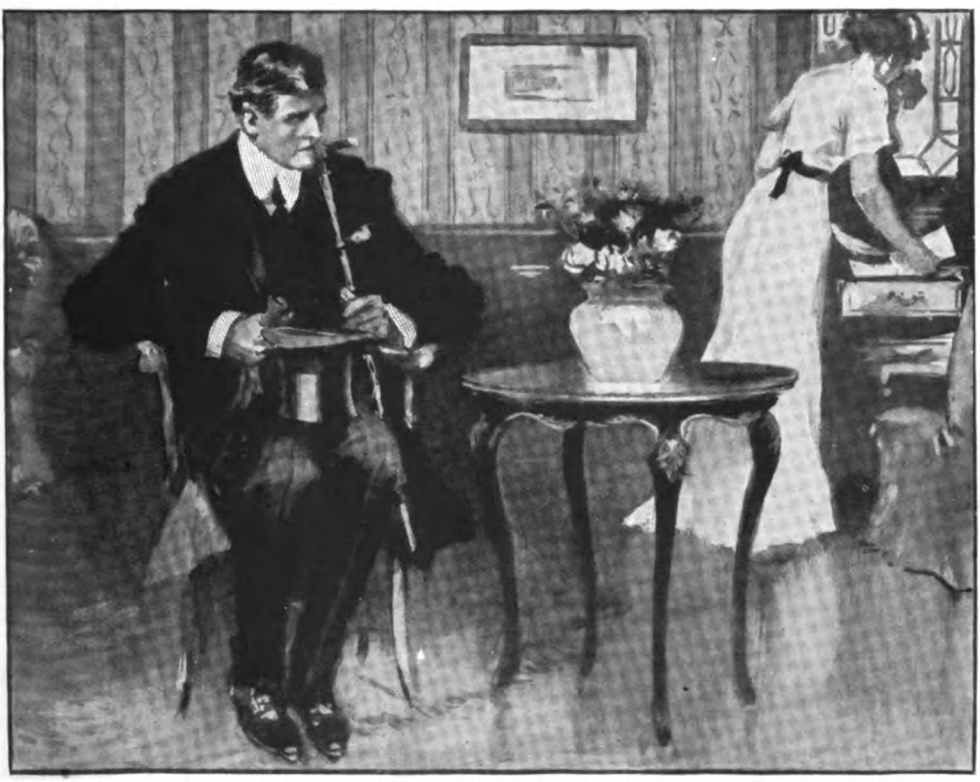
Muriel was humming, just to show that she was not in the least disappointed.

"I thought Captain Gugglesbury didn't know what he was talking about," she remarked at last. "I do think people ought to tell the truth when you ask them to, don't you? But, then, perhaps he isn't much of a judge, only being in the Army."

"What did Gugglesbury say?" asked Tittenham, not without a twinge of apprehension. He had cherished misgivings of Captain Gugglesbury for some time past. The captain seemed to take an interest in Muriel's movements which could only be described as undue.

"Oh," replied Muriel, carelessly, "he said he thought it was a very nice story indeed. But I'm afraid his opinion isn't worth much, is it?"

So, thought Tittenham, in addition to being a conceited fop, Captain Gugglesbury is a lying sycophant, is he? Very well, the scoundrel should be fought with his own weapons.



"MURIEL WENT OVER TO THE ESCRITOIRE, TITTENHAM WATCHING HER AS A DOG IN DISGRACE WATCHES ITS MASTER MAKING FOR THE CORNER WHERE THE WHIP IS KEPT."

"On the contrary," said Tittenham, coldly, "Captain Gugglesbury shows an amount of literary perception for which I should scarcely have given him credit. 'Nice' seems to me rather a feeble word, though. I shouldn't have used it myself. 'Nice' lacks point, to my mind."

"Do you really mean to say that *you* think my book is any good, then?" gasped Muriel, eagerly.

Tittenham decided that he might as well

make a job of the business while he was about it. Without so much as the quiver of an eyelash he replied:—

"I think it is a very remarkable piece of work indeed. I never remember reading anything quite like it before."

exclaimed Muriel, in a tone of keen disappointment. Tittenham shook his head.

"Then I don't believe you meant a word of what you said just now!" cried Muriel, indignantly. "You're just deceiving me. It's too bad of you! No—it's no good

"THE CAPTAIN SEEMED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN MURIEL'S MOVEMENTS WHICH COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS UNDUE."

Muriel clasped her hands together and uttered a little cry of joy.

"And what does the editor think of it?" she asked, when she was once more able to speak. Tittenham looked at her wildly. He was not quite prepared for this.

"Why, haven't you shown it to him yet?"

trying to explain. I sha'n't listen—so there!"

"But you must," insisted Tittenham. "It's perfectly true that I haven't shown your book to the old man yet—but I'm going to. Oh, certainly, I'm going to! Though, of course, you mustn't take it for

granted that my recommendation will ensure its acceptance."

"But I thought you told me that they accepted anything you recommended?"

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did. You said they always took everything you recommended — very often without even troubling to read it themselves."

There came back to Tittenham's harassed mind dim recollections of that picture which he had drawn of himself for Muriel's edification—the power lurking behind the throne, the man who made and unmade writers' reputations. Verily, the chickens of imagination had hurried home to roost.

"Now, please give me a plain answer to a plain question," demanded Muriel, relentlessly. "There seems to me only one way in which I can get at your true opinion of my book. Are you going to recommend your firm to publish it?"

"Certainly I am," declared Tittenham, in the calm, unshaken voice of the hero who announces his intention to lead the forlorn hope, though he knows that certain death lies before him. "And what is more," he added, safe in the knowledge that the age is past of miracles such as that which so confounded the late Earl Godwin, "I shall tell them that if they do not accept your book they will be making one of the greatest mistakes in the whole history of publication."

"Oh!" cried Muriel, forgetting everything in the ecstasy of that supreme moment, "you *darling!*"

The hasty attempt which she immediately made to explain that her apostrophe was only intended to be taken in the light of an involuntary tribute to the acuteness of his literary perception came too late. Tittenham had her fast in his arms long before she had a chance to recant.

Followed a delirious debate in which the subject of English literature took a very back seat. Weightier matters had first to be threshed out. "When did you first find out that you cared for me?" "Have you ever cared for anybody else?" "Are you quite sure that you really and truly love me more than anybody else in the whole world?" These are questions not to be burked.

For one long, happy hour the weight of Muriel's diabolical novel was lifted from her lover's mind. Not till the oft-deferred moment for his departure arrived did she get back to the subject.

"You'll show my little book to them *soon*, won't you?" she cooed, as Tittenham held her in his arms for the ante-penultimate kiss.

The sun disappeared straightway behind a bank of impenetrable cloud. Chill vapours of autumn seemed in a moment to fill the room.

"Soon, very soon, my darling," murmured Tittenham, trying to say the words as he imagined Mr. Lewis Waller would have said them. He kissed Muriel gently on the brow as an earnest of the sincerity of his intentions.

Muriel, however, was not to be fobbed off either with kisses on the brow or an indifferent imitation of a *matinée* idol.

"To-morrow?" she gently persisted. Tittenham pursed his lips in thought.

"I'm afraid to-morrow is the old man's busy day, my own."

"What about the day after, then?"

Tittenham could see himself being gradually pushed into a very tight corner.

"Don't tie me down to any particular day, little one," he pleaded. "Leave the matter to my discretion. The old man is a creature of moods. These moods have been the study of my life. To me they are an open book. One day his mood is to be as clay in my hands; on another—granite! Leave it to me to catch him in the bending mood. Believe me, I know best."

Muriel sighed. The Fabian policy has few attractions for a woman who wants something. Apparently some slight doubts still assailed her mind.

"You really are quite positive, aren't you, that my book is some good?" she asked, looking long and steadily into his eyes.

Tittenham immediately closed his eyes. Probably the sight of all this radiant beauty in such close proximity was a little too much for him.

"Quite, quite sure," he murmured.

When he opened his eyes again Muriel was still looking at him. The searching steadiness of her gaze had, if anything, increased.

"You must love me very much, I think," she remarked, quietly. "Otherwise you could not possibly tell me such appalling lies."

Tittenham started as if he had been stung.

"Lies!" he blustered. "Lies! *I* tell you lies! I don't understand you, Muriel."

"Oh, yes, you do," she retorted, calmly, shaking her head at him in grave reproof. "You know perfectly well that book of mine is the greatest nonsense you ever waded through."

"I know nothing of the sort."

"Well, I know it, anyhow."

"Ah, that is your modesty. Authors can rarely get the right perspective of their own work." Quite a glow of complacency per-

meated Tittenham at the reflection that he had at last succeeded in saying something true.

"As it happens," said Muriel, quietly, "I didn't write the book at all."

For the life of him Tittenham could not have kept back that exclamation of relief.

"Ah!" Muriel's accusing finger was a pistol at his heart. "You're glad! Tell the truth—you're glad to hear that I didn't write 'For the Kiss of a Woman'?"

"Frankly—I am."

"A school-friend of mine asked me to help her to get it published," explained Muriel. "It seemed to me the only hope was to put it into your hands."

"Oh, Muriel, how could you?" wailed Tittenham, reproachfully. "If you only knew the hours of anguish that awful book has given me!"

"Then how, pray, could you bring yourself to tell me that it was very good?"

"My dear Muriel," replied Tittenham, in a tone of intense conviction, "I really believe I could bring myself to do anything for your sweet sake."

His dear Muriel began to relent a little.

"If I forgive you this time, will you promise never to tell me any more fibs?"

"Henceforward," was the solemn answer, "it shall be a case of Tittenham first; George Washington also ran. By the way," he went on, after Muriel had signified her forgiveness in the usual manner, "I've brought that MS. with me. It's on the hall table. You'd better send it back to your little friend and tell her to burn it quick. It might go hard with her if the question of her sanity ever arose and that dangerous document were still in existence."

"TITTENHAM STARTED AS IF HE HAD BEEN STUNG."

When he had gone Muriel sat for a while, silent and pensive. Then she rang for the servant and told her to light the drawing-room fire, as she felt cold.

"As you are evidently not destined to set the Thames on fire, let's see what you can do for the chimney," she remarked, a little bitterly, as she pushed the bundle of manuscript on to the blazing coals.

Then she had a good cry.

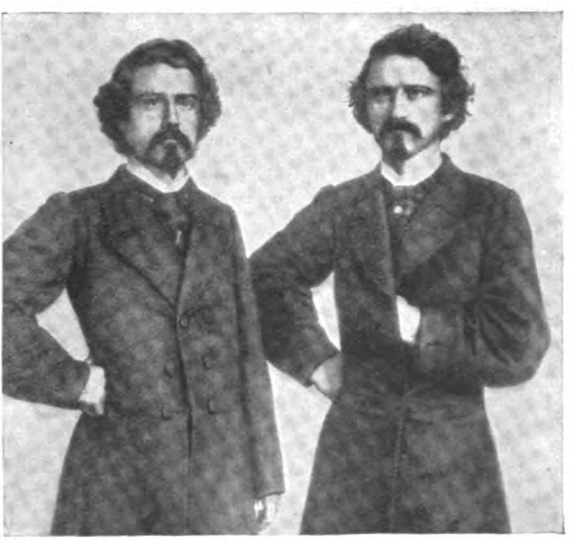
MR. MASKELYNE'S REPLY TO SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

Mr. Maskelyne completes his reply to Sir Hiram Maxim's challenge—gives, for the first time, a full exposé of the tricks of the Davenport Brothers and of their imitators, the so-called Spiritualists—and now claims the challenge-money, to be paid to certain charities.

II.

IN my previous article, which appeared in last month's issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I gave a brief history of the origin of the Davenport séances.

The brothers, as they first appeared in London, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other, and they endeavoured to make themselves alike in every respect. Ira was undoubtedly the cleverer of the two. He had piercing eyes; he was muscular, dexterous, and alert to a degree. William, the younger brother, was of a different temperament—somewhat neurotic, not at all suited for the exciting life which doubtless hastened his death. For originality, cleverness, and craft no performance attributed to supernatural power ever equalled that of the Davenports. It is generally believed that it was the invention of the father of the boys, who held a post in the detective department of police.



THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS IN 1864.
From a rare Lithograph.

The eldest boy was sixteen years of age when they commenced giving public performances. The whole scheme was cleverly arranged to draw the greatest amount of money from the public. It was a double-barrelled show, consisting of a cabinet séance and a dark séance. The cabinet séance was arranged for public halls, and was given at the usual prices of admission charged for high-class entertainments. After a public performance an adjournment would be made to a smaller room, where the performance would be repeated in total darkness, for which a uniform charge of half a guinea was made.

For eight years the Davenports toured through the United States and Canada, making a great sensation in every town they visited. Frequently they received very rough treatment, but their ever-increasing bank balance must have acted as a comforting salve for their bruised limbs.

When the Civil War broke out even this sensational performance failed to attract, and it was decided to make a raid upon John Bull's breeches pocket. They arrived in London on September 11th, 1864. The party consisted of the two brothers; Mr. Fay, as understudy for William Davenport, who was frequently indisposed; the Rev. Dr. Ferguson as explicator; and Mr. H. D. Palmer, a well-known theatrical impresario, as business manager. Mr. Palmer arranged for the first séance to take place at the residence of his friend, Mr. Dion Boucicault, on the 28th of September. At that time Mr. Boucicault was in the zenith of his popularity, and he got together a most distinguished company of scientific and literary men, including several representatives of the Press.

On such an important occasion the best performance possible would be given, therefore we may justly consider it as a fair specimen of their work. In fact, it was admitted to be a most successful séance.

The best and most detailed criticism of this séance was written by Mr. H. M. Dumphy for the *Morning Post*, and it appeared in that paper the following day. I quote Mr. Dumphy's description of the performance in full :—

At the upper end of the apartment was placed what might be called a skeleton wardrobe, composed of walnut-wood less than an inch in thickness. The portion in which the drawers of a similar piece of furniture are usually to be found was empty, but a seat or bench, perforated here and there with holes, was fitted to the back and ends. The doors consist of three panels, which shut *inside* with a brass bolt; thus, when the middle door is open, any person can put his hand in and bolt the side doors. The bolt of the middle door was shut by some invisible agency from the inside. The Brothers Davenport having seated themselves *vis-à-vis* on the end bench, their hands and feet were securely tied by those present, so as to prevent the possibility of them using those members. A guitar, a tambourine, a violin and bow, a brass horn, and a couple of bells were placed on the seat inside, and the doors were shut. At the top of the panel of the centre door was a diamond-shape opening about a foot square, with a curtain secured on the inside. Instantly on the centre door being closed the bolt was secured inside, and hands were clearly observed through the opening. A gentleman present was invited to pass his hand through the opening, and it was touched by the hands several times. The musical instruments and the bells then commenced making all sorts of noises and knockings, snatches of airs were distinctly heard, and suddenly the centre door was burst open, and the trumpet was thrown out into the room and fell heavily upon the carpet. The doors were subsequently closed by persons who, when doing so, were touched by invisible hands, and the noise of undoing the cords was distinctly heard. A moment or two afterwards the brothers were found sitting unbound, with the ropes at their feet. The next illustration was more curious still, for, after an interval of perhaps two minutes, the brothers were found to be securely bound with the same cords, the ends of the ropes being some distance from their hands. One of the company present was then invited to take a seat in the cabinet, so as to assure himself that whatever might be done could not be accomplished by the brothers. A gentleman having volunteered to be imprisoned in such mysterious company, his hands were securely tied to the knees of the Davenports, whose hands were fastened behind their backs by cords passed through the holes in the bench. Their feet were also tied together with a sailor's knot. A tambourine was then laid in the gentleman's lap, upon which a guitar and violin were placed, as also the trumpet and a couple of handbells. Any interference with these articles by the gentleman in whose lap they were deposited was rendered impossible by reason of his hands being tied. He states that the instant the door was closed hands were passed over his face and head, his hair was gently pulled, and the whole of the musical instruments were played upon; the bells were also violently rung close to his face, and the tambourine beat time on his head. Eventually, the musical instruments were flung behind him and rested between his shoulders and the back of the cabinet. During these manifestations one of the gas-burners of the chandelier was lighted and two wax candles were burning in different parts of the room.

Several other manifestations having taken place in connection with the cabinet, Dr. Ferguson explained that it would be desirable that the company should clasp hands and that the lights should be altogether extinguished. A small writing-table had been previously placed in the centre of the room, with a chair at either side. The musical instruments, bells, etc., were placed on the table. The Brothers Davenport were then manacled by the hands and feet, and securely bound to the chairs by ropes. A chain of communication (though not a circular one) was formed, and the instant the lights were extinguished the musical instruments appeared to be carried all about the room. The current of air which they occasioned in their rapid transit was felt upon the

ST. GEORGE'S HALL,

LANGHAM PLACE.

RETURN

OF THE

BROTHERS DAVENPORT

AND

MR. FAY.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT and Mr. FAY have the honour to announce that, after a tour of three years over the greater part of the Continent of Europe, they have returned once more, and probably for the last time, to this Metropolis, where they will give a few *Séances* previous to their departure for the United States.

During their European tour they have given *Séances* in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburgh, and nearly every great Continental Capital; and have had the honour of appearing before their Majesties the Emperors of France and Russia, the Royal Family of Prussia, and great numbers of the most Distinguished Personages in Europe. Many thousands of persons of the highest rank and intelligence have witnessed the astonishing experiments given in their presence.

Throughout the Northern American States, from 1853 until their first visit to England in 1864, they were seen by hundreds of thousands of persons.

In England, their first *Séance* was given in private, to a most distinguished party of men of science and letters, who gave their most unequivocal testimony to the excellence and perfection of their experiments.

Two *Séances* of the BROTHERS DAVENPORT and Mr. FAY will be given at

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE,

On THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 23rd,

And SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 25th, 1868,

at Eight o'clock.

STALLS, - 3s. BALCONY, - 2s.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE LAST PERFORMANCES GIVEN BY THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS IN LONDON.

faces of all present. The bells were loudly rung; the trumpet made knocks on the floor; and the tambourine appeared running round the room, jingling with all its might. At the same time, tiny sparks were observed as if passing from south to west. Several persons exclaimed that they were touched by the instruments, which on one occasion became so demonstrative that one gentleman received a knock on the nasal organ which broke the skin and caused a few drops of blood to flow.

These manifestations having been repeated two or three times with nearly similar results, the Brothers Davenport joined the chain of communication, and Mr. Fay was bound in the chair. His hands were bound tightly behind his back, and his feet were firmly secured, as in the cabinet. A gentleman present was then asked to desire him to take off his coat the instant the light was extinguished. This was done. A whizzing noise was heard; "It's off," exclaimed Mr. Fay; the candle was lighted, and the coat was found lying in the middle of the room. Astonishing though this appeared to be, what followed was more extraordinary still. Dr. Ferguson requested a gentleman present to take off his coat and place it on the table. This was done, the light was extinguished, a repetition of the whizzing noise was heard, and the strange coat was found upon Mr. Fay, whose hands and feet were still securely bound, and his body tied almost immovably to the chair. A gentleman present then inquired whether, if he were to place two finger-rings on the table, they could be transferred to the hand of Mr. Fay. Dr. Ferguson said that he could not undertake that this feat would be accomplished, but that an essay would be made. The rings were deposited on the table, the candle extinguished, and Mr. Fay immediately exclaimed, "They are on my finger," and surely enough there they were. The owner of the rings then expressed a wish that they might be restored to his fingers. As soon as the room was darkened the musical instruments commenced their mysterious concert, and after an interval of about thirty seconds a gentleman (not the owner) exclaimed that the rings had been placed on his fingers. This was found to be the case. A lady next expressed a desire that a gold watch which she held in her hand might be conveyed to some distant portion of the room. Immediately afterwards the concert was resumed—the bells, tambourine, and horn became excited, and the lady exclaimed that the watch was gone. On the candle being lighted it was found on the carpet at the feet of Dr. Ferguson. One of the bells was also found in the lap of a gentleman sitting near him.

Some doubt having been expressed as to whether it was possible for the Brothers Davenport to have moved chair and all in the darkness, so as to elevate the musical instruments in the air and make them play, another illustration was volunteered by Dr. Ferguson. Mr. Fay took his place among the visitors, holding a hand of each as before. A gentleman present then sat down between the Messrs. Davenport, and placed his hand upon the head of each, while he rested either foot on the feet of the Davenports, which were placed close together in a parallel direction to each other. The Davenports then clasped the arms of the gentleman, and in this position it would have been absolutely impossible for one of the group to have moved without disturbing the others. This pose having been arranged to the satisfaction of all present, the light was extinguished, and the guitar was again heard as if moving in the air close to the faces of all present. Mr. Fay, as before stated, was seated in a row, clasping hands with the persons right and left of him, while Dr. Ferguson was similarly placed in another portion of the room.

With this last-named illustration the séance terminated. It had lasted rather more than two hours, during which time the cabinet was minutely inspected, the coats examined to ascertain whether they were fashioned so as to favour a trick, and every possible precaution taken to bind the hands and feet of the persons whose presence appeared to be essential to the development of the manifestations.

The Tricks Explained.

The cabinet séance was given in semi-darkness. Just sufficient light was allowed to enable the audience to see what was taking place upon the stage, and the lights were so arranged that when the end doors of the cabinet were closed the brothers were in deep shadow. Their movements could not be observed by persons upon the stage.

Four pieces of half-inch rope, each piece about nine feet long, were provided for tying the brothers. When this was done, the instruments were put upon the back seat of the cabinet and the committee were requested to bolt the end doors. All the bolts were upon the inside.

Then Dr. Ferguson would call special attention to the fact that the centre door would be bolted instantaneously by some mysterious agency. He would push the door to with the tips of the fingers of one hand, and instantaneously the bolt would be audibly shot. This manifestation usually caused considerable sensation. Mr. Dumphy mentions it twice in his criticism. How could it be accomplished? It was absolutely impossible for the brothers to have liberated a hand so quickly.

I saw through the trick in an instant. The explanation of it ought to be an object-lesson to scientists who set themselves the task of discovering trickery without the necessary experience. *The bolt was within twelve inches of William Davenport's mouth.* Many an eminent man of light and learning has exclaimed "Marvellous!" when he has heard me rattle the bolt of my cabinet with my teeth. How poor Cooke and I used to chuckle!

The reader will observe that the brothers did not remain long under the bonds put upon them by the committee, but after a few unimportant manifestations the doors of the cabinet were opened and they were free, with the ropes at their feet. What they could accomplish under the original bonds depended entirely upon the method of tying.

If tied unskilfully, as Sir Hiram Maxim's medium was, they could produce a number

of manifestations, using their mouths largely. This I demonstrated in my last article.

If severely and skilfully tied no manifestations were attempted, but they at once set to work to liberate each other, which work frequently occupied half an hour. At one séance I attended they were forty minutes liberating themselves. The only sound from the cabinet was that of scuffling and straining in getting free. Dr. Ferguson was a good talker, and he would endeavour to fill up the time. He would explain that the brothers were merely placid instruments of the mysterious force which untied them. Sometimes it would manifest itself quickly, at other times adverse influences would prevent the force developing quickly. He spoke with such earnestness and sincerity that many believed him to be honest. Facts, however, proved that he was "in the swim," although he may not have known how all the tricks were accomplished.

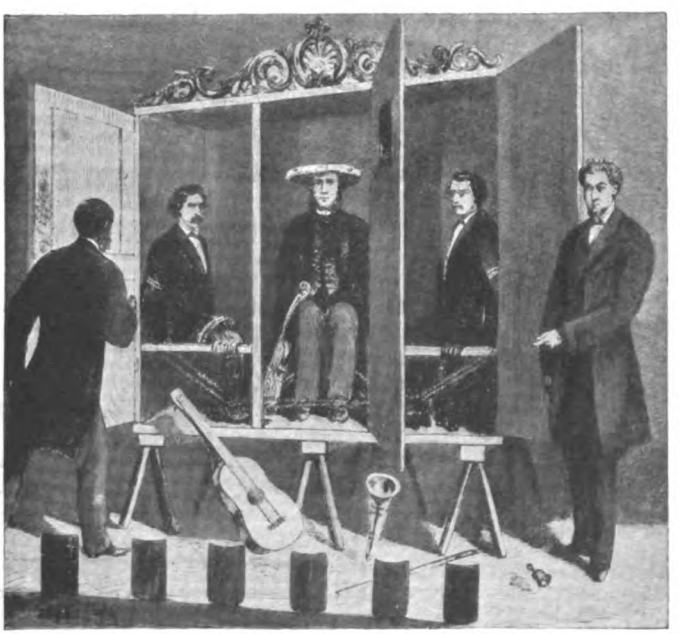
As soon as the brothers were free Dr. Ferguson would say, "Now the mysterious power that released them will retie them in a marvellously short space of time." In two or three minutes they would be found tied, apparently as securely as rope could make them. This appeared more wonderful because the ends of the rope were some distance from their hands, as Mr. Dumphy remarked. It was at this stage that the ingenious noose which I described in my last article was employed.

The noose was tied through two holes in the back of the seats ready to receive the hands. The ends of the ropes were taken down to the feet as shown in the illustration.

The feet were tied together and the knees lashed to the cross-bars that supported the ends of the seats. When this was done the wrists could be secured with the trick noose in two or three seconds of time. Then followed the most startling manifestations. Dr. Ferguson would request one of the committee to examine the knots carefully and seal them if he thought proper. While this was being done the centre door would be held back, screening Ira Davenport from view. He would liberate a hand and give the committeeman a smart blow upon the back. Before the committeeman could look round Ira would be securely tied. Ferguson would exclaim, "Thar! Did you see that hand? It was a detached hand."

The black sleeve of Ira was invisible in the shadow and the hand appeared detached.

A violin and bow would now be put in the cabinet, with bells and tambourines. Almost before the centre door could be closed several hands would be thrust through the aperture and the fiddle would be played. Ira could scrape several tunes upon the fiddle. "Rory O'More" was a favourite one. The bells and tambourines would jingle, keeping time to the tune.



THE CABINET TRICK OF THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS WHICH WAS REPRODUCED BY MR. MASKELYNE.
From an Old Print.

The centre door would suddenly open, the bells and tambourines would come flying out upon the stage, but the fiddle was always put carefully upon the back seat.

A member of the audience would then be invited to sit in the cabinet, as described by Mr. Dumphy. His hands were tied to the knees of the brothers to prevent him feeling that each of them had a hand at liberty producing the manifestations. Mr. Dumphy omits to state how the cabinet séance ended. It was generally by the brothers having a spoonful of wheaten flour put in each hand, when in three or four minutes they

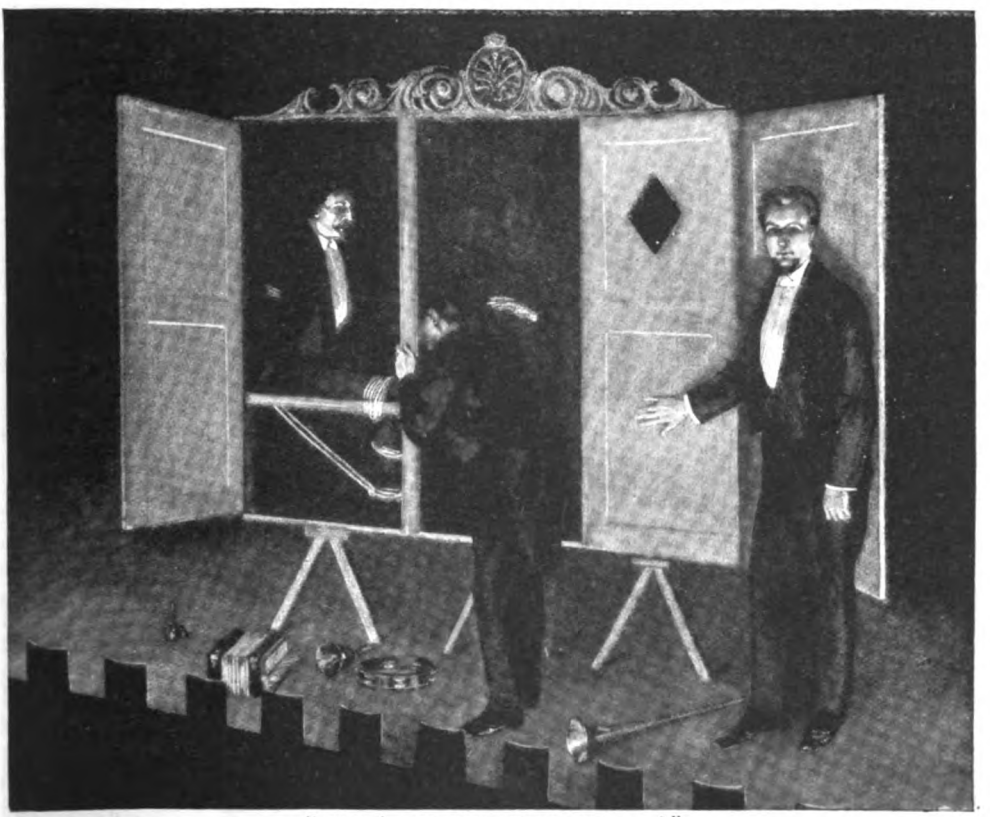
would step out of the cabinet free, with the flour still in their hands.

The spiritualists accepted this test as an absolute proof of spirit power. They argued that it was impossible for men to untie knots with flour in their hands. Of course it was, and there was no necessity for the brothers to attempt it; in fact, this was the simplest of all their tricks.

I could get my hands in and out of the trick noose almost as quickly when they were closed as when they were open.

I simply put the flour upon the polished seat of the cabinet and wiped my hands with my handkerchief. When the knots were untied I scraped the whole of the flour into my left hand, dusted the seat, and returned the handkerchief to my pocket. I then put a portion of the flour in my right hand, and came out of the cabinet showing flour in both hands. My late colleague and I did a much better trick under the flour test. We actually played a cornet duet with the flour in our hands. We held the cornets between our knees and manipulated the valves with our thumbs. "Home, Sweet Home," was our favourite duet. This I would finish with a cadenza and shake, holding the first valve down with the left thumb and shaking upon the second valve with my right thumb.

The doors of the cabinet were opened immediately the duet was finished. Not a particle of flour was spilt, and the seals upon the knots were unbroken. We also blew harmonized trumpet-calls when our hands were securely tied behind our backs by the committee. The A shank and mouthpiece was firmly fixed into each instrument, which was placed upright upon the back seat of the cabinet. We took hold of the cornets by the mouthpiece with our teeth, placed them between our knees, blew the calls, and returned the instruments in the same manner.



"THAR! DID YOU SEE THAT HAND?"

Mr. Dumphy's description of the dark séance is not quite clear. I must therefore describe the arrangements more fully.

The audience sat in a semicircle facing a small table and two light chairs. They were requested to hold each other's hands, and to

pledge themselves not to loose them during the intervals of darkness. The object of this was to prevent anyone touching the instruments as they moved about overhead, and thus discovering the trick. Total darkness answered the same purpose as closing the cabinet doors. It simply concealed the method of performing the tricks. Dr. Ferguson and one of the brothers, or Mr. Fay, sat at either end of the front row; consequently only one hand of each was held. The other hands were free to assist with the manifestations. Dr. Ferguson had charge of the candle and matches.

PLAYING A CORNET WITH THE THUMBS, THE HANDS BEING FULL OF FLOUR.

Mr. Dumphy says: "The Brothers Davenport were then manacled by the hands and feet, and securely bound to the chairs by ropes." He does not state whether they tied themselves or were tied by members of the audience. Fortunately Mr. Dion Boucicault settles that important point in a letter to the *Daily News*. He says: "Two ropes were then thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were tied hand and foot." This was invariably the case. I never knew them submit to be tied by the audience more than once during a performance. The trick noose would again be employed; it was tied to the back of the chair and the ends taken down to the feet. The noose was more effective when used in this way, as persons could get behind the chairs and examine it more closely than when used in the cabinet. It could also be thoroughly sealed, which made no difference to the trick. The manifestations were instantaneous. With their hands free they could stand up and easily move about with the light chairs tied to their legs. Some phosphorus grease was put upon the instruments to enable them to be seen when moving in the dark. In total darkness it is impossible to judge distance. A tambourine smeared with phosphorus and held up will appear much farther off than it really is, and near the ceiling.

The two confederates sitting at the ends of the front row would hand the brothers telescopic rods, upon the ends of which a bell or tambourine could be fixed and moved about over the heads of the audience, occasionally touching them.

The coat trick appeared the most marvellous of the manifestations. Mr. Fay was very expert at this trick. He would take off his coat and hold it in front with his right hand, his left hand in the noose behind, holding the loop ready to receive the right hand. He would call "Light," and the instant the match was struck he would throw his coat up and the audience would see it falling down. His right hand was behind his back like lightning, and in two or three seconds tied as tightly as rope could make it. I made a great improvement upon this trick, and first introduced it at a private séance which we gave to a party of spiritualists. I allowed them to tie my coat with tape passed through the button-holes in the lapels, and seal the knot. The light was extinguished for a few seconds only. I exclaimed, "It's gone; light!" The light was turned up, and I said, "You observe, my coat was instantly taken off." Our spokesman said, "Your coat is not off." I replied,

HOW THE DARK SÉANCE WAS WORKED.

"I felt it go"; then, looking down at myself in surprise, I said, "Oh, they have taken off my waistcoat." There it was at my feet, buttoned up and quite warm. It was passed round for examination.

I then said, "I will request them to take off my coat."

The light was extinguished again for a few seconds. I exclaimed, "Light; my coat has gone this time." It was found upon the head of the gentleman who engaged us. He said, "Now we have absolute proof that these men are powerful mediums. Maskelyne didn't know whether it was his coat or waistcoat that was taken off." I assured him that what they had seen was trickery, but could not convince him unless I explained the trick. When we first entered the cabinet my assistant, Mr. Cooke, who was very thin, had a trick waistcoat on under his shirt.

The waistcoat was made to fasten up the back. During the first manifestations he would take this waistcoat off and exchange it for my waistcoat, which he would button, fold up, and tuck beneath his arm under his coat, to keep it warm. In the meantime I had put on the trick waistcoat, which I could take off instantly when my coat was tied. When the light was extinguished Cooke would put my ordinary waistcoat down at my feet and secrete the trick waistcoat under his arm.

The illustration shows how the coat was taken off when tied and sealed. It was turned

HOW A PERFORMER'S COAT IS TAKEN OFF WHEN HE IS TIED AND SEALED.

inside out and turned back quickly when off. The exposure of these tricks caused considerable consternation among spiritualists, who then declared that we were impostors, not mediums.

One more trick only in Mr. Dumphy's article requires an explanation. A member of the audience suggested that the Davenports might move about—"chair and all"—and produce the manifestations. He was not far from the mark. Dr. Ferguson was ready with a test to prove otherwise. It consisted of one of the oldest and commonest tricks of spirit mediums, viz., making one hand answer for two. A gentleman was requested to sit in front of the brothers, place his feet upon their feet, and a hand upon each of their heads. The brothers placed their hands upon his arms. The trick is: a person feels pressure upon a certain portion of his arms, but it is impossible for him to tell in the dark whether the pressure is produced by two hands with the fingers close together, or by one hand with the fingers spread open and occupying the same space. Mediums are always troubled with convulsions before manifestations take place, and they are convenient when performing such tricks as these.

A medium once puzzled me with a very cunning trick of this class. He gave séances in a small room sparsely furnished. He allowed me to secure the door and window in any manner so that no one could enter during the darkness. He sat in front of me with a small table near, upon which were a tambourine and small bell. He requested me to place my feet upon his feet and both hands upon his head, and he would grasp each of my forearms with his hands. I felt the pressure of his hands the whole time, and yet the instruments were agitated and moved round my head. I was tapped with the tambourine, an icy cold hand was laid upon my forehead, and warm lips pressed my cheek. It was the most surprising experience I had ever had at that time, and I failed to discover the trick. I felt sure that he must have had one hand at liberty, and that what I felt upon my arms were not both his hands.

I paid him a second visit, and during the manifestations I moved my left arm, when something heavy fell from it upon the floor and I put my foot upon it. The rogue, after extinguishing the light, palmed a piece of sheet lead and bent it round my arm in grasping it, then gently removed his hand and produced the manifestations. The lead felt precisely like the pressure of his hand upon my forearm. The icy hand upon my forehead was merely the metal of the bell pressed gently upon it. The soft, warm lips upon my cheeks were two of his fingers.

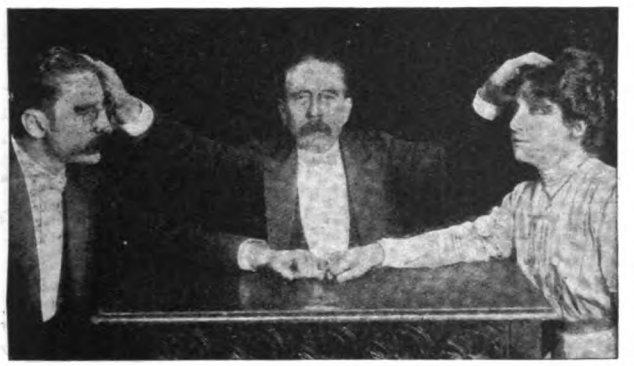
The trick of this class described by Sir Hiram Maxim, in which his medium was held by a lady and gentleman, was accomplished in the way it is illustrated here.

The medium manœuvres to get one hand held by the wrist; then, during his convulsions, he snatches his other hand away and grasps the hand of the sitter with the hand held by the wrist. With one hand at liberty he could easily accomplish all Sir Hiram describes.

Back-parlour mediums arrange the sitters round a table and request them to link their little fingers together. They sit in total darkness and sing hymns. The medium gradually draws the hands of the sitters right and left of him near each other.

He then makes some excuse to liberate his right hand for a moment, and links the first finger of his left hand in the little finger of the sitter upon his right, thus getting his right hand at liberty, thus:—

An experienced medium will get the dupes right and left of him to link their little fingers together and believe they are holding both hands of the medium. Then while the hymns are being sung he will get away



from the table and produce manifestations round the circle, bring articles from distant parts of the room and put them on the table.

Eusapia Paladino, the famous Italian medium, who has puzzled so many scientific men, is the most artful of all impostors in this class of trickery. I and my son were invited by a party of scientists to attend a séance given by her at Cambridge. We sat round a small table with our hands joined. I held Eusapia's left hand and my son her right. The room was in total darkness. The medium was seized with the most violent convulsions. She laughed hysterically, squirmed, groaned, and gurgled in a horrible manner. She repeatedly snatched her hands from our grasp. She would seize my hand with great force and place it palm downwards upon the table and convulsively dig the tips of her fingers in the back of it. Whilst this was going on I received violent blows upon the back, and my arms and legs were pinched. I inquired of my son whether he was holding her right hand and received a reply in the affirmative. But, upon closely questioning him after the séance, I found that she would insist upon grasping his fingers and moving his hand backwards and forwards in front of her. This information enabled me to discover the trick. She held the fingers of my son's hand with the ends of her fingers projecting, which she dug into the back of my right hand, as illustrated at the foot of this page.

At a subsequent séance Eusapia was caught whilst working this fraud.

CONCLUSION.

In these explanations I have propounded no theories, but given facts discovered during personal contact with the mediums, and I have reproduced their tricks with the greatest success. A reference to the Press criticisms of the Davenport Brothers and those of my own published at the same period proves that I reproduced every item of their performance to the smallest detail, and greatly improved many of their tricks. Yet Sir Hiram Maxim, who never saw the Davenports or my complete exposure of them, has presumed to state that I "utterly failed to understand or explain these tricks." Had this statement been made by a spiritualist I could have afforded to take no notice of it, but as it came from a gentleman with the reputation of Sir Hiram Maxim I felt bound to refute it.

It is this fact alone that has induced me to write these articles. I had reserved the explanation of these tricks for my biography, which I intend to write when I have leisure. I consider that I am now justified in calling upon Sir Hiram Maxim to withdraw the injurious statement he made respecting me, and to pay to deserving charities the twenty pounds he offered for the explanation of Mr. Fay's tricks. I suggest ten pounds to the Actors' Orphanage and ten pounds to the *Referee* Children's Convalescent Fund.

THE BEQUEST

BY

W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

MR. ROBERT CLARKSON sat by his fire, smoking thoughtfully. His life-long neighbour and successful rival in love had passed away a few days before, and Mr. Clarkson, fresh from the obsequies, sat musing on the fragility of man and the inconvenience that sometimes attended his departure.

His meditations were disturbed by a low knocking on the front door, which opened on to the street. In response to his invitation it opened slowly, and a small, middle-aged man of doleful aspect entered softly, and closed it behind him.

"Evening, Bob," he said, in stricken accents. "I thought I'd just step round to see how you was bearing up. Fancy pore old Phipps! Why, I'd a'most as soon it had been me. A'most."

Mr. Clarkson nodded.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow," continued Mr. Smithson, taking a seat. "Well, well! So you'll have her at last—pore thing."

"That was his wish," said Mr. Clarkson, in a dull voice.

"And very generous of him too," said Mr. Smithson. "Everybody is saying so. Certainly he couldn't take her away with him. How long is it since you was both of you courting her?"

"Thirty years come June," replied the other.

"Shows what waiting does, and patience," commented Mr. Smithson. "If you'd been

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like some chaps and gone abroad, where would you have been now? Where would have been the reward of your faithful heart?"

Mr. Clarkson, whose pipe had gone out, took a coal from the fire and lit it again.

"I can't understand him dying at his age," he said, darkly. "He ought to have lived to ninety if he'd been taken care of."

"Well, he's gone, pore chap," said his friend. "What a blessing it must ha' been to him in his last moments to think that he had made provision for his wife."

"Provision!" exclaimed Mr. Clarkson. "Why, he's left her nothing but the furniture and fifty pounds insurance money—nothing in the world."

Mr. Smithson fidgeted. "I mean you," he said, staring.

"Oh!" said the other. "Oh, yes—yes, of course."

"And he doesn't want you to eat your heart out in waiting," said Mr. Smithson. "'Never mind about me,' he said to her; 'you go and make Bob happy.' Wonderful pretty girl she used to be, didn't she?"

Mr. Clarkson assented.

"And I've no doubt she looks the same to you as ever she did," pursued the sentimental Mr. Smithson. "That's the extraordinary part of it."

Mr. Clarkson turned and eyed him; removed the pipe from his mouth, and, after hesitating a moment, replaced it with a jerk.

"She says she'd rather be faithful to his memory," continued the persevering Mr. Smithson, "but his wishes are her law. She said so to my missis only yesterday."

"Still, she ought to be considered," said Mr. Clarkson, shaking his head. "I think that somebody ought to put it to her. She has got her feelings, poor thing, and, if she would rather *not* marry again, she oughtn't to be compelled to."

"Just what my missis did say to her," said the other; "but she didn't pay much attention. She said it was Henry's wish and she didn't care what happened to her now he's gone. Besides, if you come to think of it, what else *is* she to do? Don't you worry, Bob; you won't lose her again."

Mr. Clarkson, staring at the fire, mused darkly. For thirty years he had played the congenial part of the disappointed admirer but faithful friend. He had intended to play it for at least fifty or sixty. He wished that he had had the strength of mind to refuse the bequest when the late Mr. Phipps first mentioned it, or taken a firmer line over the congratulations of his friends. As it was, Little Molton quite understood that after thirty years' waiting the faithful heart was to be rewarded at last. Public opinion seemed to be that the late Mr. Phipps had behaved with extraordinary generosity.

"It's rather late in life for me to begin," said Mr. Clarkson at last.

"Better late than never," said the cheerful Mr. Smithson.

"And something seems to tell me that I ain't long for this world," continued Mr. Clarkson, eyeing him with some disfavour.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mr. Smithson. "You'll lose all them ideas as soon as you're married. You'll have somebody to look after you and help you spend your money."

Mr. Clarkson emitted a dismal groan, and clapping his hand over his mouth strove to make it pass muster as a yawn. It was evident that the malicious Mr. Smithson was deriving considerable pleasure from his discomfiture—the pleasure natural to the father of seven over the troubles of a comfortable bachelor. Mr. Clarkson, anxious to share his troubles with somebody, came to a sudden determination to share them with Mr. Smithson.

"I don't want anybody to help me spend my money," he said, slowly. "First and last I've saved a tidy bit. I've got this house, those three cottages in Turner's Lane, and pretty near six hundred pounds in the bank."

Mr. Smithson's eyes glistened.

"I had thought—it had occurred to me," said Mr. Clarkson, trying to keep as near the truth as possible, "to leave my property to a friend o' mine—a hard-working man with a large family. However, it's no use talking about that now."

"Who—who was it?" inquired his friend, trying to keep his voice steady.

Mr. Clarkson shook his head. "It's no good talking about that now, George," he said, eyeing him with sly enjoyment. "I shall have to leave everything to my wife now. After all, perhaps it does more harm than good to leave money to people."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Smithson, sharply. "Who was it?"

"You, George," said Mr. Clarkson, softly.

"Me?" said the other, with a gasp. "*Me?*" He jumped up from his chair, and, seizing the other's hand, shook it fervently.

"I oughtn't to have told you, George," said Mr. Clarkson, with great satisfaction. "It'll only make you miserable. It's just one o' the might ha' beens."

Mr. Smithson, with his back to the fire and

his hands twisted behind him, stood with his eyes fixed in thought.

"It's rather cool of Phipps," he said, after a long silence; "rather cool, I think, to go out of the world and just leave his wife to you to look after. Some men wouldn't stand it. You're too easy-going, Bob; that's what's the matter with you."

business," said Mr. Smithson, tartly. "Now, look here, Bob; suppose I get you out of this business, how am I to be sure you'll leave your property to me?—not that I want it. Suppose you altered your will?"

"If you get me out of it every penny I leave will go to you," said Mr. Clarkson, fervently. "I haven't got any relations, and

"'ME?' SAID THE OTHER, WITH A GASP. 'ME?'"

Mr. Clarkson sighed.

"And get took advantage of," added his friend.

"It's all very well to talk," said Mr. Clarkson, "but what can I do? I ought to have spoke up at the time. It's too late now."

"If I was you," said his friend, very earnestly, "and didn't want to marry her, I should tell her so. Say what you like, it ain't fair to her, you know. It ain't fair to the pore woman. She'd never forgive you if she found it out."

"Everybody's taking it for granted," said the other.

"Let everybody look after their own it don't matter in the slightest to me who has it after I'm gone."

"As true as you stand there?" demanded the other, eyeing him fixedly.

"As true as I stand here," said Mr. Clarkson, smiting his chest, and shook hands again.

Long after his visitor had gone he sat gazing in a brooding fashion at the fire. As a single man his wants were few, and he could live on his savings; as the husband of Mrs. Phipps he would be compelled to resume the work he thought he had dropped for good three years before. Moreover, Mrs. Phipps possessed a strength of character that had many times caused him to congratulate himself upon her choice of a husband.

Slowly but surely his fetters were made secure. Two days later the widow departed to spend six weeks with a sister; but any joy that he might have felt over the circumstance was marred by the fact that he had to carry her bags down to the railway station and see her off. The key of her house was left with him, with strict injunctions to go in and water her geraniums every day, while two canaries and a bullfinch had to be removed to his own house in order that they might have constant attention and company.

"She's doing it on purpose," said Mr. Smithson, fiercely; "she's binding you hand and foot."

Mr. Clarkson assented gloomily. "I'm trusting to you, George," he remarked.

"How'd it be to forget to water the geraniums and let the birds die because they missed her so much?" suggested Mr. Smithson, after prolonged thought.

Mr. Clarkson shivered.

"It would be a hint," said his friend.

Mr. Clarkson took some letters from the mantelpiece and held them up. "She writes about them every day," he said, briefly, "and I have to answer them."

"She—she don't refer to your getting married, I suppose?" said his friend, anxiously.

Mr. Clarkson said "No. But her sister does," he added. "I've had two letters from her."

Mr. Smithson got up and paced restlessly up and down the room. "That's women all over," he said, bitterly. "They never ask for things straight out; but they always get 'em in roundabout ways. She can't do it herself, so she gets her sister to do it."

Mr. Clarkson groaned. "And her sister is hinting that she can't leave the house where she spent so many happy years," he said, "and says what a pleasant surprise it would be for Mrs. Phipps if she was to come home and find it done up."

"That means you've got to live there when you're married," said his friend, solemnly.

Mr. Clarkson glanced round his comfortable room and groaned again. "She asked me to get an estimate from Digson," he said, dully. "She knows as well as I do her sister hasn't got any money. I wrote to say that it had better be left till she comes home, as I might not know what was wanted."

Mr. Smithson nodded approval.

"And Mrs. Phipps wrote herself and thanked me for being so considerate," continued his friend, grimly, "and says that when she comes back we must go over the house together and see what wants doing."

Mr. Smithson got up and walked round the room again.

"You never promised to marry her?" he said, stopping suddenly.

"No," said the other. "It's all been arranged for me. I never said a word. I couldn't tell Phipps I wouldn't have her with them all standing round, and him thinking he was doing me the greatest favour in the world."

"Well, she can't name the day unless you ask her," said the other. "All you've got to do is to keep quiet and not commit yourself. Be as cool as you can, and, just before she comes home, you go off to London on business and stay there as long as possible."

Mr. Clarkson carried out his instructions to the letter, and Mrs. Phipps, returning home at the end of her visit, learned that he had left for London three days before, leaving the geraniums and birds to the care of Mr. Smithson. From the hands of that unjust steward she received two empty birdcages, together with a detailed account of the manner in which the occupants had effected their escape, and a bullfinch that seemed to be suffering from torpid liver. The condition of the geraniums was ascribed to worms in the pots, frost, and premature decay.

"They go like it sometimes," said Mr. Smithson, "and when they do nothing will save 'em."

Mrs. Phipps thanked him. "It's very kind of you to take so much trouble," she said, quietly; "some people would have lost the cages, too, while they were about it."

"I did my best," said Mr. Smithson, in a surly voice.

"I know you did," said Mrs. Phipps, thoughtfully, "and I am sure I am much obliged to you. If there is anything of yours I can look after at any time I shall be only too pleased. When did you say Mr. Clarkson was coming back?"

"He don't know," said Mr. Smithson, promptly. "He might be away a month; and then, again, he might be away six. It all depends. You know what business is."

"It's very thoughtful of him," said Mrs. Phipps. "Very."

"Thoughtful!" repeated Mr. Smithson.

"He has gone away for a time, out of consideration for me," said the widow. "As things are, it is a little bit awkward for us to meet much at present."

"I don't think he's gone away for that at all," said the other, bluntly.

Mrs. Phipps shook her head. "Ah, you don't know him as well as I do," she said,

fondly. "He has gone away on my account, I feel sure."

Mr. Smithson screwed his lips together and remained silent.

"When he feels that it is right and proper for him to come back," pursued Mrs. Phipps, turning her eyes upwards, "he will come. He has left his comfortable home just for my sake, and I shall not forget it."

Mr. Smithson coughed—a short, dry cough, meant to convey incredulity.

"I shall not do anything to this house till he comes back," said Mrs. Phipps. "I expect he would like to have a voice in it. He always used to admire it and say how comfortable it was. Well, well, we never know what is before us."

Mr. Smithson repeated the substance of the interview to Mr. Clarkson by letter, and in the lengthy correspondence that followed kept him posted as to the movements of Mrs. Phipps. By dint of warnings and entreaties he kept the bridegroom-elect in London for three months. By that time Little Molton was beginning to talk.

"They're beginning to see how the land lays," said Mr. Smithson, on the evening of his friend's return, "and if you keep quiet and do as I tell you she'll begin to see it too. As I said before, she can't name the day till you ask her."

Mr. Clarkson agreed, and the following morning, when he called upon Mrs. Phipps at her request, his manner was so distant that she attributed it to ill-health following business worries and the atmosphere of London. In the front parlour Mr. Digson, a small builder, was busy whitewashing.

"I thought we might as well get on with that," said Mrs. Phipps; "there is only one way of doing whitewashing, and the room has got to be done. To-morrow Mr. Digson will bring up some papers, and, if you'll come round, you can help me choose."

"'JUST WHAT I TOLD HER,' SAID MR. DIGSON. 'WHAT'LL PLEASE YOU WILL BE SURE TO PLEASE HIM, I SAYS.'"

Mr. Clarkson hesitated. "Why not choose 'em yourself?" he said at last.

"Just what I told her," said Mr. Digson, stroking his black beard. "What'll please you will be sure to please him, I says; and if it don't it ought to."

Mr. Clarkson started. "Perhaps you could help her choose," he said, sharply.

Mr. Digson came down from his perch. "Just what I said," he replied. "If Mrs. Phipps will let me advise her, I'll make this

house so she won't know it before I've done with it."

"Mr. Digson has been very kind," said Mrs. Phipps, reproachfully.

"Not at all, ma'am," said the builder, softly. "Anything I can do to make you happy or comfortable will be a pleasure to me."

Mr. Clarkson started again, and an odd idea sent his blood dancing. Digson was a widower; Mrs. Phipps a widow. Could anything be more suitable or desirable?

"Better let him choose," he said. "After all, he ought to be a good judge."

Mrs. Phipps, after a faint protest, gave way, and Mr. Digson, smiling broadly, mounted his perch again.

Mr. Clarkson's first idea was to consult Mr. Smithson; then he resolved to wait upon events. The idea was fantastic to begin with, but, if things did take such a satisfactory turn, he could not help reflecting that it would not be due to any efforts on the part of Mr. Smithson, and he would no longer be under any testamentary obligations to that enterprising gentleman.

By the end of a week he was jubilant. A child could have told Mr. Digson's intentions—and Mrs. Phipps was anything but a child. Mr. Clarkson admitted cheerfully that Mr. Digson was a younger and better-looking man than himself—a more suitable match in every way. And, so far as he could judge, Mrs. Phipps seemed to think so. At any rate, she had ceased to make the faintest allusion to any tie between them. He left her one day painting a door, while the attentive Digson guided the brush, and walked homewards smiling.

"Morning!" said a voice behind him.

"Morning, Bignell," said Mr. Clarkson.

"When—when is it to be?" inquired his friend, walking beside him.

Mr. Clarkson frowned. "When is what to be?" he demanded, disagreeably.

Mr. Bignell lowered his voice. "You'll lose her if you ain't careful," he said. "Mark my words. Can't you see Digson's little game?"

Mr. Clarkson shrugged his shoulders.

"He's after her money," said the other, with a cautious glance around.

"*Money!*" said the other, with an astonished laugh. "Why, she hasn't got any."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Bignell. "You know best, of course. I was just giving you the tip, but if you know better—why, there's nothing more to be said. She'll be riding in her carriage and pair in six months, anyhow; the richest woman in Little Molton."

Mr. Clarkson stopped short and eyed him in perplexity.

"Digson got a bit sprung one night and told me," said Mr. Bignell. "She don't know it herself yet—uncle on her mother's side in America. She might know at any moment."

"But — but how did Digson know?" inquired the astonished Mr. Clarkson.

"He wouldn't tell me," was the reply. "But it's good enough for him. What do you *think* he's after? Her? And mind, don't let on to a soul that I told you."

He walked on, leaving Mr. Clarkson standing in a dazed condition in the centre of the footpath. Recovering himself by an effort, he walked slowly away, and, after prowling about for some time in an aimless fashion, made his way back to Mrs. Phipps's house.

He emerged an hour later an engaged man, with the date of the wedding fixed. With jaunty steps he walked round and put up the banns, and then, with the air of a man who has completed a successful stroke of business, walked homewards.

Little Molton is a small town and news travels fast, but it did not travel faster than Mr. Smithson as soon as he had heard it. He burst into Mr. Clarkson's room like the proverbial hurricane, and, gasping for breath, leaned against the table and pointed at him an incriminating finger.

"You—you've been running," said Mr. Clarkson, uneasily.

"What—what—what do you—mean by it?" gasped Mr. Smithson. "After all my trouble. After our—bargain."

"I altered my mind," said Mr. Clarkson, with dignity.

"*Pah!*" said the other.

"Just in time," said Mr. Clarkson, speaking rapidly. "Another day and I believe I should ha' been too late. It took me pretty near an hour to talk her over. Said I'd been neglecting her, and all that sort of thing; said that she was beginning to think I didn't want her. As hard a job as ever I had."

"But you didn't want her," said the amazed Mr. Smithson. "You told me so."

"You misunderstood me," said Mr. Clarkson, coughing. "You jump at conclusions."

Mr. Smithson sat staring at him. "I heard," he said at last, with an effort—"I heard that Digson was paying her attentions."

Mr. Clarkson spoke without thought. "Ha, he was only after her money," he said, severely. "Good heavens! *What's the matter?*"

Mr. Smithson, who had sprung to his feet, made no reply, but stood for some time incapable of speech.

"What—is—the—matter?" repeated Mr. Clarkson. "Ain't you well?"

friends like you. It's from an uncle in America on her mother's——"

Mr. Smithson made a strange moaning noise, and, snatching his hat from the table, clapped it on his head and made for the

"SHE'LL BE RIDING IN HER CARRIAGE AND PAIR IN SIX MONTHS, ANYHOW; THE RICHEST WOMAN IN LITTLE MOLTON."

Mr. Smithson swayed a little, and sank slowly back into his chair again.

"Room's too hot," said his astonished host.

Mr. Smithson, staring straight before him, nodded.

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Clarkson, in the low tones of confidence, "Digson was after her money. Of course, her money don't make any difference to me, although, perhaps, I may be able to do something for

door. Mr. Clarkson flung his arms around him and dragged him back by main force.

"What are you carrying on like that for?" he demanded.

"Fancy!" returned Mr. Smithson, with intense bitterness. "I thought Digson was the biggest fool in the place, and I find I've made a mistake. Good night."

He opened the door and dashed out. Mr. Clarkson, with a strange sinking at his heart, watched him up the road.

"How I Wrote My Most Popular Song."

By the Composers of the Favourite Songs of the Moment.

IT has been said that no song can be regarded as having attained real popularity until it has been immortalized by the barrel-organ.

Of such songs, the melodies of which have become the property of the general public, there are not many. Still, there exists a "small regiment" of popular musical successes which a very large percentage of the general public regard as real musical friends.

"Was the composition of these successes the result, more or less, of accident, or was the song written after long and careful thought?" The query is, indeed, an interesting one, when one considers that the particular melodies which have attained fame have appealed in a wholesale manner to the inhabitants of almost every corner of the civilized globe. In order, therefore, to provide a reliable answer to this question, we have collected the opinions of the composers of the leading musical successes.

"Rose in the Bud."

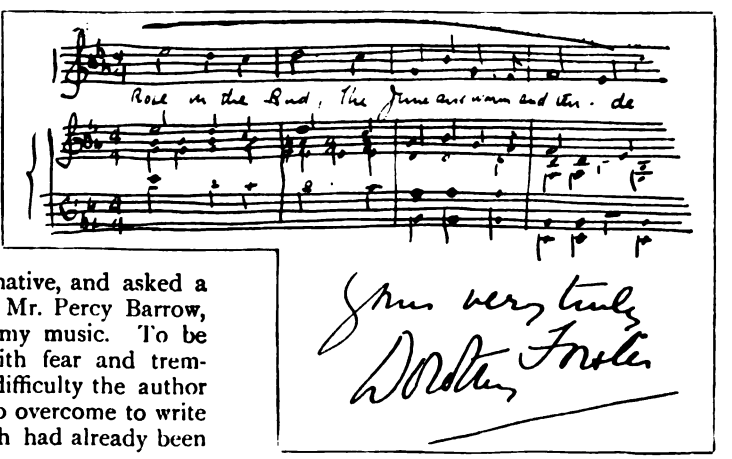
Miss Dorothy Forster.

CURIOUSLY enough, I wrote my song, "Rose in the Bud," to words which were entitled the "September Song," but, unfortunately, I could not find out the name of the author of the lyrics of this song, so that I was in a quandary—either I should have to wait until the missing author turned up, in order to get my song published, or else I should have to get the music set to other lyrics.

Life is short; and so, rightly or wrongly—I hope, in all humility, I may now say rightly—I chose the latter alternative, and asked a personal friend of mine, Mr. Percy Barrow, to write other words to my music. To be quite frank, I did this with fear and trembling, for I realized the difficulty the author of the lyrics would have to overcome to write new words to music which had already been set to others. Still, happily, the experiment turned out to be a most successful one, though the paradox remains that "Rose in the Bud" was originally written to words describing a season at which those roses which may still happen to be eking out some sort of an existence are certainly not doing so in their first bloom of youth, which may, perhaps, be best described as "the bud state."

My usual method of writing a song is to get a "lyric" which appeals to me, think over every detail of how it can be best set to music, and there and then sit down at the piano and write the music. Of course, at first I only do this in the "rough," though I seldom take more than half an hour or so in composing the particular melody which, in my opinion, is best suited to the words which I have selected.

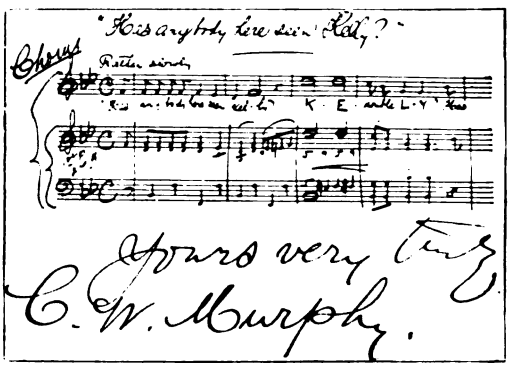
As a general rule I write my songs in the morning, for the simple reason that "the spirit moves me" to do so at that time. I have, however, no hard and fast rules on the subject, and if, after breakfast, I find that the desired inspiration is not forthcoming, I merely hope for the best—that is to say, I hope that it will come along as soon as possible—and the sooner the better. But at all times I endeavour to regard my work in as philosophical a manner as I can, for I am convinced that when a song-writer commences to worry because inspirations are shy, then his or her work must inevitably suffer.



"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"
By C. W. Murphy.

THE idea for this ditty was not "struck" suddenly, as is usually the case with popular songs, but was "dug" for in a most determined and persistent manner.

It came about in this way. I wished to find a chorus craze to follow "Oh! Oh! Antonio," which many readers of THE



STRAND MAGAZINE have probably anathematized dozens of times, as barrel-organs have droned it out with unflinching determination. The "lost lover" idea had been worked successfully in that number, and I was confident that I should be able to use it again to advantage, always providing, of course, I could find a suitable "locale." "Oh! Oh! Antonio," I would mention, told a story of two Italian lovers. "Italy is a long way off," I thought to myself when trying to evolve a new melody. "I must, therefore, strike nearer home." Accordingly, I selected the Isle of Man, which, I may say, is probably the finest song-booming centre in Great Britain, as the very place in which to found a catchy chorus.

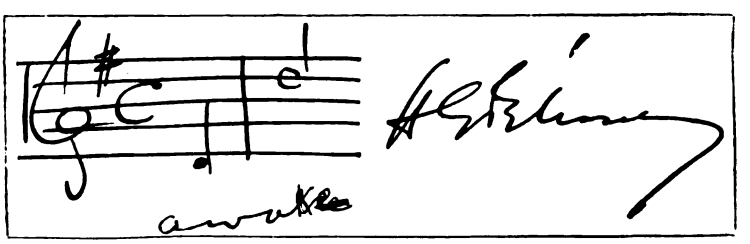
"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" was the result, and I think I may be permitted to say that no song has ever attained a more instantaneous success, for a few weeks after its first bow to the public it became the rage of England, and is selling in thousands at the moment of writing. I should like to add that with this song, as with all the songs I write, I never tackled a word or note of the verses until I had the refrain exactly to my liking. To find a refrain which will go with a swing is the secret of success in popular song-writing, for the general public—many of whom are probably not particularly "musical" in the strict sense of the word—must have a melody in which "something sticks out," so to speak. Hum over some of the most popular songs of recent years, and you will find that each and every one possesses a sort of "lifebuoy" bump which enables even the most unmusical to "land it" successfully.

"Awake."
By H. G. Pélissier.

A BECOMING sense of modesty compels me to say at once that the words of "Awake" were written by Sir William Davenant many years ago—before I was born, in fact. When thinking out the song I made up my mind to do something striking, and after I had done so the melody came into my head. That, I would mention, was before "The Follies" had degenerated into their present state of success. Still, my musical publishers tell me that "Awake" sells better to-day than ever it did, and so I have a sort of an idea that I must have succeeded in my object.

My favourite time for writing is any time, when the idea occurs to me that I have something to write about. In thinking out "Awake," I remember that the words were running through my brain one evening when I felt particularly wide awake, so I at once sat down and rattled it off. Nothing very romantic about this, is there? But it is the truth, a very rare commodity in these days.

By the way, some of my best compositions have been perpetrated between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m., or 8 a.m. and 9 a.m., but really I



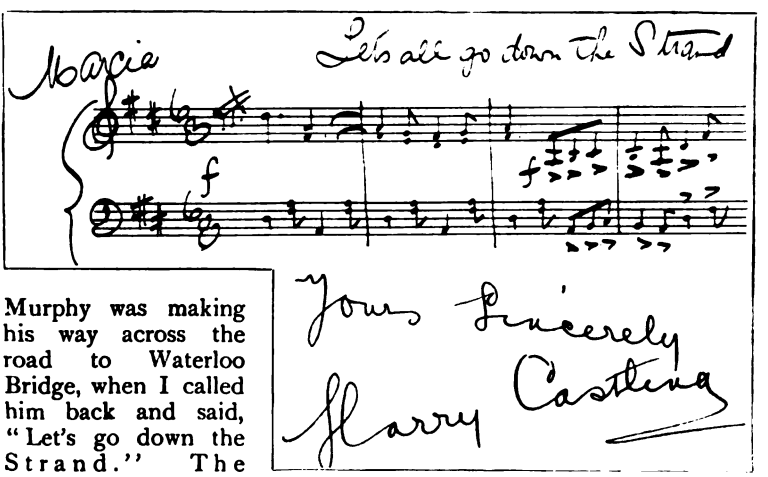
have no rule, so far as my musical inspirations are concerned; night is the same as day, and *vice versâ*. I have occasionally produced results which have proved satisfactory to my audience and my publishers in my motor-car on the way to Brighton.

"Let's All Go Down the Strand."
By Harry Castling and C. W. Murphy.

BEFORE we wrote "Let's All Go Down the Strand," we had been trying for some weeks to hit upon an idea for a rollicking

chorus song which would not include mention of the ever-popular "girl." Let us hasten to say at once that we are not woman-haters. Far from it. But at the same time we somehow felt that there had been too frequent mention of all sorts of girls in the latest popular successes, for the repertoire of every barrel-organ for years past had included mention of some sort of girl. Thus, "Put Me Amongst the Girls," "I Want You to See My Girl," "When There Isn't a Girl About You Do Feel Lonely," and similar melodies have been dinned into the public, until we somehow felt sure that people must have got a little tired of hearing melodies composed to words always dealing with members of the opposite sex.

On the evening on which the germ of the idea of this song first shyly peeped out we had just left the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr.



Murphy was making his way across the road to Waterloo Bridge, when I called him back and said, "Let's go down the Strand." The moment after I had made the remark the idea occurred to us almost simultaneously that the words would not make by any means a bad title for the song. We therefore tried to work out the notion there and then, but could not succeed in making much progress until we had added the word "all," when, to our surprise, both the music and words came to us as though we had been singing the refrain all our lives.

In writing this song we set to work on the refrain, or chorus, first, living in the atmosphere it suggests, and afterwards constructing the verses little by little, taking particular care that the words were easy to sing with the music, and also that the music carried with it a swing which would catch the public ear at once.

"Two Eyes of Grey."

By Daisy McGeoch.

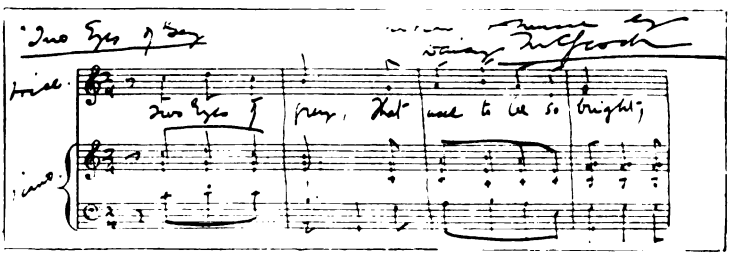
I THINK I really wrote "Two Eyes of Grey" for the simple reason that for many years past so many song-writers have treated the public to eulogies, set to music, of blue eyes and brown eyes that the idea occurred to me that it was time grey eyes should receive some sort of humble recognition.

One morning, therefore—I usually do my literary work in the morning—I sat down and wrote the words of the song, starting backwards, as is my wont when writing lyrics, and in quite a short time, after I had got the last line, which runs, "It breaks my heart to see your dear grey eyes so sad," I had finished the words.

Now for the music. Very "material-minded" people will probably scoff at my remarks on this subject. Still, a love of truth compels me to say that I honestly do not believe that I write the music of my songs—in any case I am quite unconscious of any originating process, but suddenly find the song is written! Not a mere skeleton idea of the song, mark you, but the complete song in identically the same form in which it is published. I will not attempt to try to explain how this happens, for I feel sure that any arguments I might use would lack conviction. My own idea, however, is that I am the material agent for some dead and gone composer. In fine, I write the words and my ghostly collaborator writes the music.

With regard to "Two Eyes of Grey," I wrote the words at a little hotel at Corrie, Arran, N.B., which, by the way, in my opinion is by far the most beautiful spot in this picturesque island. The following day I was out fishing alone some distance from the shore, when I suddenly heard the melody perfectly distinctly. Whence it came I know not; what I do know is that I felt compelled to go home and write it down! I did so, and to my surprise—and, I need scarcely say, to my delight—I found that the melody exactly fitted the words I had written on the previous day.

It may perhaps be of interest if I say that the prettiest compliment that has ever been paid to "Two Eyes of Grey" occurred when a fine of one shilling was inflicted on each passenger on a certain liner who made so bold as to even whisper the melody. This fine was imposed by the captain, who said that he felt sure that the passengers would never pay a return visit to his ship if people would insist upon humming the melody from morn to night.



Those who are not familiar with the behind-the-scenes life of a composer probably entertain the idea that the making of melodies must afford pleasure to those whose lot in life it is to be associated with the maker of the said melodies. I fear, however, that such an idea is quite erroneous. Thus, in my own case, my "spirit collaborator" almost invariably commands me to compose my music late at night. Accordingly, when the rest of the household have retired to rest, I get up, bang away at the piano, and contrive to awake every living soul in the establishment, my poor, long-suffering husband, the servants, and even my dog and cat. Theoretically, no doubt, the composing of music suggests harmony in a household; in practice, such is by no means necessarily the case, and more than once friends who have been stopping at my house have echoed a pious wish that it would have been better for all connected with me had I elected to take up cooking, or some other quiet and useful occupation, as a profession.

"Whispers of Love."

By Harry Fragson.

TRUE inspiration is unhappily a very, very rare commodity, but "happy thoughts" are fortunately not quite so elusive. Hence the birth and growing up of "Whispers of Love."

This "musical offspring" of my composition owes its existence to the fact that some weeks before I made my first appearance at Drury Lane in pantomime it happened that one night in Paris I returned home to my rooms in the Rue Lafayette in the small hours of the morning. I had had both a very busy day and a very hustling evening; but, strangely enough, bodily fatigued though I was, my mind was still working so actively that I instinctively felt that even though I betook myself to bed the Goddess of Sleep would still pass me by.

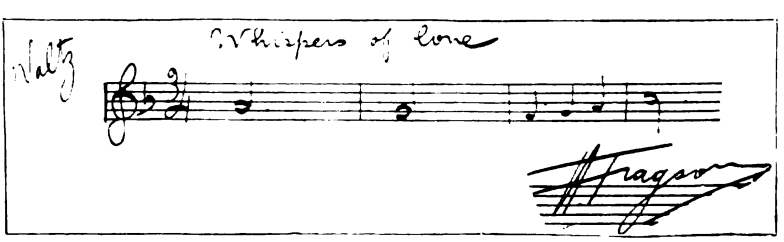
Now there is nothing I dislike so much as going to bed and being unable to sleep. Accordingly I put on a smoking-jacket, lit a cigarette, threw open my sitting-room window looking on to the street, and sat down to try and smoke myself into trying to feel tired.

On this particular evening Paris was, seemingly, not in one of her gayest moods, for in the street below there were but few passers-by, and, indeed, soon I could hear no sound at all save for the rustling of the wind through the branches of the trees, now almost bare of leaves. I smoked on and on, thinking of nothing particular, but merely hoping soon to become sleepy, when, unconsciously, I found myself humming a refrain suggested to me by the wind as it blew through the long avenue of trees.

Over and over again I must have hummed it, the while hardly knowing I was doing so, until suddenly the thought crossed my mind that the refrain I was humming certainly did not altogether lack melody.

Still with no fixed idea in my mind, I got up from my seat by the window, leisurely crossed the room, and sat down to the piano.

And in a very few minutes "Whispers of Love," or, rather, the music that was after-

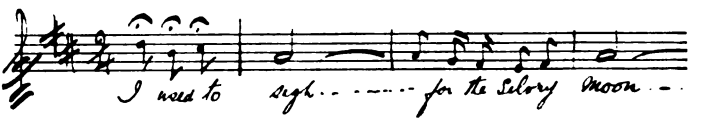


wards set to the words bearing this title, became a reality, and not merely an echo of the wind whistling around the houses and through the trees of the now-deserted Rue Lafayette.

"I Used to Sigh for the Silvery Moon."

By Hermann E. Darewski, Jun.

APPROPRIATELY enough, the moon played the most important part in the bringing to life of my song, which, I think I may say, was written in most unusual circumstances. It came to life this way. One night the author of the words, Mr. Lester Barrett, finding that he could not sleep, despite the fact that he had retired to bed at an unusually late hour, decided to try to make himself sleepy by getting up and taking a stroll beneath the silvery moon.



He, therefore, hastily slipped on a pair of trousers and, putting on a big overcoat to hide his dressing-gown, went out for a stroll. On this particular evening, or rather, I should say, morning, for it was well after midnight, the moon was shining unusually brightly, and as he gazed up at it, admiring its pale radiancy, the time-worn words, "One might as well ask for the moon," crossed his mind. "There's a good title for a song in that," he said to himself, and, returned home, he sat down at his desk and hastily scribbled off the lyrics, the title to which he gave "I Used to Sigh for the Silvery Moon."

The next day we happened to meet, and, pulling the MS. of the lyrics out of his pocket, he handed it to me, saying, "See if you can do anything with this; the words should suggest some appropriate music to you." Unfortunately, however, although the idea of the words greatly appealed to me, an appropriate melody was not forthcoming, and as I never try to force my work, merely composing my music when an idea occurs to me, I slipped the MS. into my note-book and, truth to tell, forgot all about it until a few nights later I had to go North on business by the midnight train.

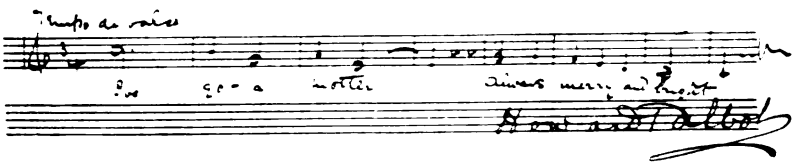
Try as I will I can never sleep in a train, and after reading an evening paper from the first to the last page I found myself "building castles in the air" as I gazed out of the carriage window into the stillness of the night. Then suddenly the sight of the moon reminded me of the lyric I had received. I took it out of my pocket and carefully read it over again, and as I did so the noise of the revolution of the wheels seemed to suggest a melody to me which exactly fitted the words of "I Used to Sigh for the Silvery Moon." Hastily tearing off a half-sheet of a letter I had received that morning, I at once scribbled down the music, which I completed within an hour. A week later the song was produced. I would add that but for that chance journey to the North of England I have always felt that somehow or other I never should have hit upon a really appropriate melody to fit to the words; so, unlike most people, I now have not the slightest grievance against noisy trains—in fact, I rather like them.

"I've Got a Motter."

By Howard Talbot.

I AM perfectly sure that, in most cases, it is quite impossible for a composer to set himself regular hours at which to work, and invariably succeed in doing good work at those hours. Thus, "I've Got a Motter"—I am not laying claim, of course, that the music is good from a classical standpoint, but at least it would seem to be popular—was thought out in a most unorthodox place and, maybe, at a most unorthodox hour.

From a musical point of view it owes its present flourishing existence to the fact that one evening, somewhere about the hour when the poet tells us that "churchyards yawn," I happened to meet the author of the lyrics, Mr. Arthur Wimperis, in the vicinity of the Coventry Restaurant, in Rupert Street, to which we at once hied. A few evenings before it seems that, feeling tired and somewhat depressed after a hard day's work, my friend Wimperis, in a cynical frame of mind, sat down and wrote lyrics on the subject of the advisability of having a motto



to be merry and bright at all times and in all circumstances.

He handed the result of his work to me. The delicious humour in the lines appealed to me at once, and after thinking the matter over for a short time I drove straight home, and in ten minutes composed the music to the lyrics he had given me—in waltz time!

I take it that most readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE have heard Mr. Alfred Lester sing "I've Got a Motter," so that it may scarcely be necessary to say that the expression of his face, and, indeed, the frame of mind suggested by his demeanour, is so lugubrious when he announces that his said motto is to be rollickingly, boisterously, and uproariously cheerful in face of even the direst adversity, that it is certainly not in the expected order of things that he should sing the lyrics of a song set in waltz time. Still, there it is; and that whatever humour there may be in the notion has "caught on" is a fact for which I, for one—there probably are others who feel likewise—am extremely grateful.

I should like to add, by the way, that I feel sure that the widespread popularity which "I've Got a Motter" has achieved is very largely indeed due to the inimitable manner in which Mr. Alfred Lester renders the song.

"An Emblem."

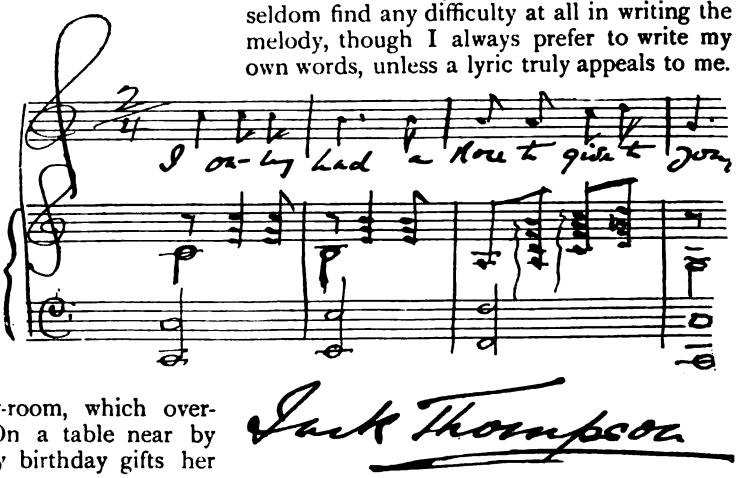
By Jack Thompson.

THE story running through "An Emblem" is the love-story of a very great friend of mine. The woman to whom he had given his heart—or, rather, who had stolen his heart—was wealthy; he was poor—almost poverty-stricken, in fact. It so happened that on the occasion of her birthday I called to see her just at the same time as did my friend. She greeted us standing by the window of her drawing-room, which overlooked Hyde Park. On a table near by were a number of costly birthday gifts her friends had sent her. Half jokingly, she turned to the man who loved her, but was too poor to tell his love, and said: "It's my birthday to-day, you know; I wonder what you are going to give me?"

My friend reddened slightly and fidgeted rather nervously—the man who is in love so often reminds one of an awkward schoolboy—and handed her—a rose. On paper, no doubt, the action seems a trifle grotesque, but to me who knew the story it seemed perfectly natural. The woman, too, understood quite well, for, as she fastened the rose at her breast, I heard her say in an undertone which was not meant for my ears, "I value this birthday present most of all, for it has told me a story which I might never have guessed."

The pathos of this tragedy of lives appealed to me so strongly that, on my return home, I sat down and put the incidents into the words which are now called "An Emblem." Originally, however, it was my idea to make this composition a companion song to a song of mine called "My Violet," and I also thought that I might follow it by a cycle song called "A Flower Cycle"—the Rose, the Lily, and the Violet. I was, however, advised that in cycles of this sort the public generally show a preference for one particular song, which naturally interferes with the sale of the others, and, therefore, after thinking the matter over, I decided that the title, "An Emblem," would surely fit the intention of the song better than the name I had originally intended to give to it.

When an idea appeals to me as strongly as does the little story told in "An Emblem," I seldom find any difficulty at all in writing the melody, though I always prefer to write my own words, unless a lyric truly appeals to me.



THE LAST ROOM.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

THEY brought a spy into camp —a low-sized man, heavily bearded, with sullen eyes that lay watchfully behind the shaggy eyebrows — watchfully enough until we made him speak; then fear drove out all watchfulness. His eyes danced with fear.

"THEY BROUGHT A SPY INTO CAMP."

War, after all, is only the acceleration of life, and men are human beings there as elsewhere. In fact, they are a little more human, perhaps—a little braver or a little more cowardly, as the case may be. In war you live quicker, you feel quicker, you act quicker, and — you die quicker than in other circumstances; but you are every bit as much a human being. War will not make a hero or a coward of you. That has been decided long ago before the war breaks out.

And this fellow, for all his sullen eyes and tight lips, was quick enough to tell us where the enemy lay when we showed him the business end of a Martini.

Just five miles off, he said they were— fifteen hundred strong—a haul to make the papers sing at home if we could only catch them. You think of the papers when you are at the front, just the same as you do at home; in fact, you have about as little an idea of what a censor means as have the correspondents.

Five miles off then and it was close on

midnight. By daybreak those five miles might have become twenty. A small scouting party was organized at a moment's notice—eight of us, under Captain Galloway—they called him captain, but he had no rank. He was a soldier, the man who is a soldier, who takes to war as a baby to its bottle. Every muddle in Europe has had the stirring of his finger, every war that has taken place over the past thirty years has seen Galloway like a boy let out of school. When things are quiet, when there is nothing doing, Galloway sits in a London club overlooking Piccadilly and reads the papers—a fish out of water until the day comes when the papers enlarge their headings with that thrilling word, "Trouble"—in the Far East or Near East, in the North, South, or West, it makes no matter which. Then Galloway stirs in his saddle-bag chair. He looks up with a smile on his face, as though he had read of a rise in stocks. The first man he meets notices the change in his eyes. He looks awake again, like some animal after a heavy meal.

"There's going to be trouble," he says, cheerfully. "There's bound to be a mess," and the next morning Galloway is gone. For months his chair at the club is empty, until one day he strolls quietly back, weather-burnt to the roots of his hair, bites through a cigar, and conceals himself once more behind his paper. This is Galloway, the man who led our little scouting-party that night.

It was nasty weather. A wet moon had ridden up under a bank of clouds that stretched down without a break to the west horizon. By that time we were well started. The night was as black as the heart of a coal-pit. I could just see my horse's ears, pricking in the darkness at the slightest noise; three feet beyond his head and it was like a curtain.

We rode on in silence, picking our way like a woman over a muddy street. Sometimes a horse would stumble, a man would curse, and Galloway would grunt with amusement. He found no amusement in it after we had covered a mile or so. He cursed them then himself for clumsiness. He had every right to. He never took a false step himself. The man to command is the man who can implicitly obey.

"For all you know, this place is infested with these fellows, sleeping with their one eye open."

They could not help the state of the ground, poor beggars; it was bad enough to be out on a night like that. But when a horse stumbled once more there was dead silence. Once I looked at Galloway, staring out with eyes screwed like gimlets into the darkness, and I saw him grin. When there was anything doing in the daylight he was a man who chewed oaths as an ostler chews straws.

We had ridden for an hour, and if we had covered four miles we had done well. I hardly think that there were four miles in it. You can make little more than the pace of a snail over ground that is like the inside of a quarry and on a night as black as pitch. Anyhow, we had ridden an hour when Galloway's horse threw up its head and stopped short. We all drew in behind him like sheep driven into a pen.

"What is it?" somebody whispered.

Galloway said nothing. He just leaned forward on the neck of his horse and stared. We leaned forward and stared too. When they don't know what they're at, men are just as much fools as sheep. They follow their leader. It looks as if they knew what they were doing. We could see nothing.

Presently Galloway sat up.

"Dismount," he said quietly, under his breath.

We slid off. One of the men was dispatched to look after the horses, and the rest of us crept forward with every sense expectant.

Galloway had seen something. It was like him not to say what it was. Presently, after a few steps, a great wall, blacker than the blackness, jumped up in front of our eyes out of nowhere.

"It's a farmhouse," I said.

Galloway grinned at my observation.

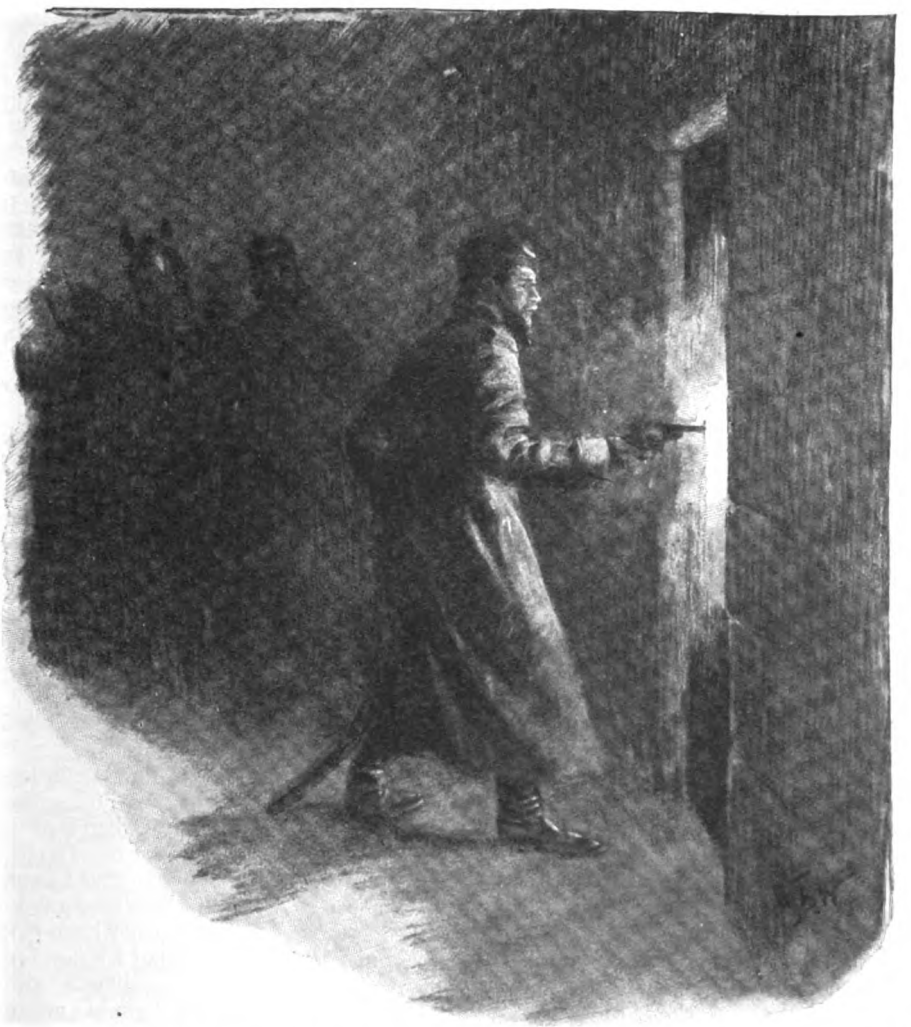
There it was, a flat-faced building, two-storeyed, stretching along the breadth of one room, with outhouses and sheds at either side. There was not a light in the windows, not a sign of habitation about the place. It looked as deserted as a graveyard in winter.

"There's not a soul in it," said I, and the next second I would sooner not have made the remark.

"Just run over it, then," said Galloway; "they hide in these places like rats. Hurry up!"

I stepped forward at once, trying to hide my reluctance. Over a job like this, if you can conceal your feelings, you may be satisfied. I did not like it; but you can't say so, even in the sense of a joke, to a man who has passed his apprenticeship on jobs of that kind, and thinks as little of it as looking over a new flat in Kensington.

When I found the door locked I felt the



"I PULLED OUT MY REVOLVER, PUSHED THE NOSE OF IT INTO THE KEYHOLE, AND FIRED."

blood in my face tingling quickly. I appealed to Galloway.

"Shoot it," he replied, laconically.

I pulled out my revolver, pushed the nose of it into the keyhole, and fired. The noise was a relief, but I took the precaution to stand aside as the door swung open on a creaking hinge. There was not a sound. When the echoes of my shot had died away through the house, like mice scampering over bare boards, the place was as still again as though nothing had happened.

Then I crept in. If anything, it was blacker than the night outside. I could see nothing, hear nothing, yet the place seemed full of listeners.

"They hide in these places like rats." Those words of Galloway's supplied my mind with a thousand phantoms of imagination. I tried to look about in the darkness. It was useless. I had not those eyes of Galloway's. There was some satisfaction in thinking that if any poor wretch were in hiding, he could as little see me as I him. But then I had not been sent to play at hide-and-seek. If anyone were there, I had to rout him out.

My hand, as though obeying a command by some other will than my own, felt in a pocket of my coat for matches. I drew one out, found a rough surface on which to strike it, held it there with my finger, and paused.

Supposing a man were waiting with rifle ready cocked for a sight of my position.

Then I was a dead man the moment I struck that match.

It takes some time to tell all this. It makes one seem possessed of the hesitation of a coward. I hesitated right enough. I felt a cold sweat of fear beginning to form in drops on my forehead, but all the thoughts and decisions went through my mind with the speed of lightning. From the moment that I shot the lock to the time I struck the match was only a matter of seconds.

I took a breath, dragged the thin bit of wood swiftly across the rough surface, and, as I flung it into the air, leapt on one side, crouching down low to the ground, every sense alert for that report which I made sure was bound to follow. There was complete silence. Like a rocket the match lifted, burnt blue, and was blown out before it reached the floor.

Then the room was empty. All my apprehension had been for nothing. I rose to my feet, feeling a fool, struck another match, and held it high above my head. It was the usual low-ceilinged farm kitchen. We had had many a meal in them; many a poor fellow had been interrogated across the deal table which they all contained; many a time we had left them behind us with an ominous curl of smoke rising up from the windows before they burst into flame. And not a soul was to be seen. There were cups and saucers on the table—crumbs of bread and a small piece of their cheese that they make in these places. I picked it up. It was still soft. On the table by the side of one of the cups was a drop of liquid—something they had been drinking—which had not evaporated. I stood up and listened.

There was not a sound. Presently my eye caught sight of a rough, broad-stepped ladder that led to a door high up in the wall, giving entrance to the rooms upstairs. I walked to the foot of it.

"They hide like rats in these places."

There was no help for it. Duty, which so often is an elusive matter, stares one in the face in times of war. There was no doubt about its being my duty to go up that ladder—and up I crept. The door at the top was bolted. I tried it gently at first. It creaked. If there was anyone inside the room he would have heard. You can't employ the methods of a burglar for these jobs. There is no such thing as dainty work in war. I flexed my muscles and went for it with my shoulder. Two blows—it was a match-board door—and it burst open. I fell flat on my face into the room. It was about the best thing I could have done, and I had the sense to lie there for a moment with ears pricked, listening - listening for nothing. There was not a sound.

I flatter myself I scarcely made a noise as I rose to my feet; and there I stood, with a match ready, as I had done before, listening—still listening. Then, suddenly, the sweat broke out over me; my heart started a-thumping, like the piston-rod of an old donkey-engine. I had heard a noise. It was the uneven breathing of something that lived; the jerky inhalation of breath, the pregnant pause while the breath was held, then the sudden exhalation, as of someone in a tight corner trying to keep quiet as I.

There was a moment before I struck that match. My fingers were numbed. If I was going to be plugged with a bullet it was such a cold-blooded way of doing it. I was compelled to give the signal for my own execution.

In the midst of that pause came Galloway's voice, impatient at waiting down below.

"Well, is there anyone?" he called out.

I made no answer. The amount of stimulation that danger brings to your wits is amazing. I had to strike that match. That was quite enough for me. He called out again. Then I struck it.

Up it whisked into the air—a little spurt of blue—and I was crouching in a corner, my heart beating a tattoo like a band of kettle-drums. But no report—not even a stir. All my pulses were throbbing so that I could not distinguish the sound of breathing any longer. For the moment it might even have stopped.

In another moment I had a second match lighted, and was gazing—like a ghost, I shouldn't be surprised—round an empty room. There were two beds, quite lately slept in, the clothes flung off them as though the owners had just got up. But as for human beings there were none.

Then how about the breathing? I was certain of hearing that. I looked about me. Ah, there was another door at the far end—another door like the one I had just broken down. I threw my match away and stepped on tip-toe across the room. I took a breath, lifted the latch, and pushed.

This door was open.

It seemed then the most crucial moment of all. Inside it was as black as pitch. It might have been a large room or a small one. I could not see an inch in front of my nose, and there I stood in the entrance, debating what to do. Well, what can you do? I felt for matches. There were two more.

"They hide like rats in these places."

Well, then, I had to draw their teeth, and the sooner the better. I got my revolver ready and listened. This time the breathing was plainer than before. "Nifff—nufff!" I tried to locate where it was. In the darkness it was impossible. Wherever I turned it seemed to be there. This was what I had heard from the other room. If I could have located it I would have fired; but to fire meant exposure, and if I did not hit, then the Lord help me! I preferred to rely on the match to draw his fire first.

At last I found a surface for my match, and, holding my revolver ready, I struck. It cracked, snapping like a whip, but did not light. I shifted my position. There was strategy in the cracking of that match that did not light. I pictured the poor wretch squatting in a corner, with his pistol levelled at the spot from which the sound had come. I pictured him and grinned.

When I had found another surface for the friction I required I caressed the trigger of my shooter and struck again.

Up went the little blue rocket as I tumbled in a heap to my knees. Then there was a report that burst like a shell into the silence as I lay still in a heap in the corner. I saw the glow in the room of the white spit of the flame, yet could not see where it had come from. Then all was still again.

Everything in my mind was confusion. If I was hit, I did not feel it.

Immediately followed the rushing of feet, a couple of our fellows coming up. I could see the rays of their lantern striking into the other room as they stumbled up that shaking ladder. But all that time I dared not move; I dared not speak; I scarcely dared to breathe. My position was cramped; I was tied in a knot just as I fell, my hands still gripping my revolver ready to shoot, my heart thumping, my eyes peering, strained into the darkness, prepared for the first ray of light to give me aim.

"ALL THAT TIME I DARED NOT MOVE; I DARED NOT SPEAK; I SCARCELY DARED TO BREATHE."

At last they came, tumbling across the other room. The rays of their lantern stole in through the open door. I held a breath, and then, as they entered, revealing the whole space to my straining eyes, I saw that the room was vacant. In my hand was my revolver, still smoking, and I could hear my own breath rattling between my teeth.

Card, Autograph, & Wall Squiggles.

THE OLD BOURGEOIS AND HIS DAUGHTER.
A wall squiggle by a prisoner.

IN the article in our Christmas number on "Squiggles," which has naturally given a fillip to this most entertaining pastime, mention was made of the ingenuity of prisoners in adapting blots, stains, and patches on the wall. The late Major Arthur Griffiths, long an inspector of prisons, had a collection of photographs of squiggles of this sort. So had the late Sir Walter Besant, to whom an admirer sent a series of views of the four walls and ceiling of a room in the prison at Portsmouth where three French officers were formerly confined. The exact period of their confinement is not known, but it is supposed to be between the years 1808–12. Other prisoners of war, to the number of several score, were in jail at the same time, and they also, in humble imitation, doubtless, of the artistic efforts of their superior officers, covered the whitewashed walls with rude squiggles, but these have long since been smothered under successive coats of whitewash and the hand of Time. This latter tremendous personage is himself, by the way, an excellent *esquièg leur* upon occasion, not only beginning, as we have seen, a squiggle, but gradually finishing it quite unaided. Thus attention has been called to a capital portrait of Guy Fawkes at the Tower of London, which, beginning with a hat, an eye, and a fragment of beard, slowly evolved, under the influence of damp and mildew, until the arch-traitor stood forth unmistakably for all beholders to see. Unfortunately, Time, having achieved this squiggle, himself destroyed it altogether.

Of the Portsmouth prison squiggles, of which we give five examples herewith, out of what are believed to have been at least two hundred, they are of a familiar pattern, and were executed on a stained and broken plaster wall. The dark portion in each represents the nucleus—not, however, so dark as it is shown in the photograph, but of a drab yellow, caused by a break in the "skin" of the plaster. They show a considerable

THE SOUBRETTE.
Another wall squiggle at Portsmouth prison.

THE MISER'S WILL.
The white patches on the wall represent the nucleus of the squiggle.

ingenuity, and although the draughtsmanship may not be of professional quality, it is yet very good indeed. The chief artist appears to have been "Lieutenant C. De la Vigne." His companions were "D. Brasseur" and "A. Leroux." One can easily imagine to oneself the circumstances in which these sketches were made, and what they meant to the three gallant Frenchmen immured in a foreign jail. Probably they saw little or nothing for many weary months of the outer world, and may have been denied books and pictures. In these circumstances their eyes would rest perpetually on the disfigured wall, and out of its stains and cracks conjure up the details of men, women, children, and animals, and now and then trees and buildings. One must confess that they drew women oftenest—the most unpromising blot seemed to suggest to these *galants hommes*, deprived of the society of the fair sex, some feminine accessory—a hat, a shoe, a waist, a tress. But there is nothing remarkable about that.

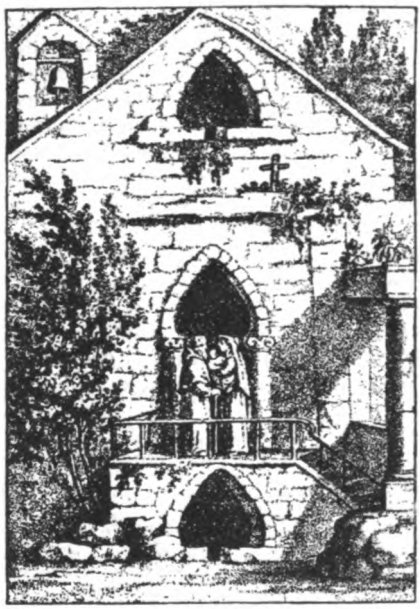
It is said that the Emperor Napoleon once coloured a map of Italy with his own hand, and then in a moment of caprice striped it like a stocking, placed a buckle on the instep, and said to one of his generals: "Rapp, you see the lady is about to kick Sicily," an anecdote which would seem to argue that the great soldier was not over-exigent in the matter of feminine symmetry.

THE OLD SCHOLAR.
Another prisoner s wall squiggle.

THE GREETING.
In the original the patches are of a yellow colour.

That brilliant writer, Edgar Allan Poe, once described the mental process of making a squiggle, and the experience is probably a common one with many.

"Scarce able to rest my eyes," he wrote, "for more than a moment upon any one object in the room, because of the incessant motion of my head on the pillow, which sought to find in movement some relief from the fever which consumed it, I yet

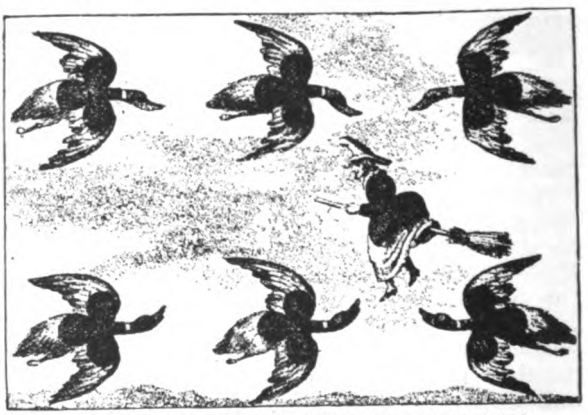


THE SANCTUARY.
A card-squiggle based on the three of spades.

remained for weeks — my only friend, whom I frequently apostrophized and told my woes."

Of course, the spiritual visitant was partly compounded of shadow and floral wall-paper pattern, the marks of nails, and an invalid's imagination, and it could scarcely survive returning health and the broad light of day; but it had a basis of fact all the same, as many of these images have. There is the well-known picture of two children engaged in placid play, which, when held at a little distance, represents with great vividness a human skull, and which is constructed on the same principle as are many bed-chamber squiggles.

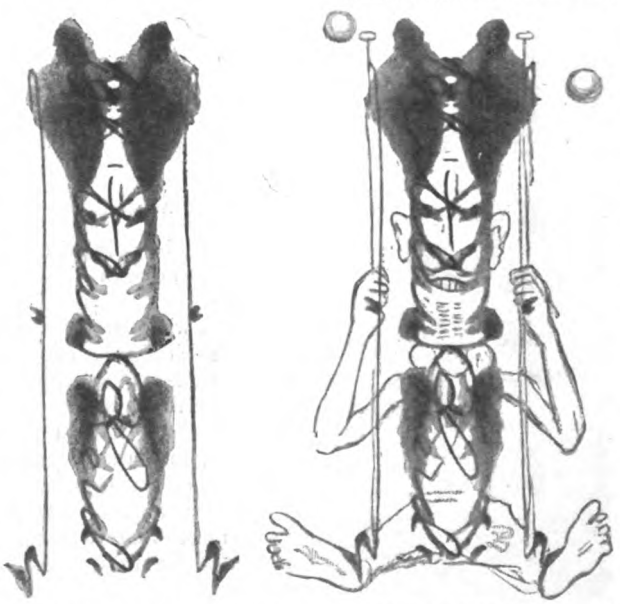
Two other highly ingenious old card-squiggles are extant, in addition to those which we gave in our previous article. One represents a quaint



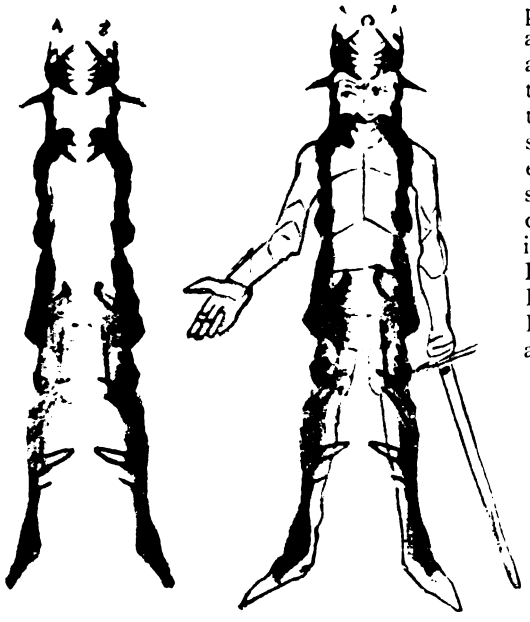
MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SIX FLYING COURTIERS.
A card-squiggle drawn on the seven of clubs.

monastic building with three openings in the façade, these three openings being the three of spades—quite an original and unexpected idea. The other is Mother Goose and a flock of attendant geese—these being drawn upon the seven of clubs. These *esquièglès*, it may be remarked, are considerably more than half a century old. No doubt our

became aware of shapes hidden in familiar things. A hundred pairs of eyes stared at me, a hundred mouths grimaced; but when I strove to encounter them they vanished, and only a row of hanging garments, the bed and window curtains, an array of bottles and glasses, the floral pattern of the wall-paper met my gaze. At last, after what seemed hours of futile tossing, my intelligence seemed to concentrate upon a single spot on the wall, a figure seemed to loom up, two eyes were bent upon mine, and a pale, sad face greeted me. I slept; when I awoke I thought it would be gone. But no; it was there still, and there it



A BLOT OF THE SIGNATURE OF THE HON. WHITELAW REID—AND A SQUIGGLE FOUNDED UPON IT.



A SQUIGGLE FROM SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S SIGNATURE—"A DANISH FREEBOOTER."

artists to-day can produce equally ingenious forms if they should apply their talents to the task. At all events, we will look forward to publishing some further card-squiggles in an early number of this Magazine.

There is still another capital and easily accessible foundation for the popular squiggle, and that is the "autograph blot." Probably every man and woman of eminence has written his autograph for the purpose of the "autograph blot" times without number, but now it appears that the paper containing the autograph need not be folded in the presence of the autographer or at the time it was written, for dried autographs sent by post are naturally moistened again by the application of water or ink, folded in two, and made to yield their fantastic design at the hands of their possessor. This design then forms the basis of the autograph squiggle. It is far more interesting, however, to work upon a holograph "blot," several examples of which, ranging from that of Hon. Whitelaw Reid to Mr. Bernard Shaw, are given here-

LORD ROBERTS'S AUTOGRAPH BLOT —AND A SQUIGGLE THEREON, "THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

with, together with the squiggles formed therefrom by an amateur artist. No doubt some very effective ones could be made if a highly ingenious craftsman were to bend his mind to it, even out of the least promising. Someone has called a squiggle "something more than was intended." Another says: "You start with an idle smudge on a blotter, and end with a life-like portrait of Mr. Booker T. Washington"—a *sequitur* as startling as any committed by the ostrich who hatched turtles in the fable.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW'S AUTOGRAPH BLOT AND SQUIGGLE—"AN UNCOMPROMISING MORALIST."

The Identity of Trees in Snow.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

Fig. 1.—The dog-rose under snow.

Fig. 2. — Although the blackberry, or bramble, possesses similar prickly, trailing branches to those of the dog-rose, yet they hold snow quite differently.

A FEATURE of a snow-covered landscape to which attention has not, to my knowledge, been directly called is that every kind of shrub and tree carries snow in a manner peculiar to itself. So distinctive are the various shrubs and trees in this respect that they may be recognized more readily while their branches are laden with snow than when bare.

Look at the photograph shown in Fig. 1, and it at once becomes obvious that the trailing branches of the dog-rose are conspicuously isolated from their immediate surroundings; so much so are they, indeed, that the camera-lens is readily able to distinguish them from the other components of the hedgerow.

Following up the idea, we turn to another shrub, one nearly related and of similar habit—namely, the bramble or blackberry.

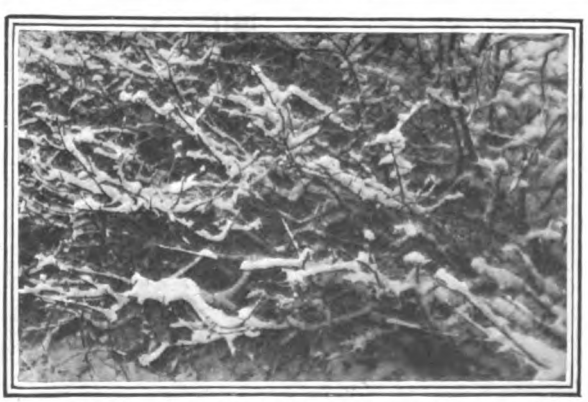


Fig. 3.—The blackthorn, or sloe, also possesses quite a characteristic appearance.

Although the bramble (Fig. 2) has long, trailing, prickly branches very similar to those of the dog-rose, yet the photograph plainly shows that it presents quite a different appearance. This is largely due to the fact that the branches

are a little stronger in build, and, consequently, they carry broader masses of snow. Also, the bramble retains a number of its leaves during winter, and these appearing amongst the branches break up the lines of snow and prevent the regularity of appearance seen in the leafless branches of the dog-rose.

Again we turn to another thorny relative of both the dog-rose and the bramble—namely, the blackthorn or sloe (Fig. 3).

A glance at the photograph is convincing proof that there need be no confusion between these three nearly-related shrubs while they are under snow.

Fig. 4.—The hazel, or nut-tree, carries snow as if it had been snowballed.

It is obvious that the blackthorn has an entirely different form of branches to the trailing ones of both the bramble and the dog-rose. It follows, therefore, that we should now compare it with another shrub whose branches have a similar bearing. The hazel or nut-tree well serves the purpose, and a photograph of it is shown in Fig. 4. The picture will, I think, make it plain that what appear to be similar branches present very dissimilar aspects when they are seen laden with snow.

The snow-covered branches of the blackthorn look smart and orderly, almost reminding one of a military turn-out, but the hazel has quite an unkempt or casual air; indeed, the whole bush looks very much as if it had been randomly snowballed.

The four shrubs which I have now considered will, I think, show clearly that the various trees present quite different aspects when covered with snow. That being allowed, it becomes obvious that no snow-covered landscapes can resemble each other very closely unless the same kind of trees are found upon them.

When that fact is once realized amidst snowy surroundings, one's eyes seem to have suddenly opened, for they have then grasped those essential features whereby we acquire the power to distinguish differences of detail in what was previously but little more than an all-encompassing whiteness. Just as the stranger in a new town learns his way about by noting the appearance of particular buildings or shops, so has the bewildered traveller in the snow regained the key to his situation.

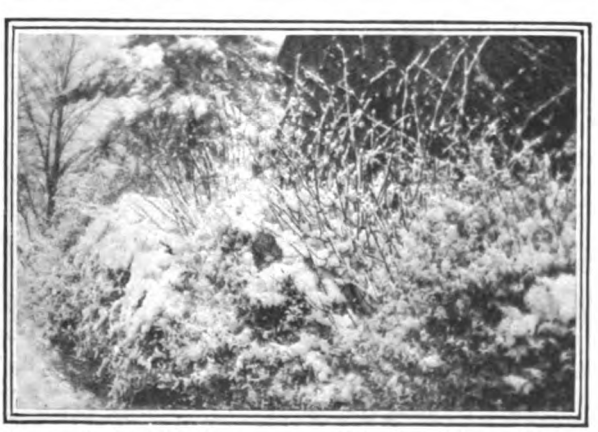


Fig. 5.—A piece of hedgerow composed of privet, elder, and juniper. Observe how the three shrubs may be distinguished at a glance by the manner in which they hold the snow.

Having, then, the means at hand to recognize

the trees and shrubs with which we are familiar, but which are disguised by their snow costumes, let us apply these means in a more general manner.

In Fig. 5 is shown a portion of a snow-laden hedgerow, and a glance at that hedgerow from even a fair distance away plainly reveals the fact that it is a mixed hedge consisting of three distinct kinds of shrubs arranged in irregular patches; indeed, the component shrubs can be much more readily distinguished at a distance by their snow effect than if their branches were free from snow.

Fig. 6.—Snow on a holly hedge.

The hedge shown consisted for the greater part of privet, which bears a quantity of leaves during winter. Amongst it, however, appear two clumps of elder, whose long, leafless branches hold a little tuft of snow on almost every scar from which a leaf has fallen during the previous autumn. Then comes a smooth mass of snow, denoting a juniper bush, whose tiny evergreen leaves are so closely arranged that they hold the snow in blanket fashion.

So by a little acquaintance with the snow costumes of the various shrubs one is enabled from the midst of a snowy field to glance along the hedgerows and recognize as readily the familiar elder, dog-rose, bramble, etc., as he would in summer when the flowers and leaves are there in all their varied hues to assist in the identification, a feature which, I think, does not always occur to those who find themselves amongst snowy surroundings. Supposing that the hedgerow suddenly presents to view a section of cut holly

Fig. 7.—The furze, or gorse, may be readily distinguished from—

Fig. 8.—Its neighbour, the broom, while under snow.

Fig. 9.—The wild angelica appears to bear flowers again after a heavy snow.

(Fig. 6), even from the distance it may be recognized. At the top of the hedge the snow appears like a white table-cover, while on the sides pieces appear to have fallen from above and got caught amongst the prickly leaves.

When on the heath in the summer-time it is not always easy to distinguish a patch of broom from one of gorse when viewed from a short distance away. They both produce branches bearing a bold display of golden yellow flowers, and it generally needs a fairly close examination to be absolutely sure of their identity. In the winter there is not the slightest difficulty in distinguishing them, even from quite a long distance away. A glance at Figs. 7 and 8 will explain the matter better than any wordy description.

Even the herbage that is taller than the grasses bears its individuality. The **wild angelica,** which is shown in Fig. 9, presents a good example of this. The angelica is a large member of the wild parsley family, the dry and dead stems of which immediately become conspicuous after a snow-storm, owing to the little umbels of stalks, which once supported their flowers, holding patches of snow, somewhat resembling new blooms that have just appeared.

The larger woodland trees also present distinguishing features, and when in the foggy and frosty air they suddenly loom out in ghost-like forms (Fig. 10) they may be much more readily identified than when their bare branches stand clear against the sky.

Fig. 10.—The isolated elm-trees become like ghosts in the foggy, frosty air.

Lady Claverton's Bridge Class.

By W. DALTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD LESSON.

THE third lesson had been carefully rehearsed by Reggie and his coadjutor—so carefully, indeed, that Lady Claverton at last expostulated on the number of hours which they spent closeted together in the library.

"Mr. Holford seems to take a very long time explaining his methods to you, Myra," she said. "Is it all confined to bridge?"

"Of course it is," said Myra. "What else could he want to talk to me about?"

"That is just what I was wondering," said Lady Claverton.

The same party assembled on the following Friday. The Professor began his lecture by saying, "I have brought the hand which I promised to show Lady Chieveley. Here it is. Our opponents were a game and 26 up. We were nothing. I dealt, and my hand was :—

Hearts—King, 10, 9, 6, 4.
Diamonds—10, 4.
Clubs—8, 5, 3.
Spades—10, 7, 2.

First, what did I declare?"

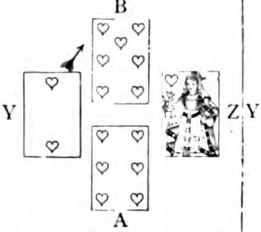
"Hearts, of course," said Mrs. Holroyd. "The hand is absolutely useless on any other call."

"That argument might be sound at the score of love-all, but not in such desperate straits as we were in. There was no possibility of winning the game on hearts, and very little of saving it, unless my partner had a phenomenally good hand, in which case I preferred him to make the declaration. I left it, and he declared 'No trumps.' The two of hearts was led, and my partner's hand went down :—

Hearts—Ace, 7.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 6, 5, 3.
Clubs—King, queen.
Spades—King, queen, 6, 5.

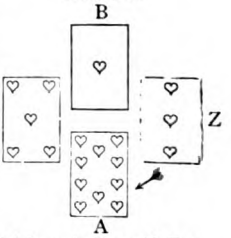
A very good hand, but not good enough to win the game, unless something quite out of the common happened. I saw at once that my only possible chance of doing any good was to induce the opponents to persevere with the heart suit, so I began to play false cards from the very first with the object of trying to mislead them.

TRICK 1.



Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.

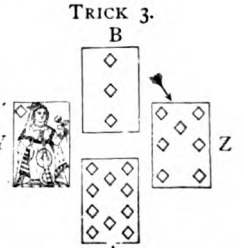


Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 1.

"The lead of the two of hearts showed me exactly how they were placed. The leader had the knave and another left, and the third player had no more. The man on my left, the leader, was a very good player, who notices the fall of every card, and I wanted him to think that his partner had all the remaining hearts. My false cards could not possibly lose anything, but they might gain a great deal, and they did. At trick three I led a small diamond from dummy, hoping that the original leader would get in again He did.

"The position now seemed quite clear to the leader. His partner was, from his point of view, marked with the three remaining hearts, including the king; therefore, quite rightly, he led the knave of hearts

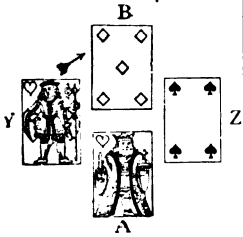
TRICK 3.



Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 2.

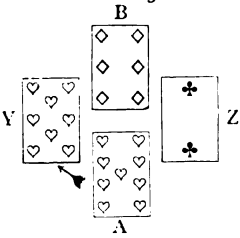
to get out of his partner's way. His face, when his partner played void in hearts and I produced the king, was a study. The next three tricks were :—

TRICK 4.



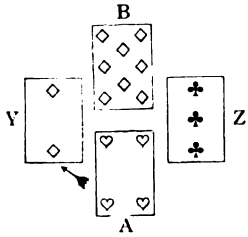
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



Tricks : A B, 3 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 6.

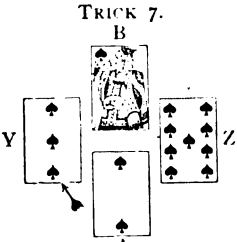


Tricks ; A B, 4 ; Y Z, 2.

"I had an idea from the start that the fact of the leader opening such a weak suit meant that he had an evenly divided hand, and that he had opened his only four-card suit. This idea was growing on me, but I wanted to make sure. I led a small spade from my own hand.

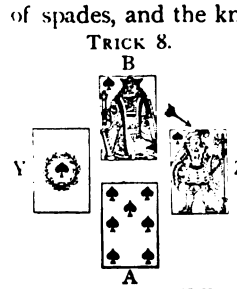
"Now I knew that my idea was right. The leader had the ace of spades, and he had already played the queen of diamonds; therefore, he could not have four in either of those suits, or he would have opened one of them in preference to four hearts to the knave. I could now count his hand. He had two spades, three clubs, and one diamond left. The other opponent, on my right, had played two spades, and therefore had only one left, and that one must be the knave, as he had played the nine to the last trick. I led dummy's king of spades, and the knave fell to it.

TRICK 7.



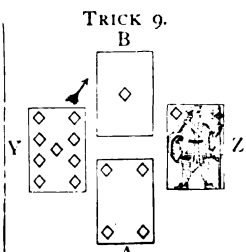
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 8.



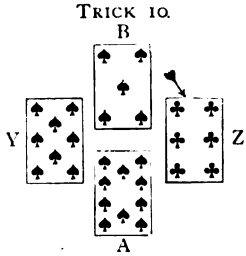
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 9.



Tricks : A B, 6 ; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 10.



Tricks : A B, 7 ; Y Z, 3.

"The game now depended upon which hand the ace of clubs was in. It was on my left, and I made one club and the last spade and won the game. I have given every card exactly as it was played, and I think you will allow that it was a magnificent result."

"It was indeed," said Lady Chieveley. "How I should have loved to have played it like that! But I should never have dared to hold up that king of hearts. Why, it never would have made at all if the other side had not gone on with the suit."

"It was the only possible chance," said Reggie. "Rather a desperate chance, perhaps, but one well worth taking. If it came off, I won four tricks in the heart suit. If I won the first trick with the king, I could only hope to win two tricks in the suit, as I had no possible card of re-entry in my own hand. There you have the same principle again—thinking out the position, and forming a definite plan of campaign, before playing to the first trick. The original leader's hand was a very strong one :—

Hearts—Knave, 3, 5, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 9, 2.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 7.
Spades—Ace, 3, 3.

From his point of view there seemed to be no possibility of losing the game, and every likelihood of winning it."

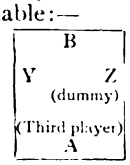
"But your opponents must have played very badly," said Mrs. Holroyd, "to allow you to win it."

"No, I do not think that that they did,' said Reggie. "I venture to say that you yourself, Mrs. Holroyd, or any other really good player, would have done as they did. I can only tell you that they were both first-class players, and that they played every card exactly as I have shown.

"Now, by way of a change, shall we consider how to defend a hand? Hitherto we have only dealt with the play of the dealer. The play of the two hands is undeniably the most attractive side of bridge, but it is not necessarily the most important, and it is certainly not the most difficult. There are any number of players who can engineer the two hands to the greatest advantage, but there are comparatively few who can defend a hand really well.

"Let us take a 'No trump' hand first. In defending a 'No trump' hand a great deal

depends upon the third player. The leader has to open the game blindly, and he invariably leads from his numerically longest suit. The third player has the advantage of seeing the dummy, and his play to the first trick is sometimes very important. The Eleven rule is an enormous help to him—it would almost seem as though it had been invented for his special salvation. Here is an instance of it. The dealer declares 'No trumps.' We will expose the dummy's hand and the third player's on the table:—



Hearts—Queen, 7, 2.
Diamonds—9, 5.
Clubs—Knave, 7, 3.
Spades—King, queen, 8, 6, 2.

Hearts—10, 6, 5.
Diamonds—Knave, 8, 4, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 2.
Spades—Ace, 7, 3.

"The leader opens with the *six of clubs*. The *seven of clubs* is played from dummy. What does the third player do? He applies the Eleven rule at once. He subtracts the value of the card led from eleven, and he finds that there are five cards only higher than the six, against his partner. Of these five he can see four, two in his own hand and two in the dummy. Therefore, he knows that the dealer has only one club higher than the six. What can that one card be? Surely it must be either the ace or king, as the dealer has declared 'No trumps.' The old whist adage that 'Third hand plays high' does not apply here at all. If the third player puts on his queen it is won by the ace or king, and the knave in dummy blocks the suit. The third player should run any reasonable risk—in this case a very small one—in order to establish his partner's suit. He must finesse the eight and trust to his reading of the situation being correct. If it is correct, his partner's suit is then and there established with the loss of only one trick."

"But it is quite possible that his partner may have led from ace and king," said Miss Atherley. "How silly he would look if the dealer won with the nine or ten!"

"It is certainly possible," replied the Professor; "but is it probable? Bridge is a game of probabilities, not possibilities. The dealer has made the 'No trump.' He has obviously got nothing in spades, and would he have declared 'No trumps' with the entire command of both black suits against him? Surely not. He must have either ace or king of clubs to justify the call.

"It is a great mistake to be frightened and to think that the game is necessarily lost because your opponents declare 'No trumps.' Some players make very light 'No trump' calls, especially since the advent of auction bridge. They get so used to calling 'One no trump' on very little at auction bridge that they lose sight of the difference between the two games."

"I wish you would give us a lesson in auction bridge," said Mrs. Heygate. "I do so want to know more about it."

"I will, with pleasure," said Reggie, "if everybody wishes it. What do you say, ladies? Shall our next lesson be on auction bridge?"

"I should like it, for one," said Lady Chieveley.

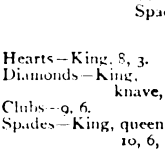
"And so should I," said three or four others.

"So shall it be, then," said Reggie. "Now let us return to defending a hand at ordinary bridge. The dealer will try to deceive his opponents as much as possible, as you saw in the hand which we began with to-day Still, he cannot avoid giving away a good deal of useful information to an observant adversary—not so much by what he does as by what he does not do. For instance, when he passes the declaration he tells you, in plain language, that he has not got three aces—if he had he would have declared 'No trumps.' That is the most simple of all inferences; but yet it is one which is often missed.

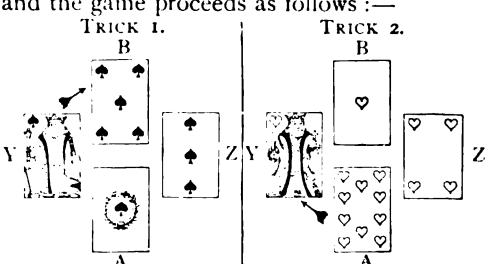
"Here is a hand to illustrate the point. The dealer leaves it to his partner, who declares hearts. The score is love-all, so the opponents only require four tricks to save the game. We turn up the dummy's hand and the leader's:—

Hearts—Ace, knave, 7, 6, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 8, 6.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 4.
Spades—7, 5.

Hearts—King, 8, 3.
Diamonds—King, knave, 4.
Clubs—9, 6.
Spades—King, queen, 10, 6, 2.



"The leader opens with the *king of spades* and the game proceeds as follows:—



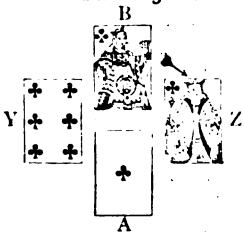
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0. | Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

"Why should you put on the king of

trumps second in hand?" asked Lady Chieveley. "I should never do that."

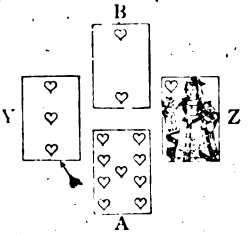
"It is the only chance of making two tricks in the suit. Your partner has obviously got the queen. If you play a small one the dealer will finesse, and your partner's queen will win the trick. When the dealer gets the lead back into his own hand he will lead trumps through you again, and finesse again, and dummy's ace and knave are both good. The only possible chance of winning more than one trick in the suit is that your partner has the nine as well as the queen, and, in order to make that nine good, you must put on your king. In this instance he has not got the nine, but the principle is none the less sound. This particular combination is a very common one at bridge. Holding king or queen, with one or two others—not with three others — the high card ought always to be put on, second in hand, in such a case, but the players who will do it are few and far between. They object to condemn their king or queen to certain death, even in such a good cause. Now we go on with the hand.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 0.

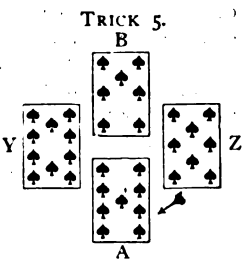
TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 1.

"Now, how do you propose to save the game? You want two more tricks. Your *king of diamonds* must make, if you sit tight with it, but that is not enough. From the way in which the dealer has played the hand it looks as though he has a long suit of clubs in his own hand and may discard some of dummy's diamonds on them. But has he not told you anything? He has already played the ace of spades and the ace of clubs, therefore he cannot hold a third ace, and the *ace of diamonds* is, or ought to be, marked in your partner's hand as plainly as if you had seen it there. You should lead the *king of diamonds*, and then the knave through the queen. Not only is the game safe, but, if your partner holds the ten of diamonds as well, you will only lose two by cards. A player who had not drawn any deduction from the fact of the dealer playing two aces would probably force the strong hand with the *queen of spades*. Then there would be disaster. The dealer would draw the remaining trumps, make three club tricks in his own hand, discarding two of dummy's diamonds, and would win four by cards, and the game. As we play it, he would only win two by cards. There you see the difference between intelligent and unintelligent bridge. It is really only a question of intelligence. There is no conjuring about it, as some people seem to think. The finest bridge-player in the world cannot win without good cards, any more than the Israelites of old could make bricks without straw.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

"That concludes our present lesson. The next one, as you all seem to wish it, shall be devoted to auction bridge."

"I am afraid that our next lesson must be the last," said Lady Claverton. "We are leaving for Scotland on Friday. When shall it be? Wednesday?"

Wednesday was agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOURTH LESSON.

THE bridge class duly assembled on the Wednesday, as arranged, and the Professor took up his parable for the last time.

"Auction bridge is rather a large subject to deal with in one lesson. I shall not have time to go much into detail. All that I can do will be to give you a general outline of the principles of declaring and of the methods which have been proved to be the most successful.

"Let us begin with the declaration by the dealer. There is a good deal of fashion about this. In the early days of auction bridge it was almost the universal custom for the dealer to open the bidding with a declaration of 'One spade,' whatever the value of his hand might be. This system was soon proved to be a bad one, and then many players rushed into the other extreme of making a more valuable declaration as dealer, sometimes on quite inadequate strength. As in most other things, the middle course is the best—sometimes to declare up to the full value of your hand at once, and at other times to lie low and to wait for your opponents to show their strength. It is a great mistake to always declare on the same lines. The player whose

'One spade' call always means weakness and whose 'One no trump' always means strength is the easiest of opponents to defeat at auction bridge. Above all, you should never make a declaration for the sake of saying something. That is the most fatal of all mistakes at auction bridge, but it is not an uncommon one. 'I had to say something,' says the irresponsible player, when he has made some ridiculous call which has been loyally supported by his partner and has led to serious trouble. Why was he obliged to say anything? He could always pass, or declare 'One spade' if he was dealer, but some players are never content to do this. They will declare hearts on five to a knave, or something of that kind, and then say that they had to show their partner something. Show your partner your strength by all means, if you have got any real strength, but don't attempt to show him what you have not got.

"It cannot be too often repeated that auction bridge is a game of aces and kings, *not of numerical strength.* What your partner wants to know is that you can command a suit—that you have got one or two high cards at the head of it. This information may be of great use to him, but it will not help him a bit to know that you have five or six small cards of one suit. The best of all declarations for the dealer is 'One no trump,' if he has any sort of pretension to make it. The 'One no trump' call is the real keynote of auction bridge. The whole game turns on it. It has so many and such great advantages. It forces the opponents to declare two tricks in either red suit in which they may be strong; it shuts out black suit calls altogether; and, which is most important of all, it prevents the opponents declaring it. The 'No trump' call is the one object which the good player is always working for. If he cannot declare it himself, he tries to give his partner such information as will induce him to declare it, as by calling 'Two spades,' or 'Two clubs,' or 'One heart,' on ace, king, and two small ones. The significance of the 'No trump' call at auction bridge and at ordinary bridge is entirely different. At ordinary bridge it means a hand of a certain pronounced strength, capable of winning at least four or five tricks on its own merits. At auction bridge it means nothing of the kind. Any fairly well-defended hand—say with one ace and two kings—is quite a sound 'No trump' call by the dealer. At ordinary bridge the possible gain and the possible loss on a 'No trump' call are the same. At auction bridge the two are out of all comparison. The gain is the greatest possible, and the loss is exactly the same as on a spade declaration.

"The call of 'Two spades' is an extremely valuable one for the dealer. It means either very great strength in the spade suit, or protection in the spade suit, and considerable assistance outside it. This call is a direct invitation to the dealer's partner to declare 'No trumps,' and it will always be taken as such, therefore it must not be made without just cause. Ace, king, knave, to six spades; or ace, king, to five spades, and the king of another suit are both sound 'Two spade' calls. On the other hand, a long suit of spades without the ace or king at the head of them is not a 'Two spade' call, however many there may be of them. Here is the same principle again. It is the aces and kings that matter, not mere numerical strength. 'Two clubs' should only be called by the dealer when he has the entire command of the suit, such as ace, king, queen, to six. 'One club' is sufficient to indicate moderate strength in the suit, whereas 'One spade' indicates nothing.

"A favourite call as dealer with some players is 'One heart,' or 'One diamond,' on such strength as five to the king, or five to the queen, with little or nothing else in their hand; but I am more and more convinced, every time that I play, that this is a bad call. It rarely does any good, but constantly leads to trouble. The danger does not lie so much in the original call as in your partner supporting you. Say that the opponents overcall you with 'One no trump,' your partner, with queen and two other hearts and one other ace, will call 'Two hearts,' and what chance will you have of winning eight tricks on that hand? You will win five at the most, which means a loss of one hundred and fifty points, or three hundred if you are doubled. Also there is another consideration. It is quite possible, in fact it frequently happens, that one of your opponents will declare hearts if you keep quiet. Then the advantage is all on your side. Your partner may put them up to 'Two hearts' by calling 'One no trump,' or 'Two diamonds,' and they will have a poor chance of fulfilling their contract. If you take my advice, you will never declare a red suit as dealer unless you are fully prepared to call two tricks in it, without any assistance from your partner. I am quite certain that doing so is not a paying game."

"I don't quite follow that argument," said Mrs. Heygate. "You told us earlier that the dealer should declare 'One heart' on ace,

king, and two small ones. Do you consider ace, king, three, two, a stronger hand than, say, king, ten, eight, six, four ♦?"

"Certainly I do," said Reggie, "for purposes of declaring at auction bridge, for giving information to one's partner. If you declare 'One heart' on ace, king, three, two, and your partner calls 'One no trump,' you have two certain tricks, two certain cards of entry, whereas with the other hand you may not have a card of entry at all. It is certain tricks that you want to tell him about, not problematical tricks after two or three rounds of the suit. Here again comes in the peculiar principle of auction bridge, the great advantage of aces and kings over numerical strength.

"So much for the opening call by the dealer. We will now consider the general bidding for the declaration. In this bidding you should have three definite objects in view. The first, and the most important, is to win the game yourself; the second is to save the game; and the last, but by no means the least, is to get your opponents under their contract.

"A peculiar feature of auction bridge is that intermediate scores, by which I mean any scores short of winning the game, are of very little value. Even if you arrive at the score of twenty-four you are very little better off than you are at love, as you may be quite sure that you will not be left in to make one trick on any call, or, if you are, your opponents must have such deplorably bad hands that you would win the game from love. Whether one side or the other scores sixteen or eighteen points is not worth thinking about. Winning the game, or saving the game, or defeating your opponents, are the only considerations that matter. If you can see a probability, or even a fair possibility, of winning the game, go for it by all means. If you can see no chance of winning it, then turn all your attention to trying to defeat your opponents. It is much better to leave them to struggle for a doubtful contract than to struggle for one yourself.

"'But they would have got their contract, if I had left them in,' says the injudicious caller, when he and his unfortunate partner have been mulcted in a heavy penalty.

"'All right,' I say, 'let them get it. The game was safe, so what did it matter?'

"That is quite a good and sufficient answer. Also, you must always remember that they are by no means certain to get their contract, and, if they fail, you score fifty or one hundred points above the line. That is much better than risking a loss of fifty or one hundred points yourself.

"Let us take a case in point. The score is love-all. Your hand is:—

Hearts—Ace, king, 10, 5, 3.
Diamonds—10, 7.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 9.
Spades—10, 7, 3.

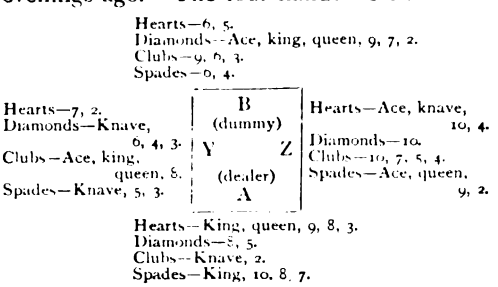
"You call 'One heart.' Your opponents call 'Two diamonds.' You call 'Two hearts.' They go 'Three diamonds. Now you have to ask yourself two questions: 'Am I likely to win the game if I call "Three hearts"?' 'Are they likely to win the game on their "Three diamonds" call?' The answer to both questions must be a negative one. If your partner has not backed you up, he cannot have much strength in hearts; and if he has enough in the black suits to give you a chance of winning the game, you must infallibly defeat the 'Three diamonds' call. The position really admits of no argument, and yet there are many players who would call 'Three hearts' on this hand. Why, and with what object in view, I cannot imagine. The game is in no danger, therefore let your opponents struggle for their contract in preference to entering into a doubtful one yourself. On such a hand, whichever side declares to win nine tricks out of the thirteen will probably lose fifty or one hundred points above the line, and that entails a difference of one hundred or two hundred points at the ultimate adding up of the score. A very serious consideration, and one which, in a number of rubbers, will make all the difference between winning and losing."

"If you think that they will not get their contract you ought to double," said Mrs. Holroyd, "and score two hundred points above the line instead of one hundred."

"It would be a dangerous hand to double on," was the answer. "Doubling is a powerful factor at auction bridge, but it must be exercised with judgment, and with due caution. There is a vast difference between an ordinary double, such as this, and a 'free' double. A 'free' double is when your opponents have made a declaration which will win the game if they succeed—say, 'Two hearts' at the score of sixteen, or 'Three no trumps' at any score. In that case it is quite right to double on a sporting chance of defeating the call. Even if they get their contract, the extra points which you lose by your double are not material. When it is not a free double, as in the hand which I have quoted, the case is quite different On that hand they might get their 'Three diamonds,' and then your injudicious double will have given them the game,

which would be a very material and unfortunate result.

"There is yet another aspect of doubling. Good players sometimes use it as a bluff to drive their opponents out of a call which does not suit them into one which suits them better. I saw a pretty instance of this in a game which I was playing in myself a few evenings ago. The four hands were :—



"The dealer was eighteen up, and he called 'One heart.' The second player passed and the dealer's partner called 'Two diamonds.' The fourth player promptly doubled the 'Two diamonds'—not that he had any possible chance of defeating the call, but simply as a bluff, to induce the dealer to call 'Two hearts,' which he had a good chance of defeating. It came off to perfection. The dealer called 'Two hearts' to get his partner out of the double, everybody passed, and the game was played at 'Two hearts,' with the result that the dealer lost a hundred points above the line."

"But, again, why did he not double 'Two hearts'?" asked Mrs. Holroyd. "You cannot say that this was not a free double."

"Because he did not want the dealer's partner to call 'Three diamonds,' said the Professor. "The first double was a clever one, but a second would have been very bad, and would have given away the situation. Having achieved his object, he wisely sat tight and said nothing."

"May one ask which of the four players you were?" said Lady Chieveley.

"That is rather an awkward question," said Reggie, laughing. "I am afraid I must confess that I was the dealer, and that I fell head over heels into the trap My only excuse is that I was not very sure of my partner, and that I rather distrusted his declarations. Knowledge of a partner's methods is an important element in auction bridge, and one's declarations should be influenced a great deal by that knowledge. In this particular case it was unfortunate, but that proves nothing.

"That ends the lesson, ladies, and I am afraid it is also the end of this series. Possibly, in the winter, if you are so minded, we might be able to arrange another course. It has been a great pleasure to me to give these lessons, and, if you have learnt anything from my poor attempts at explanation, I shall feel that my labour has not been in vain."

The ladies crowded round him, and one and all thanked him most warmly for what he had done for them.

"I am sorry it is over," said Lady Claverton. "I quite enjoyed it, and I am sure that I have learnt a great deal. I shall not be half so frightened at having to play bridge as I was before. Thank you very much, Mr. Holford. We shall expect you to lunch to-morrow, to say good-bye to us before we leave London."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEQUEL.

By this time Myra's reserve with "the Professor," as she now called him, had entirely disappeared. Her first overwhelming fear that he would recognize her had quite worn off, and she had allowed herself to appear in her own true colours. The two young people had seen a great deal of one another during the last few weeks. Hardly a day passed without Reggie calling at the house in Berkeley Square under some pretext or other, either to take her out walking or driving, or to a show of some kind. He had become a sort of standing dish, and Lady Claverton had given him quite a free hand. Not that she did not realize what was going on—trust her for that—but she had made a few discreet inquiries about the young man's antecedents, and, hearing nothing to his discredit, she saw no reason to interfere. Not a word had been said as yet, but it might have been obvious to the most casual of observers that a crisis was imminent.

Such was the state of affairs when our friend arrived to lunch on the day after the last lesson. Both ladies noticed at once that something was wrong. He was dull and distrait, and by no means his usual bright and cheery self He had evidently got something weighty on either his mind or his conscience. As soon as luncheon was over he got up and said :—

"Lady Claverton, I should like to have a little private talk with you, if you could spare me ten minutes."

"I suppose that means that I must make myself scarce?" said Myra, trying to look unconscious, but failing signally.

"Come up to my boudoir," said Lady Claverton. "We sha'n't be disturbed there."

Reggie followed her upstairs, and closed the door carefully behind him. Then he began to pace up and down the room, looking the picture of misery.

"Has Myra refused you?" asked Lady Claverton, looking hard at him.

"I haven't given her the chance. Not that I think—I mean—I have not asked her. How can a poor wretch like me, with hardly enough to keep himself, let alone a wife, ask any girl to marry him? I needn't tell you that I am frantically in love with Myra—you know that already. My dearest wish in life is to ask her to marry me, but how can I do it? If only she had something — enough to keep herself — we might have rubbed along until I could earn something. As she has nothing, it is quite hopeless."

"Did she tell you herself that she had nothing?" asked Lady Claverton.

"No; but you did."

"I did? Are you dreaming? I never told you anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did. The night that I first met you—dining at Ada Lambert's—you told me that she was dependent upon you for charity."

Lady Claverton leant back on the sofa and burst out laughing. Reggie looked—and felt—like shaking her.

"Good gracious!" she said, as soon as she recovered herself. "What a muddle! I remember every word of our talk that night. I told you that I thought it would be a charity to have Myra over here, because she had been having such a poor time in America. That is not saying that she is dependent on charity. The word 'charity' seems to have stuck in your throat. My good man, have you no eyes in your head at all? Have you ever noticed Myra's frocks? Who do you suppose pays for them?"

"I thought probably you did," said Reggie, sulkily. "I know she is always nicely dressed."

"How like a man! Nicely dressed, indeed! You see a girl wearing expensive dresses, and plenty of them, to say nothing of hats and boots and other things, and you imagine that these are paid for by her friends' charity, or by Heaven or some other unseen power. No; don't glare at me like that, and don't stalk up and down like a tragedy queen. Come and sit down here by me and talk rationally, if you can. There, that's better. Now, Reggie," putting her hand on his arm, "be a good boy and listen to me. I am very fond of Myra, and I also like you very much indeed, and I am going to act the fairy godmother to you both. Would it surprise you to hear that your beloved Myra is an heiress in a small way? She is not a millionaire, but her father left her pretty well off, and she can't have spent it all on frocks in two years."

Reggie jumped out of his seat as if he had been shot. "Do you mean it? Is that really true?"

"Certainly it is true. I am not in the habit of inventing things. No, don't run away. I have not done yet. Sit down again. I have something else to tell you. This may be rather a shock to you, but you ought to know it. You remember the story that you told me about that eccentric old man and his son whom you met at Boston Well, that boy and Myra are one and the same person. Sit still, and let me explain She was absolutely devoted to her father. He was, as you know, a helpless cripple, so she took the only means——"

He could be held no longer. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, "that explains everything! I knew—excuse me"—and he fairly bolted from the room.

Lady Claverton gave him a liberal half-hour, and then went down to the library. She opened the door with a good deal of unnecessary noise and went in. There she found them. They jumped up — apparently out of the same chair—and stood side by side, facing her. She had no need to ask any questions; one glance told her everything.

"Well, my children," she said, "let me be the first to offer my congratulations"

"You darling!" said Myra, running up and kissing her.

To Lady Claverton's intense surprise, Reggie followed suit.

"Well, of all the impertinence!' she said "Myra, you will have to keep him in better order than that when you are married"

"I can spare you that one, dear," said Myra, sweetly.

The following announcement appeared a few days later in the columns of the *Morning Post*:—

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Reginald Fairlegh, second son of the late Colonel Leslie Holford, 16th Lancers, and Myra, only daughter of the late Cyrus P. Brooking, of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

An African Gyroscope.

By G. N. COLLINS.

From Photographs by the Author.

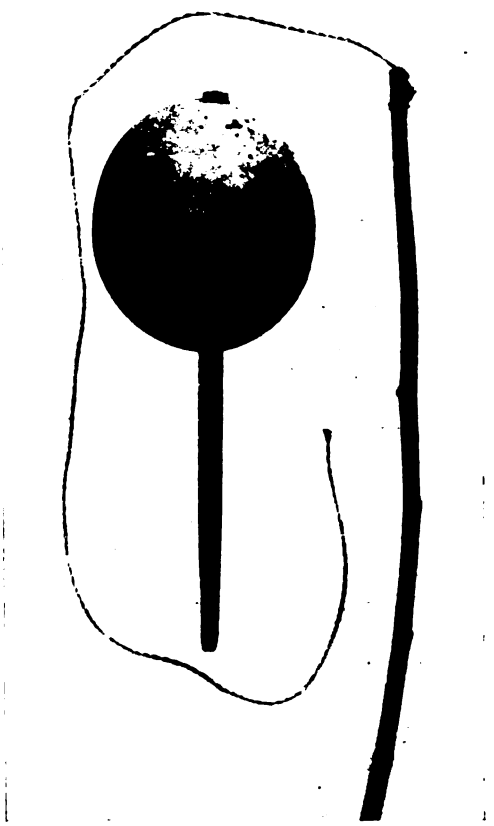
THAT primitive man often excels his more civilized brethren in feats of skill is well exemplified by the remarkable dexterity shown by the Golah top-spinners of Liberia. Certain individuals of this primitive tribe of West African negroes are able to manipulate a top-like toy which they keep spinning any length of time in mid-air by merely striking it with a small whip.

The great popularity of toys based on the principle of the gyroscope, and the recent commercial applications of this principle in the Brennan monorail and as a means of steadying steamships, add interest to this primitive gyroscopic toy.

For the botanical identification of the fruit from which these tops are made the writer is indebted to Mr. W. T. Swingle, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who points out that these hard-shelled, spherical fruits belong to the genus Balsamocitrus, a very near relative of the ball fruits of India, and a more distant relative of the common orange.

These fruits may well be described as hard-shelled oranges, and their appearance may be seen in the accompanying photographs. They are from three to five inches in diameter. The shell is very hard and from a quarter to half an inch in thickness.

The top is formed of one of the fruits from which the interior has been removed, together with a round stick about half an inch in diameter and eight inches in length. The stick passes through the centre of the fruit, projecting only on one side. A hole is also cut in the side of the fruit, so that the top produces a musical sound when spinning rapidly.



A Liberian gyroscopic top, consisting of the fruit of a hard-shelled orange—It is made to spin rapidly in mid-air by means of the whip.

The whip by means of which the top is kept in the air consists of a stalk about one foot in length to which a string about eighteen inches long, made from the fibre of the wine palm, is tied as a lash.

The method of starting the top is shown in the next picture. The lash of the whip is wound around the body of the top, making a little more than one turn. The top is then placed on the ground with the stem to one side. The whip is given a quick upward motion, throwing the top into the air, at the same time imparting to it a spinning motion. As the top drops within reach, but before it touches the ground, it is struck with the whip in such a manner that the lash winds around the stem close to the head. The stroke is immediately followed by another upward motion, which again throws the top up and makes it revolve still faster.

This operation is repeated rapidly, the top going faster and faster with each stroke. The last illustration shows the top in the air.

The performance may be likened to the operation of the "diabolo," but the skill required is immensely greater. The "diabolo" is thrown up from the middle, and the ends on either side of the string, being of equal weight, balance each other; while in the Liberian toy the weight is practically all on one side of the place struck by the whip.

Skilled performers have no difficulty in keeping the top in the air for any length of time desired. The performance is varied by catching the top on the stock of the whip and slowly tilting it until the end of the stick rests on the ground, where it spins for some time like an ordinary top. From this position, while still spinning, the top can again be thrown into the air by the whip and the whole operation repeated.

Reiterated and patient efforts on my part

The method of starting the top—The whip-lash is wound round the middle, and a sudden upward motion throws the top spinning into the air.

When first seen it seems incredible that the top can be thrown up by the stem, which is on one side, without twisting the top into another position. There can be no doubt that the same principle is involved as when a gyroscope is maintained in a horizontal position, although supported by only one end of the axis.

to acquire the knack of spinning this top were futile. I was never able to keep it in the air for more than two or three strokes of the whip, and was never able to make it revolve fast enough to produce a sound.

As soon as the top is fairly started it begins to emit a musical note, low at first, but gradually increasing in volume as the top

revolves more rapidly, until the speed is so great that the sound ceases, recurring as soon as the top slows down.

The sound produced by this top is believed by the Golahs to be distasteful to the ground hogs, which often do considerable damage to cultivated fields. This means of driving away pests is considered so effective that men able to perform with this top are in great demand, and are often called a distance of two or three days' travel to rid fields of these pests.

A native Golah man keeping the top spinning in the air by repeated strokes of the whip.

Although this top is well known throughout Liberia, the skill necessary to operate it is possessed by very few members of the tribe. Bwingba, the Golah man who is shown operating this top in the illustration, was the only native I met who possessed the necessary skill. That this man had more than ordinary ability was shown in other ways. His house was the best in the town, he could swim faster and dive farther than anyone else, and he was always chosen for the dangerous work of taking the big canoes from the upper reaches of the St. Paul River through the rapids to the lower river. This skill in aquatics was supposed to be explained by his having a hippopotamus for a totem.

The almost complete lack of originality in the natives of West Africa and the superstition regarding the use of this toy would indicate that the practice had been handed down from ancient times. While the gyroscope has long been known, it seems not improbable that this Liberian toy may represent one of its oldest applications.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.
Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO HOUSES.

IT was Caroline's birthday, and she had had some very pleasant presents. There was a blotting-book of blue leather (at least, it looked like leather), with pink and purple roses painted on it, from her younger sister Charlotte; and a paint-box—from her brother Charles—as good as new.

Besides the paint-box and the blotting-book, a tin-lined case had come from India, with a set of carved chess-men from father; and from mother some red and blue scarves, and, most glorious of imaginable gifts, a leopard-skin.

"They will brighten the play-room a little," said mother in her letter. And they did.

Aunt Emmeline had given a copy of "Sesame and Lilies," which is supposed to be good for girls, though a little difficult when you are only twelve; and Uncle Percival had presented a grey leather pocket-book and an olive-wood paper-knife with "Sorrento" on the handle. The cook and housemaid had given needle-book and pin-cushion; and Miss Peckitt, the little dress-maker who came to the house to make the girls' dresses, brought a small, thin book bound in red, with little hard raised spots like pin-heads all over it, and hoped Miss Caroline would be kind enough to accept it.

"The book," said Miss Peckitt, "was mine when a child, and my dear mother also, as a young girl, was partial to it. Please accept it, miss, with my humble best wishes."

"Thanks most awfully," said Caroline, embracing her.

"Thank you," said Miss Peckitt, straightening her collar after the sudden kiss. "Quite welcome, though unexpected, I *had* a bit of southern-wood given to me this morning, which, you will find in the book, means a surprise."

And it did, for the book was "The Language of Flowers." And really that book was the beginning of this story, or, at least, if it wasn't that book, it was the other book. But that comes later.

The last present was a very large bunch of marigolds and a halfpenny birthday-card with a gold anchor and pink clasped hands on it from the boy who did the boots and knives.

"We'll decorate our room," said Charlotte, "in honour of your birthday, Caro. We've got lots of coloured things, and I'll borrow cook's Sunday scarf. It's pink and purple shot silk—a perfect dream! I'll fly!"

She flew; and on her return they decorated their room

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You will perhaps wonder why they were so anxious to decorate their room with coloured things. It was because the house they lived in had so little colour in it that it was more like a print of a house in a book—all black and white and grey, you know—than like a house for real people to live in.

The Stanmore children lived here because their father and mother were in India and their other relations in New Zealand—all except old Uncle Charles, who was their mother's uncle and who had quarrelled with, or been quarrelled with by, their father and mother in bygone years.

The owners of the house, whose name was Sandal, were relations of some sort—cousins, perhaps. Though they were called Uncle Percival and Aunt Emmeline they were not really those relations.

There was one thing about this so-called aunt and uncle—they were never cross and seldom unjust. Their natures seemed to be pale and calm like the colours of their house; and though the children had meat every day for dinner Mr. and Miss Sandal never had anything but vegetables, and vegetables are said to be calming.

Now India is a highly-coloured country, as you may have noticed in pictures, and the Stanmore children felt faded in that grey house. And that is why they loved colour so much, and made so much fuss about the leopard-skin and the Indian embroideries and the marigold flowers and the little old red book and the wreath of gold forget-me-nots outside it encircling the words "Language of Flowers."

"When Aunt Emmeline sees how beautiful it is she'll want to have the whole house scarved and leoparded, I shouldn't wonder," said Charlotte, hanging the pink scarf over a picture of a blind girl sitting on an orange, which is called "Hope."

"I don't suppose so," said Caroline. "I asked her once what old Uncle Charles's house was like, that mother said was so beautiful, and she said it was far too full of things, and somewhat imperfectly ventilated."

"It's a pity Uncle Charles was quarrelled with, *I* think," said Charlotte. "I shouldn't at all have minded going to stay with him. I expect really he likes nice little girls. I wonder what the row was all about, and why they didn't all kiss and be friends before the sun went down upon—like *we're* told to?"

I cannot tell you what the row was about, for I know no more than you do, or than Charlotte did. And you must have noticed that grown-up people's quarrels are very large and most mysterious. The only thing you can find out for certain about these grown-up quarrels is that they seem to be always about money, or about people having married people that their relations didn't want them to marry.

"CAROLINE RUSHED INTO AUNT EMMELINE."

Then someone walked up to the front door. It was the postman.

Caroline rushed out to see if there were any more birthday-cards for her, and rushed into Aunt Emmeline, who must have been hurt, because afterwards Caroline's head was

quite sore where it had banged against Aunt Emmeline's mother-of-pearl waist-buckle. But Aunt Emmeline only said :—

"Gently, my child, gently," which, as Caroline said later, was worse than being scolded, and made you feel as if you were elephants. And there weren't any birthday-cards for her, either.

All the letters were for Miss Sandal. And just as the leopard-skin had been spread on the floor she came to the door of the children's room with one of the letters in her hand.

"I have a surprise for you," she said, as she sat down. "The surprise is that you are going into the country for your holidays."

There was a silence, broken by Charles, and he only said :—

"We needn't have bothered about decorating the room."

"Oh, is this decoration?" Miss Sandal asked, as though she thought red scarves might get on to picture-frames and leopard-skins on to floors, or marigolds on to mantelpieces, just by accident or untidiness. "I may say that I have known for some time that this was likely to happen—but the letter which has just come makes everything settled. You are to go the day after to-morrow."

"But *where?*" Caroline asked. And Miss Sandal then uttered the memorable and unusual words, "Did you ever hear of your Great-Uncle Charles?"

"The one that was quarrelled with?" said Charles.

"I did not know you knew of that. Yes. The quarrel is now at an end, and he has invited you to spend a month at the Manor House."

There was a deep silence, due to the children's wanting to shout "Hooray!" and feeling that it would not be manners.

"I thought you'd be pleased," said Miss Sandal. "It is considered a very beautiful house, and stands in a park."

"Are you going, Aunt Emmeline?" Caroline asked.

"No, dear. Only you children are invited. You will be quiet and gentle, won't you, and try to remember that your Great-Uncle Charles is a quiet student, and not used to children."

"Oh, that's all right, Aunt Emmie," said Charlotte. "But who'll sew on our buttons and mend our stockings?"

"There is a housekeeper, of course," said Miss Sandal. "I shall pack your things to-morrow; and if you will decide what toys you would like to take with you, I will pack them too."

"Yes," said Caroline, still feeling it polite not to look pleased. "Thank you, Aunt Emmeline. Only won't you be rather dull without us?"

Miss Sandal smiled, which made her long, whitey-brown-paper-coloured face look much prettier.

"Thank you, Caroline. Your Uncle Percival and I are also about to take a holiday. We are going to the Italian Lakes and to Venice. You may be as happy as you like without worrying about us."

And it was then that the three children felt that politeness and sincerity might meet in a heartfelt shout of "Hooray!"

"I shall take the leopard-skin and all my other presents," said Caroline.

"And I shall take the draughts and the spilikins," said Charlotte.

"Mother said there were draughts made of ebony and ivory with lions' heads and mother-of-pearl spilikins in the library when she was a little girl," Caroline reminded her.

"I shall take every single thing I've got, and my cricket set as well," said Charles.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CHARLES.

You can imagine the packing, the running up and down stairs, the difficulty of choosing what to leave behind—for that is, after all, what it comes to when you are going away, much more than the difficulty of choosing what you will take with you. There was a good deal of whispered talk and mystery and consulting of books that morning, and Aunt Emmeline most likely wondered what it was all about. But perhaps she didn't. She was very calm. Anyway, she must have known when, as the cab drew up in front of the door, the three children presented themselves before her with bouquets in their hands.

"They are for you," said all three at once.

"Thank you very, very much," said Aunt Emmeline. "I can't tell you how pleased I am. It is very sweet of you all."

This floral presentation gave a glow and glory to their departure. At the very last moment Caroline leaned out of the window to say :—

"Oh, Aunt Emmeline, when Miss Peckitt comes to finish those muslin frocks that you're going to send us, *would* you try to manage to give her a Canterbury bell from me? She'll know what it means. But in case she doesn't, it's gratitude. In the

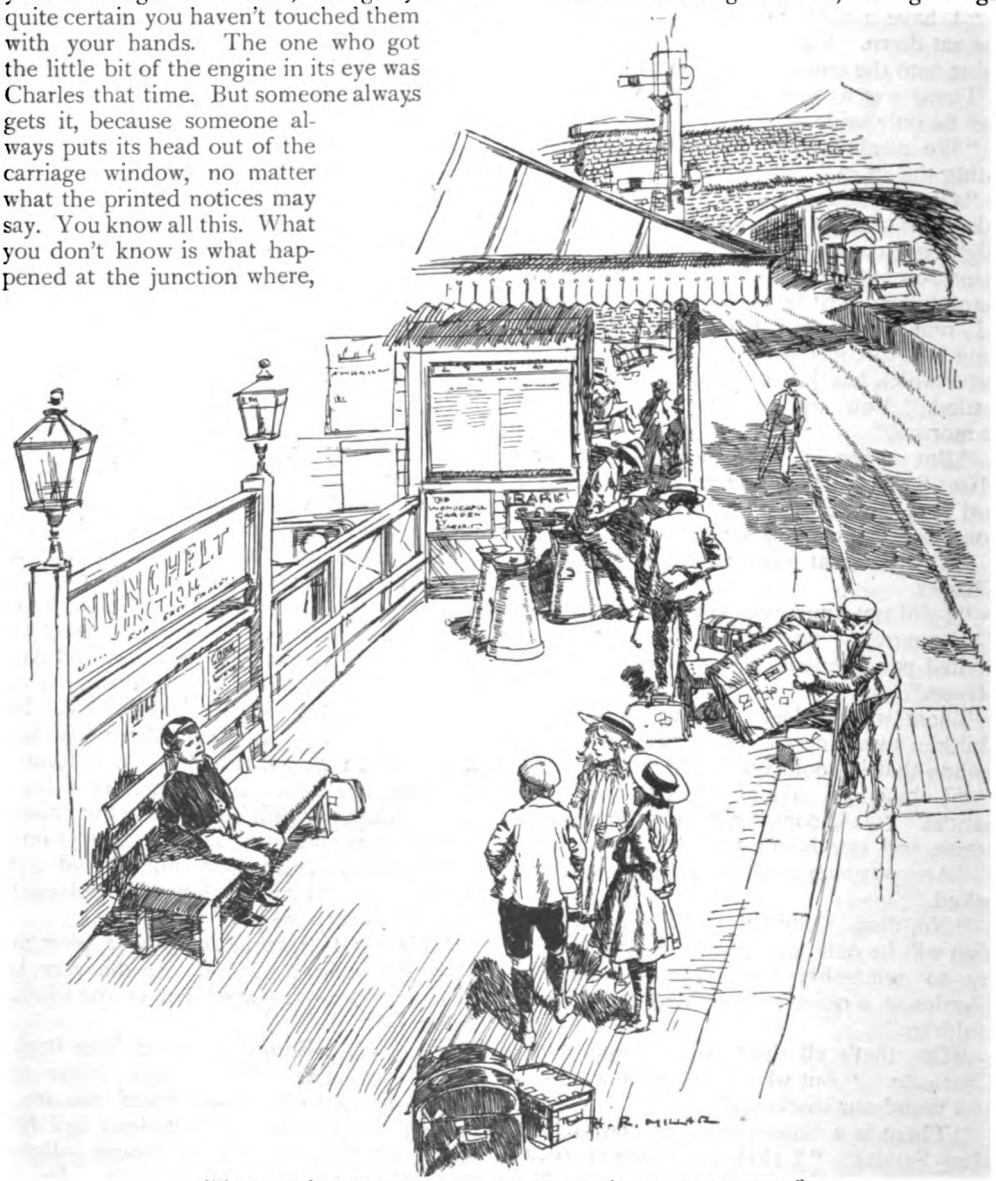
book. And we'll put flowers in our letters expressing our feelings. Good-bye."

Uncle Percival took them to the station and——

But why should I describe a railway journey? You know exactly what it is like. I will only say that it was very dusty, and so sunny that the children wanted the blinds down, only a very tailor-made lady with a cross little grey dog said "No." And you know how black your hands get in the train, and how gritty the cushions are, and how your faces get black too, though you are quite certain you haven't touched them with your hands. The one who got the little bit of the engine in its eye was Charles that time. But someone always gets it, because someone always puts its head out of the carriage window, no matter what the printed notices may say. You know all this. What you don't know is what happened at the junction where, carefully attended by the guard, they changed trains. They had to wait for some time, and when they had looked at the bookstall — which was small and dull, and almost entirely newspapers—they looked at the other people who had to wait too. Most of them were of dull appearance; but there was one tall gentleman who looked, they all agreed, exactly like Mr. Murdstone in "David Copperfield."

"And he's got David with him, too," said Charlotte. "Look!"

The Murdstone gentleman, having bought



"'AND HE'S GOT DAVID WITH HIM, TOO,' SAID CHARLOTTE."

the *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, and a seven-penny reprint of the works of Marcus Aurelius, had gone to a bench on which sat a small, sulky-looking boy. He spoke to the boy, and the boy answered. And the gentleman walked off.

"He's gone to have a bun all by himself," said Charles. "Selfish pig!"

"I say, let's sit down on the bench. You sit next him, Charles. Perhaps he'd talk to us." This was Caroline's idea.

They did; and "he," who was, of course, the sulky little boy, did speak to them. But not till they'd spoken to him. It was Charles who did it.

"Are you going on in this next train?" he said, "because, if you are, we can get into your carriage. We shall be company for you."

"What's the good?" said the little boy, unexpectedly; "it'll only make it worse afterwards."

"What worse?"

"The being alone."

"Well, anyhow," said Caroline, coming round to sit on the other side of him, "you're not alone now. What's up? Who is *he?*"

"He's a schoolmaster. I should have thought you could have seen that."

"We thought he was like Mr. Murdstone."

"He is," said the strange boy, "exactly."

"Oh," said Charlotte, joyously, "then you've read 'David.' I say!"

They were all delighted. There is no bond like the bond of having read the same books. A tide of friendliness swept over the party, and when they found that he had also read "Alice in Wonderland," "Wild Animals I Have Known," and "Hereward the Wake," as well as the stories for children in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, they all felt that they had been friends for years.

"But tell us all about it, quick, before *he* comes back," urged Charles. "Perhaps we could help you—bring you jam tarts and apples with a rope ladder or something. We are yours to the death—you won't forget that, will you? And what's your name? And where do you live? And where are you going? Tell us all about it, quick!" he urged.

Then out it all came. The strange boy's name was Rupert Wix, and he was at a school—not half bad the school was—and old Filon—he was the classical chap—was going to take Rupert and two other chaps to Wales for the holidays—and now the other chaps had got measles, and so had old Filon. And old Mug's brother—his name wasn't really Mug, of course, but Macpherson, and the brother was the Rev. William Macpherson—yes, that was him, the Murdstone chap—he was going to take Rupert to his beastly school in the country.

"And there won't be any other chaps," said Rupert, "because, of course, it's vac—just old Mug's beastly brother and me, for days and weeks and years—until the rest of the school comes back. I wish I was dead!"

"Oh, don't!" said Caroline; "how dreadful! Have some nut-chocolate." A brief struggle with her pocket ended in the appearance of a packet—rather worn at the edges—the parting gift of Aunt Emmeline.

"Is old Mug's brother as great a pig as he looks?" Charles asked, through Rupert's "Thank yous."

"*Much* greater," said Rupert, cordially.

"Then I know what I'd do," said Charlotte. "I'd run away from school, like a hero in a book, and have some adventures, and then go home to my people."

"That's just it," said Rupert. "I haven't got anywhere to run to. My people are abroad. That's why I have to have my hols at a beastly school. I'd rather be a dog in a kennel—much."

"Oh, so would I," said Charlotte. "But then I'd almost rather be a dog than anything. They're such dears. I do hope there'll be dogs where we're going to."

"Where's that?" Rupert asked, more out of politeness than because he wanted to know.

"I'll write it down for you," said Caroline, and did, on a page of the new grey leather pocket-book Uncle Percival had given her. "Here, put it in your pocket, and you write and tell us what happens. Perhaps it won't be so bad. Here he comes—quick!"

She stuffed the paper into Rupert's jacket pocket as the tall, Murdstone-like figure advanced towards them. The three children left Rupert and walked up the platform.

"I'm glad we gave him the chock," said Charles, and the word was hardly out of his mouth before a cold, hard hand touched his shoulder (and his cheek as he turned quickly) and a cold, hard voice said:—

"Little boy, I do not allow those under my charge to accept sweetmeats from strange children, especially dirty ones."

And with that the Murdstone gentleman pushed the chocolate into Charles's hand and went back to his prey.

"Beast! Brute! Beast!" said Charles.

After this it was mere forlorn-hopishness and die-on-the-barricade courage, as Charlotte said later, that made the children get into

the same carriage with Rupert and his captor. They might as well have saved themselves the trouble. The Murdstone gentleman put Rupert in a corner and sat in front of him with a newspaper very widely opened. And at the next station he changed carriages, taking Rupert by the hand as though he had been, as Charles put it, "any old baby-girl."

But as Rupert went out Caroline whispered to him :—

"You get some borage and eat it," and Rupert looked "Why?"

"Borage gives courage, you know," she said, too late, for he was whisked away before he could hear her, and they saw him no more.

They talked about him, though, till the train stopped at East Farleigh, which was their station.

"HE WAS WHISKED AWAY BEFORE HE COULD HEAR HER."

There was a wagonette to meet them and a cart for their luggage, and the coachman said he would have known Caroline anywhere, because she was so like her mother, whom he had taken out riding on her pony when mother was a little girl, and this made everyone feel pleasantly as though they were going home.

It was a jolly drive, across the beautiful bridge and up the hill and through the village and along a mile or more of road, where the green hedges were powdered with dust and tufts of hay hung, caught by the brambles from the tops of passing wagons. These bits of hay made one feel that one really was in the country—not just the bare field-country of the suburb where Aunt Emmeline and Uncle Percival lived, where one could never get away from the sight of red and yellow brick villas.

And then the boy who was driving the cart got down and opened a gate, and they drove through and along a woodland road where ferns and blossoming brambles grew under trees very green and not dusty at all.

From the wood they came to a smooth, green, grassy park dotted with trees, and in the middle of it, standing in a half circle of chestnuts and sycamores, was the house.

It was a white, bow-windowed house, with a balcony at one end, and a porch, with white pillars and two broad steps; and the grass grew right up to the very doorsteps, which is unusual and very pretty. There was not a flower to be seen—only grass. The wagonette, of course, kept to the drive, which ran round to a side door—half glass.

And here Mrs. Wilmington, the housekeeper, received them. She was a pale, thin person—quite kind, but not at all friendly.

"I don't believe she has time to think of anything but being ladylike," said Charlotte. "She ought to wear mittens."

This was while they were washing their hands for tea.

"I suppose if you're a housekeeper you have to be careful people don't think you're a servant," said Caroline. "What drivel it is! I say, isn't this something like?"

She was looking out of the bow window of the big room, spread with a blue rose-patterned carpet, at the green glory of the park, lying in the sun like another and much more beautiful carpet, with a pattern of trees on it.

Then they went down to tea. Such a house—full of beautiful things! But the children hadn't time to look at them then, and I haven't time to tell you about them now.

I will only say that the dining-room was perfect in its Turkey carpet and mahogany comfort, and that it had red curtains.

"Will you please pour the tea, Miss Caroline?" said Mrs. Wilmington, and went away.

"I'm glad we haven't got to have tea with *her*, anyway," said Charles.

And then Uncle Charles came in. He was not at all what they expected. He could not have been what anybody expected. He was more shadowy than you would think anybody could be. He was more like a lightly-printed photograph from an insufficiently-exposed and imperfectly-developed negative than anything else I can think of. He was as thin and pale as Mrs. Wilmington, but there was nothing hard or bony about him. He was soft as a shadow—his voice, his hand, his eyes.

"And what are your names?" he said, when he had shaken hands all round.

Caroline told him, and Charles added:—

"How funny of you not to know, uncle, when we're all named after you!"

"Caroline, Charles, Charlotte," he repeated. "Yes, I suppose you are. I like my tea very weak, please, with plenty of milk and no sugar."

Caroline nervously clattered among the silver and china. She was not used to pouring out real tea for long-estranged uncles.

"I hope you will enjoy yourselves here," said Uncle Charles, taking his cup; "and excuse me if I do not always join you at meals. I am engaged on a work—I mean I am writing a book," he told them.

"What fun!" said everyone but Caroline, who had just burnt herself with the urn; and Charles added:—

"What's it about?"

"Magic," said the uncle; "or, rather, a branch of magic. I thought of calling it 'A Brief Consideration of the Psychological and Physiological Part Played by Suggestion in So-called Magic.'"

"It sounds interesting, at least; I know it would if I knew anything about it," said Caroline, trying to be both truthful and polite.

"It's very long," said Charles. "How would you get all that printed on the book's back?"

"And don't say 'so-called,'" said Charlotte. "It looks as if you didn't believe in magic."

"If people thought I believed in magic they wouldn't read my books," said Uncle Charles. "They'd think I was mad, you know."

"But why?" Charlotte asked. "*We* aren't mad, and we believe in it. Do you know any spells, uncle? We want awfully to try a spell. It's the dream of our life. It is, really."

The ghost of a smile moved the oyster-shell-coloured face of Uncle Charles.

"So you take an interest in magic?" he said. "We shall have at least that in common."

"Of course we do. Everyone does, only they're afraid to say so. Even servants do. They tell fortunes and dreams. Did you ever read about the Amulet, or the Phœnix, or the Words of Power? Bread and butter, please," said Charles.

"You have evidently got up the subject," said Uncle Charles. "Who told you about Words of Power?"

"It's in the Amulet," said Charlotte. "I say, uncle, do tell us some spells."

"Ah!" Uncle Charles sighed. "I am afraid the day of spells has gone by—except, perhaps, for people of your age. *She* could have told you spells enough—if all the stories of her are true."

He pointed to a picture over the mantelpiece, a fair-haired, dark-eyed lady in a ruff.

"She was an ancestress of ours," he said; "she was wonderfully learned."

"What became of her?" Charlotte asked.

"They burned her for a witch. It is sometimes a mistake to know too much," said the uncle.

This contrasted agreeably with remembered remarks of Uncle Percival and Aunt Emmeline, such as "Knowledge is power" and "There is no darkness but ignorance" (which, by the way, never made it easier not to be afraid of the dark).

The children looked at the lady in the white ruff and black velvet dress, and they liked her face.

"What a shame!" they said.

"Yes," said the uncle. "You see she's resting her hand on two books. There's a tradition that those books contain her magic secret. I used to look for the books when I

was young, but I never found them—I never found them." He sighed again.

"*We'll* look, uncle," said Charlotte, eagerly. "We *may* look, mayn't we? Young heads are better than old shoulders, aren't they? At least, that sounds rude, but you know I mean two heads are better than yours—— No, that's not it. Too many cooks spoil the—— No, that's not it either. We wouldn't spoil anything. Many hands make light work. *That's* what I meant."

"Your meaning was plain from the first," said the uncle. "Certainly you may look. But you'll respect the field of your search."

"Uncle," said Caroline, from behind the silver tea-tray, "your house is the most lovely, splendid, glorious, we've ever seen, and——"

"We wouldn't hurt a hair of its head," said Charles.

Again the uncle smiled.

"We'll find those books or perish," said Charlotte, firmly.

"'THEY BURNED HER FOR A WITCH. IT IS SOMETIMES A MISTAKE TO KNOW TOO MUCH,' SAID THE UNCLE."

"We'll look for them, anyway," said Caroline. "Now let's go and pick an ivy leaf and put it in a letter for poor dear Aunt Emmeline. I'll tell you something."

"Well?" said the others.

"This is the sort of house I've always dreamed of when it said luxury—in books, you know."

(*To be continued.*)

Spring Flowers in Winter.

By S. LEONARD BASTIN.

DURING the bright days of summer it is a very easy matter to supply the needs of the home with a wealth of floral loveliness. But all too soon the winter comes upon us, and with the declining powers of the sun our garden borders are quickly destitute of flowers. To an extent the clever arts of the modern gardener have surmounted the difficulty of flower production at this dead season, but these methods are scarcely within the province of ordinary people. Quite by chance a curiously simple means of securing flowers and fresh spring foliage in midwinter has been brought to light, and this, when generally known, can scarcely fail to be largely followed. Anyone with a garden containing flowering trees and shrubs, or who can secure access to the hedgerows of the countryside, need never be at a loss for blossoms during the first months of the year.

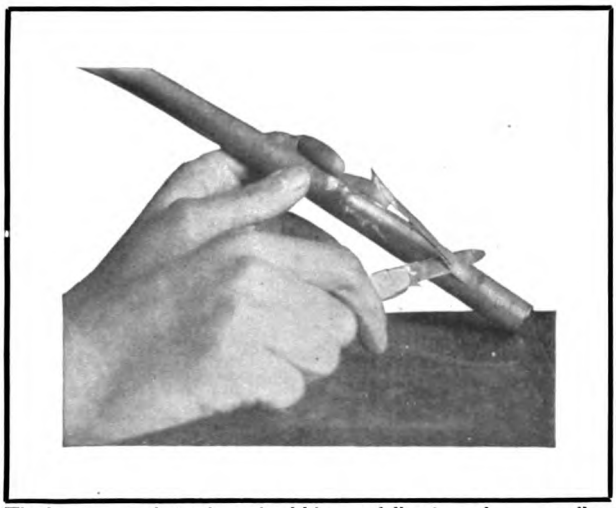
In order to follow the novel method of flower production a small knowledge of the habits of our deciduous trees is desirable. Contrary to the general impression, the preparation for the spring growth is practically complete before the fall of the leaf in the autumn. Thus, if a bud of almost any species be dissected in winter, the foliage and even the flower buds will be found beneath the protecting sheath, on a very small scale it is true, but still in a wonderfully perfect condition. To bring about the expansion of the bud contents, it is only necessary that the upward flow of the sap should commence—a feature which is the direct response of the tree to the call of spring. This sap, as it rises from the roots, is not vastly different from ordinary water save that it contains a few mineral elements, taken from the soil. In a very large number of instances it is possible, even after the removal of the shoot from the tree, to bring about the expansion of the bud contents and forestall the coming of spring.

These two small sprigs show the difference between a shoot well budded with flowers and one with leaf buds only.

The best time to gather the branches for treatment is from about the middle of January onwards. Strangely enough, better results are always obtained if the buds have experienced a nip of frost, and during a severe winter the subsequent growth of the shoot is much more rapid than when the season is mild. A very large number of subjects may be dealt with successfully, and there is room for endless experiment. In the garden ornamental plum and flowering currant are good examples with which to start, whilst from the hedgerows blackthorn and wild cherry will always give satisfaction. Of course, nearly all fruit trees are useful for growth on these lines, but most orchard owners will hesitate to cut away buds which later on will develop into the juicy plum or red-cheeked apple. All along the best results will be secured from those plants which produce their blossoms early in the spring Apart

from flowers a very attractive display of fresh green foliage may be secured from early starting trees, such as sycamore and chestnut.

In picking the shoots for blossoms, it is quite necessary to be able to distinguish between the bud which will produce flowers and those from which only leaves will expand. A few moments in an orchard with anyone who understands fruit culture will soon clear up this point. As a matter of fact, the flower buds are almost always much stouter than the foliage ones, and are, moreover, produced on a short, twiggy growth which is very distinct from the other part of the tree. The difference will be seen at a glance by a reference to an accompanying photograph, showing two small sprigs of blackthorn. As far as possible one should study to secure shapely pieces of tree or bush such as will give a well-balanced effect when placed in a vase. This may seem to be a small matter, but it is one which is really of considerable importance from an artistic standpoint. It is well to gather the branches when they are in a dry condition.



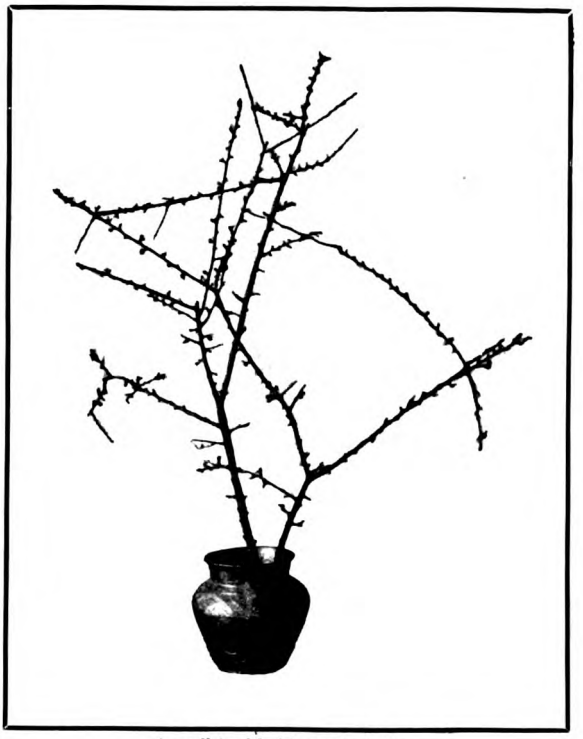
The lower part of the shoot should be carefully trimmed so as to allow the greatest possible absorption of water.

In the case of branches of plum the leaves expand as well as the flowers.

Having secured a sufficient supply of boughs for treatment, with a saw or a sharp knife trim the cut end round neatly so that there are no ragged edges. It is now necessary to ensure that the branch shall be able to draw up the water in which it is to be placed with the greatest freedom. Splitting the bottom of the twig upwards for a few inches is a practice which is followed in the case of certain plants, but this is hardly sufficient in the present instance. The writer has found that the most satisfactory results are obtained by cutting off strips of the bark some few inches in length, paring them away thinly. This should be done in such a manner that in going round the stem there are patches of bark and peeled places alternately. In this way a considerable surface is exposed from which the supply of water may be drawn with the greatest freedom. Do not expose the raw parts to the air for any length of time, but plunge them at once into water. By this means the natural sealing-up process will be prevented.

After preparing the boughs in the manner

indicated, the subsequent development of the growth is considerably hastened if the boughs are put together into jars of water and placed in a dark cupboard for three or four days. During this time, and indeed all along, the water should be frequently changed, and in order to ensure that the liquid is quite sweet it is not a bad plan to place a lump of charcoal in each vessel. Almost any light position will be suitable for the next stages of treatment. Best of all is a south window in a warmed apartment where every available ray of sunshine will fall upon the sleeping buds. In a living-room where there is a coal fire, dust is an enemy, and it is wise to sprinkle the bud clusters every few days with slightly-warmed water through a fine rose. After an interval it will be noticed that the bud scales will have perceptibly loosened, showing that the leaves inside have started to expand. Day by day the buds will grow larger until the green tips of the flower cases peep through the brown covering. During these early stages of growth many people will possibly like to keep the branches in some unused apartment, although it should be remembered that steady warmth is essential if the buds are to expand. A regularly-heated greenhouse is an ideal place in which to put the shoots, and on account of its freedom from dust will be even better than a room. On the other hand, there can be no denying that there is a real pleasure in watching the gradual opening of the buds and the progress which the whole shoot makes each day. In this way one gets a wonderful insight into the mystery of response of the plant to the call of the spring. When in their full beauty the sprays of white flowers, such as would be produced from blackthorn or cherry, form a very decorative feature, and the blossoms produced in this way will last for a very lengthy period. In the case of branches which are grown solely for foliage, the development of leaf will not be quite so perfect as is seen in the case of bloom. Still, the pale green of the leafage cannot fail to supply a welcome touch of brightness during the dull days of winter.



A well-budded branch of sloe.

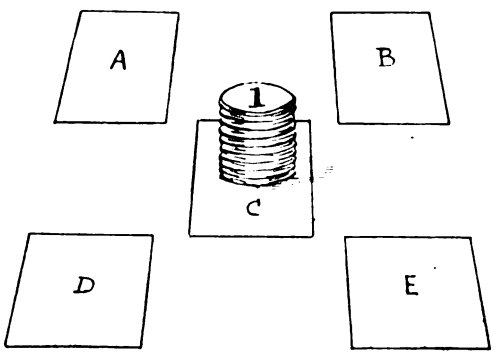
Cherry-blossom out in full bloom in midwinter.

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

27.—THE TEN COUNTERS.

HERE is a rather attractive little puzzle. Put five cards on the table, as shown in the illustration, and then place on the central card, C, ten counters, numbered 1 to 10, in numerical order, 1 being at the top and 10 at the bottom. You are required to remove the complete pile of counters to another card, by moving one counter at a time from



card to card, and never placing any counter on one bearing a smaller number than itself. After a little practice you may soon succeed in doing this. If so, the question arises quite naturally: Have you done it in the quickest way? I will say at once that the fewest moves possible are thirty-one. If you discover the way of transferring the ten counters in thirty-one moves, then try to find out in how few moves twenty counters may be similarly transferred. The investigation soon becomes quite fascinating.

28.—THE TWENTY-ONE TREES.

A GENTLEMAN wished to plant twenty-one trees in his park so that they should form twelve straight rows with five trees in every row. Could you have supplied him with a pretty symmetrical arrangement that would satisfy these conditions? These tree-planting puzzles have always been a matter of great perplexity. They are real "puzzles" in the truest sense of the word, because nobody has yet succeeded in finding a direct and certain way of solving them. They demand the exercise of sagacity, ingenuity, and patience, and perhaps what we call "luck" is also sometimes of service. It is therefore possible that thirteen or more such rows may be formed with the twenty-one trees. I do not believe it probable, but nobody can at present give a proof that it cannot be done. I know that twelve rows may be formed, in more than one way, because I have produced them, but more than that it is impossible to say. Perhaps some day a genius will discover the key to the whole mystery. Remember that the trees must be regarded as mere points, for if we were allowed to make our trees big enough we might easily "fudge" our diagrams and get in a few extra straight rows that were more apparent than real.

29.—THE BANNER PUZZLE.

A LADY had a square piece of bunting with two lions on it, of which the illustration is an exactly reproduced reduction. She wished to cut the stuff into pieces that would fit together and form two square banners with a lion on each banner. She discovered that this could be done in as few as four pieces. How did she manage it? Of course, to

cut the British Lion would be an unpardonable offence, so you must be careful that no cut passes through any portion of either of them. Ladies are informed that no allowance whatever has to be made for "turnings," and no part of the material may be wasted. It is quite a simple little dissection puzzle if rightly attacked. Remember that the banners have to be perfect squares, though they need not be both of the same size.

30.—THE ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

THIS curious little chess puzzle may be conveniently attempted by using the nine squares at the bottom right-hand corner of a chess-board. The puzzle is to move the king to the vacant square in the diagram. Of course, the pieces move exactly as they do in the game of chess, though the pawns are clearly incapable of any movement at all. The only special condition is the very simple one that the king

is never allowed to move to the central square. That is what gives all the trouble. His Majesty has to work round by the side of the board, and he forces the other men to a considerable amount or activity in order that he may be so accommodated. It is a quaint little puzzle, and I am confident that when once you attempt it you will not leave off until you have got to the bottom of the mystery.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

22.—WILSON'S QUEER RELATIONSHIP.

IF there are two men, each of whom marries the mother of the other, and there is a son of each marriage, then each of such sons will be at the same time uncle and nephew of the other. There are other ways in which the relationship may be brought about, but this is the simplest.

23.—THE EIGHT DINERS.

THE number of different ways in which the eight diners may all take hats that do not belong to them is 14,833. The number of ways in the respective cases of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 hats is as follows: 0, 1, 2, 9, 44, 265, 1,854, 14,833. To get these numbers I multiply successively by 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. When the multiplier is even I add 1, and when it is odd I deduct 1. Thus, the chances are 14,833 in 40,320, or 2,119 in 5,760.

24.—MR. PANKHURST'S "PATIENCE."

PLAY the cards as follows:—

D 1 out	S 3 on D 4 (*a*)	D Q on space
S 1 out	D 5 on S 6	S 5 on D 6
H Q on C K	S Q on H K	H 9 on space
S J on H Q	D J, etc. on S Q (*b*)	H 3 on S 4
H 10 on S J	D 9 on C 10	S 10 on H J
S 9 on H 10	C 7 on space	H 9 on S 10
H 8 on S 9	C 4 on D 5	S 2 on H 3
S 7 on H 8	C 1 out	H 1 on S 2 (*f*)
D 6 on S 7	S 8 on D 9	D 4, etc. on S 5 (*g*)
C 6 on H 7	D 8 on C 9	C 8, etc. on H 9 (*h*)
H 5 on C 6	C 7 on D 8 (*c*)	C J, etc. on D Q (*i*)
S 5 on H 5	H 7, etc. on S 8 (*d*)	H K, etc. on space (*j*)
D 7 on C 8	H 2 on S 3	
C 10 on D J	D 3 on C 4	D 2 on space
D 10 on C J	C 2 out	D K on space
C 9 on D 10	C 3 out (*e*)	S K on space (*k*)
S 6 on D 7	H J on space	

(*a*) We now have a vacant space. (*b*) By first playing the C 10 to the vacant space—the "etc." means that we transfer the card together with all the cards above it. (*c*) We now have two spaces. (*d*) The reader will find how the four cards are transferred by using the two spaces. (*e*) We have now three spaces. (*f*) Recovering two spaces. (*g*) Leaving three spaces. (*h*) Leaving four spaces. (*i*) Leaving five spaces. (*j*) Readers should work this out for themselves. Pile first four cards on one space; then the next four on another space; then transfer the first four on to the second four; then remove the next four (with S Q at bottom) to another space and place the H K on one of the remaining spaces. Now, by reversing the process, return all the cards on the H K. (*k*) All piles are now in proper sequence and may be played off automatically. We have thus made this deal come out with as few as five cards in the suit heaps. I have recently made a deal of this patience come out, all piles in sequence, with no card ever put up for suit heap.

25.—MR. WATERSON'S CHESS ENDING.

White.	Black.
1 Q—KB 8 (ch)	1 K moves
2 Q—KB 7 (ch)	2 K—R sq
3 Q—K 8 (ch)	3 K—R 2 (*a*)
4 Q × B	4 P × Q
5 K × R	5 P—K 6
6 K—B 2	6 K—R 3
7 P—B 6	

and White must win. (*a*) If Black play 3 K—Kt 2, White mates in three moves.

26.—EIGHT CHESS PROBLEMS.

QR File ... 1 Q—Q 2 (ch), etc.
QKt ,, ... 1 Q—K 5 (ch), etc.
QB ,, ... 1 B—Kt 3, etc.
Q ,, ... 1 Either Kt—QB 6 or K 6; or Kt (Q 4)—QB 2, QKt 3, K 2, or KB 3; or Q—R 5 (ch), etc.
K ,, ... 1 Q—KR 2 (ch), etc.
KB ,, ...1 R × Kt, etc.
KKt ,, ... 1 B—KR sq, or Q 5, QB 6, QKt 7, or QR 8; or Kt—R 3 (ch), etc.
KR ,, ... 1 Q—R sq (ch), etc.

At the period when this group of problems was composed they had no great objection to plurality of solutions, or to giving check or capturing on the first move. But we have changed all that.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A STRANGE "ANIMAL" IN THE GARDEN.

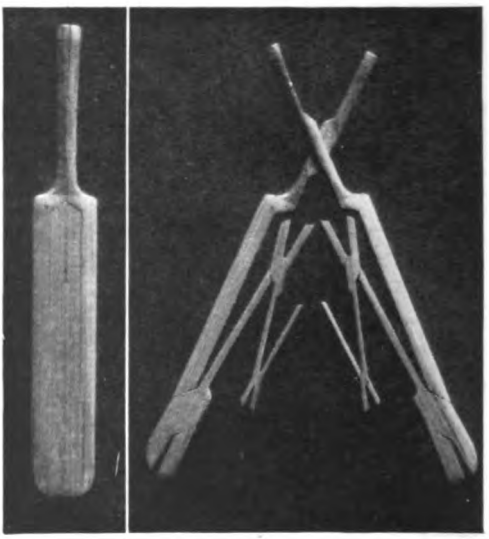
THE apparently weird-looking animal shown in the photograph really belongs to the vegetable world. Technically speaking, it is what the botanist would term a seed. Popularly considered, it would be better known as a cocoa-nut. By means of a brush and some black, white, and red water-colours, a cocoa-nut may easily be converted into one of these vegetable "animals." If it is then placed half-hidden amongst the plants in the garden for the children to discover, it will cause much excitement amongst them.—Mr. John J. Ward, F.E.S., Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

THE VENTRILOPHONE.

OUR village handy man has invented the instrument depicted in the accompanying photograph, and it is decidedly amusing and unique. When the machine is working he stands behind it, and by means of strings and wires makes the figures work. They move their mouths as if talking or singing, turn their heads, and move their arms, just as do the dolls worked by ventriloquists.—Mr. Wilfred J. Wynne, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, East Dereham.

A MARVELLOUS PIECE OF WHITTLING.

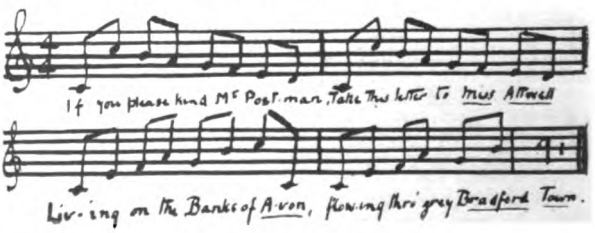
BEING a patient in an infirmary, and consequently having plenty of spare time in my convalescent state, I have been devoting some of it to wood whittling, being induced to do so by an article in a back number of THE STRAND, describing the work of an American whittler. Finding I could do the work he had done, I conceived an idea of my own,

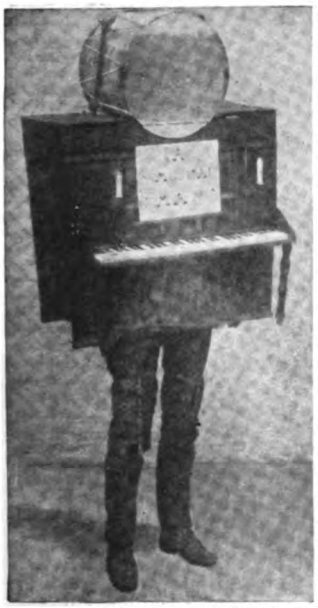


and have succeeded in making, out of a small piece of wood about three inches long and one-fifth of an inch in thickness, a model cricket bat, which, when opened out, produces seven pairs of pliers, the wood still being all in one piece. When the bat is closed up the joints and divisions are hardly perceptible. Thus out of this one small piece of wood eight complete articles have been made.—Mr. Samuel Wright, B4 Ward, Mill Road Infirmary, Everton, Liverpool.

A QUAINT ADDRESS.

RECENTLY I came across a letter sent to me some years ago by a cousin, and addressed in the curious manner here shown. The tune is taken from part of an old round called "Big Ben." In spite of the quaint address the letter was promptly delivered.—Mrs. Andrew Watt, Edinburgh.





TWO LONG-SUFFERING PRIZE-WINNERS.

THOUGH the wearers of these elaborate fancy dresses must have been far from comfortable, the fact that each obtained a "First Prize" was probably more than sufficient compensation. The dress representing "A Musical Man" was made chiefly of cardboard fixed to a wooden frame, while to one of the candles was attached an electric light, which showed up brilliantly. The other costume was a very effective model of a pump, for which the wearer's arm served as a handle.—Mr. E. V. Holliss, Dolphin Hotel, Littlehampton.

A LIVING ANCHOR.

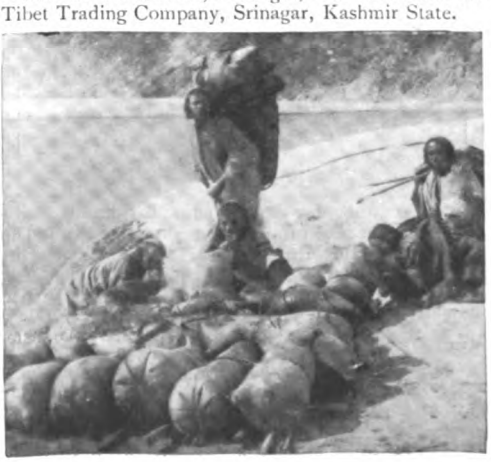
ENTIRELY composed of young pine trees, this "living anchor" is planted on a hill in Kobe, which is now called "Anchor Hill." Its size may be gathered from the fact that the distance from the extreme end of the part forming the stock to the shank measures eleven yards. This "anchor" has an historical interest. In April, 1903, a grand naval review was held in Kobe Harbour, when His Japanese Majesty the Emperor reviewed his navy. This occurred a little previous to the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, and, as the "Anchor Hill" (then not so named) directly faces the harbour, schoolboys were detailed to mark out a huge anchor — symbolical of the navy— there, with flags on short sticks. This was duly done, and afterwards the whole of the "anchor" was planted with young pine trees. Now the trees measure more than six feet high. —Mr. W. J. Toms, 16A, Shimoya-mate-dori Nichome, Kobe, Japan.

MADE BY A CONVICT.

I AM sending you a photograph of what I think must be a unique piece of work. It is an imitation of a bound volume of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and consists of a piece of yellow soap embellished with pieces of paper picked up from the ground. It is the work of a convict, and was left in his cell, from which I obtained it. The effect of leaves is obtained by the use of threads pulled from the man's coat, and, of course, the whole thing was done by the finger-nails alone, as no tools are allowed.—Mr. D. M. Macdonald, M.D., Lagmhor, Dunkeld, N.B.

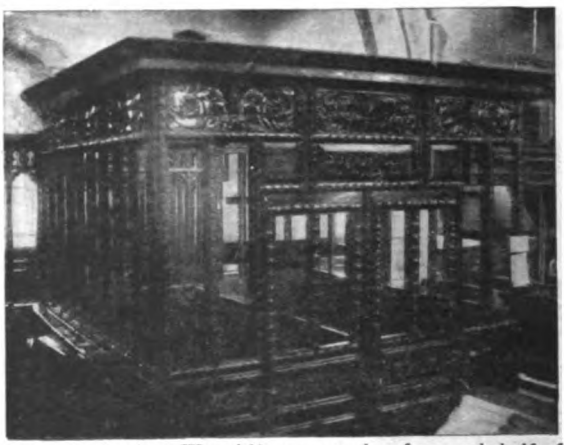
AN INFLATED RAFT.

PERHAPS none of your readers have ever had the opportunity of witnessing such a curious sight as is shown in the following photograph. I had to cross the mighty Indus in the northern parts of Kashmir, where no boat was available. The neighbouring villagers, however, made a curious and risky arrangement for me by inflating leather bags with their mouths, and tying them together to make a raft. —Mr. B. D. Churra, Manager, The Kashmir and Tibet Trading Company, Srinagar, Kashmir State.



A PECULIAR PEW.

THE handsome pew of carved black oak seen in the photograph has a remarkable history. It stands prominently in the ancient church of Whalley, close to Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire, and is the cynosure of all the eyes of the congregation. It was built considerably over two hundred years ago by one Roger Nowell, the local squire, who intended it for the family pew, but the authorities of the Abbey who then had charge of the church refused to allow it to take up the position the squire wished for it, and in high dudgeon he left it in the churchyard. Some men stowed it away in a barn, where it actually remained for over seventy years. Then, the estate being divided, the respective owners began discussing the question of the pew. The disagreement grew into a quarrel, the quarrel into a lawsuit, and many hundreds of pounds were spent in litigation. Then it was suggested, after several years of altercation, to divide it into two parts by a partition, so that each of the contestants could have half. This was done, but then the parties could not agree as to which should use the front half. In disgust, one of the parties threw up the sponge and built a gallery to overlook the pew. The other, not to be outdone, also erected a gallery with a separate staircase. These are still to be seen, and, in addition to the other galleries and staircases, give the church a very curious appearance. And what became of the pew? It stands as seen in the photograph, and makes a very comfortable seat for the wardens.—Mr. W. H. Knowles, Caldervale, Great Harwood, Blackburn.



A TAILOR-MADE VILLA.

THE following is a photograph of a small villa entirely designed and built by one man—Mr. F. Fishburn, of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire. This house has been built by Mr. Fishburn in the past

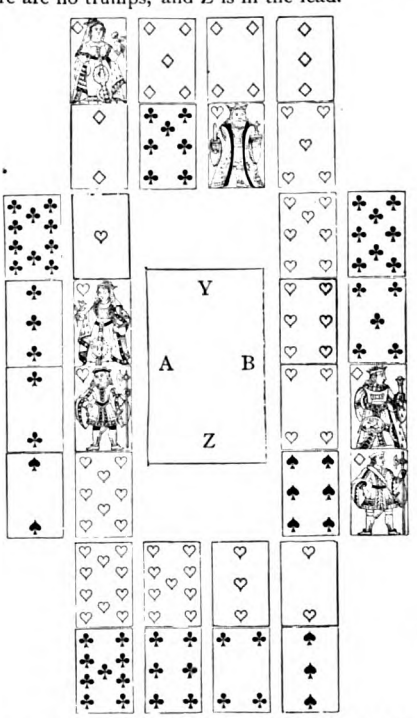
two years during his spare time, and the only assistance he had has been from a plumber, who has fitted up the gas and water arrangements. This feat is all the more remarkable on account of Mr. Fishburn being a tailor by trade, and therefore having previously had no experience of building. Photograph by Mr. J. Breare.—Mr. Clifford Greaves, Burley-in-Wharfedale.

"THE TWO PINS CLUB."

IN an article by Mr. Harry Furniss under the above title in our November number a joke was related at the expense of Mr. R. C. Lehmann which he thinks some readers might possibly have taken seriously. We wish to state, therefore, on behalf of ourselves and Mr. Furniss, that nothing was further from our thoughts than to publish anything which was open, as this passage was, to possible misconstruction, and that the whole thing was entirely written in jest.

ANOTHER BRIDGE PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE you held Z's cards in the following "No trump" position, and you only wanted two of these eight tricks. One trick—the king of hearts—is sure, but how are you to get the other? There are no trumps, and Z is in the lead.



Y Z are to get two of these eight tricks, no matter what A B do to prevent it.—Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, New York.

THE article on "Animal Expression" announced in our last number is postponed for the present.

Canada's Welcome to Women Workers.

By ELLA BASHFORD

(British Women's Emigration Association).

"HOMES are what Rhodesia wants," said that great Empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes; and, if Rhodesia wants homes, Canada, the most progressive of the Overseas Dominions, wants them too, and offers a very warm welcome to the strong, capable woman of brave heart and cheerful spirit. There are thousands, among the million of Britain's surplus women, who, feeling sadly the humiliating fact that they are not wanted here, long for the opportunities that the less restricted and fuller life of Canada affords.

Here, in these days, when so much is heard of "women's rights," is one way they can claim their rights as Empire-builders in the home, for it has been very truly remarked, "A hundred men can make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make the home." Lord Curzon said that women do not look enough for new openings in the professional and business life of the country, and suggested that they "might take up more largely than they do the professions of journalism, librarians, or organists." He went on to say "there were openings for women to decorate or design houses, and to lay out and plan gardens." Here, again, the unpleasant fact of the "dismal million" forces the conviction that the market here is already overstocked. Here, thousands of women are working hard for a bare existence, the monotony and barren pay of which are crushing out the sweetness and brightness of what should have been happy and useful lives.

Emigration offers the most practical solution to the problem of "What to do with our daughters." Canada says: "You have sent me your sons, whose lives will not be complete till you have sent me your daughters. I offer them a warm welcome, and will help them to find their niche in the world's economy, that they have sought in vain in the homeland." The women coming out must be *workers*. What kind? Domestic servants (or "home helps," as they are sometimes called in Canada), for which the demand is inexhaustible, and is the first asset in bringing about the development of the country. As the farm hand becomes the farmer of the West, so the help becomes the wife and mother, and often launches out into the various branches of women's work opening on every hand.

But if Canada offers a welcome to domestic servants, she is even more ready to offer a still heartier welcome to educated women in her homes, her towns, and her schools. From Ontario to the Pacific coasts comes the same tale—that the numbers going out are

only a "drop in the bucket" in comparison to the demand.

In Vancouver alone last year 2,983 applications from employers for domestic help were received, but only 764 of these were furnished with permanent or temporary help. Many who go to their first situation are refined and educated women—some the daughters of clergymen, others the children of officers in the British Army and Navy. Taking with them the truest refinement and culture, they are one of the greatest civilizing powers of to-day. The country villages and towns of Great Britain and Ireland contain numbers of the daughters of the middle class who have had a good education but have not felt attracted to an educational, artistic, or musical career. They have been accustomed to doing their share of household work, have looked after their younger brothers and sisters, made most of their own clothes, and have done a good deal of amateur gardening and poultry-keeping. Their physical culture at the high schools has been kept up, and the world can show nothing better than these "daughters of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," whose outward appearance is only an index of the true, brave heart and mind within. What does England offer these girls? They cannot all marry, and they will not always have the shelter of the quiet country home. These are the girls that Canada welcomes. The only requisites are willingness to learn, strength and endurance to do unpleasant as well as the pleasant work, to look on the bright side of things, and last, but not least, not to put on what the Canadians call "frills" and English people "side." The following is a fair description of the life of a "home help" as the writer has seen it in Canada. She rises at 6.30, and prepares breakfast. Monday may be washing day; Tuesday, ironing and starching; Wednesday, baking; Thursday and Friday, general turning out of rooms; Saturday, cleaning kitchen and pantry. She and her employer will generally divide the work and cooking between them. A great deal could be written about the parties, picnics, and outdoor life during the summer, and the skating, dancing, and entertainments of the winter. Where everyone works the help will have no self-consciousness as to the varied character of the work.

A MODERN CANADIAN "RUTH."

I remember being at an "at home" on the prairie, when an English officer present, remarking on the elegance of the dresses worn and the manner in which everything was carried out, could hardly be made to believe that no one present had a "help" of any kind. I told him that my hostess and I had finished

the week's washing before we arrived, and a lady near told him she had scrubbed her floors that morning; but the climax came when a certain Church dignitary of very courtly manners told him that he too, being a bachelor, had scrubbed his kitchen and put a batch of bread to rise before he came out.

Many men who are "baching" it alone on the prairie, who are feeling their feet and able to add sufficient comforts to their shacks to justify them in sending for a *fiancée* or a sister to join them, also would benefit in every way by a woman's companionship and influence.

One "help" writes: "I stayed almost three weeks with my brother and sister in Saskatchewan. It has made all the difference in the world to my brother, having my sister with him. The shack looked very comfortably and artistically arranged — in fact, it has been changed from a shelter into a comfortable home."

If the "help" in a Canadian home is welcomed, the "school marm" coming to a country school has even a warmer reception. Though she, too, will find the conditions of life different, her position is far more assured. She is often the only unmarried woman in the settlement, and correspondingly sought after, while her influence among scholars and settlers is not bound by the four walls of her school.

TESTING EGGS FOR MARKET.

The Canadian educational authorities are prepared to grant an interim certificate to qualified teachers, who are in great demand in the Dominion. The salary starts at about £125 a year, and board and lodging in the country districts cost very little. All must take six months' training at a normal school in order to obtain the Government certificate as a Canadian certificated school teacher. I have known cases where the teacher, if musical, has earned enough, by acting as organist or giving lessons, to pay for her training course. Whatever work the teacher does to pay for her course will be in no wise against her socially; in fact, people will admire her more for her courage and resource.

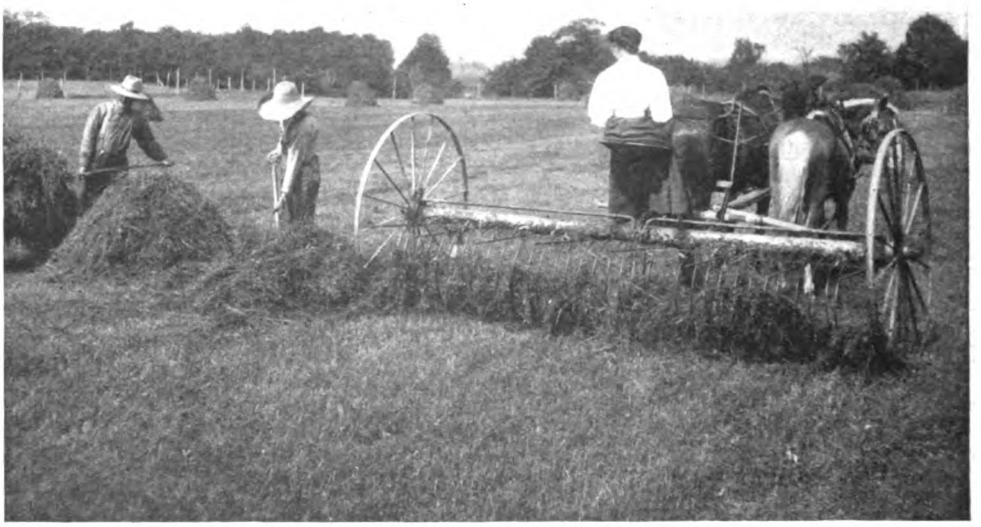
Here, then, is some solution of how to help the 4,000 unemployed teachers of England to obtain the positions they are qualified for, and at the same time to take their part in educating young Canada in the ideals that have made the British Empire what it is. The schoolmistress in Canada is a force to be reckoned with in the development of the national life and in bringing about the unification of the Empire.

An illustration of what a teacher's influence can do occurred about two years ago in a very remote country district in Saskatchewan, where a young teacher was appointed to a new school on the prairie at some distance from a town. She boarded with a farmer's family, and drove with his children to the little schoolhouse where the other children were assembled. They were bright, warm-hearted boys and girls, and soon became as fond of their young teacher as she was of them. When Sunday came round, she found the nearest church was some fifty miles away, and the children practically ran wild. She felt she must do something to remedy this, and asked the children, during the week, if they would come and learn to sing hymns on the Sunday afternoons. She hardly expected more than her host's family, but, on reaching the school on the following Sunday afternoon, she found nearly all the children there. Time went on, and she sent to Ontario for a small organ to lead her choir, as, gradually, the parents and elder brothers of her pupils had dropped in to see "what the school

marm was like who could make the children so anxious to come to school on Sunday." A regular service was started, helped by some of the farmers, who had recollections of the village churches of the Old Country. A catechist arrived to open up services thirty miles from the school, who found the schoolhouse crowded out, and after service a church council was held, and one and all promised help. Six months after there was consecrated a beautiful little church, entirely built and paid for by the settlers. This is one instance, out of many, showing what one girl can do, if in earnest. Lastly, there are fresh openings every year for nurses, laundresses, and needlewomen, and an increasing market for women gardeners, fruit, poultry, and dairy farmers. The Macdonald College, on Montreal Island, has accommodation, at very moderate charges, for 225 women, who are trained in either teaching, household science, or agricultural work, and country life in general.

There are some women Canada has no use for, among them being the useless gentlewoman, the grumbler, and the martyr. An instance occurs to me of a "very superior" help arriving at a well-to-do Canadian household, where her inadaptability to her surroundings and her incompetence very nearly drove the mistress of the house to desperation; yet I have no doubt, on returning to England, the help declared that Canada was no place for a "lady"!

Emigrants cannot do better than join one of the protected parties going out under experienced matrons to recognized hostels in various parts of Canada under the auspices of the societies who have carefully enabled 10,000 women to emigrate.



"WORTH A MAN'S WAGES"—A CANADIAN GIRL RAKING HAY.

To return to Cecil Rhodes's saying again, "Homes, more homes" are the crying needs of all the great Overseas States. Let us help to build them. Every woman who leaves these shores for Canada is not only "working out her own salvation," and filling her niche there, but is lightening the overburdened ship of State at home, and doing her part in drawing the whole Empire together in cords of love which will not easily be broken.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EvE."

A Delightful One-piece Mode.

FIG. 1.

Fig. 1.—Morning wrap of pale coral-pink or ciel-blue cachemire, trimmed with bands of soft satin the same shade, which also covers the large wooden button moulds. Any reader can easily copy it from the pattern which we are able to supply for 1s. 0½d. post free, in small, medium, or large size.

FROCKS of the simple Empire style, straightly cut and high-waisted, are quite the most becoming of the present modes for those of slim figure where evening toilettes are concerned, and satin is *the* material for their fabrication. The fairly short skirt, too, gives opportunity for the

Fig. 2.—Little boy's Russian tunic of soft ribbed serge, the trimming bands being of suède, though velvet and military braid strappings could also be smartly employed; or, for washing purposes, linen or holland combined with bands of the same material in a contrasting shade.

PRACTICAL SIMPLICITY FOR CHILDREN.

FIG. 2.

Fig. 3.—The original of this evening coat was of shell-pink cloth, with a Greek pattern outlined in silvered glass beads, but a more practical expression would be black satin, with gold decorations, or, for a blonde, emerald-green with a jet trimming. So highly desirable was the cut of this coat that I promptly secured the pattern, which can therefore be supplied from this office, in small, medium, or large sizes, for 1/0½ post free.

FIG. 3.

Charming EVENING TOILETTES

FIG. 4.

This Sketch very happily shows how the touch of Ermine is applied to the newest Gowns.

Fig. 4.—Nothing could possibly be more becoming to a splendidly-built figure than this original mode for evening wear. It is composed of soft mauve satin with a bust and hip corselet of fine white lace sewn with crystal beads. The drapery of shot mauve and pale blue ninon is caught at the left side of waist and skirt by prim little bows of ermine. The lace scarf matched the corselet in design.

display of pretty ankles and dainty footwear. Next to white, the very palest of shell-pink is the favourite shade for evening wear, and veiled in dewdrop or spangled net it

Fig. 5.—A walking suit of coarse-ribbed grey serge, with the fashionable sailor-shape collar of black velvet outlined with a narrow fold of white satin, which also shows in the revers beneath. The same material trims and weights the foot part of the skirt very effectively.

FIG. 5.

Some of the Latest Designs of the French Modistes

Silk Chiffon Velvet is the ideal fabric for this Gown.

FIG. 6.

Fig. 6.—An elegant indoor gown, of slightly Empire cut, to make which chiffon velvet or wool-back satin is very gracefully employed. The skirt trimming of dull gold embroidered lace merely simulates an overskirt. The chemisette is of soft ivory-tinted lace mounted on chiffon.

suits the brunette charmingly. The blonde should, however, prefer ciel-blue or the palest eau de Nil. The loveliest garnitures of crystal beads, bugles, and spangles glisten

FIG. 7.

Fig. 7.—Pan or miroir velvet is a great favou·ite in the millinery world at the moment, and when employed to cover an Espatra shape in the manner shown in our sketch is decidedly *chic*. The model was banded by wide dull gold embroidery, and a vivid pink suède rose surmounted by a smoke-grey ostrich feather tip was placed exactly in the centre front.

and glint charmingly around the décolletage and sleeves of these models, and the same garniture is repeated on the hair in all manner of fancy fillets, also in roses of silver and gold gauze.

On outdoor costumes the sailor collar is extremely modish, in black moire, satin, or velvet, according to the material it trims.

Velvet is still extremely popular, but the Parisian *couturière* is now giving it preference for indoor wear.

Our French cousins always hit the mark with something elegantly simple, and the one-piece Russian mode has now spread to the dressing-gown.

I am decidedly struck by the new Russian overall or indoor tunic for little boys—it is so eminently serviceable, smart, and simple. It is being mostly exploited in sage-green, with brown suède trimming straps laced with green. This model was so delightful that I immediately secured a pattern, which is suitable for a boy of 4 or 6 years, and which we can therefore now supply from this office for 1s. 0½d. post free.

Fig. 8.—A cloth costume, severe in cut, can yet look wonderfully dressy, as this sketch shows, the addition of the thick embroidered lace and soft silk ribbon threaded through the tabs affording a decided contrast to the same model which was also shown in fine navy serge, with the tabs simply outlined in fine Turkey red silk soutache. The idea, being so practical and unique, merited the obtaining of a pattern, which can now be had, for small and medium figures only, from this office for 1/0½ post free.

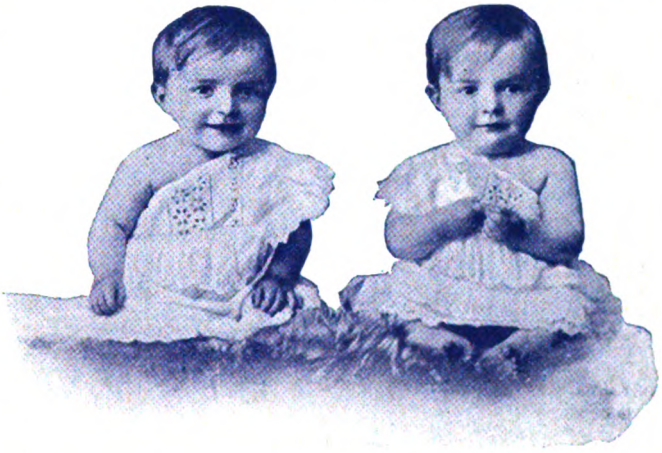
FIG. 8.

Frame-Food Twins

HEALTHY & STRONG, & AS BRIGHT AS BUTTONS!

MRS. WILKINSON, residing at Blankney Dale Farm, near Lincoln, writes us:

"I have reared my twin babies on Frame-Food. I used several other Foods up to the age of two months, when I thought they could not live. But the first bottle of Frame-Food did them already good. I have used it ever since, and they never had any drawback. When I started using Frame-Food, Frances weighed 3½lbs. and Maud only 3lbs. Now, at the age of fifteen months, Frances weighs 24lbs. and Maud 22lbs., and both are strong, healthy children. I am very thankful to Frame-Food, and recommend it to all mothers; it will be as good for others as it has been for me."



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See Page 22.

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February 1911.

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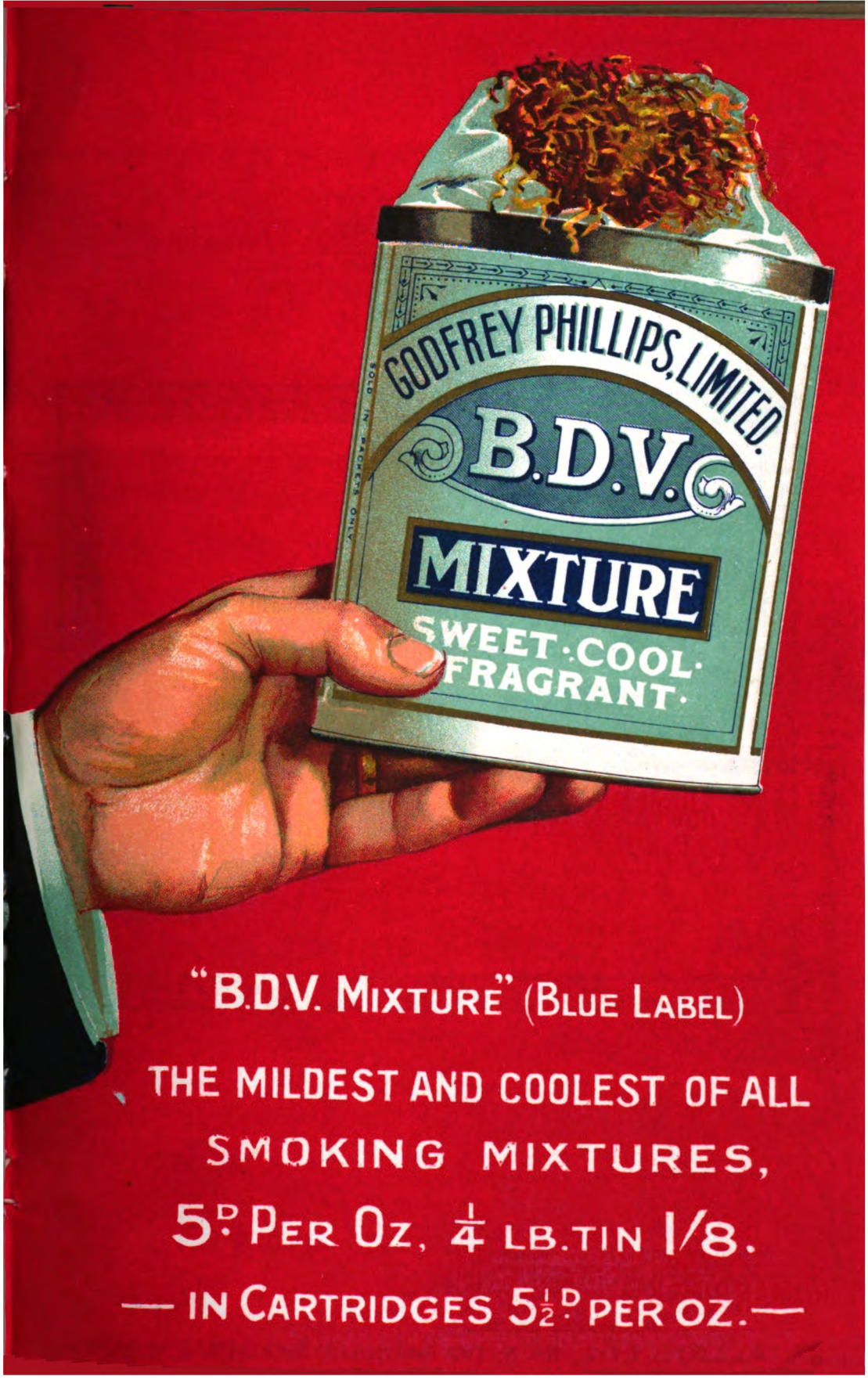

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"'WELL,' SAID THE OLD DEALER, 'YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS.'"

(*See page* 135.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. FEBRUARY, 1911. No. 242.

"Grigsby-Antiques"

By EDWARD CECIL.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

A GOOD half of life is a closed book to a man while he remains a bachelor. Some, indeed, say the best half. But that must depend on each man's own experience.

Josiah Grigsby began married life by occupying a twelve-roomed house in Coveton-on-Sea. After thirty years of matrimony he was living in a garret. Married life for him had been eventful.

It must not be supposed, however, that he had "come down in the world." It is the commonest thing, of course, for a man to make that downward progress after accepting matrimony; and by nothing else is it so often marked as by the shrinking of his house-rent, till finally it becomes room-rent. But Grigsby's garret in which he celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and several birthdays afterwards, was beneath the roof of the very house to which thirty years before he had taken his bride. He had been pushed upwards to the room beneath the roof by the expansion of his business. In Coveton-on-Sea it was common knowledge that he was well-to-do.

Grigsby had, indeed, ceased to pay rent for his house. He had become his own landlord. Nevertheless, after thirty years he was living in a garret, cooking for himself, doing for himself, living for himself and by himself. Why? Simply because his married life had been a succession of failures. Tragedies would, perhaps, be the better word.

In Coveton-on-Sea, with its rocky coast, men know what a wreck means. The stormy happenings of Grigsby's life had been like angry giant waves which had taken his happiness, played with it, and then dashed it to pieces, leaving a wreck. And no man had dreamed of the joy of a home more than Josiah Grigsby. He was that sort of man, be it remembered—*that sort of man*. Home, wife, and children had once been his gods. Ordinary commonplace happiness was all he wanted. He never had any desire to "go deep into life."

Let us look back for a moment to a May morning in 1875 when he stood in the garden in front of that house of his with his young wife.

"You see," he is saying, in his impulsive, talkative way, for he was impulsive and

talkative in those days, "when I get on a bit I'll build a shop over this bit of garden, and we'll have the whole of the house for our *home*."

It was like that with him. The shop was the dream of the future only because it would make secure the home behind it.

"Yes, Josh," said the girl, with fervour. She would have embraced him there and then, but for the windows of High Street and an errand-boy passing by.

There they are as they started! He, of middle height, neither good-looking nor bad-looking, but with a keen, intelligent face, a commonplace-looking man, but, as we shall see, no fool; a young furniture dealer in a country town, which, as he put it himself, was "bound to come on." It has come on. It was Coveton then. It is Coveton-on-Sea now. And Grigsby has prospered with the town. Tenant in 1875, in 1908 he had been his own landlord for several years. And the few-days-old bride? Look at her well, for she is responsible for much.

A tall and well-proportioned girl, her luxuriant hair bunched in superb negligence on her shapely head, her whole being is alive with the novelty of her new dignity of "wife." Passionate and loving, you sum her up. Yes; passionate and loving to a fault. She loved Grigsby, but she went far towards ruining him.

"A TALL AND WELL-PROPORTIONED GIRL, HER LUXURIANT HAIR BUNCHED IN SUPERB NEGLIGENCE ON HER SHAPELY HEAD."

"It's foolish to talk like this now," you may say, "when she is dead and the business is a small gold-mine, and Grigsby lives happy and comfortable in his old age."

No. Lucy Grigsby was at the root of all and must be understood.

You can see Josiah Grigsby's house to-day if you go to Coveton. It stands in High Street, well back from the pavement, the small grass-plot before, over which he had once dreamed of some day building a shop. You can stand on the pavement, lean over the rails, and gaze up at the house. You can read the two words newly painted in large black Old English letters on the dingy yellow wall at the level of the first floor, "Grigsby, Antiques." And you can see at

every window old blue plates, brass candlesticks, pieces of pewter or Sheffield plate, an antique card-table or a Toby jug, an old sword or a tempting piece of old glass.

If you are a lover of old things which are beautiful, not only because they are sound and good, but also because they are relics of a vanished life—if, in short, you collect such antiques as your purse will allow you to collect, you will open the gate, go up to the house, and enter. Even if you do not, if you have any imagination at all, and have previously read Grigsby's history, you will look up at those windows and see ghosts.

For that house is instinct with the history of the life of Josiah Grigsby, dating from his marriage.

The marriage was unhappy. That you know, and anybody in Coveton will tell it you. Some will also tell you how Lucy Grigsby was of strong, florid beauty, tall and of good carriage, but self-willed and passionate. She loved Josiah tempestuously, and, in times of reaction, let him feel the brunt of an unbridled temper. In the end she took to drinking, and, while her two children, a boy and a girl, were quite young, died prematurely. That was the first tragedy. So that Josiah Grigsby's dream of a home, with a shop covering the front garden, ended on that day when he followed his wife's body to Coveton Churchyard. He came back and set to work, living for his children.

But you may like to see the rooms in which it all happened.

That front upstairs room was their bedroom, given up to the business after Lucy Grigsby died; that back room was Tom's—till one day in a fit of his mother's temper he ran away and emigrated to Canada; and that other back room where the best of the china is still kept was Maggie's—till, in Grigsby's eyes, she disgraced herself.

As it all happened, stage by stage, the rooms were given up to the business, growing and mounting from the ground floor up the staircase, overflowing from the front room to the back. At last, when Grigsby became the solitary inmate of the house, with nothing to live for save the business, what more natural than his retiring to the garret? The passion of his life was now—collecting. He had become very shrewd and an excellent judge of antiques. Year by year he bought largely and well, and year by year he became more well known amongst buyers in the Eastern Counties. As for his memories—well, they may have haunted him, or they may not. Did he dismiss them into the limbo of forgotten things? No one knew. He kept himself to himself. And year by year the old house began to groan more and more as bargain was added to bargain.

So he came to live in the garret.

And we find him living there in November, 1908, when we come to the last crisis but one in his eventful life.

A November afternoon. Out of season at Coveton-on-Sea, the dullest time of the day in the dullest month of the year all England over! Yet not so dull, not so lost in the morass of the dead season that Josiah Grigsby has not a customer. Though there is a mist stealing up High Street from the sea, and though heavy clouds have brought an early twilight, someone walks up to Grigsby's door, opens it, and enters. This customer, at a most unlikely time, is a fashionably-dressed woman, bearing, in her clothes, her carriage of herself, and her manner, the stamp of London or some other of the great cities.

She stood there for a moment, listening to the bell ringing itself out and peering about her into the shadowy corners. She seemed amazed. China was crowded upon china, table stood on top of table, chair upon chair; a chest of drawers, bow-fronted, supported two oak chests, and upon these stood not one but five ancient warming-pans, their long handles gathered loosely together into the angle of the room. Upon everything there was a thick coating of dust. What could be seen was less than what was hidden. The disorder infinitely surpassed the usual orderly disorder affected by dealers in antiques. It was grotesque, chaotic, slovenly, a medley. The customer stared at it, smiled, and then frowned.

She turned at the sound of a footstep descending the stairs, and Josiah Grigsby stood in the doorway, well matching the room in the slovenliness of his appearance. For a fraction of a minute she looked at him keenly, then took up a blue Oriental plate and spoke.

"Perhaps you would not mind my looking round?" she said. "I may not buy, but there may be things of which I should like to know the price."

"Certainly," said Grigsby, taking in his customer's points, much as a horse-dealer might pick out those of a horse.

She was promising. She wore rich clothes and expensive furs. Grigsby summed up these obvious values in a glance, as, indeed, was his custom. She might be expected to buy profitably. Something else he noticed

also. His chance customer was tall and good looking. Indeed, she was more. She carried herself with an air of distinction. She had a clear white skin and masses of hair of that rich dark auburn which is known as "artists' red." Her London clothes displayed her beauty to advantage.

"Yes, madam; but a plate from a dessert service used at the Tuileries has some value even imperfect."

Grigsby spoke with obvious indifference as to whether he sold it or not. He knew his business.

"Still, I never buy anything which is

"RE-INSPECTING ONE OF HIS BARGAINS."

"I do not know her," thought Grigsby.

His hopes rose. Perhaps she was a visitor at some of the big houses near Coveton who had been told to have a look at "Grigsby's." He glanced out of the window, but saw no carriage waiting.

"This plate would be good if it were not so cleverly mended," she remarked over the third or fourth plate she handled.

imperfect. I rule out anything cracked or chipped from my collection."

She spoke with a quiet finality which impressed Grigsby, and put the plate down.

They went on, and he began to understand his customer. Hope rose in his thoughts for a Crown Derby tea-service locked up in a glass case upstairs which had not been unlocked for months.

"I have good china," he said, "in some of the cabinets. If you see anything you might like——"

"That is my difficulty, I'm afraid," said the customer, smiling. "I cannot see it. Your room is so crowded, and there is so much dust."

Grigsby mumbled something about being "single handed" and began to move a table which prevented access to a cabinet. His efforts were doomed to be hopeless, for lack of space into which to move the table.

"Let me look at what is get-at-able first," suggested his customer.

The old man showed his annoyance at himself. "I will light the gas," he said.

"No, don't trouble to do that. I can see quite well. Poor daylight is better than gas-light—for looking at china."

"Yes," he said, "that is quite true."

But something struck him as surprising. It was not the opinion about the lights, but the haste with which his customer spoke. After all, she had chosen a time of the day when she might have known that light would be poor.

Josiah Grigsby was shrewd enough and sharp enough to detect that over-hastiness and to wonder at it. For an instant he looked at her keenly, for an instant he speculated afresh who she might be, for an instant he was reminded curiously of his dead wife, but he quickly went back to the safe ground for estimating customers' pockets — the apparent value of their clothes.

"Surely," he told himself, "I ought to have got over thinking about Lucy now. The turn of this woman's shoulder and her hair are good, but no doubt there are scores like her."

He brought his mind back to business. There was ample light for him to see his private marks, and to those he might surely add a little safely.

He followed his customer from room to room. Now and again he made an adroit comment; now and again they engaged in a brief conversation.

They came thus to the upstairs room which contained the best china, the lightest room in the house at that hour. It faced west, and near the window in a good light stood a piece of Nankin.

"I like that," said the customer.

"Thirty shillings," said Grigsby. "A real old piece; genuine Nankin. It came out of a wreck."

But she shook her head.

Not for the first time Grigsby was disappointed. His customer had put things down over and over again. Nothing was good enough. Prices were too high, for imperfect pieces. The pause during which a bargain trembles in the balance had always ended in one way.

"Well," said the old dealer, with a shrug, "you can have it for twenty-five shillings. I've been doing badly lately. I've hardly sold a thing this week."

The accent of truth seemed to creep out, and the customer thought she detected it. She started. There was no doubt in her mind. She saw that want of method and slovenliness were having their usual result. The business was not paying well.

Without saying anything she took out a sovereign and half a sovereign from her purse and gave them to Grigsby.

"No. It's worth thirty shillings. I shall be glad to have it," she said.

Then she looked up on the wall.

"So you still have the Lowestoft plates?"

"Yes. Fifteen shillings a plate. You have seen them before? I do not remember——"

"I have seen them many times. I have dusted them. They want dusting now."

"I don't understand," said Grigsby, slowly.

"They used to be twelve-and-six," said his surprising customer.

Then her face lit up with a smile. Her eyes, alert and keen, were reading her father's face. She was anxious to read his thoughts. She turned and faced the light.

And Josiah Grigsby leaned sideways over his case of Crown Derby and gazed.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, stretching out a hand, but trembling. "Yes—dad!"

She stretched out her hand, but he did not take it.

"Yes," he said at last, seeming a little dazed, "it's you, Maggie. But I did not know you. You took me in completely. I had a hint just at first, something about you like your mother. But I put it aside."

She smiled tentatively — pitiably. Then she began to speak hurriedly, as if in frantic haste to save this crisis in her life by mere speed.

"Didn't I do it well?" she asked; "the grand lady, the good customer? I've practised it, you know. I meant to take you in, dad. I wanted to see how you were, without your knowing. I said to myself in the train, 'Perhaps I'll disclose who I am; perhaps I won't. I'll just see.' Then, when you took off that five shillings, I couldn't help it. I just had to tell you. I was afraid

it might be like that with you. I want to help you, if you'll let me. That is why I've come!"

Then she stopped, not because of anything which was spoken, but because of what she felt to be still dead against her—cold, hard, and implacable.

"I never expect to sell much in November," said her father, with a frosty smile. "That piece of Nankin is heavy and clumsy. I wanted a little current cash."

"I don't believe you, dad," she cut in quickly, with unsuccessful cajolery.

"I have plenty at the bank," said Grigsby, quietly. "Believe it or not, I have bought this house since you were here."

He had meant to use harsher words, but he was weighing his decision in his mind, and for the moment was unwilling to commit himself.

"Oh, dad, how splendid!"

But her voice was unsteady and anxious.

With a gesture of annoyance Grigsby brushed her exclamation aside as something quite irrelevant to the point at issue, and came now to his own standpoint.

"So you've come back. Why?" he asked. "Hasn't it been a success? Are you in need?"

"Do I look it?" she demanded, at bay.

Her clothes, her hat, her furs were not merely expensive and good, but were fashionable and in perfect taste.

"No. Let me look at you."

He spoke the words slowly and deliberately.

"RECEIVING NO ANSWER, THE GIRL BEGAN TO ASCEND THE STAIRS."

She winced, but stood there proudly, in all her mature beauty, the promise of her girlhood more than fulfilled, conscious that this was a test from which she could easily emerge triumphant. How like her mother she was she could not know; yet she was unlike her. She was Lucy Grigsby, refined. London and Paris had taught her how to carry herself, how to wear her clothes, how to put on just sufficient jewellery to seem part of herself. Yet in essentials, Grigsby reflected, she was Lucy, the worst in Lucy. And suddenly all the past rose up and blinded the man whose life Lucy Grigsby had ruined.

"And what are you doing?" he demanded, brutally, secure in his fortress of narrow views and his armour of the hard virtues of an English country town and buttressed by what he deemed that Past had taught him.

"I'm earning my living."

"Yes?"

"Well I'm not ashamed of it. I am a model. The best in my line in the London studios, or Paris either."

"It's a poor best," said Grigsby, very coldly.

It was brutally said. Yet Grigsby said it in what he held to be righteousness. Things had gone against him all his life; his wife, his son, his daughter had all turned out badly. But nothing had hurt him so much as his daughter's wild and foolish flight from the dullness of Coveton and her solitary life with him in search of what she called the joy of life. Moreover, she had stolen a ten-pound note to do it with. When she wrote to him a year after that flight he wrote back to the address she then gave him, and said that on no account would he ever forgive her. Seven years had gone by and now, in that dusty, untidy upstairs room, which had once been her bedroom, he was still of the same mind.

And it all came back to him now. She was bad; she had shown herself that. She had longed for what was gay, foolish, and wild, and stolen money from him to gratify her desire to see life. To see life, forsooth! He felt angry now—passionately angry. All that had been bad in his wife lived again in her child. He saw it only too clearly.

She stepped back. Her father's anger against her hardened her. She had lived straight ever since her flight from that dull, drab town of Coveton. But he did not seem to care enough even to ask if she had done so. He seemed to take it for granted that a model could not be honest. Well, she had *lived*, that she knew! She had rejoiced in the colour and beauty and stir of life! But it all came to this—she was condemned unheard. The very absurdity of the hard, narrow judgment overwhelmed her. And the money she had come to repay might stay in her pocket and her words of contrition she had framed remain unspoken. She laughed outright, bitterly.

"What do you expect to gain by coming here?" asked Josiah Grigsby, with acidity.

"I was just curious," she said, slowly, quietly, and proudly, after a pause. "I wanted to see how things were down here in Coveton."

And somehow he knew that was untrue. But in his perversity he accepted it.

"Do you still steal money when you want a thing?"

She marvelled at his hardness. But she could be equally hard.

"Do you still blame mother for all your troubles? Do you still think people can live without any pleasures in life? You tried to starve me of everything good in life, of all the joy of living. I asked you for the money and you wouldn't give it me. But I was determined to go. And I am not sorry I went. I have brought you the money back. Perhaps I came back for something else also. But what is the good of talking about that now? Do you think I could live with you and be happy? I can find joy in life, and my work is well paid. It's honest, too, though you are too ignorant to know it, and it's worth doing. I've had a day's holiday. Now I'll go back to my work. How absurd of me ever to think that I could step out of the stream of life into a backwater like Coveton."

Josiah gazed at her, and still judged her as his bitter memories and his narrow views prompted him.

"Fine words," he said, with the utter folly of his bitter thoughts—"fine words butter no parsnips."

Nevertheless, even then, she made a last appeal. She took a ten-pound note out of her purse and put it on the dusty glass case.

"Come," she urged, ignoring his cruel, stubborn judgment, "can't you see that I am not what you think I am? I am not bad—you *must* see it. Won't you let me help you? You are alone. All these things want dusting and arranging and marking. You are living alone amidst all these dead, inanimate treasures of yours. You want a little life, a little happiness, a little comfort. Let me come back to you."

He did not answer at once, and for a moment the quiet of the house stole about them.

"Don't waste your pity on me," he said, at last. "You chose your path for yourself seven years ago. Go out of that door, go down those steps, and go along it. I can't forgive you."

She drew herself up and fastened the clasp of her fur stole. Then, with a shrug of her shoulders, but without speaking, she turned and went. She was very near tears.

And Grigsby was left alone, standing there near the window, by his dusty case of Crown Derby. He listened for the closing of the front door, then let his thoughts have free play.

He stood there silent, memories rising up one by one, visions of the past growing clear and fading away again. He was just an embittered old man, bent-shouldered and unkempt, hugging to himself his absurd sense of righteousness and satisfying himself upon his dry and barren notion that somehow he was getting square with the wrongs which had been done him in the past.

And gradually darkness filled the room, and the figure by the window might have been part of the lumber crowded against the walls. He had quite forgotten that what was good in his dead wife, her warm, loving heart, might be alive in her daughter, just as much as what was foolish and evil.

Meanwhile Margaret Grigsby was taking a ticket back to London. She had evidently come with good hope, with a single ticket.

And there it might have ended, but for a miracle.

Josiah Grigsby went on with his life from that November day forward as if nothing had happened.

He went to sales, he attended to customers who lived away, and he waited on such chance customers as came to him. The craze for antiques was fast becoming more and more general, and, like many another, Grigsby found little difficulty in making enough to live on.

He lived on so very little, however, that he was making provision for his old age without any anxious effort. Every pound he received gave ten shillings to his savings. He was in a fair way to become a miser. That November saw this lonely, miserly life of his more firmly fixed, more deeply rooted. One of his favourite occupations, which he set himself after that strange meeting with his daughter, was calculating how long it would take him to make and save a thousand pounds. He found the occupation entrancing. He began to advertise, and in the weeks before Christmas his trade was excellent. Schemes passed through his shrewd brain whereby his new objective could be quickly attained. He would let no opportunity of buying "good stuff" slip through his fingers now. He knew that the better it was the better profit it would eventually yield. But there was something pathetic about this scheme of his. Would he live long enough to attain it? There was also a dangerous fallacy underlying it. The rigid economy he was practising was undermining his health. There were petty economies in food which he imposed upon himself that winter which might well help to shorten his life, and shortening his life meant reducing his chance of saving his thousand pounds. So much for the risk and the fallacy in his scheme and the pitiable folly of his petty economies.

Some days he would be away all day, buying, and on those days the door of the house would be locked and a card tied on the knocker. That card was always there when he was out.

"Back at six o'clock," it would read, or, "Back to-morrow morning."

When it was not there he was somewhere in the house, in his garret, poring over books on china marks and furniture styles, or cooking a miserable meal in his stove there, or else he was in some one or other of his crammed, choked-up rooms re-inspecting one of his bargains or attending to customers.

Such was his life in those months after his daughter's visit, and it is remarkable that no harm came to him. The wintry weather was often cruelly keen, yet he caught no cold; he spent less and less on food, but his badly-nourished body stood the strain. He was alone for hour after hour, and no one would have missed him had accident befallen him. But no untoward happening befell him, and week by week, month by month, his balance at the bank increased and his life went on, justified—so he deemed it—by its success.

The winter passed, spring gave place to summer, and summer to autumn. Another winter began. The Coveton season had brought Grigsby a harvest. Thanks to that, to his advertisements, and to his more and more exacting economy of his expenses on himself, his bank balance rose by nearly three hundred pounds. And his rooms were

more crowded than ever. But Grigsby's body was little but skin and bones.

It was the evening of the last day of November, 1909. The gloomy twilight had passed into darkness.

Doubtless in many houses in Coveton there were pleasant scenes of home life, cheerful firesides, comfortable chairs drawn up to the genial warmth. But in Grigsby's house in High Street everything was wrapped in the darkness into which the twilight had deepened. In addition to the darkness there were silence and cold. Yet the house was not empty, and the front door was unlatched and unlocked. A turn of the handle would give admittance to anyone who cared to enter.

At last someone did enter.

The bell rang itself out and the silence seemed deeper than before.

"Mr. Grigsby!"

Once again the silence seemed to increase.

Then the girl who had entered struck a match and lit the candle she carried. The light showed her pale face, crowned by black hair, her ill-fitting, shabby genteel clothes. She was employed at the draper's opposite.

"Mr. Grigsby!"

There was evident anxiety in her voice.

It carried upstairs. It reached Josiah Grigsby's ears; but he did not answer it—indeed, he could not. Earlier in the day his extraordinary life had come to a crisis.

Receiving no answer, the girl began to ascend the stairs.

"Mr. Grigsby!" she called at each landing.

She peered into all the rooms. Weird shapes rose out of the darkness as the light of her candle dispelled it. But there was no sign of the owner of all that piled up furniture which, in the flickering light of the candle's unsteady flame, looked so grotesquely strange.

"Mr. Grigsby!"

At last she found him at the foot of the stairs leading to the garret.

He looked up at her. He could just do that. His brain was clear. He wondered who it was who had come to him in his extremity. But he could not speak. He had been in one of the ground-floor rooms when he felt the stroke of paralysis coming on, and he had hastened upstairs, but not soon enough. He had fallen there, at the foot of the stairs to the garret, and he lay there on his side.

She shrank back.

For months past she had expected something like this. From the shop opposite she had watched the house daily.

That day several people had gone to the door, opened it, entered, and come away, evidently unattended to. There had been no card on the knocker. Now she understood. All the time he had been lying there.

She saw at once that he could not speak, yet saw her and understood her.

Her first horror passing, she began to think clearly. She realized what had happened—that, after all, the crisis was not so bad as it might have been.

"I'm glad I've been watching over you, dad," she said, steadily. "I've been in Coveton for a long time, you know, in the shop opposite. Yes, the disguise is pretty good, isn't it? But it is a disguise. If I hadn't been watching, you might have been here all night; you might have—well, you might have died here, in the darkness, by yourself."

She shuddered.

"I had to disguise myself," she went on. "It was the only way in which it was possible for me to look after you."

She had seen recognition come into his eyes.

She knelt down by him. She had loved him all along. In a strange way she knew that she and her mother owed him something which it was in her power to repay. But it was nothing short of a miracle that her love had survived his cruelty to her and that she was there, one of the strange miracles always testifying to the treasure in every human heart.

"I couldn't let you be here in Coveton all alone," she whispered. "I have come to help you now a second time. I have been keeping watch ever since the summer."

His eyes filled. Her love had conquered, and she saw that it had. He had been lying there helpless so long—thinking.

She bent and kissed him and went to fetch help. . . .

Thus it is that to-day "Grigsby's" is changed. The door is smart with white paint, the brass knocker shines. Within things are dusted and well arranged, and everything is priced and numbered. "Josiah Grigsby, Furniture Dealer," has become "Grigsby, Antiques," and the ghosts of the past are buried. But you can go there and understand for yourself what they once were.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES.)

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

AFTER NINE YEARS.

IN the nine years that have elapsed since, peeping From Behind the Speaker's Chair, I told the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE what I saw and heard, mighty matters have happened at Westminster. A great Party, apparently impregnably seated to the right of the Speaker, have been swept from power. Another, long wandering in the wilderness whither they were driven with their tattered Home Rule flag, reign in their stead, reinstated in power after a third General Election fought in the space of five years. We have a new Speaker and a new Lord Chancellor. The hand of Death and the inconstancy of constituents have radically changed the *personnel* of the House of Commons. The General Election of January, 1910, by a slight movement of the pendulum, brought some old faces back to the familiar scene. But the proportion of members of the newest House who sat in the Session of 1902 is small.

One towering figure, laid low by unexpected stroke, leaves the House infinitely poorer by reason of his absence. Mr. Chamberlain is one of less than a dozen men known to the House of Commons during the last forty years who added to the scene a touch of ever fresh personal interest. If he spoke he commanded attention. If he sat silent, eyes were riveted upon him with expectation that any moment he might intervene in debate. Others of his generation wielding the magic wand were Robert Lowe, John Bright, and, in supreme

ANCIENT LIGHTS.

A FEW TIPS FOR "HISTORY."

degree, Gladstone and Disraeli. The newly-elected House, like its immediate predecessor, presents no parallel to these personages. It occasionally happens—once last year the pleasure was realized—that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, coming to grips across the Table, recall famous encounters of the past. One has upon the other that power of inspiration to supremest effort mutually exercised by Gladstone and Disraeli in their prime. In the assemblies at Westminster they possess monopoly of the gift.

NEW RULES.

An influence largely responsible for the change in the modern House of Commons compared with some predecessors is the ordinance prosaically known as the Eleven o'Clock Rule. In other days the Speaker took the Chair at four o'clock in the afternoon. Questions commenced at half-past, proceeded at indefinite length, and debate following might go on till day broke over the half-somnolent figures on the benches and the paper-littered floor. Under rules that have steadily grown in stringency Parliamentary proceedings go forward with the regularity of a clock duly wound up. To a dead certainty, debate will open at approach to four o'clock; with equal surety, save when extension of time has been arranged by formal Resolution, closing at eleven.

SHORTENED SPEECHES.

By strange contrariness reforms of procedure that have changed all that are due, not to the restlessness of Radicals, but to the enterprise of Conservatives. The Closure, most beneficent of Parliamentary reforms, was established under the placid rule of W. H. Smith. Mr. Balfour has been personally responsible for most of the other new rules that have transformed what was a bear-garden into a sort of Berkeley Square pasture. But, to quote a homely proverb, you cannot eat your cake and have it. In an assembly tied and bound by stringent regulations you cannot have the rollicking fun that from time to time burst forth and took possession of a practically unfettered community.

Apart from the automatic influence of Standing Orders promulgated during the past thirty years, a condition of affairs has been created that has totally changed the spirit, consequently the custom, of the House of Commons. The habit of oratory has disappeared. Gladstone was our last orator. Speeches two hours in length, illuminated by classical quotation, concluding with a glittering peroration, are to-day foreign to Parliamentary debate. Even in the House of Lords the habit, though not absolutely dead, soundly sleeps. The fact is, oratory cannot flourish in the dull hours between luncheon and dinner. What it thrives upon is the glowing post-prandial period, beginning about half-past ten o'clock, when patriots, cheered with good food and wholesome wine, flock down in dinner dress to hear well-matched gladiators pound away at each other. Then from crowded benches rise the exultant cheer and the not less inspiriting shout of dissent. Only on rare occasions, when great issues are at stake, does the old familiar, fiery glow possess the House in the chill of a February afternoon, or the languor of broad daylight in summer-time.

In his charming preface to Mr. Barry O'Brien's illuminating monograph on John Bright, recently published, Mr. Birrell puts the case in convincing form. "Bright's speech at the breakfast given in London to Mr. Lloyd Garrison, in June, 1867, is," he writes, "perhaps the most beautiful speech ever made in the English tongue on a public occasion. It was just like Bright to be able to speak as well immediately after breakfast as at any other period of the day." Profound observation is evidenced in the last sentence.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

It happens to-day that both the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, the former in more perfect form, have the priceless gift of compressing within the space of half an hour, at most forty minutes, all that is useful or necessary to say on a particular topic, however important. Like the quality of mercy this benefaction is twice blest. Not only is time saved by their terseness, but example is set which has far-reaching influence. When Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour habitually confine their speeches to the half-hour limit it would be indecorous for members of less lofty position to maunder over the full hour.

Mr. Gladstone was largely responsible for the flux of words that swamped debate in his day. If he rarely sat down without speaking over a minimum space of an hour and a half, why should private members labour at compression of native verbosity? From a business point of view the new condition of debate is excellent. But it helps to explain the altered state of things that has come over the House of Commons in recent Sessions, with the inevitable result of inducing dullness. It is business, but it is not magnificent.

"ONE TOWERING FIGURE, LAID LOW BY UNEXPECTED STROKE, LEAVES THE HOUSE INFINITELY POORER."

REVOLUTION.

In supplement of the operation of the new rules, there is a distinct variation in the average class of members now sitting as compared with that familiar up to the General Election of 1900. In the matter of social position the average has been distinctly lowered. The cook's son of Kipling's song has elbowed the Duke's son out of his hereditary claim upon counties and family boroughs. As I have said, at the January Election of last year there was something in the nature of a rally. A dozen, perhaps a score, of old members returning slightly leavened the mass. The general character remained. The new House of Commons is, in the main, a body of working men in the sense of being dependent on their labour for their living, and of business men, heads of great trading, manufacturing, or constructive concerns. Like the impatient visitor to the circus, what they desire is that you should "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." They have no patience with circumlocution, whether verbal or operative. What they want is to see things done, not to hear them said. This temperament, whilst conducing to the progress of business, is not calculated to enlarge the gaiety of the House.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

It is no secret that His late Majesty, who had a keen eye for spectacle, favoured the idea of the opening ceremony of the Parliamentary Session by the Sovereign in person being conducted under the historic roof of Westminster Hall. In the first year of his reign a joint select Committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons was appointed to consider the whole question. Objection was taken at the outset on the ground that through the ages members of both Houses had been specially bidden to meet in the Chambers specially built for their accommodation. As a matter of fact that is not the case. The summons to Lords and Commons is to meet "at Westminster," not in any particular portion or annexe of the Palace. Henry II. presided over a Parliament of his Barons gathered in the Great Hall. In the time of Richard II. a Chamber was specially built adjacent to Westminster

"SPEECHES ILLUMINATED BY CLASSICAL QUOTATION, CONCLUDING WITH A GLITTERING PERORATION."

Hall, and therein Parliament sat. In Edward VI.'s reign the House of Commons met in St. Stephen's Chapel.

There was, therefore, nothing formidable in this preliminary objection. Inquiry as to the practicability of the scheme accordingly proceeded. It was found that the floor of Westminster Hall would seat from two thousand to two thousand five hundred persons. If galleries were erected, another thousand might find accommodation. The cost of movable seats, fittings, robing-rooms, and other accessories was estimated at the widely varying sum of from three thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds. This represents the original expenditure. On subsequent occasions, the seats and fittings being brought out of storage, the expense would not exceed two thousand pounds.

Further question arose with respect to acoustics. Would any reasonable proportion of the three thousand spectators be able to hear the King read his Speech? Sir John Taylor, of the Board of Works, thought not. On the other hand, the Speaker (Mr. Gully) was able to testify that he had addressed, from a platform set between the flight of steps at the end of the Hall, a body of one thousand five hundred Volunteers, who experienced no difficulty in hearing him. Moreover, had not Sir William Harcourt, while Home Secretary, made himself heard by a cohort of a thousand Metropolitan Police mustered in the Hall? In the end the Committee resolved to see what might be done with the accommodation already at the disposal of Parliament before embarking on new enterprise.

"THE PRICELESS GIFT OF COMPRESSING WITHIN THE SPACE OF HALF AN HOUR ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO SAY."

A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

The scene in the precincts of the House of Lords when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person is sometimes one of turmoil, not free from personal peril. When, after long retirement, Queen Victoria presided over the ceremony in the Session of 1876, the rush of Commons for places at the Bar of the House of Lords was so tumultuous that Mr. Disraeli, on his way thither at the head of the procession, was for an anxious moment literally carried off his feet. It was noted six months later that recurrence of the episode was avoided by acceptance of a Peerage. When next Queen Victoria approached the Throne in the House of Lords she was escorted by the Premier, now Earl of Beaconsfield, bearing aloft the sword of State. In 1901, when King Edward made his first appearance on the stately scene, the rush was even fiercer. Mr. Tritton, an inoffensive and esteemed member, was seriously hurt, whilst Sir Henry Fowler

"YOUNG DISRAELI'S DREAM."

seemed for a while in peril of his life. It is suggested that, following precedent established by Dizzy, Sir Henry's thoughts were on this occasion turned upon a Peerage, since acquired.

When on an early day of this month King George for the first time seats himself on the Throne to inaugurate a new Parliament elderly members may venture to take part in the ceremony without fear of loss of life or limb. Arrangements have been made whereby the accommodation for members of the House of Commons will be appreciably enlarged. Standing room at the Bar will be provided for two hundred and fifty-six. In the galleries usually occupied by members and strangers, one hundred and forty-eight will find seats. In the space behind there is standing room for fifty-four. On the whole, seated or standing, no fewer than four hundred and fifty-eight Commoners may view the ceremony with more or less comfort.

SWEARING-IN.

Though in accordance with summons issued simultaneously with promulgation of Dissolution the first Parliament of King George V. met on January 31st for the dispatch of business, at least a week will elapse before business really begins with delivery of the Speech from the Throne and debate on the Address thereupon arising. The interval will be occupied by the ceremony known as swearing-in members. Those familiar with the performance realize in it something worse than waste of time. Some of its episodes are not wholly free from approach to sacrilege.

What happens is that after Ministers, leading members of the Opposition, and other

Privy Councillors have more or less comfortably taken the oath and signed the Roll of Parliament, there is an ugly rush of members from both sides to clutch stray copies of the Holy Bible laid on the tables brought in and set on the floor below the Mace. At each table the Clerk and the Assistant-Clerk administer the oath. As many members as can shoulder their way in and grab their share of a Bible, hear the oath recited, kiss the Book, and make another dash for a place in the queue formed on the way to the Roll of Parliament lying open on the table. Having signed it, they, following the Clerk to the Chair, are personally introduced to the Speaker, shake his hand, and disappear.

Among other disadvantages this tumultuous process almost invites evasion. To sign the Roll of Parliament is not only necessary, but is regarded in the family circle as a distinction. To fight for a place at the table in order to take the oath is an item in the performance deliberate omission of which an easy conscience may condone.

A well-known member of a former Parliament confided to me that though he had taken his seat, being returned at a General Election, he had never taken the oath. He went down to the House prepared to go through the ordained observances, and was twice repulsed in effort to find a place at the table where the oath was administered. He had an engagement in the country, and time for catching his train was limited. Sudden temptation besetting him, he quietly fell in line with members on their way to sign the Roll, wrote his name on it, shook the Speaker warmly by the hand, and caught his train.

WAYS AT WASHINGTON.

They manage this thing better at Washington. I was present at the opening of Congress summoned under the first duly-elected Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt, and watched with interest the process of swearing-in. As is the case at Westminster, the Speaker ("Uncle Joe") first took the oath. That was the sole point of resemblance between the two performances. "Uncle Joe" resuming his seat, the Clerk called upon members representing a particular State to advance to the space fronting the platform on which the uncanopied chair of the unwigged, not-gowned Speaker of Congress sits. Forming up in lines representing the full muster of the State representation, the newly-elected members heard the oath recited, and each man, having brought with him a copy of the Bible, kissed it in seal of his oath of loyalty to the Constitution. State by State marched to the front, paraded, took the oath, and dispersed to make room for the next on the rota. It was all over in half an hour, whereas the performance at the T. R., Westminster, whilst lacking its decorum, occupies three or four precious days of a Session never long enough for the work it undertakes.

RE ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

One happy accident attendant on the birth of the Parliament that meets this month is the absence of necessity for members composing the Government to seek re-election. The constitutional idea underlying the practice is that a member, having accepted a place of profit under the Crown, ought to give his constituents opportunity of demurring. The custom had its birth in days when political honesty had not reached the state of perfection attained in our happy time. In the circumstances of to-day it is recognized in both political camps as an absurdity whose only approach to seriousness lies in the infliction of a vexatious penalty on individuals, and not infrequently some inconvenience upon the public service.

During the brief Premiership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a case of peculiar hardship arising under the ancient rule, Mr. Balfour, with mingled chivalry and shrewdness, intimated that if a motion abrogating the rule were submitted from the Treasury Bench it would be favourably considered by the Opposition.

Mr. Asquith and his colleagues having been in office at the date of Dissolution, and being reinstated as the result of the General Election, are fortunate in escaping its consequences.

A BARMECIDE FEAST.

Though Westminster Hall has not yet been brought into use for supreme Parliamentary ceremony, it played a minor but attractive part in connection with the Coronation of King Edward VII. It occurred to the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons that it would be a convenience to members, and might incidentally result in the turning of an honest penny, if they provided luncheon for them and their wives invited to be present at the ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

The proposal was received with such avidity that the Committee found themselves embarrassed on the threshold of their enterprise. No fewer than one thousand three hundred tickets were purchased at the price of twelve shillings and sixpence each. Where might such a multitude be seated? Certainly

not in the fullest range of the dining-room suite of the House. To someone occurred the happy thought of transforming Westminster Hall into a banqueting chamber.

The Kitchen Committee rose to the height of the occasion. They contracted for a supply of tables and chairs. An army of waiters were engaged. Wholesale orders for meats and drinks were lodged. Everything went on swimmingly.

NO MONEY RETURNED.

Then fell a bolt out of the blue. Almost on the eve of the appointed date of the Coronation His Majesty the King fell ill. The Coronation was indefinitely postponed, and the Kitchen Committee found themselves with hundredweights of meat, acres of vegetables, not to speak of a squadron of waiters, on their hands. There were also lakes of liquor of various denominations. That would keep, and the waiters could be paid off. But what was to be done with the many meats, and what about the money paid for tickets? Must it be refunded, even in part?

On that point the Kitchen Committee were unanimous. They had got the fish, they had got the joints, they had got the money too, and the latter they meant to keep. A circular couched in dignified language was sent round, announcing that they found it impossible to refund the money. "While acknowledging the hardships thus inflicted upon purchasers of tickets, the Committee," so this delightful State document ran, "rely upon the good feeling of the House to place a favourable construction on their action." That was all very well. But, naturally, legislators of whatever political complexion, who had paid twelve shillings and sixpence for luncheon and, at the critical moment, found the cupboard bare, may be excused if they showed themselves a little restive.

MARK LOCKWOOD'S STRATEGY.

Then the genius of Colonel Mark Lockwood, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, shone with resplendent light. The Coronation and the luncheon were appointed to take place on a Thursday. On the Wednesday, when ticket-holders learned the worst, the Colonel buzzed about, asking them to dine on the following night at the House, and to lunch on Friday at the expense of the Kitchen Committee. There was the stored-up food, most of it cooked. It had to be eaten. Let them come along and spend a merry evening and a cheerful luncheon-time.

"CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE."

His colleagues on the Committee began to be afraid. They anticipated a rush that would break down the establishment. The Colonel smiled — according to some reports, even winked. If others were anxious, he was unperturbed. It was made known later that, with military instinct, he had surveyed the ground and devised his plan of campaign. The Scotch estimates were down for Thursday night, and only a score or two of Scotch members would be in attendance. As for Friday, the House being up at half-past five in the afternoon, the bulk of members did not think it worth while to attend, adding the fragment of a sitting to the week-end holiday.

Accordingly it came to pass that the claims on the Committee's hospitality were very small. But, as the Colonel cheerily said, "they couldn't say they hadn't been asked."

Tales of a Term.

By MAX RITTENBERG.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

I.—COURT-MARTIALLED.

BLAKE was being tried by dormitory court-martial. On the washstand—cleared for the occasion—sat Pondersby, who had attained to the dignity of the Middle Fifth, was an admitted master of the wily lob, and stood a good chance of getting into the school shooting eight this summer term. He was, therefore, a figure of importance in the oligarchy of his house, and lost no occasion of impressing this on the smaller boys. Also he sported pyjamas of a particularly *outré* pattern, and none dared gainsay him.

"BLAKE WAS BEING TRIED BY DORMITORY COURT-MARTIAL."

On beds on either side of President Pondersby sat the jury. The prisoner stood, in custody, facing the president.

"Prisoner in the dock," said Pondersby, "you have heard the evidence of the Prosecutor for the Crown. Do you deny that on Saturday, April 18th, at 9.20 in the morning, you were seen in Kensington Gardens marching in the costume of a B.P. scout?"

"Yes," admitted the prisoner, sullenly.

"If you mean 'No, you don't deny it,' then bally well say 'No,'" corrected the President with severity. "Further, do you deny that you were marching in company with eight bally girl scouts in costume?"

"We were going to the High Street station to get out into the country, and one of them was my cousin," put in the prisoner.

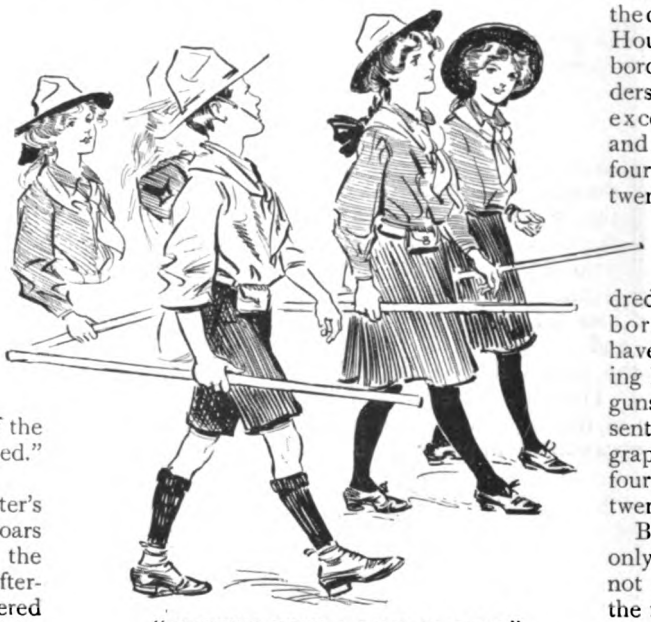
"That, prisoner, is no valid defence to the accusation. You are accused of being such a blooming little smug and scug as to play about at scouting with a pack of girls, thereby bringing discredit on your school."

"I wasn't in house colours or school colours," pleaded the prisoner, hunting desperately for an avenue of legal escape.

"Gentlemen of the jury," summed up the President, judicially, "in this answer the prisoner makes admission of the seriousness of his case. If he had been in school colours or house colours his guilt would have been ten times worse. We must therefore admit this defence as extenuating circumstances in assigning punishment to him. But first of all, gentlemen of the jury, it is for you to say whether you find him guilty or not guilty of being a bally little suffragette scug and smug."

"Guilty!" "Guilty!" came the responses of the jurymen.

"Prisoner in the dock," said President Pondersby, "it is my painful duty to pass sentence on you for having brought ridicule on North Close and on your dormitory. You are adjudged by your peers a petticoated little suffragette of the first water, and to-morrow afternoon before the whole house assembled I sentence you to go through your scouting drill in the backyard in petticoats and a girl's wig. I'll fake up the petticoats and the wig for you. Gentlemen of the jury, you are dismissed."



"SCOUTING WITH A PACK OF GIRLS."

To the house-master's study there floated roars of laughter from the backyard the next afternoon. He wondered vaguely what the joke might be, but it would have been undignified for him to inquire.

For weeks Blake's school-life was not pleasant. House-mates and class-mates rang the changes on girls, petticoats, and back-hair until he was sick of himself and the summer term and the world in general. He brooded darkly over it.

Then one morning on the house notice-board appeared a letter under the printed heading of Manor House, Cheltborough College. It was a challenge to a shooting match with North Close.

"Signed 'Francis Blake,'" read out Pondersby. "Is that a relation of yours, Blake?"

"My cousin," replied Blake, "and a ripping good shot. I don't suppose you'd stand much chance against Manor House. They've got a fine team. I wouldn't advise you to accept."

"Oh, ho!" replied Pondersby. "Not much chance, you think! As though we of North Close couldn't lick those Cheltborough fellows to a jelly. Why, they wear bally top-hats and waiters' evening dress on Sundays! Of course I'll accept the challenge, you little funk."

The next spare half-holiday the match came off under the usual telegraphic conditions. Blake was an anxious spectator at the range while Pondersby and his house team shot off against the distant Manor House at Cheltborough. Pondersby was in excellent form, and a total of four hundred and twenty-one was registered. But at the five hundred yards Cheltborough must have been shooting like machine-guns, for they sent over a telegraphic final of four hundred and twenty-five.

Blake was the only one who was not depressed at the result.

A week later Pondersby rushed, raging, into the prep.-room and called out heatedly for Blake. A dozen willing fags hunted him up and brought him to Pondersby, together with a further crowd of house-mates anxious to see the fun.

"What's all this foolery?" shouted Pondersby, angrily, flourishing in his hand a just-published copy of the school magazine. "Look here at this rotten, trying-to-be-funny account of our shooting match with Cheltborough!" And he thrust the paper before Blake's nose.

"Well, I advised you not to accept the challenge. You know that!" replied Blake.

"Yes; but they're saying here that I induced the house to shoot against a team of girls! Girls!!"

"Well, so you did," replied Blake, calmly. "There's a Cheltborough girls' college as well as a boys'. Surely you know that?"

"Why the deuce didn't you tell me so? This notice—it's written up by that sarcastic little scug Ironsides, I'll bet—will just make me the laughing-stock of the school. You told me the challenge was from your cousin, Francis Blake."

"I didn't tell you anything of the kind. If you like to read 'Frances' as 'Francis,'

that isn't my fault. If it's going to make you the laughing-stock of the school, it serves you bally well right for being such a short-sighted ass."

Pondersby was almost inarticulate from rage. "It's you that's let me in for this! I'll wring your neck off!"

"And while you're about it," retorted Blake, valiantly, "you may as well wring my neck off for putting Ironsides up to the game. Who's the petticoat smug now?"

Pondersby made a dive for Blake. But neatly tripping him up with an outstretched foot, Blake made for the door and the wide spaces of the playing-fields.

II.—THE REVOLT.

THE group of house-masters in the Head's study were silent with a disapproving silence that almost reverberated round the room. The Head had made his bombshell pronouncement, and it obviously found no favour with his colleagues. But he prided himself on being a man of masterful decision; and it was in cold, polished, *fait accompli* tones that he proceeded to force his plan upon them.

"Well, gentlemen, what have you to say against my idea? On every ground—physical, moral, hygienic—it will be to the advantage of the boys and the school in general. I can see no valid objection to it. Mr. Goldsworthy, I should be glad to hear your opinion."

The man addressed—the senior house-master, twenty years older than his chief, and very wise in the ways of boys—shook his grey head slowly and replied: "I think, Doctor, that it would certainly be prudent to sound the feeling of the school on the matter. We could broach the idea in a tentative manner to the head prefects in each house, and prepare the ground for a school order later on. That would be more discreet."

"ON THE NOTICE-BOARD WAS A CHALLENGE TO A SHOOTING MATCH."

The Head was a man of social and literary ambitions, and in furtherance of these he cultivated the epigrammatic style of utterance. Automatically, then, he made reply: "Decision, Mr. Goldsworthy, is always the better part of discretion."

"It would also interfere with our own personal comfort," mentioned Mr. Goldsworthy; and there was an approving look from the other masters.

"It will affect me equally with yourselves," retorted the Head, with finality; "but that is not the important point. What we have to look to is the example we shall be setting to every other public school in England. In reform, as in all other respects, we must lead!"

Round the school notice-board the next morning gathered a crowd of boys who pushed and jostled one another for a first-hand reading of the momentous notice in the Doctor's handwriting:—

Beginning with to-morrow, all school clocks

will be advanced one hour ahead of town time during the summer term The usual time table will be adhered to

There were mutterings and open protests from big boys and small boys alike. Had the decree been in the direction of a fifty per cent. income-tax on pocket-money, it could not have made a more unfavourable impression. Rogers, a young house .prefect of North Close, summed up the general feeling when he said —

"Does the Head imagine himself a bally tinpot Providence to go interfering with our watches like that? Greenwich time's been good enough for the school ever since Henry VIII. founded it, and what was good enough for Henry VIII. is good enough for the Head, isn't it?"

"But *were* there watches in Henry VIII.'s day?" asked Tomlinson, a boy with an unnaturally judicial turn of mind.

"Of course there were, you baked owl," replied Rogers. "Whatever do you think the night watchmen carried round with them, eh? This idea of old Razor-Edge's is so perfectly putrid that they'd jeer at it in a lunatic asylum. When the time is really 5 30 those lying clocks will be calling it 6.30, and we shall have to turn out for early morning prep. while all the cows and pigs are comfortably in bed and asleep."

"There's something to be said for getting up earlier and having more daylight," added Tomlinson, judicially; "but really we can't allow him to dictate to us how we're to set our own watches."

"I've got a magnificent idea!" said Rogers, emphatically, slapping Tomlinson on the back to underline the word "magnificent." "I'm going to start a Greenwich League! Who'll join? A shilling entrance fee, and we'll hold ice-cream conferences in my study!"

When a prefect gives a bold lead of this kind humbler members of a school are not slow to follow. The league thrived amazingly, with branches in every house, and a central executive committee, presided over by Rogers as Perpetual Grand Keeper of the Sacred Clock.

A sudden wave of revolt spread throughout the school. It sprang up like one of Mr. Wells's mushrooms on the moon, as is the manner of school crazes. Everywhere were secret whisperings and plottings, and in the class-rooms organized opposition showed itself.

Half-way through the second lesson, for instance, Mr. Geikie found his Middle Fifth dropping off to sleep. Mr. Geikie, thoroughly capable in every other respect, and a sportsman of note, was handicapped as a disciplinarian by an indigestive redness of nose which was a source of constant concern to his boys.

"Rogers," said he, "construe from line fifty-eight."

"Sorry, sir," said Rogers, affecting to start out of sleep, and speaking with schoolroom correctness of language, "but it's so difficult for me to keep awake when I have to get up so early in the morning. Don't you find it the same yourself, sir?"

"Begin where I told you," replied Mr. Geikie, sharply.

"You said line thirty-eight, didn't you, sir?"

"Line fifty-eight."

"Very well, sir." Slowly Rogers found his place, then began to construe in a drawling monotone that presently died away altogether. He was standing upright with eyes closed, and his head nodded down to his chest in a most finished simulation of slumber. The whole class smiled, audibly.

"Rogers!" said Mr. Geikie, with an anger that he strove to control. "I am always reluctant to punish a prefect, but——"

"I'm very sorry indeed, sir," interrupted Rogers, "but really it's very difficult for me to keep awake. I think it must come from having the clocks put forward as they are now. It isn't natural, is it, sir?"

In other class-rooms similar scenes were taking place; and the official answer to the general revolt was made on the school board the next morning, where it was announced by the Head that, until further notice, there would be only two half-holidays a week instead of three for the whole school. A further notice stated that Rogers, P.H., of North Close, was no longer a prefect.

So far from repressing the mutiny, the Head's punitive measures only fed the flame of opposition. Nothing incenses the schoolboy more than a general punishment.

Rogers blossomed out into a martyr to the cause. By general consent he was endowed with a halo.

If he could have accepted all the offers of treats at the tuck shop, it would have needed a pantechnicon to cart away the crumbs.

But his popularity did not last long. Within a fortnight Rogers's domination was crumbling away. The boys were owning to their secret selves that the extra daylight

gained was distinctly agreeable. Yet they were not going to submit tamely to a Head who had punished the whole school in such high-handed fashion. The league continued its work, and the culmination of its efforts came on mid-term Founders' Day, when the Governors of the school, the Right Worshipful Company of Drysalters, came down from London to hear sundry speeches from masters and boys assembled in Big School.

In accordance with ancient custom, the Governors put up overnight at "The George," and in the early morning the boys came to serenade them outside the hotel. But instead of the old-world song that had greeted the Governors of the school for hundreds of years, a strange new chant floated up to their windows. It went to the tune of "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave," and the words seemed to be :—

If you're a-waking, call me early, mother dear,
IF you're a-waking, call me early, mother dear,
IF you're a-waking, call me early, mother dear.
For the clocks have all gone wrong !

In surprise the venerable Drysalters appeared at their respective windows, but this was no hostile demonstration. They were greeted with the heartiest of schoolboy cheers—the chant was merely intended to bring the burning question of the day to the Governors' consideration.

In Big School again, when the Grand Master of the Drysalters trotted out the hoary old platitudes that had done yeoman service before he had left his cradle, the applause was spontaneous and hearty, but altogether different was the case when the Head rose to make *his* speech.

Except from the visitors, hardly a "hand" greeted him. The atmosphere of the assembly had suddenly fallen to twenty below zero. The air was electric with the Arctic Aurora.

The Head's shoulders stiffened; his jaw set firmer, his tones were even more chiselled and polished than customary.

But before ten minutes had passed boys' heads were drooping wearily—here, there, all over the hall—like wilted flowerets The fatigue of early rising was apparently too much for them. Then came to the ears of the Head and the Drysalters on the plat form a gentle sound like unto the hum of bees amongst the flowers on a drowsy Sunday afternoon in midsummer, when the church chimes from the town float lazily through the placid atmosphere. The sound was all that was gentle, all that was unobtrusive, all that was refined and well bred—but it was unmistakably the sound of sleep settling down amongst the boys.

"HIS HEAD NODDED DOWN TO HIS CHEST IN A MOST FINISHED SIMULATION OF SLUMBER."

The Governors looked amazedly at the Head; the Head felt their looks piercing through the nape of his neck.

There was only one man or boy in all that assembly who held the power to bring the school back from its lapse of manners. That was the captain of the eleven. Had he chosen to turn round in a particular way, Morpheus would have fled.

The Head fixed him with his eye. There was unmistakable command in his look.

The captain of the eleven caught the look. But he was suffering under a sense of injury in regard to that extra half-holiday taken away, which affected him equally with the rest of the school. So he gazed coldly ahead at the gold suspension bridge that spanned from pocket to pocket across the portly waistcoat of a Deputy-Grand-Master of the Drysalters.

The slumber-song continued.

"LIKE WILTED FLOWERETS."

Late that evening the Head was closeted in his study with the senior house-master.

"Mr. Goldsworthy," said the Head, "I cannot disguise from myself that the discipline in the various houses is not all that it should be."

"Well, Doctor," returned the senior house-master, with spirit, "we all think that it would have been more discreet to have introduced the new daylight-saving scheme a little more delicately."

"That is a *fait accompli!*" replied the Head, sharply—his nerves were on edge. "It is a reform of undoubted benefit to the boys, and an example to every other public school!"

"I have been here, boy and man, for forty years," continued Mr. Goldsworthy, "and I know how strong are the prejudices, how intense the conservatism of the boys. You say, Doctor, that the daylight-saving scheme must continue in force, but if you will allow me to suggest a little concession to popular feeling—a *via media*—I know from my long experience that it will prove a way out of the difficulty."

"I am listening," replied the Head.

Round the school notice-board the next morning pushed and jostled a crowd of boys. It was a notice in the Doctor's handwriting that they sought to read, and the general approval of it was manifest. As Rogers said:—

"The Head's talking sense at last! I always knew that he couldn't be such an utter lunatic as he tries to make himself out. Now we can dissolve the league and call 'Pax.' I'm ready to bet six strawberry mushes to one that we get the third half-holiday back within a week. Any takers?"

"I really don't see that the Head's notice makes the matter any different to what it was before," commented the judicial Tomlinson.

"If you can't see the difference you must be as blind as a brickbat," retorted Rogers. "There's all the difference in the world between his first daylight-saving notice and this one." And he read out the announcement slowly and underlinedly for Tomlinson's benefit:—

Beginning with to-morrow, the school clocks will revert to town time. On the other hand, the school time-table will be put back one hour, so that early morning preparation begins at six instead of seven, etc.

"Can't you see the difference now, you baked owl?" added Rogers, scornfully.

III.—THE WORM THAT TURNED OUT TRUMPS.

COMPARE the orbits of mighty Neptune and of the most insignificant asteroid in the solar system, and you have some conception of the relative parts in the world of North Close played by Pondersby and by little Milliken. The latter was a small boy of a meekness and a mildness unparalleled in the history of the house.

"If there is one thing that would make me die happy," said Mr. Calthrop to his head prefect, "it would be to hear that Milliken had been run in for assaulting the police!"

But Milliken had never once earned fifty lines "pœna," had never once been late for call-over, had never even been rebuked for whispering in class-room or prep.-room. He was a perfect model of docile obedience to regulations. Also he worshipped Pondersby from afar off as a mighty demi-god; though Pondersby knew it not, nor would have been moved a jot had he known of it.

The feud between Pondersby and Fisher was really the fault of the former. Fisher was a young bull-pup, a pet of the house-master's, just finding his feet as a healthy young animal with a healthy young appetite. And Pondersby imposed on his ignorance of the world in a perfectly shameful manner.

It was at dinner in the house dining-room. Pondersby whistled him up: "Here, Fisher; good doggie!" and threw into his expectant open mouth a chunk of bread that had been hollowed out and filled with mustard.

Fisher's tail wagged gratefully and his teeth closed on the morsel; then he rejected it hastily and fled howling from the room to seek a water-trough.

The brilliancy of this idea so appealed to Pondersby's sense of humour that he published a second edition of the joke the next day, and this time it was a piece of tasty meat that concealed the dose of mustard.

Fisher's tail wagged trustfully, and his teeth closed on the savoury morsel. Again it was hastily rejected, but this time he neither howled nor fled from his false friend; he made for Pondersby and fastened his teeth in his calf.

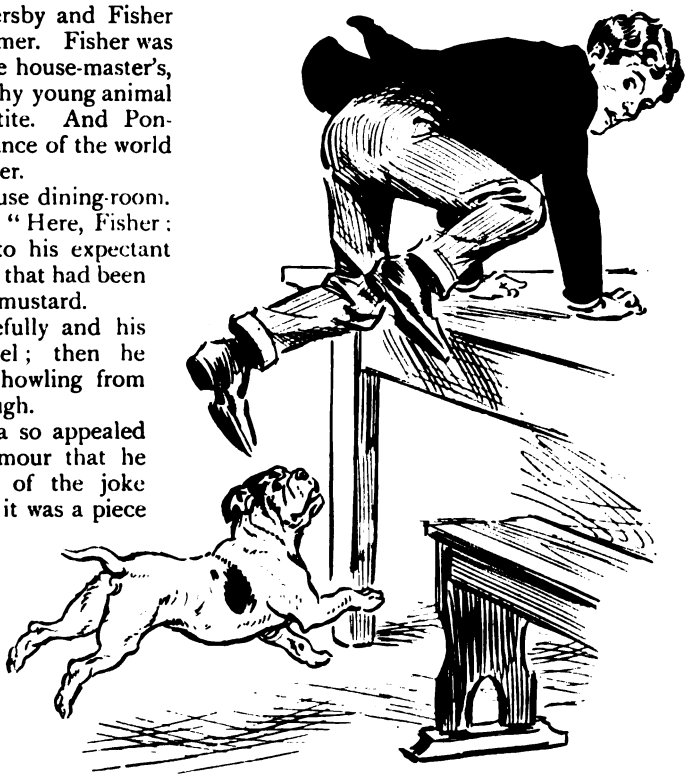
Then there was a grand commotion, a fine kicking and struggling, and the game little dog was finally choked off and deposited outside the door by the head prefect.

"Serves you right, Pondersby!" said the prefect. "Fisher's tame enough if you leave him alone."

"Vicious little brute!" returned Pondersby, feeling his torn trousers and his lacerated calf. "Can't he take a joke? Anyhow, I'll get even with him!"

Pondersby had lately been introduced to the fascinating study of practical chemistry, and one of the first things he had learnt—not from the science master, to be sure—was the preparation of . . . let us be discreet and label it "nitride." This is an explosive to delight the schoolboy heart. It is very easily made, and when moist it is quite harmless. Dried, however, it will "go off" on the slightest provocation—if one tickles it with a feather, if one smiles at it hard, and certainly if one treads on it.

So Pondersby, the inventive genius, in



"FISHER JUMPED AFTER HIM."

secret prepared a *quantum suff.* of the moist black powder, and spread it generously on the cobble-stones around Fisher's kennel in the yard. From the window of the prep.-room Pondersby and his following watched for developments. At a respectful distance from his demi-god, Milliken also watched.

Quickly the "nitride" dried on the cobbles, and Fisher was whistled up from an afternoon nap. He came good-naturedly to the edge of his kennel, lazily stretched himself and wagged his tail, then sauntered out on to the yard. Bang! Bang! Bang! went off the "nitride" under his paws. In surprise and anger he jumped on to another part of the cobbles. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the explosive under him. Fisher bristled like a wolf, then darted straight off to the prep.-room, and made for the boy whom he felt at the back of his doggy mind had planned this outrage on him.

"PONDERSBY SLIPPED OFF HIS LOWER GARMENT AND FLED."

Pondersby jumped for a prep.-table. Fisher jumped after him, and Pondersby hastily leapt for a beam and caught it, remaining suspended above the growling bull-pup, but not quite out of reach.

Milliken had a sudden access of spirit that no one would have credited him with. He pluckily moved forward a step towards the dog, with the idea of distracting its attention from the demi-god, but at that moment Mr. Calthrop appeared in the doorway.

"What's the matter, Pondersby?" asked the house-master, in surprise.

"It's Fisher, sir. He seems to have taken a dislike to me, I don't know why. He's really getting quite dangerous, sir!"

Mr. Calthrop called off his pet. "I'll have his kennel moved away at once from your yard," he said.

In the dormitory that night Pondersby was in a bravado mood.

"I'm going to have a smoke on the roof!" said he.

"Have you got some cigarettes, then?" whispered several awed voices.

"Not a single one," returned Pondersby.

"Where are you going to get them from?"

"I'm going"—Pondersby paused for impressive effect—"I'm going to bag some smokes from the study of our worthy house-master."

"You'll never dare to do that!"

"Dare!" echoed Pondersby. "Of course I dare. I'll wait till after eleven, when everything's quiet, and then I'll go and bag them. Old Beefy's got a fine taste in smokes, and I daresay they'll suit me."

When the whole house was wrapped in slumber Pondersby stole out in pyjamas and slippered feet and made his way along the passages to Mr. Calthrop's study. There was no light appearing under the door, no sound came from the room, and Pondersby turned the handle by fractional degrees.

Moonlight shone on the desk in the house-master's study. A quantity of papers were strewn on it; there was an ash-tray with matches; there were a box of cigarettes and a box of cigars. Pondersby opened them quickly, extracted a couple of cigars and a few cigarettes, and made to leave. A low growl from a dark corner of the room sent his nerves jumping. There came a sudden leap out of the darkness, and Fisher had fastened his teeth on the lower garment of his enemy.

Pondersby struggled outside the door and down the passage with Fisher hanging doggedly on behind—then with a sudden inspiration he slipped off his lower garment and fled for his dormitory.

After breakfast Mr. Calthrop called his house together in the prep.-room. He was stern and ominously quiet in tone. The house were proportionately awed.

"I found a pyjama trousers belonging to one of you boys in my study this morning. Whose is it?"

"It must be mine, sir!" replied Pondersby, jumping up with calculated alacrity. "Fisher stole it from me!"

"*Stole* it from you?"

"Yes, sir, when I was going down the passage last night by the bathroom. I think he must have taken a dislike to me. He stole it from me and took it into your study. I didn't like to follow him and take it away without your permission, sir."

Mr. Calthrop looked at him, searchingly. "I also found a couple of cigarettes on the floor of my study," he pursued, after a short pause.

"Does he like to chew cigarettes, sir, do you think? He seems to like chewing things," said Pondersby, as a desperate resource.

"THERE ARE ALSO SOME CIGARS MISSING FROM MY BOX."

Mr. Calthrop ignored the question. "There are also some cigars missing from my box," he continued, relentlessly.

"Please, sir, I took them!" piped a shrill voice from the back of the room. Everyone turned in astonishment. It was little Milliken on his feet—the meek and mild, docile little model of good behaviour. The boys tittered at the ridiculous idea, then laughed openly, then endeavoured to choke down their merriment.

"Please, sir, I took them!" repeated little Milliken. "You said, sir, that you wanted me to do something desperate, so I went and took your cigars!"

Mr. Calthrop was cursed, as a schoolmaster, with a strong sense of humour. His mouth twitched, much as he strove to control it, as he asked, "And did you take them to smoke or to eat?"

"To smoke, sir. I smoked them on the roof last night," answered little Milliken, valiantly.

"All three?"

"Yes, sir, all three."

"Well, Milliken, you're evidently a very dangerous character," said Mr. Calthrop, rising to go. "You will stay in this afternoon and to-morrow afternoon and write out five hundred Greek lines."

"Couldn't you make it Latin, sir—I don't know Greek?" asked little Milliken.

But Mr. Calthrop strode away without replying.

Though Milliken handed in the five hundred Greek lines, it was Pondersby, needless to say, who had written them out. And Mr. Calthrop made no comment on the obviously experienced handwriting.

In a Biograph Theatre.

Humour, Pathos, and Sensation on the Film.

By GEORGE S. GUY.

From a Photograph by] ACTING A DRAMATIC SCENE BEFORE THE CAMERA. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

AS you sit in an electric theatre watching the pictures on the screen, sometimes moved to tears by a sympathetic scene, sometimes to laughter by a humorous one, you have no time to wonder how these effects are brought about. But when you leave the building you may feel that you would like to know how it is all done.

In the first place, the actors and actresses who perform the piece before the camera in order to obtain the film are, many of them, well-known people on the music-hall or regular stage. So great is the demand for films that special buildings have been built in order that pictures may be taken indoors as well as in the open air. One of the finest of these, belonging to the Hepworth Manufacturing Company, is situated at Walton. It has twenty arc lamps, each producing a light of six thousand candle-power, so that when they are all alight no less than one hundred and twenty thousand candle-power of light is produced, permitting an indoor scene to be photographed. The company employs a complete staff of scene-painters, carpenters, and scene-shifters. No expense is spared to make the pictures as realistic as possible, and the setting in some of them costs several hundred pounds. The expenditure on a single film sometimes amounts to nearly a thousand pounds. But the cost of an ordinary comic picture is much lower than this—say, on an average, a hundred pounds. Very large salaries are paid to certain artistes who have become public favourites. It has been stated that a certain actress in America has received over two thousand pounds a year for acting for film-pictures of this kind.

The first thing, of course, is to obtain a really good plot. After this has been secured it is divided into different scenes, and it is no uncommon thing for an ordinary comic film to be divided into fifteen or twenty scenes. The stage-manager then calls the company together, explains the plot to them fully, and allots the different parts. After each has "made up" to represent his or her character, the company starts rehearsing.

The mind of every artiste must be concentrated on his work. He must know the time he has to come into the picture to the very instant, for as the operator is taking photographs at the rate of sixteen per second, it is easy to understand that the slightest mistake would ruin the whole picture.

Imagine that the operator is waiting for the word to start. "Are you ready?" he calls. "Go!" The machine buzzes merrily round, the artistes act as if before a crowded house, while the stage-manager is shouting warnings and directions. When the taking of the first scene is complete the scene-shifters are busy preparing for the next scene. So the work goes on until all the scenes are finished. It may be several days before the whole film is completed.

The length of the films varies, but one of a thousand feet, which is considered a full length, contains no fewer than sixteen thousand separate pictures and takes about an hour and three-quarters to develop. The time taken to display this picture on the screen is nearly twenty minutes.

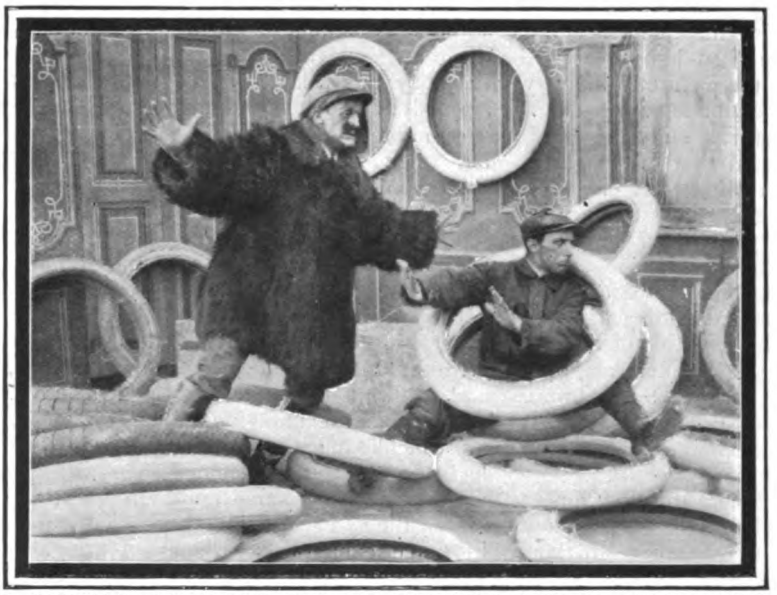
So much for indoor work. But many scenes are taken in the open air. The artistes who devote their time to this kind of work are more liable to serious accidents than those who work in the more tranquil atmosphere of the theatre. An accident that happened in Surrey is probably still fresh in the public mind. A man was tied to the railway lines, and it was arranged that a train should approach as near to him as possible, when he was to have been rescued just in the nick of time. Owing, however, to the greasy state of the metals, the train was unable to stop dead, and the engine passed over the unfortunate performer. Fortunately, this kind of accident very seldom happens.

Another case that might have had an unhappy ending was that of a young lady who was depicted as being thrown into the water by the villain of the piece and then rescued by the hero from a watery grave. The impression was that she could swim, but when she was immersed the operators soon found out their mistake, for to their consternation it was some time before she reappeared, half-drowned and scarcely conscious, on the surface. Happily she was soon rescued, and quickly recovered.

Only a short time ago a scene from the French Revolution was being acted. A guillotine had been erected by the roadside, and a howling mob had assembled about it. The mimic execution was going on in the most lifelike manner. The dramatic moment had arrived; the condemned man, with the priest beside him, stood under the glittering knife; the savage-faced mob waved its arms in fierce exultation — when a touring car swept round a curve in the road. Some ladies in the car, finding themselves face to face with this extremely realistic picture, broke into piercing screams, while the startled chauffeur brought his machine to a stop. The disturbance was too much for the actors, and the condemned man, the priest, and the mob turned to see what was the matter. The motorists soon found out the situation and sped away, but the film was ruined.

On another occasion a picture was just

HUMOUR—"THE ADVENTURES OF FOOLSHEAD."
I. FOOLSHEAD IS THROWN DOWN A PARCEL-CHUTE. [*Itala-Film.*



2. FOOLSHEAD THROWS THE SHOP INTO CONFUSION WHILE SELECTING A TYRE.
[Itala-Film.

about to be started a little way out of London, when along came a very pompous old gentleman who wanted to pass.

"Excuse me, sir," said one of the company, "but you can't go through now."

"Can't go through? Why not, indeed?" thundered the old gentleman.

"Because we are just going to start," replied the actor.

"Oh, really!" snapped the old man. "Oh, really! I'm a ratepayer, and I'll see what this constable has to say on the subject." He walked up to a near-by constable and demanded the meaning of it all.

"Can't 'elp it, sir," said the constable, stolidly, barring the way as he spoke. "These people have bought the road for a time, and you can't pass."

And he didn't pass till they had finished, nor did he discover that the constable was an actor ready for the part.

We stated at the head of this article that we proposed to say something about the humour, the pathos, and the sensation of what has now become one of the most popular of all entertainments. Let us, in the first place, consider the subject of humour.

It will be readily understood that where the whole play consists of action without words anything like subtlety of wit is out of the question. The effects must be of the broadest possible kind, bordering on horse-play. It has been said that in the theatre the most sparkling epigram is less effective in arousing laughter than the spectacle of a man sitting down on his hat — and this is entirely the kind of humour on which the biograph theatre has to depend for its effect.

Perhaps the most popular series of films of this nature are those which are known as "The Adventures of Foolshead," in which a person whose character is well conveyed by his name goes through a series of most astonishing adventures and comes to grief in a score of different ways.

Foolshead is an assistant in a large store, and is so enamoured of the pretty daughter

3. FOOLSHEAD TAKES TO RINKING.
[Itala-Film.

4. FOOLSHEAD DEALS DESTRUCTION ON THE RINK. [*Itala Film.*

of the proprietor that he neglects his duties. He is so preoccupied that he knocks over a lady customer with a roll of cloth, and when she buys it wraps it up so badly that she complains to the proprietor. The latter finds Foolshead talking to his daughter, and angrily throws him out of the shop with such force that he is carried across the road through the chute for parcels in the basement, where he lands on a pile of hat-boxes, as shown in the first of our pictures selected from this film. Recovering his senses, Foolshead laboriously climbs up the chute to the shop, when, seeing the proprietor coming into view with a party of customers, he hides behind a pile of furniture and carpets, which, by an unlucky movement, he precipitates upon the party. He next gets behind a big stall of plaster statuettes, and the crash here, as the others appear, is greater than ever. Finally Foolshead opens the door of a large cupboard, into which the pursuers rush, whereupon the door is slammed to, and he and his sweetheart sit on the overturned cupboard and parley with the father until his consent is given to an early marriage.

His adventures, however, are by no means at an end, and another picture shows the great little comedian as a chauffeur, whose car breaks down in a busy thoroughfare. Water being required for cooling purposes, he obtains a supply, but in a *leaky* watering-can. Petrol is next required, which he obtains in his usual hurry, knocking two policemen into a tank in the process. The petrol is no sooner in the tank than a tyre bursts. He now goes off in an even greater hurry for a tyre, upsetting, in the way shown in the photograph reproduced on the previous page, the contents of the shop before being suited. On his way back he meets a friend. They celebrate the occasion, and when Foolshead returns—of course, without the tyre—the car is blazing furiously.

As might be expected, the modern sport of roller-skating offers Foolshead an exceptional opportunity for the exercise of his unique gifts. It is his weakness for the fair sex which leads him into trouble. Meeting

5. FOOLSHEAD PROGRESSES DOWN THE STREET IN TRIUMPH. [*Itala Film.*

THE LADY-KILLER IS VANQUISHED BY A CIGARETTE.
[*Film by Pathé Frères.*

a lady in the street, nothing will satisfy him but that they should go rinking together. Foolshead signalizes his entry by bowling over a couple of rinkers, and then, seeing his lady friend skating towards the refreshment room with another cavalier, he gives chase. In an outer room he keeps his feet with difficulty by clinging to the curtains at the doorway (see page 158), and then, venturing away from their support, saves himself by grasping the long white beard of an elderly skater, whom he wheels round several times before bringing him to the floor with a crash.

The lady and gentleman skate gracefully between the chairs and tables in the refreshment room, but Foolshead, following, brings furniture and diners down together, and leaves inextricable confusion before he again reaches the floor. This catastrophe is represented in the picture on page 159. This exhausts the patience of the manager, and Foolshead is thrown into the street. He lands outside a house door, where stands one of the large wicker arrangements used by children learning to walk quickly. Creeping inside this, he progresses down the street in triumph, save for one tumble caused by unexpectedly meeting his late fair companion and her new attendant.

We now pass on to another favourite of the biograph theatre, Max Linder, who impersonates a youth supposed to be smitten with the charms of two damsels. Timidly, yet with a certain amount of determination, he follows them through the streets, and all hints that his presence is not desirable are lost upon him. Annoyed at his presumption, the two girls resolve to make him pay for his audacity. With very little effort he is lured into a confectioner's shop and compelled to consume a quantity of unwholesome cakes as a penalty. A visit to the dentist follows, and before he is well aware of it he has lost a couple of good teeth.

PATHOS—"THE CALL OF THE HEART."
THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD. [*Vitagraph Co.*

He is full of pluck, however, and continues the chase, with a handkerchief pressed to his face, and is soon inveigled into smoking some cigarettes which they press upon him. These, however, as another photograph shows, put the finishing stroke to his discomfort, and the young lady-killer is finally vanquished.

The humorous side of the question has detained us so long that we have scarcely space to touch upon the pathetic and the sensational. However, of the former let us take as a typical example the film entitled "The Call of the Heart." It tells the story of a widowed mother, who, finding herself near death, instructs her little daughter to trust God and seek a shelter where He may direct her. She pins a note to the little one's dress, telling of her mother's death, and soon after the child has left the mother dies. By some strange disposition of Fate the child is led to the comfortable home of a hard-fisted old miser who thinks of no one but himself. The little girl is cared for by the housekeeper and taken to the old man, who has just awakened from a dream, in which his conscience has been aroused. He realizes his hard-hearted meanness, having been brought by his dream to an appreciation of the blessings of charity. When he sees the little orphan and the note she has brought with her, the old fellow cannot resist her winning ways. He takes her to his heart and home, and becomes as a child himself.

Now, finally, for a sensational scene, of which as good an example as any is that entitled "The Power of the Press." Bill Mawson, mayor of a small American town, is on bad terms with a local editor, whom he has succeeded in driving out of the town. John Marsden, the new editor, arrives, and Mawson attempts to make him his tool. On Marsden refusing, the mayor starts a conspiracy to get rid of him, but his niece, Nettie, overhears the plot and warns Marsden. He refuses to fly, and is soon afterwards "held up" by some masked men, among whom he recognizes Bill Mawson, the mayor. They drag him to a tree and put a rope round his neck, as shown in our last picture, but he still refuses to obey the mayor. Everything is ready, when Nettie dashes up with the police and rescues her lover from death. Marsden takes Nettie in his arms and graciously intervenes for the release of Mawson, who extends his hand and promises to mend his ways.

SENSATION—"THE POWER OF THE PRESS."
NETTIE RESCUES HER LOVER FROM DEATH.
[*Vitagraph Co.*

Such, then, is the quality of the fare provided by the biograph theatre, and if it is true that it does not appeal essentially to the "superior person," but to an infinitely wider public, there is no reason why it should be regarded as any the worse for that.

A Horoscope.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

GORDON was my godson, and twenty-two. It was true that I had gone to Zurich entirely on his account, but for all that he took too much upon himself; and I was obliged to tell him so more than once.

"You see too much of Hotschki-Potschki," was the kind of thing he sometimes said to me. Hotschki-Potschki was the ridiculous nickname he had bestowed upon my charming Russian pupil, Mr. Schlopolski.

"Well, I have to speak to someone when you aren't there," I protested, meekly.

"But it needn't be a Russian bear. It makes me think of the Black Hundred only to look at him. I say, Madge, I wish you would have a nice girl out from England to knock about with and take care of you when I'm not there. A nice, sensible, sporting, good-natured sort of English girl—what?"

"I thought you hated girls, Gordon."

"I don't always think of myself!" he said, huffily.

"Your mother is my dearest friend, and I've faithfully promised her that there shall be no entanglements while you're out here. You're quite safe with these dumpy dowdy Swiss girls, but with a nice sporting girl from home——you said sporting, didn't you?"

"Do you think I *want* to surround you with a barrier of the kind I most dislike?" he asked, reproachfully. "You know my opinion of girls. They make me tired. I'm not a selfish beast. You *must* be getting bored if you are driven to amuse yourself with a Russian Anarchist."

"If he is an Anarchist," I murmured, gently. "He can hardly be one of the Black Hundred, can he?"

But I gave in. Of course I gave in. It was Mrs. Plumleigh who had suggested it, and Gordon thought I ought to listen to Mrs. Plumleigh's advice—chiefly, I think, because she was so handsome that it was sure to be excellent. He didn't say that that was the reason, but I am not a fool. Perhaps they were both right. I dare say I *am* a little bored sometimes. Gordon was always a dear boy, and kindness itself, and he never forgot to tell me how sweet it was of me to come to Zurich entirely on his account. If it would make his mind easier to think that a bright, companionable girl would help to pass the time more quickly between his visits, I supposed I should have to get one. He was at the Escherwyss engineering works over at Oerlingen, and, although he came up to the *pension* as often as he could, there were many longish and wearyish intervals, and it would be sure to be much worse when Mrs. Plumleigh, who *does* amuse me, goes to Montreal next week.

"If she knows of this nice girl at home," Gordon went on, "why not have her out on trial? What's her name?"

"Muriel," said I, slowly. I watched his face narrowly, for the drawback seemed to me a serious one.

"Oh, Madge!" Gordon called his godmother Madge because he didn't find her old enough for a more respectful title. She was not, in fact, as old as she might be. For a widow she was particularly youthful.

"They call her Pansy at home. She prefers it."

"Oh, I say—she's not like that?"

"As far as I can make out she is exactly like that."

"Why does Mrs. Plumleigh want you to have her, then?" he asked in some surprise, for he had the highest opinion of Mrs. Plumleigh's powers of discrimination, chiefly, I imagine, because of the distracting way her hair curled over her ears. "What does Mrs. Plumleigh say about her, Madge?"

"She says she is just a sweet girl."

"Good Lord!"

I laughed at the horror in his voice, for it was a flattering reflection of my own.

"Well, she seems to have her points, too. She won't want any salary. She is anxious to see something of the world, and will gladly give her services in return for her

keep and a little kindness and a few francs for pocket-money. Her father is a doctor in a poor district. She is amiable and obliging and fond of music."

"Oh, well——" He rose to go. "I'm glad you're going to have a companion."

"She's coming out on Wednesday. She's coming the cheap way by Harwich and Antwerp. I think I shall meet her in Basle. It will be only kind——"

And that, you see, was the beginning of it. I knew her directly she got out of the train, by the forget-me-nots in her hat. She was the kind of girl who always wore blue serge and forget-me-nots. She had the usual kind of brown hair and a rather uncertain mouth, and she seemed sorry to find that I was not grey-haired and bugled. However, she had a very pretty laugh for my little jokes, and it is only fair to say that she began to be a comfort to me at once.

She was a girl who seemed to delight in doing things for people—a girl, apparently, whose one wish was to be liked. I had never been so spoilt in my life. She mended my clothes, and boiled the water for my morning cup of tea on the spirit lamp, and ran all my errands, and never, if she could help it, lost an opportunity of endearing herself to me. Gordon didn't take to her at all. He said he liked a woman to have something about her. He said Muriel wanted more devil. He said she was the kind of girl who'd be all over you if you gave her half a chance, and he strongly advised me to hold back a little. She was certainly the kind of girl who agreed with everybody. It might only mean, as Gordon said, that it was because she *had* no real opinions of her own. She didn't read aloud very well, but she was always most willing to try, and you can't have everything.

All through August she was as good as gold, and little by little made herself indispensable to me. I was most grateful. I bought her an embroidered muslin and a long silver-gilt chain, and gave her ample pocket-money, for she was a lady's maid, secretary, messenger-boy, and companion all in one.

Then one day, quite suddenly, she changed. First she gave up mending my clothes. The week after she let me make my own early tea. One by one she lost all her endearing ways, and became by turns sulky, haughty, aggressive, or absent. It was very unpleasant, and quite inexplicable.

"I might have known it was too good to last," said I, sadly.

"Why not give her the push?" Gordon advised, with his usual breezy frankness of expression.

"I m hunting about for a possible reason for it all," said I, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps she's in love. Goes down to breakfast alone, doesn't she? I'll bet my boots she's twining her young affections about Hotschki-Potschki."

"Mr. Schlopolski breakfasts at eight," said I, with dignity. "Muriel at nine."

"Well, he'll clear off if she does take to him." Gordon spoke with conviction. "I should. Sort of thing a man cannot stand, and you can see that he isn't the kind of man to encourage any serious hopes."

"She looks quite pretty when her face lights up in the evening," said I, trying to be just, but at that moment the girl herself came in, gazed at us proudly and sorrowfully, and sailed out again in dignified silence.

"Come in, Muriel," I cried, with some annoyance. "Why don't you come in?"

"I am the last person in the world to thrust myself in when I am not wanted, Mrs. Prendergast."

"Of course," said I, soothingly; "but we *do* want you."

"Well, *I'm* off, anyhow." Gordon hastily rose. Muriel sat down on the edge of a chair and gazed into the distance till Gordon disappeared, and then she turned her scornful eyes full upon me.

"Look here, Muriel," said I, quite kindly. "You'd better tell me all about it. I can see that you've got something serious on your mind."

"There's nothing to tell, Mrs. Prendergast, thank you."

"But you've utterly changed in the last few weeks, my dear. Indeed, you'd much better tell me all about it. Why are you so touch—— I mean, so unhappy now?"

"I try to bear my troubles with a smiling face, I hope." Muriel sniffed.

"You have been extraordinarily unsuccessful then." I couldn't help a sharper edge to my voice. I had to speak candidly. Then I softened. "Why, I haven't seen your own pretty smile for weeks."

She sniffed again and hunted for her handkerchief.

"I've been misunderstood from a child," said she, brokenly; and I laughed a little at her tone. I really couldn't help it.

"Why, so have we all," said I, lightly.

She went on, mournfully:—

"I have a most sensitive, reserved nature, and no one notices it."

"Come, Muriel. Who's been trampling upon your sacred feelings?"

"I keep my sorrows to myself even if they eat into my heart and kill me."

"But that's rather silly, isn't it? I'm sure I could do something to help you if you'd only give me the chance, my dear."

"I must ask you to excuse me, Mrs. Prendergast." She rose, but I caught her hand.

"Now, Muriel, I am responsible for you to your father. I insist upon knowing what this is all about."

"I may be led by kindness." Her voice broke. "But I can never be driven. The stars say so, and the stars cannot lie."

"The stars!" I stared at her hopelessly, and then I realized that she was fumbling in her pocket for something, and I waited, helpless and aghast. She produced a sheet of foolscap covered with a large, scrawly handwriting and held it out to me.

"Three weeks ago," said she, impressively, "I sent the date of my birth, the colour of my hair and eyes, and a specimen of my handwriting to Chiromio. He is wonderful. He cast my horoscope and told my character without one single mistake. And, oh, how I have been misunderstood!"

I drew a deep breath of relief, but I dared not laugh now.

"What *is* your character, Muriel?" I asked, meekly.

"Read it." She triumphantly held it out. I took it very gingerly.

"Your life has been overcast by a great shadow. You have been misunderstood by your nearest and dearest. Your sensitive nature has been trampled upon, and your quick intelligence has been crushed. You are proud, reticent, self-sacrificing, courageous to a fault, high-spirited, and do not easily brook reproof. It is necessary that you should assert yourself, and carve out your own career. Do not be misled by foolish conventions. Do not be influenced by ill-judged advisers whose mercenary motives may be mistaken for kindness. You are too noble and unselfish. Live your own life. Stand out for your rights. Do not discourage the dark gentleman who admires you from afar, and always wear pink.—CHIROMIO."

"HE CAST MY HOROSCOPE AND TOLD MY CHARACTER WITHOUT ONE SINGLE MISTAKE. READ IT."

"Upon my word!" said I, but I handed the effusion back to her without further comment. It seemed to me too ridiculous to discuss.

"Isn't it marvellous?" she demanded.

"Very. Oh, very marvellous."

"You wouldn't have known it, would you?"

"Never!" said I, heartily.

"You didn't know I was brave, did you?"

"Chiromio must have been up with Zeppelin in his dirigible the other day when you thought those oxen were going to eat you. I never heard such a scream."

Muriel flushed.

"Who is the dark gentleman, Muriel?" I went on. "And how far off is he?"

She disappeared without deigning a reply.

Now, Schlopolski, my charming Russian, is dark, and the first faint misgiving was born there and then in my breast. He is a delightful pupil with engaging ways, but I have my doubts of his wild Slavonic principles. I must take care of the child while she was under my charge. I had no affection for the man myself. Gordon was wrong about that, although I encouraged the suspicion to tease him. She was quite welcome to him if he did regard her seriously, but I had my doubts about that. It was a great relief, however, to know the worst, and be able to put all Muriel's peculiarities down to that tiresome horoscope. When I explained about it to Gordon he was very sympathetic.

"I should send her home, Madge," he said at once. "She's not normal. The girl's wanting. I always thought it."

"I don't know what to think. She *was* such a comfort. I shouldn't mind so much if I could forget how comfortable she made me at first."

And there our conversation was obliged to stop, for Muriel came by the open window, almost hidden in a gigantic hat full of pink roses. I had given her forty francs to spend, in a moment of expansion, and it seemed that she had gone out and spent it all on pink roses. She came into the *salon* for once with a smiling face, and I was obliged to admit that for the moment she really looked quite pretty, but Gordon examined her with solemn disapproval.

"There was enough for a blouse, too," said Muriel, cheerfully. "Pink mercerised muslin with Valenciennes insertion. It's too sweet for words. Pink is certainly my colour."

"I think it is," said Gordon, slowly. I smiled faintly, for I knew what a silly colour he always thought it, and I remembered a fight we had had about a certain rose-coloured chiffon parasol of mine.

"You stick to pink," said he, with an immovable stare. "There's nothing like it."

Muriel seemed quite pleased with his discrimination, and for the rest of the day behaved with her old amiability. Gordon stayed to supper at the *pension*, and Muriel wore a pink sash with her old white muslin frock, and a pink velvet fillet wound in and out of her Directoire curls, and every time Schlopolski looked at her she smiled. Little by little, as I watched her, it dawned upon me that this smile was meant for one of encouragement.

Gordon's suspicions of the Russian grew keener than ever, and he pointed out to me more than once that a girl doesn't get herself up in pink, morning, noon, and night, for nothing. I grew uneasy.

"Hotschki-Potschki's certainly beginning to sit up and take notice," said Gordon, disgustedly, a few days later. "It's that infernal pink. Can't you make her stick to white?"

"I'm afraid to suggest it," cried I, in horror. "It's as much as my place is worth."

I couldn't help wishing that that wretched astrologer of Muriel's had advised her to wear blue, for blue is a sane and healthy colour, and it steadies the nerves, I am sure. If there is any truth in the theory that colours influence the mind, the influence of pink must certainly be a silly, enfeebling one. It is so blatantly meretricious—pink. But one morning things went too far, and I was obliged to put my foot down. The pale Muriel appeared at lunch with roses blooming in both cheeks and a dust of powder on her little tip-tilted nose.

"Pink," said I, sternly, "is very well in its place, Muriel; but I prefer your face as God made it."

Her lips trembled, her blue eyes filled with tears; she was obviously deeply hurt. I caught an indignant glance from a pair of expressive Russian eyes across the room.

"My dear," said I, in kindlier tones, "you've forgotten to wash your face. And you're quite pretty enough without it, too. Don't do it again."

But Muriel set her lips, and rose to march out of the room with her head in the air. I sent her lunch up to her, knowing well that I should see no more of her for that day, and two days afterwards I had to speak very seriously to her again about the studied insolence of her manner. She was getting haughty.

"You don't understand me——" she said, proudly.

"No," said I, gravely. "I wish I could. Is it all the fault of that silly horoscope? Muriel, you don't mean to say that you really believe yourself to be all that that man says you are? Noble? Self-sacrificing? Patient? Do you really think that you possess any of these qualities? My dear, you are only a little girl after all, and I feel sure that the kindest thing I can do is to speak quite plainly to you. Do you think I don't know you better than that horoscope man? I've lived in the same house, in the most intimate companionship with you now for nearly three months, and I flatter myself that I know you pretty well. When you first came you were

"MURIEL CAME BY THE OPEN WINDOW, ALMOST HIDDEN IN A GIGANTIC HAT FULL OF PINK ROSES."

a kind, obliging, pleasant little girl. Ever since you had that silly delineation of your character you have changed for the worse. You are becoming rude, neglectful, silly, and vain. I have tried to be kind to you, but it is really getting too impossible. I am obliged to speak frankly, but I live with you, and I really do know you better and understand your character more thoroughly than a person who has only seen your very bad handwriting; a man who has nothing to go by but the date of your birth."

Muriel sniffed.

"Ah, but he has higher powers than those vouchsafed to you," she cried, triumphantly.

I smiled rather sadly.

"Well," I said, slowly, "I don't want to send you home if I can help it. Try to live up to your noble, self-sacrificing character a little better, please. Try at least to be amiable. I can forgive a good deal to a smiling face."

And there for the moment the matter ended. That evening Gordon rode over from Oerlingen, and Muriel's manner to me before him was so tolerant and forgiving that he was obliged to notice it, and he asked me on the first opportunity what I had done to be so graciously forgiven. I didn't tell him. I didn't want to prejudice him against the foolish girl more than was necessary. I merely said that I had reproved her and she was getting over it.

But I caught a long, long lingering look from under those brown lashes on its way to a pair of handsome Russian eyes, and I resolved to break a bad habit of years and come down to breakfast at eight the next morning.

I found Muriel, as I had expected, already at the breakfast table, with her elbows on the thick blue and green cloth, talking eagerly to Mr. Schlopolski. I caught a "She said" and "I said," and knew that Muriel was confiding her troubles to those sympathetic Slavonic ears. I knew how vague his sympathy must be, because his English was of the most rudimentary kind so far, but Muriel didn't seem to mind. She greeted me with shocked surprise, but the wily Russian was equal to the occasion and quite warm in his expression of pleasure.

Muriel sat as if turned to stone. She played with a roll, but she didn't eat half of it, and presently she got up and left the table. Mr. Schlopolski followed her to the door with his dark, smiling regard.

I didn't see Muriel again the whole of the day. I didn't know where she went to, and I was still more annoyed with her for being away because I had expected Gordon to lunch and he didn't come. He is a very particular boy, as a rule, about keeping his appointments. At dinner-time Muriel's place was still empty, and I began to get anxious about her. She was in my charge. She had proved herself to be an extremely silly girl, and I felt that she was capable of doing anything to annoy me. I wondered if she was in her room sulking, and ran upstairs to see.

Muriel had a pretty sunny bedroom on the fourth floor, and I was rather out of breath when I reached it and found it empty.

"MURIEL WAS CONFIDING HER TROUBLES TO THOSE SYMPATHETIC SLAVONIC EARS."

Lying on the middle of the red tablecloth there was a three-cornered note dramatically speared to the table by a hatpin. It was addressed to me, and I opened it and read it with some misgivings:—

"I thought it best to keep away from you to-day. For the first time I have discovered your unworthy suspicions. I know now why you are always so angry with me. I am dining out with a friend, and shall be home about ten. You may consider this an unconventional step, but I can only ask you to

remember that I — am no longer a child. MURIEL."

Muriel was nineteen. She had no friends in Zurich outside the *pension*. I went downstairs in a great hurry, anxious to see who was missing from the dinner-table. Yes, it was just as I thought. Schlopolski was not there. At first I thought I ought to go for her, but I couldn't do that. I hadn't the slightest idea where she was dining. He might have taken her to an hotel in the town to the Baur au Lac; or they might have gone up the funicular railway to the Dolder. Gordon and I had dined with the Russian several times on the veranda of the Dolder, looking over the whole of a beautifully illuminated Zurich, and it was because of that that I hesitated to look for Muriel there. Schlopolski would be sure to guess that I should remember that. If he wanted to be undisturbed he would probably go in quite a different direction. There was nothing for it but to wait until she came home, and then scold her well, and make her promise that she would never do such a thing again.

She came into my private sitting-room at half-past ten with bright eyes and cheeks as pink as her hat and blouse. She dropped into a chair, and waited with a defiant air for what I should say. I didn't ask her any questions; I didn't even ask her where she had been. I looked at her quietly for a second or two, and then I said:—

"My dear, you mustn't do this again. You wouldn't like your father to know that you have done this kind of thing when you are away from him. I am not going to scold you. I don't want you to think me unkind. You see, it doesn't hurt *me* for you to do these things; it doesn't affect me in any way, but I want to prevent you from hurting yourself. You don't know how soon a girl is talked about over here. A good name is a very white and delicate thing, Muriel, and when it gets smirched it is almost impossible to get it clear again. Of course, you only did it for a joke, and there's no real harm in it. I see that, but people so readily believe the worst of a pretty girl, especially out here. I am not going to say any more; but—well—don't do it again, my dear."

She made a little gasping sound, and I saw that her bright eyes had suddenly grown misty. She rose and came softly behind me, stooped and kissed me impetuously, and said, in a low voice, "It is for your sake," and hurried out of the room.

I stared after her in amazement. What on earth did the child mean? Then I abandoned the problem in despair. Who on earth *could* understand Muriel?

The next few days she bore herself with an air of resigned sadness, but little by little I was glad to see that the sadness disappeared and she grew quite merry. Even Gordon was compelled to admit that she seemed to be waking up a bit. I hesitated for some time as to whether I should speak to the Russian about that mad expedition, but finally decided not to. I didn't believe Muriel would do it again. From something Mr. Schlopolski let fall over his English lesson I found that he *had* been dining at the Dolder that night, and no other proof was needed. Yet, I *had* further proof, for Muriel herself remarked inadvertently one evening on the prettiness of the view at night from the Dolder terrace, with all those lights in the valley.

Once or twice I tried to get the Russian to talk to me about Muriel, but he would not be drawn. He merely smiled inscrutably and changed the subject in his tactful way.

Then something happened. It must have been quite a month after the Dolder affair that I had a letter from Muriel's father; an agitated, rather reproachful letter which gave me to think considerably. He said that he and the rest of the family could not help seeing from Muriel's letters that she was on the point of becoming engaged. He said that nothing would please them more than for her to make a good and happy marriage, but that he insisted upon knowing something more of the man before anything was settled. He said that Muriel's letters were vague to a degree, and full of extraordinarily high-flown sentences which they did not pretend to understand. He thought that I, in whose charge she was, would be sure not to encourage an unsuitable engagement, and that he relied upon me to give him a calm and unprejudiced report of the young man.

Now this puzzled me very much, because, as far as I could see, Muriel's friendship with the Russian was not gaining headway at all. I never saw her talking to him, and I didn't think, foolish as she was, that she was the sort of girl to make clandestine appointments with a foreigner. And there was certainly no other young man. I could not help thinking that Muriel had probably been romancing with her people to gain importance in their eyes, but I wrote at once a reassuring letter to the doctor. And then, by an extraordinary coincidence, I had a

letter from Gordon's mother, who was, as I said before, my oldest and dearest friend.

"DEAREST MADGE,—When I sent Gordon to Zurich you promised to go and keep an eye on him. You promised also that you'd do your best to keep him from getting mixed up with any girl. From something in his letters I cannot help feeling that he has changed his views about women. I am sure he has got to know some girl. He even alludes—vaguely, it is true—but still he *does* allude to possibilities of his marriage in the distant future. If there is any girl, you must certainly know her. Please write at once and tell me if I have any grounds for my suspicion, as in that case I must come out and put a stop to it at once."

This was really too funny.

"If she knew what the Swiss girls were like!" said I to myself. But after I had written as comforting a letter as I possibly could, I sat down and thought seriously about the matter. The truth was, I had seen very little of Gordon lately; his visits had been short and hurried ones, and he had seemed extraordinarily anxious to avoid private conversation. Could there possibly be anything in this idea of his mother's? Suppose there was a girl at Oerlingen? There might possibly be an English girl staying there, more probably an American. I determined to visit Oerlingen as soon as possible. I would go over and examine the whole place and inhabitants as thoroughly as I could.

So in a few days I set off by one of the little lake steamers, and when I got to the works I found, to my annoyance, that Gordon was away for the day. I was told that he was often away now, and I began to feel very uncomfortable, for it wasn't like him to shirk his work. Still, I could not find out anything about any girl

When I got home to lunch Muriel was absent. Frau Henrich told me that she had not expected me back till the evening, and I suppose she had told Muriel that, and Muriel had taken advantage.

I found two letters waiting for me on the table, one from Gordon's mother, saying that Gordon's last letter had only increased her fears, and that she hoped to come out by the day boat, and would be with me the next morning. The other, to my horror, was from Muriel's father, saying practically the same thing. Muriel's last letter had been most alarming, he said. The idea of a Nihilist son-in-law was insufferable to him. He was unspeakably busy, but in spite of that he was coming out by the day boat, and would be with us early the next morning.

"Well," said I, grimly, "I *am* going to have a happy day!" I was. Happier than I knew.

Muriel didn't come in to tea. She was not in by dinner-time. Very much annoyed and more uncomfortable than I would have cared to admit, I ran up to her room. Lying on the table, transfixed by a hatpin, was another little three-cornered note. I tore it open, and read it.

"DEAR MRS. PRENDERGAST,—You told me that you wished I would live up to my horoscope, and I have been trying to do so. When I first read it, I saw at once what was meant by the dark gentleman. I knew that Mr. Schlopolski was falling in love with me, by the way he looked at me, and I guessed at once that he must be my fate. Then, little by little, I began to see that you had already given your heart to him. I saw how you were suffering with jealous anguish, and I determined to trample upon my own most sacred feelings and sacrifice my happiness to save yours. From the moment when I really realized what was at stake, I kept him at a distance. Gordon saw how heartbroken I was, and, like the dear boy he is, he did his best to help me; and after a time I began to see that I should be carrying out the decrees of fate equally well if I married *him*, because he is quite as dark as Mr. Schlopolski. You will see now that I am not incapable of unselfishness and self-sacrifice and noble generosity.

"We are going to Basle this morning to be married by an English clergyman and a special licence, and we are going on by the night train to England.

"I forgive you for all your unkindness and misunderstanding, and Gordon sends his love, and says he hopes you will never regret your fatal passion for Hotschki-Potschki. I remain, still your affectionate friend, MURIEL.

"P.S.—We know that Mr. Schlopolski saw us dining at the Dolder that night, and we thank him for respecting our secret."

I put the letter back in the envelope and sat down on Muriel's bed, drawing a deep breath.

"At nine o'clock to-morrow morning Gordon's mother and Muriel's father will arrive by the same train," I said, grimly, "to ask me—probably both at once—for explanations!"

A Servantless House.

A Domestic Vision of the Near Future.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

Illustrations by René Bull.

TO a mere man it is always an inscrutable mystery that woman—housekeeping woman—should so resolutely set her face against labour-saving devices. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, and in the long run intelligence and convenience carry the day, but it nevertheless remains true that all household innovations, from the humble and necessary clothes-mangle and spring curtain-roller to the electric lamp and the electric lift, long found in women their most uncompromising opponents. An observer, employing only surface logic, would have said that the sewing-machine and the carpet-sweeper would be welcomed by the ladies of England with open arms. Read the memoirs of the time, and you will find that Howe's invention had literally to fight its way to female favour long after it had been approved and adopted by the other and perhaps more impulsive sex.

Barring some slight improvements, few of which go down to the bed-rock of the housekeeping problem, I am inclined to agree with the man who said that every household in Great Britain is "run on mediæval lines." When the daring fifteenth-century male innovator moved the fireplace from the middle of the floor and set it beneath a brick chimney, he was doubtless stoutly opposed by his good wife, and the spirit the dame exhibited is shown clearly to-day in the treatment her twenty million descendants accord the four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three servant-saving devices registered at our Patent Office. Of course there is a reason for all this, and the reason is that, notwithstanding the enterprise and volatility of the spinster half, the married housekeeper—bless her heart!—is the very incarnation of conservatism and laughs scornfully at her lord's suggestions for a short cut out of her difficulties.

"My dear Charles," she says, with pity for his ignorance, "you don't understand servants. They never would put up with any such new-fangled nonsense. If we were to run a house on the lines you suggest they would leave us."

"That's exactly it," retorts the Mere Man. "Let them leave us. Do you know that there are four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three household labour-saving devices registered at the Patent Office? How many of these have you adopted? A paltry hundred or two."

And then the truth comes out.

"Do you know why? Because a woman who keeps house intelligently, my dear Charles, doesn't want labour-saving devices, which only save the labour of a class of domestics already only too much addicted to laziness. As I was saying to Mrs. Merridew only yesterday, when she told me about her Ethelberta and Millicent——"

"There you are!" exclaims the Mere Man, triumphantly. "I'll wager a sovereign that the upshot of your conversation with Mrs. Merridew was that servants were growing from bad to worse, and had frankly become so intolerable that hotel life was the only thing the middle class had to look forward to."

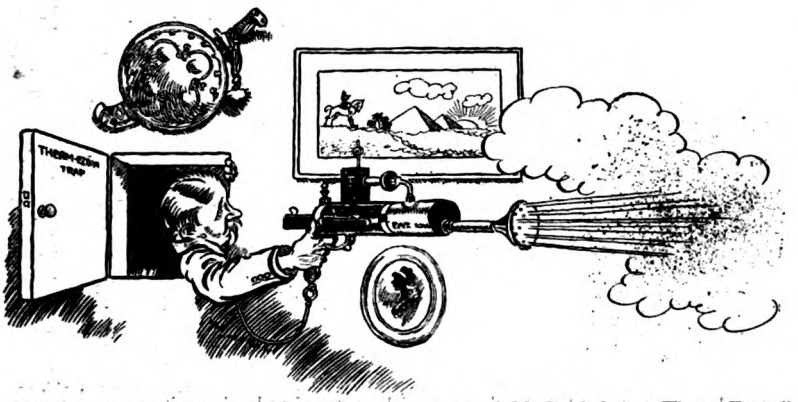
The mistress of the house faltered.

"Why—ye-es," she admitted, "that is what I—what she—what we both said. How did you know?"

"Have I never, my dear, overheard the conversation of a couple of your sex before?"

"Well, as you seem to know all about household management, perhaps you'll have the kindness to tell me how you would run the house."

"I'd try science. If machinery can plough our fields and reap our harvests, run our ships and carriages, write our letters, print our newspapers, fan us when we are too hot and warm us when we are too cold—it surely ought to be able to help a woman



Why dust your room in the old way, when an ounce of M. Berthelet's "Therm-Ezöin" discharged from a pistol precipitates and destroys all the particles?

over her housework. Only woman doesn't give science a chance. Why, when science invented the umbrella she let Jonas Hanway carry it about alone for years and only laughed at him for his pains."

"Fudge! How can science answer the front-door bell, wait at table, make beds, dust the rooms, sweep——"

The Mere Man interposed.

"Softly, softly, my dear. Are you aware that a couple of ounces of M. Berthelet's therm-ezöin sprayed into a room will almost instantaneously resolve the dust again into the atmosphere, so that you open the window and blow it out, and your chamber is as sweet as the cabin of a yacht? Have you, madam, thought of using therm-ezöin? If the ladies of England were in earnest about the servant problem, and meant never again to scold Emily or Jane for sins of omission, do you think they wouldn't be able to close the doors, or, by touching a button, have every atom of dust disappear like magic down a pipe in the grate? Then there is the vacuum cleaner. Why isn't that used in every home?"

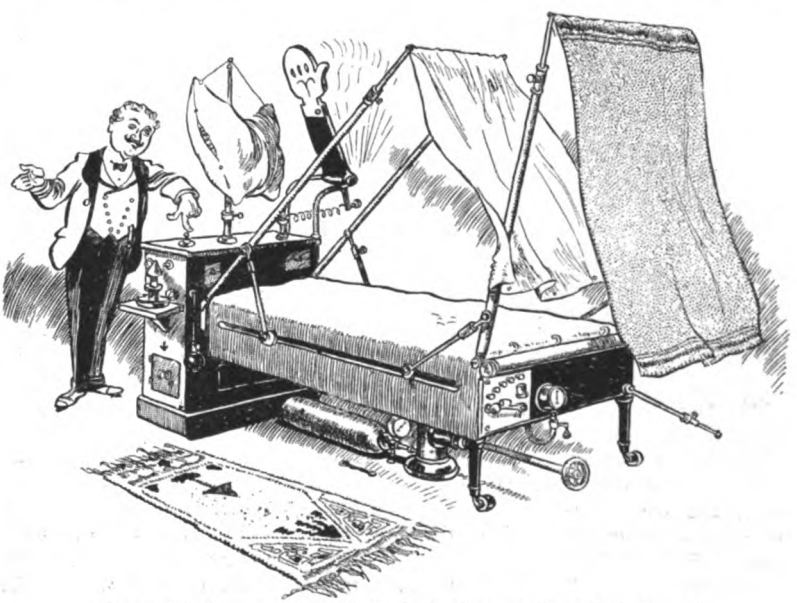
The lady of the house drummed impatiently on the table with her fingers.

"Vacuum cleaners are so expensive. As to the other things, if they are really any good," she said, "why doesn't everybody have them?"

"There you are again!" retorted the Mere Man. "Why didn't everybody use electric light until twenty years after it was available? Have you not read how shocked and incredulous London was when Lady Randolph Churchill first lit up her Mayfair house with electricity? Now, I was going to say that if I were running this house I shouldn't have my beds made by servants when I could avail myself of the ingenious bed-making machine invented many years ago by a barrister named Simmonds."

"What can a barrister know of bed-making? A bed-making machine, indeed!"

"Nevertheless, my dear, it worked like a charm. You see, it was so simple. You pressed a spring and one rod raised the counterpane and drew it out taut, another



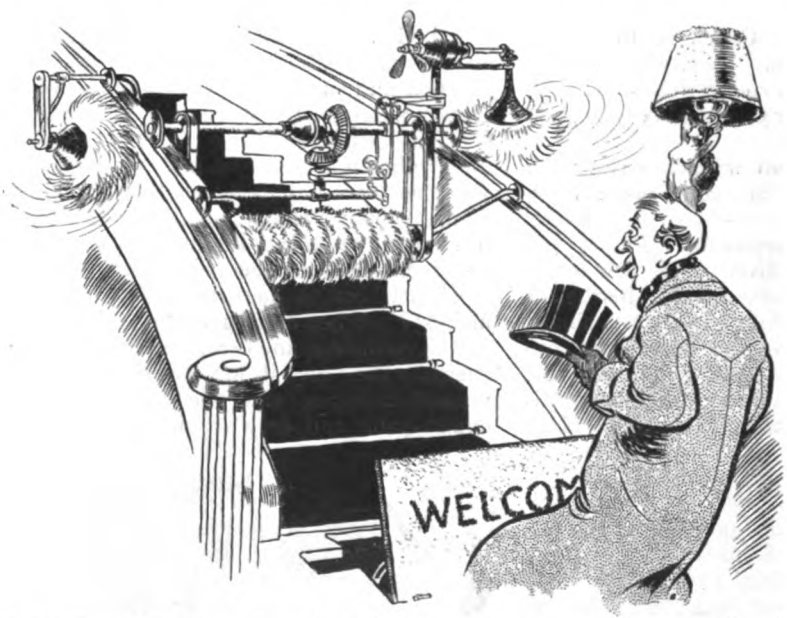
Our artist's humorous idea of the bed-making machine of the future.

lifted the blankets, while two others at top and bottom drew off the top and bottom sheets and held them fast and erect to air. It was all done in a moment, and when you wanted the bed made up, down came the slender frames and all was in its place again, silently and as neat as you please."

A keen satirical look appeared in the lady's eye.

"Really! And how about the mattress? Was that not made up too? But I suppose your clever barrister never thought of lifting and shaking and smoothing a mattress—not to mention such things as pillows!"

"It was unnecessary. The mattress was pneumatic—as soft or as hard as you like. A small wheel at the foot of the bed was released by a touch, and inflation or deflation was done almost automatically."



A sweeping and dusting contrivance for stairs, halls, and passages, operating at an awkward moment.

The Mere Man gazed at his wife indulgently.

"So now," he continued, "having got your rooms dusted and your beds made, we will descend below stairs."

The lady gave a cry.

"Oh, then there are stairs! And that being the case I suppose they will need sweeping occasionally. Or is that unnecessary?"

"By no means. Personally, I prefer stairs. The stairs would be swept daily by the simplest contrivance in the world. In a groove of the banisters runs a rod supporting a spiral brush, revolving not unlike an electric fan. Pausing on the top step, I touch a spring which closes a gate to the stairway. At the bottom I negotiate another, and the stair-brush automatically descends. Not a particle of dust escapes, but all is gathered into a receiver; on the last stair the brush strikes a trapway and the heap of dust is shot into an external bin. It is really all so simple. Alphonse de Rothschild tried it and found it admirable."

"Ah! Rothschild — I thought so. These contrivances are for very rich people. We could not afford them."

"My dear girl," pursued the Mere Man, "have you pondered on the cost of the first sewing-machines—or of the first bicycles? Forty pounds for a bicycle was cheap. Now you can buy them new for five pounds, and second-hand for a sovereign or two. Why? Because they became popular. Sooner or later the scarcity of servants will force manufacturers to make mechanical bed-makers and vacuum-cleaners cheap."

The master of the house cast his eye around the dining-room.

"There's that coal fire of yours, dear. Now, I never did understand why you should consider it necessary to put the servants to such a lot of trouble in fetching in heavy coals and cleaning out filthy ashes. If I were you, I should have a self-feeder let into one wall of the grate connecting with an outside bin. When you wanted more coal on the fire you'd touch a tiny lever; the coal would slide gently in until a sufficient supply was obtained. The ashes would descend by a trapway beneath the hearth to an external ash-bin. But why should we want coal at all when electricity is getting so cheap for

If you must have coals and cinders, why not minimize the trouble? An ingenious automatic scuttle and ash-receiver.

heating purposes? In a few years electric radiators will be in all workmen's dwellings."

"Anything more?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I have hardly begun. You've no idea of the many household contrivances we husbands have invented. Take window-cleaning, for example."

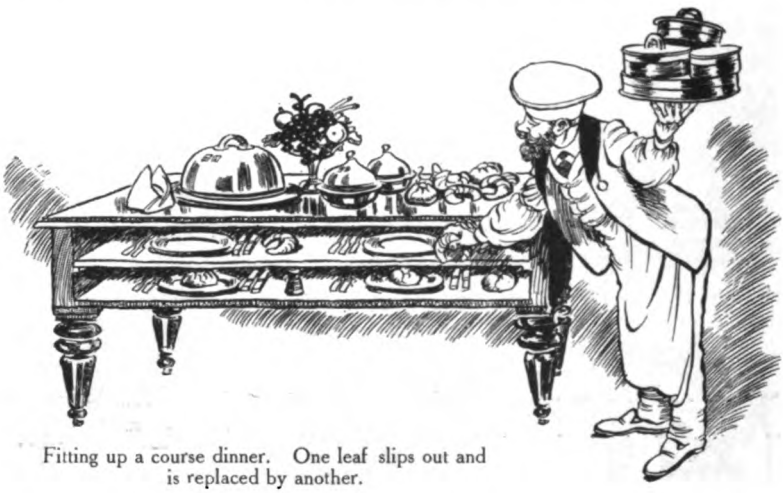
"Oh, I'm glad you thought of that." The housewife forced a smile.

"What can be more antiquated and inconvenient, and, I may add, dangerous, than your present window-cleaning arrangements? Now I should have every window-sash in the house fitted with two sets of panes, easily adjustable. Once a week a man would come round to change the sashes, while the dirty panes would be taken away and cleaned."

The lady interrupted.

"Perhaps, now that you've abolished servants upstairs, you will kindly tell us poor women how you propose to annihilate them in the kitchen, dining-room, and drawing-

Window-cleaning in the future. Clean sashes arriving and being instantly fitted to windows by the "Metropolitan Clean-Window Company."



Fitting up a course dinner. One leaf slips out and is replaced by another.

room. Even supposing your meals to be sent in from the pastrycook's——"

"From the Dinner Supply Company," interpolated the Mere Man.

"You must have a servant or two to wait at table."

"Why?"

"Good gracious, Charles! You don't mean to say——"

He took her hand and led her into the drawing-room. When they were seated, he drew forth a pencil and note-book.

"There are twenty different automatic table-waiters—at least, table-changers," he said, "besides other devices. But the simplest plan of all of changing courses is to have the fresh course come up from the kitchen direct. The guests are seated at table, we will say. All are finished with a course. At a given signal the table descends through a trap in the carpeted floor, which instantly closes again. In the meantime another course has been

The table disappears for an instant; but why should the conversation flag?

got ready, and while the party chats in a kind of circle the trap opens and the table reappears — with the entrée. It is all so simple."

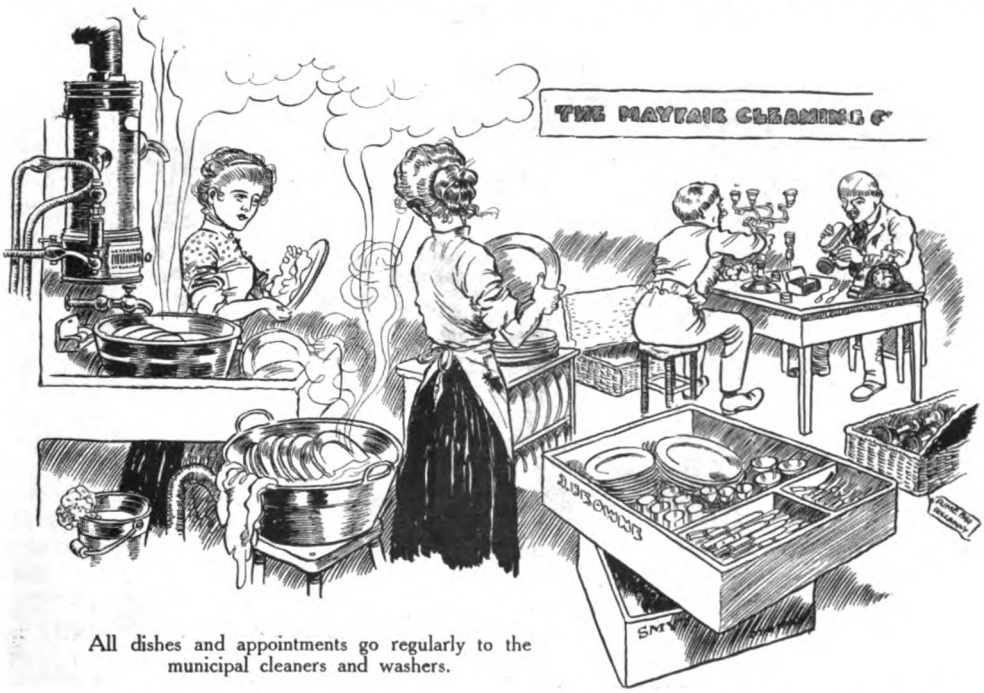
"Or it might come from the ceiling," said the housewife, with a touch of satire.

But her spouse was not disturbed.

"How odd you should say that! It *has* come from the ceiling, and in the house in Paris where this system was adopted it worked like a charm. No fuss, no waiting, no spilling. No. Believe me, my dear, we are on the eve of a revolution in these matters of housekeeping. People are being driven to restaurants to dine because of the difficulties of dining at home. But when the Associated Housekeepers get to work, when the Domestic Service, Limited, begins its operations in London and the provinces, everyone can enjoy the comforts of home in the bosom of their family for a fixed rate, like water, gas, or electricity. A housekeeper will no more think of cooking the family dinner than of baking her own bread or brewing her own beer. You will, even for breakfast, telephone to the local bureau for what you want, and at the appointed hour the long *couvert* containing it is delivered with everything hot and appetizing at your door. The lid of the breakfast cabinet is uncovered, and it is placed directly on to your table. An hour later the van calls, the cover is replaced, and away it goes to the bureau again. The linen and service are your own, are insured, and are never mixed with any others. Every cabinet will be properly labelled, and will be duly dispatched to the washing and cleaning department."

"A wonderful dream, truly," murmured the housewife.

"Yes, but a dream some such genius as Joseph Lyons will realize before we are all very much older. Science can't go on very much longer improving gramophones, cinematographs, and airships, and leave the problem of running a house to look after itself. It'll soon be easier, my dear, to run a house than it is to run a motor-car."



All dishes and appointments go regularly to the municipal cleaners and washers.

"And what is to become of all the domestic servants?"

"A million or so will fill the places vacated by the Suffragettes, who will be governing the country and fighting in the army. And the other half can emigrate to the Colonies, where they are in urgent need of a million women at once as wives and mothers. You can't stop science when once it's started."

"I suppose not. In the meantime I must go and make tea. This is Imogen's afternoon off, and Kathleen is in bed with a sprained ankle, so we are already enjoying the luxury of a 'servantless house.'"

FAIRY GOLD

W. W. JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"COME and have a pint and talk it over," said Mr. Augustus Teak. "I've got reasons in my 'ead that you don't dream of, Alf."

Mr. Chase grunted and stole a side-glance at the small figure of his companion. "All brains, you are, Gussie," he remarked. "That's why it is you're so well off."

"Come and have a pint," repeated the other, and with surprising ease pushed his bulky friend into the bar of the Ship and Anchor. Mr. Chase, mellowed by a long draught, placed his mug on the counter and eyed him kindly, then said:—

"I've been in my lodgings thirteen years."

"I know," said Mr. Teak; "but I've got a partikler reason for wanting you. Our lodger, Mr. Dunn, left last week, and I only thought of you yesterday. I mentioned you to my missis, and she was quite pleased. You see, she knows I've known you for over twenty years, and she wants to make sure of only 'aving honest people in the 'ouse. She has got a reason for it."

He closed one eye and nodded with great significance at his friend.

"Oh!" said Mr. Chase, waiting.

"She's a rich woman," said Mr. Teak, pulling the other's ear down to his mouth. "She——"

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"When you've done tickling me with your whiskers," said Mr. Chase, withdrawing his head and rubbing his ear vigorously, "I shall be glad."

Mr. Teak apologized. "A rich woman," he repeated. "She's been stinting me for twenty-nine years and saving the money—my money!—money that I 'ave earned with the sweat of my brow. She 'as got over three 'undered pounds!"

"'*Ow* much?" demanded Mr. Chase.

"Three 'undered pounds and more," repeated the other; "and if she had 'ad the sense to put it in a bank it would ha' been over four 'undered by this time. Instead o' that she keeps it hid in the 'ouse."

"Where?" inquired the greatly interested Mr. Chase.

Mr. Teak shook his head. "That's just what I want to find out," he answered. "She don't know I know it; and she mustn't know, either. That's important."

"How did you find out about it, then?" inquired his friend.

"My wife's sister's husband, Bert Adams, told me. His wife told 'im in strict confidence; and I might 'ave gone to my grave without knowing about it, only she smacked 'is face for 'im the other night."

"If it's in the house you ought to be able to find it easy enough," said Mr. Chase.

"Yes, it's all very well to talk," retorted Mr. Teak. "My missis never leaves the 'ouse unless I'm with her, except when I'm at work; and if she thought I knew of it she'd take and put it in some bank or somewhere unbeknown to me, and I should be farther off it than ever."

"Haven't you got no idea?" said Mr. Chase.

"Not the leastest bit," said the other. "I never thought for a moment she was saving money. She's always asking me for more, for one thing; but, then, all women do. And look 'ow bad it is for her—saving money like that on the sly. She might grow into a miser, pore thing. For 'er own sake I ought to get hold of it, if it's only to save her from 'erself."

Mr. Chase's face reflected the gravity of his own.

"You're the only man I can trust," continued Mr. Teak, "and I thought if you came as lodger you might be able to find out where it is hid, and get hold of it for me."

"Me steal it, d'ye mean?" demanded the gaping Mr. Chase. "And suppose she got me locked up for it? I should look pretty, shouldn't I?"

"No; you find out where it is hid," said the other; "that's all you need do. I'll find some way of getting hold of it then."

"But if you can't find it, how should I be able to?" inquired Mr. Chase.

"'Cos you'll 'ave opportunities," said the other. "I take her out some time when you're supposed to be out late; you come 'ome, let yourself in with your key, and spot the hiding-place. I get the cash, and give you ten—golden—sovereigns—all to your little self. It only occurred to me after Bert told me about it, that I ain't been in the house alone for years."

He ordered some more beer, and, drawing Mr. Chase to a bench, sat down to a long and steady argument. It shook his faith in human nature to find that his friend estimated the affair as a twenty-pound job, but he was in no position to bargain. They came out smoking twopenny cigars whose strength was remarkable for their age, and before they parted Mr. Chase was pledged to the hilt to do all that he could to save Mrs. Teak from the vice of avarice.

It was a more difficult undertaking than he had supposed. The house, small and compact, seemed to offer few opportunities for the concealment of large sums of money, and after a fortnight's residence he came to the conclusion that the treasure must have been hidden in the garden. The unalloyed pleasure, however, with which Mrs. Teak regarded the efforts of her husband to put under cultivation land that had lain fallow for twenty years convinced both men that they were on a wrong scent. Mr. Teak, who did the digging, was the first to realize it, but his friend, pointing out the suspicions that might be engendered by a sudden cessation of labour, induced him to persevere.

"And try and look as if you liked it," he said, severely. "Why, from the window even the back view of you looks disagreeable."

"I'm fair sick of it," declared Mr. Teak. "Anybody might ha' known she wouldn't 'ave buried it in the garden. She must 'ave been saving for pretty near thirty years, week by week, and she couldn't keep coming out here to hide it. 'Tain't likely."

Mr. Chase pondered. "Let her know, casual like, that I sha'n't be 'ome till late on Saturday," he said, slowly. "Then you come 'ome in the afternoon and take her out. As soon as you're gone I'll pop in and have a thorough good hunt round. Is she fond of animals?"

"I b'lieve so," said the other, staring. "Why?"

"Take 'er to the Zoo," said Mr. Chase,

impressively. "Take two-penn'orth o' nuts with you for the monkeys, and some stale buns for—for—for animals as likes 'em. Give 'er a ride on the elephant and a ride on the camel."

"Anything else?" inquired Mr. Teak, disagreeably. "Any more ways you can think of for me to spend my money?"

"You do as I tell you," said his friend. "I've got an idea now where it is. If I'm able to show you where to put your finger on three 'undred pounds when you come 'ome it ll be the cheapest outing you have ever 'ad. Won't it?"

Mr. Teak made no reply, but, after spending the evening in deliberation, issued the invitation at the supper-table. His wife's eyes sparkled at first; then the light slowly faded from them and her face fell.

"I *can't* go," she said, at last. "I've got nothing to go in."

"Rubbish!" said her husband, starting uneasily.

"It's a fact," said Mrs. Teak. "I should like to go, too—it's years since I was at the Zoo. I might make my jacket do; it's my hat I'm thinking about."

Mr. Chase, meeting Mr. Teak's eye, winked an obvious suggestion.

"So, thanking you all the same," continued Mrs. Teak, with amiable cheerfulness, "I'll stay at home."

"'Ow—'ow much are they?" growled her husband, scowling at Mr. Chase.

"All prices," replied his wife.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Teak, in a grating voice. "You go in to buy a hat at one and elevenpence; you get talked over and flattered by a man like a barber's block, and you come out with a four-and-sixpenny one. The only real difference in hats is the price, but women can never see it."

Mrs. Teak smiled faintly, and again expressed her willingness to stay at home. They could spend the afternoon working in the garden, she said. Her husband, with another indignant glance at the right eye of Mr. Chase, which was still enacting the part of a camera-shutter, said that she could have a hat, but asked her to remember when buying it that nothing suited her so well as a plain one.

The remainder of the week passed away slowly; and Mr. Teak, despite his utmost efforts, was unable to glean any information from Mr. Chase as to that gentleman's ideas concerning the hiding place. At every suggestion Mr. Chase's smile only got broader and more indulgent.

"You leave it to me," he said. "You leave it to me, and when you come home from a 'appy outing I 'ope to be able to cross your little hand with three 'undred golden quids."

"But why not tell me?" urged Mr. Teak.

"'Cos I want to surprise you," was the reply. "But mind, whatever you do, don't let your wife run away with the idea that I've been mixed up in it at all. Now, if you worry me any more I shall ask you to make it thirty pounds for me instead of twenty."

The two friends parted at the corner of the road on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Teak, conscious of his friend's impatience, sought to hurry his wife by occasionally calling the wrong time up the stairs. She came down at last, smiling, in a plain hat with three roses, two bows, and a feather.

"I've had the feather for years," she remarked. "This is the fourth hat it has been on—but, then, I've taken care of it."

Mr. Teak grunted, and, opening the door, ushered her into the street. A sense of adventure and the hope of a profitable afternoon made his spirits rise. He paid a compliment to the hat, and then, to the surprise of both, followed it up with another—a very little one—to his wife.

They took a tram at the end of the street, and for the sake of the air mounted to the top. Mrs. Teak leaned back in her seat with placid enjoyment, and for the first ten minutes amused herself with the life in the streets. Then she turned suddenly to her husband and declared that she had felt a spot of rain.

"'Magination," he said, shortly.

Something cold touched him lightly on the eyelid, a tiny pattering sounded from the seats, and then—swish, down came the rain. With an angry exclamation he sprang up and followed his wife below.

"Just our luck," she said, mournfully. "Best thing we can do is to stay in the car and go back with it."

"Nonsense!" said her husband, in a startled voice; "it'll be over in a minute."

Events proved the contrary. By the time the car reached the terminus it was coming down heavily. Mrs. Teak settled herself squarely in her seat, and patches of blue sky, visible only to the eye of faith and her husband, failed to move her. Even his reckless reference to a cab failed.

"It's no good," she said, tartly. "We can't go about the grounds in a cab, and I'm not going to slop about in the wet to please anybody. We must go another time. It's hard luck, but there's worse things in life."

Mr. Teak, wondering as to the operations of Mr. Chase, agreed dumbly. He stopped the car at the corner of their road, and, holding his head down against the rain, sprinted towards home. Mrs. Teak, anxious for her hat, passed him.

"What on earth's the matter?" she inquired, fumbling in her pocket for the key as her husband executed a clumsy but noisy breakdown on the front step.

"Chill," replied Mr. Teak. "I've got wet."

He resumed his lumberings and, the door being opened, gave vent to his relief at being home again in the dry, in a voice that made the windows rattle. Then with anxious eyes he watched his wife pass upstairs.

"Wonder what excuse old Alf'll make for being in?" he thought.

He stood with one foot on the bottom stair, listening acutely. He heard a door open above, and then a wild, ear-splitting shriek rang through the house. Instinctively he dashed upstairs and, following his wife into their bedroom, stood by her side gaping stupidly at a pair of legs standing on the hearthstone. As he watched they came backwards into the room, the upper part of a body materialized from the chimney, and turning round revealed the soot-stained face of Mr. Alfred Chase. Another wild shriek from Mrs. Teak greeted its appearance.

"Hul-lo!" exclaimed Mr. Teak, groping for the right thing to say. "Hul-lo! What—what are you doing, Alf?"

Mr. Chase blew the soot from his lips. "I—I—I come 'ome unexpected," he stammered.

"'WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER?' SHE INQUIRED, FUMBLING IN HER POCKET FOR THE KEY AS HER HUSBAND EXECUTED A CLUMSY BUT NOISY BREAKDOWN ON THE FRONT STEP."

"But—what are—you *doing?*" panted Mrs. Teak, in a rising voice.

"I—I was passing your door," said Mr. Chase, "passing your door—to go to my room to—to 'ave a bit of a rinse, when——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Teak.

Mr. Chase gave Mr. Teak a glance the pathos of which even the soot could not conceal. "When I—I heard a pore little bird struggling in your chimbley," he continued, with a sigh of relief. "Being fond of animals, I took the liberty of comin' into your room and saving its life."

Mr. Teak drew a breath, which he endeavoured in vain to render noiseless.

"It got its pore little foot caught in the brick-work," continued the veracious Mr.

Chase, tenderly. "I released it, and it flowed—I mean flew—up the chimbley."

With the shamefaced air of a man detected in the performance of a noble action, he passed out of the room. Husband and wife eyed each other.

"That's Alf—that's Alf all over," said Mr. Teak, with enthusiasm. "He's been like it from a child. He's the sort of man that 'ud dive off Waterloo Bridge to save the life of a sparrow."

"He's made an awful mess," said his wife, frowning; "it'll take me the rest of the day to clean up. There's soot everywhere. The rug is quite spoilt."

She took off her hat and jacket and prepared for the fray. Down below Messrs. Teak and Chase, comparing notes, sought, with much warmth, to put the blame on the right shoulders.

"Well, it ain't there," said Mr. Chase, finally. "I've made sure of that. That's something towards it. I sha'n't 'ave to look there again, thank goodness."

Mr. Teak sniffed. "Got any more ideas?" he queried.

"I have," said the other, sternly. "There's plenty of places to search yet. I've only just begun. Get her out as much as you can and I'll 'ave my hands on it afore you can say——"

"Soot?" suggested Mr. Teak, sourly.

"Any more of your nasty snacks and I chuck it up," said Mr. Chase, heatedly. "If I wasn't hard up I'd drop it now."

"'I HEARD A PORE LITTLE BIRD STRUGGLING IN YOUR CHIMBLEY,' HE CONTINUED."

He went up to his room in dudgeon, and for the next few days Mr. Teak saw but little of him. To lure Mrs. Teak out was almost as difficult as to persuade a snail to leave its shell, but he succeeded on two or three occasions, and each time she added something to her wardrobe.

The assistant fortune-hunter had been in residence just a month when Mr. Teak, returning home one afternoon, stood in the small passage listening to a suppressed wailing noise proceeding from upstairs. It was so creepy that half-way up he hesitated, and, in a stern but trembling voice, demanded to know what his wife meant by it. A louder wail than before was the only reply, and, summoning up his courage, he pushed open the door of the bedroom and peeped in. His gaze fell on Mrs. Teak, who was sitting on

the hearth-rug, rocking to and fro in front of a dismantled fire-place.

"What—what's the matter?" he said, hastily.

Mrs. Teak raised her voice to a pitch that set his teeth on edge. "My money!" she wailed. "It's all gone! All gone!"

"*Money?*" repeated Mr. Teak, hardly able to contain himself. "What money?"

"All—all my savings!" moaned his wife.

"Savings!" said the delighted Mr. Teak. "What savings?"

"Money I have been putting by for our old age," said his wife. "Three hundred and twenty-two pounds. All gone!"

In a fit of sudden generosity Mr. Teak decided then and there that Mr. Chase should have the odd twenty-two pounds.

"You're dreaming!" he said, sternly.

"I wish I was," said his wife, wiping her eyes. "Three hundred and twenty-two pounds, in empty mustard-tins. Every ha'penny gone!"

Mr. Teak's eye fell on the stove. He stepped forward and scrutinized it. The back was out, and Mrs. Teak, calling his attention to a tunnel at the side, implored him to put his arm in and satisfy himself that it was empty.

"But where could you get all that money from?" he demanded, after a prolonged groping.

"Sa—sa—saved it," sobbed his wife, "for our old age."

"Our old age?" repeated Mr. Teak, in lofty tones. "And suppose I had died first? Or suppose you had died sudden? This is what comes of deceitfulness and keeping things from your husband. Now somebody has stole it."

Mrs. Teak bent her head and sobbed again. "I—I had just been out for—for an hour," she gasped. "When I came back I fou—fou—found the washhouse window smashed, and——"

Sobs choked her utterance. Mr. Teak, lost in admiration of Mr. Chase's cleverness, stood regarding her in silence.

"What—what about the police?" said his wife at last.

"Police!" repeated Mr. Teak, with extraordinary vehemence. "Police! Certainly not. D'ye think I'm going to let it be known all round that I'm the husband of a miser? I'd sooner lose ten times the money."

He stalked solemnly out of the room and downstairs, and, safe in the parlour, gave vent to his feelings in a wild, but silent, hornpipe. He cannoned against the table at last, and, subsiding into an easy-chair, crammed his handkerchief to his mouth and gave way to suppressed mirth.

In his excitement he forgot all about tea, and the bereaved Mrs. Teak made no attempt to come downstairs to prepare it. With his eye on the clock he waited with what patience he might for the arrival of Mr. Chase. The usual hour for his return came and went. Another hour passed; and another. A horrible idea that Mr. Chase had been robbed gave way to one more horrible still. He paced the room in dismay, until at nine o'clock his wife came down, and in a languid fashion began to set the supper-table.

"Alf's very late," said Mr. Teak, thickly.

"Is he?" said his wife, dully.

"Very late," said Mr. Teak. "I can't think—— Ah, there he is!"

He took a deep breath and clenched his hands together. By the time Mr. Chase came into the room he was able to greet him with a stealthy wink. Mr. Chase, with a humorous twist of his mouth, winked back.

"We've 'ad a upset," said Mr. Teak, in warning tones.

"Eh?" said the other, as Mrs. Teak threw her apron over her head and sank into a chair. "What about?"

In bated accents, interrupted at times by broken murmurs from his wife, Mr. Teak informed him of the robbery. Mr. Chase, leaning against the door-post, listened with open mouth and distended eyeballs. Occasional interjections of pity and surprise attested his interest. The tale finished, the gentlemen exchanged a significant wink and sighed in unison.

"And now," said Mr. Teak an hour later, after his wife had retired, "where is it?"

"Ah, that's the question," said Mr. Chase, roguishly. "I wonder where it can be?"

"I—I hope it's in a safe place," said Mr. Teak, anxiously. "Where 'ave you put it?"

"*Me?*" said Mr. Chase. "Who are you getting at? I ain't put it anywhere. You know that."

"Don't play the giddy-goat," said the other, testily. "Where've you hid it? Is it safe?"

Mr. Chase leaned back in his chair and, shaking his head at him, smiled approvingly. "You're a little wonder, that's what you are, Gussie," he remarked. "No wonder your pore wife is took in so easy."

Mr. Teak sprang up in a fury. "Don't play the fool," he said, hoarsely. "Where's the money? I want it. Now, where've you put it?"

"Go on," said Mr. Chase, with a chuckle. "Go on. Don't mind me. You ought to be

on the stage, Gussie, that's where you ought to be."

"I'm not joking," said Mr. Teak, in a trembling voice, "and I don't want you to joke with me. If you think you are going off with my money, you're mistook. If you don't tell me in two minutes where it is, I shall give you in charge for theft."

"MR. CHASE, WITH HIS FRIEND IN HIS POWERFUL GRASP, WAS DOING HIS BEST, AS HE EXPRESSED IT, TO SHAKE THE LIFE OUT OF HIM."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chase. He took a deep breath. "Oh, really!" he said. "I wouldn't 'ave thought it of you, Gussie. I wouldn't 'ave thought you'd have played it so low down. I'm surprised at you."

"You thought wrong, then," said the other.

"Trying to do me out o' my twenty pounds, that's what you are," said Mr. Chase, knitting his brows. "But it won't do, my boy. I wasn't born yesterday. Hand it over, afore I lose my temper. Twenty pounds I want of you, and I don't leave this room till I get it."

Speechless with fury, Mr. Teak struck at him. The next moment the supper-table was overturned with a crash, and Mr. Chase, with his friend in his powerful grasp, was doing his best, as he expressed it, to shake the life out of him. A faint scream sounded from above, steps pattered on the stairs, and Mrs. Teak, with a red shawl round her shoulders, burst hurriedly into the room. Mr. Chase released Mr. Teak, opened his mouth to speak, and then, thinking better of it, dashed into the passage, took his hat from the peg, and, slamming the front door with extra violence, departed.

He sent round for his clothes next day, but he did not see Mr. Teak until a month afterwards. His fist clenched and his mouth hardened, but Mr. Teak, with a pathetic smile, held out his hand, and Mr. Chase, after a moment's hesitation, took it. Mr. Teak, still holding his friend's hand, piloted him to a neighbouring hostelry.

"It was my mistake, Alf," he said, shaking his head, "but it wasn't my fault. It's a mistake anybody might ha' made."

"Have you found out who took it?" inquired Mr. Chase, regarding him suspiciously.

Mr. Teak gulped and nodded. "I met Bert Adams yesterday," he said, slowly. "It took three pints afore he told me, but I got it out of 'im at last. My missis took it herself."

Mr. Chase put his mug down with a bang. "*What?*" he gasped.

"The day after she found you with your head up the chimbley," added Mr. Teak, mournfully. "She's shoved it away in some bank now, and I shall never see a ha'penny of it. If you was a married man, Alf, you'd understand it better. You wouldn't be surprised at anything."

Japanese Flower-Statuary.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

A SCENE FROM THE PLAY "CHIUSHINGURA," REPRESENTED BY FLOWER-FIGURES.
From a] HONZO CUTTING THE PINE-BRANCH. [*Photograph.*

BESIDE the major arts—the painting, sculpture, architecture, metal-work, lacquer, and pottery—for which they have made themselves famous, the Japanese practise a number of minor arts of great ingenuity and interest, an example of which was supplied in the sand-pictures on which I wrote in this Magazine some time ago. The cultivation of dwarf trees is another—an art of greater reason and significance than the superficial observer is apt to perceive. And among the many branches of flower cultivation and breeding which the Japanese have made their own, that of the chrysanthemum is particularly noticeable. The great autumn shows of chrysanthemums at Dangozaka, near Tokio, offer many wonders to their crowds of visitors—miracles of breeding and cultivation and marvels of arrangement. The road to Dangozaka is bordered with gardens, and at the time of the chrysanthemum shows—a sort of national festival, for the chrysanthemum is the Japanese national flower—the way is lined with stalls of all sorts and made gay with many thousands of flags and lanterns. The village—or suburb—of Dangozaka seems a congeries of chrysanthemum gardens and nothing else. Two sen—which is about a halfpenny—is the price of admission to any garden, and in any and all of them are displayed strange triumphs of horticulture—rows of hundreds of chrysanthemum plants obeying orders in their growth like a regiment of soldiers on their parade. You will see them in long ranks, each plant a facsimile of the next beside it, with exactly the same number of blooms on each. And not merely that; the top bloom will be fully opened, and so make one of a perfectly level and equal line of fully opened blooms; the next will be nearly opened, and again one of a similar row; the flowers of the third row are open to a less degree; and so they decrease to the feet of the plants, where a row of close green buds extends. So that the whole long rank presents a constantly repeated scale of all the beauties of the opening flower, from bud to fullest bloom. And the marvel does not stop even here; for not only the blossoms, but the leaves are matched in number and situation. In other places, instead of straight lines, the plants are disposed fan-fashion, or in the shape of an umbrella.

But the popular part of the show is provided by the *kiku ningyo*, or chrysanthemum figures. In different parts of the garden, on raised wooden stages, sheltered from bad weather by roofs such as that which covered the dwarf gardens at the Japan-British Exhibition last year, are life-sized human figures built wholly of growing chrysanthemum flowers with the exception of the heads and hands, which are realistically modelled in wood, and painted. The plants have their roots under wire frames, which map out the general forms of the costumes, and the myriad flowers build up the figures, each having been tied in its place as a bud and now as an open flower taking its place in some detail of the dress. Figures of national heroes and scenes of history are common, and sometimes—as during the war with Russia—figures of living soldiers and sailors. But among the most numerous and popular scenes represented are those from plays, wherein the figures of well-known actors are presented in their most famous characters. Every detail of the most gorgeous costumes is reproduced faithfully in growing flowers, of all manner of brilliant colours, and each part of a warrior's armour and equipment is clear to distinguish.

The great blossoms of the usual show-chrysanthemums are not used for this purpose, but those of a much smaller and more compact variety, and this for two reasons. In the first place, the smaller, closer flowers build into more clearly-defined masses, and mark out patterns with far more precision than large and loosely-petalled blooms; and in the second place the small compact variety of plant used carries its flowers fresh and unfaded for a much longer time than do other kinds. But of course even the flowers used fade in time; and toward the end of the shows it is sometimes found necessary to clip away faded blooms and replace them with cut flowers of the same sort.

But in the prime of the show all the flowers are living and growing in their places, and here, by way of illustration, we have a series of figures from tableaux illustrating situations in the most famous and popular of all Japanese plays—the "Chiushingura." Photographs of these flower-figures, by the way, are not easy to make. The light on brilliant masses of flowers on the one hand, and the dark shadows of the overhanging roof on the other, cause a confusion of actinic conditions which is altogether unfavourable.

The "Chiushingura" is the epic of the virtue most honoured in old Japan—*Chiushin*, or loyalty. In Europe the story is mostly known as that of the "Forty-Seven Ronin." The tale—it exists as a story in as many versions as it does as a play—had its foundation in fact at the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the representation of actual contemporary or recent affairs was forbidden on the stage and in fiction; consequently the names of the principal characters were disguised and the date placed some hundreds of years farther back, with changes and embellishments to suit.

ONOYÉ KIKUGORO AS YENYA TAKASADA.
From a Photograph.

The picture on this page shows a figure in the opening scene of the play. It is that of the actor Onoyé Kikugoro in the character of Yenya Takasada, a daimio of the time of the Shogun Ashikaga Taka-uji, early in the fourteenh century. The Shoguns, it may be explained for the benefit of those who have not studied Japanese history, were the actual rulers of Japan in the old days — the long line of military despots who governed the country, nominally under the authority of the Emperor, but actually without any check or restraint, the Emperor being invariably a sacred, secluded nonentity. As the play opens we

learn that the Shogun Taka-uji, in commemoration of victory over his enemies, has commanded a temple to be built, and now his younger brother, Naoyoshi, has arrived as his deputy to open and consecrate the building. A certain nobleman—the villain of the piece—Moronao, Lord of Musashi, is in charge of the ceremonies of reception, having manner is harsh, overbearing, and insolent, and the proud nobles grow resentful. On one occasion Wakasanosuke is so insulted that he barely restrains himself from drawing his sword on Moronao, even in the Shogun's palace, where the penalty for such an act is death and confiscation of estates.

The news of this state of affairs reaches

From a] WAKASANOSUKE, THE SHOGUN'S LIEUTENANT. *[Photograph.*

as his lieutenants Takasada, whose figure is given, and Wakasanosuke Yasuchika. The Shogun's brother commands that a coffer be opened in which a number of helmets are stored. One of these belonged to the famous Nitta Yoshisada, who was killed in battle fighting against Taka-uji. It has been resolved, nevertheless, that, since Nitta was a man of high lineage, and the helmet was presented to him by the Emperor Godaigo, it shall be placed as a treasure in the new temple. But there is a doubt as to which of the number is the true helmet, and the lady Kawoyo, wife of Yenya Takasada, who was a maid of honour at the Imperial palace at the time of its bestowal, is called in to identify it. This she does, and in the scene of which the figure forms a part, Yenya Takasada is carrying the helmet on a stand. He wears the ceremonial black *yeboshi* cap and the *haori* and *hakama* which form part of the dress proper to the official occasion. To his left kneels his colleague, Wakasanosuke, similarly attired, as we see in the above photograph. Moronao, chief of the three commissioners, Naoyoshi, and the lady Kawoyo form other figures in the tableau.

The succession of ceremonies on this great occasion is a long one, and Moronao has to instruct his lieutenants in their duties. His Kakogawa Honzo, chief councillor of Wakasanosuke, and he is filled with apprehension for his lord's safety. At any moment Moronao's insolence may pass his patience and lead to an outburst that may involve death for Wakasanosuke and ruin for his family. Thus troubled, the chief councillor receives a message to attend his lord. Wakasanosuke informs Honzo of the treatment he has received from Moronao. He further says that he is resolved to brook no more insults, but if occasion should arise to avenge them on the spot regardless of consequences; and that he confides the whole matter to Honzo in order that the facts of the case may be known in case the matter ends tragically.

In course of the dramatic interview between the lord and his councillor, which takes place on a veranda, Honzo draws his shorter sword —the one carried by every samurai for self-dispatch at the call of honour—and slashes off a branch of pine that hangs before the house.

"So let my lord's enemies be cut off by his hand!" cries the councillor.

This is the subject of the next scene, shown in the photograph at the head of this article. Wakasanosuke is seated in the background on a cushion, and Honzo, standing before the veranda, cuts at the pine-branch. From the wooden label at his side we learn that

the actor represented as taking the character of Wakasanosuke is Ichimura Kakitsu.

But Kakogawa Honzo, with all his fierce loyalty, is a man of discreet and cautious temper. He resolves to save his lord in spite of himself, and, unknown to him, to placate Moronao with costly gifts. The time is short, for a few hours of early morning only remain before the commissioners are to meet again. But Honzo accomplishes his purpose, and the covetous Moronao, won over by the splendid bribe, receives Wakasanosuke this time with extreme favour, offering the humblest apologies for his rudeness of yesterday. Wakasanosuke is wholly taken aback by this sudden change of manner, being quite ignorant of the reason. He has come prepared to strike down his enemy without mercy, and, his pent-up rage being turned back by Moronao's excessive protestations, he stammers a few polite sentences and retires.

But Yenya Takasada, the other commissioner, now arrives. His own chief councillor is away on a journey, and no presents have been received from him. Moreover, the ruffian Moronao not only welcomes the opportunity of his temporary official subordination to himself to browbeat a nobleman of equal rank, but has an additional motive of hatred, coveting not only the gold, but the wife of Yenya, the beautiful lady Kawoyo. Consequently, the whole weight of Moronao's insolence falls on Takasada, who at first pretends to receive it in jest; but at length, goaded beyond endurance by a last insult, he draws his sword and cuts down his enemy. At this moment Honzo appears and runs to restrain Yenya, so that Moronao escapes merely wounded.

But the capital crime has been committed. Yenya Takasada has drawn his sword in the palace precincts, and has attacked the officer under whose orders he has been placed. He is confined to his castle while his case is considered. Then comes the sentence. He is ordered to die by his own hand, and his estates are confiscated.

His chief councillor, Yuranosuke, the hero of the play, breaks his journey and hastens to his lord's side; but he arrives in time only to witness his death agonies and to receive his last words. Yenya's retainers are dispersed, and become *ronin*—that is to say, warriors without a chief. Literally, the word *ronin* means "wave men"—wanderers with no governance or object, like the waves of the sea.

But by the old Japanese code of honour they have a duty to fulfil. As loyal soldiers they must execute vengeance on their dead master's enemy. Not till the head of Moronao is placed as an offering before the tomb of Yenya can their lord's spirit rest in peace. Yuranosuke and his son Rikiya call the best of their men together and swear them to vengeance on the dirk wherewith Yenya has killed himself. Then they, the immortal forty-seven, disperse in order to distract attention from their purpose and throw off suspicion. Some become traders—an immeasurable descent for a man of two swords—and one at least turns himself into a street pedlar, in order the better to keep watch on the enemy, while Yuranosuke concerts his plans.

KONAMI'S MOTHER ABOUT TO KILL HER IN DESPAIR.
From a Photograph

Yuranosuke, for his part, disgraces himself by vulgar dissipation. Everybody knows that the duty of a true samurai in his position is not to rest till his wronged lord is avenged. Consequently Moronao and his retainers are on their guard. Their suspicions must be lulled. They must be persuaded that Yuranosuke and his men are miserable caitiffs who care nothing for their duty and contemn the memory of their lord. This sacrifice of honour, the last and worst sacrifice a samurai may make, greater than ten thousand deaths, Yuranosuke makes cheerfully. He is seen

NAOZANÉ DESCRIBING HIS BATTLES TO HIS WIFE.
From a Photograph.

reeling drunk in the lowest resorts; he consorts with companions unworthy to sit with a soldier; and there are singularly moving scenes, wherein, put to grievous tests, he even reviles the name of his injured lord. So low does he fall that on one occasion a samurai of Satsuma, seeing him lying drunk in the street and knowing the duty this apparent poltroon owes his departed master, kicks him as he lies. This also Yuranosuke endures meekly. So far does he go that some of the *ronin* themselves are deceived, and talk of hacking the traitor to pieces. But all this time Yuranosuke's schemes are maturing, and the guard on Moronao's castle is gradually relaxed.

At last the night of vengeance arrives — a night of snow and moonlight. The forty-seven, fully armed and with all preparations made, meet secretly, and under the command of Yuranosuke storm Moronao's castle, cut their way through his hastily-summoned retainers, and, after a search, seize Moronao himself. But he is a nobleman; they are gentlemen and samurai, and forms must be observed. He is placed in an elevated position, and Yuranosuke, bowing low before him, humbly requests pardon for his violence, and begs that Moronao shall present the *ronin* with his head, thus giving him the opportunity of dying honourably by his own hand, as Yenya had done. But the villain is unworthy his rank, and has not the grace to die becomingly. He attempts escape, and instantly falls beneath the blows of a shower of blades.

So is the duty of the forty-seven accomplished. The head of Moronao is placed with due ceremony before the tomb of Yenya,

From a] A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY "SHIRIKIYA." *[Photograph.*

and the *ronin* await the order of the Shogun as to their own fate. About this there can be no question. They must all die, but not by the hands of the executioner. Each has the privilege of dying by his own sword, as Yenya had done before them. This they do in all honour and esteem, and so follow their lord upon the dark path.

When all is over there comes post-haste a man from Satsuma, who has heard news of the vengeance. He is the samurai who spurned and spat on Yuranosuke as he lay grovelling in the street. Now he knows all, and is come to atone for the insult he has put upon so brave and loyal a vassal. He kneels before Yuranosuke's tomb, bows humbly, and straightway yields up his own life in expiation of his offence.

Such is the general outline of the story, but it is much longer in its entirety, with underplots and many dramatic incidents. Among these last is that shown by the figures in the fourth photograph. Konami, the daughter of Kakogawa Honzo, is betrothed to Rikiya, son of Yuranosuke. But Honzo has incurred the hatred of Yuranosuke's family, for two reasons. He is contemned for stooping to bribe Moronao, and especially he is hated because his interference prevented Yenya from executing his own vengeance on his enemy. Yuranosuke's wife casts bitter reproaches at Konami and her mother, repudiating the match with her own son unless he receives the wedding gift of Honzo's head. To such despair are Honzo's wife and daughter driven that they contemplate death, the daughter by her mother's hand, and the mother by suicide. The tableau on page 240 shows Konami kneeling, with a prayer on her lips, to receive the stroke of the sword from her mother, represented by the actor, Sawamura Gennosuké, standing behind her. At this point in the action the women are interrupted by the advent of Honzo, Rikiya, and Yuranosuke.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM-FIGURE MADE IN ENGLAND—A JAPANESE GIRL.
From a Photograph.

As I have said, the story of "Chiushingura" is founded on actual fact. The real tragedy was worked out in the years 1701 and 1702, under the government of the Shogun Tokugawa Iyetsuna. The injured nobleman, called Yenya Takasada in the play, was actually Asano Takumi; his faithful chief councillor was not called Ohoboshi Yuranosuke, but Ohoishi Kuranosuke; and the villain, called Moronao in the play, was Kira Kodsuke Yoshifusa, who met his death in the manner the story tells in the winter of 1702. The tombs of Kuranosuke and his loyal followers are still to be seen in the burial ground of the temple Senkakuji.

The rest of the photographs show scenes wholly unconnected with the play of the "Chiushingura." First, we have a tableau representing Kumagayé Naozané, a famous warrior of the Middle Ages, describing his battles to his wife, and next is a scene in the comedy "Shirikiya." The central actor, as the label by his side tells us, is Ichizo, in the comic character of Johachi.

Probably the first of these chrysanthemum-figures to be made out of Japan were two made but a few months ago in England by the gardener of Messrs. Yamanaka and Co., of 127, New Bond Street, in whose window they were displayed for some time. Only English chrysanthemums were available, none of the smaller variety being on hand, but a very creditable pair of figures was produced of a girl playing with a child, the harmony of colours in the dresses being very charming. One of these is reproduced above by Messrs. Yamanaka's permission.

THE PROOF.

By VIOLET M. METHLEY.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

THE colonel shut his field-glasses with a click, and turned on his heel with a disheartened shrug of the shoulders. His eyes ached with the fruitless search for any sign of human life in the great plain which stretched before him. Rocky hills rose on three sides of the little settlement of Haynes' Drift, and made of the place an almost impregnable stronghold. In front the country was open, although broken up by countless ravines and small hills.

"It's impossible to get a clear view," said the colonel, fretfully. "He may be within a quarter of a mile of us, hidden by one of those confounded humps, or he may be miles away. Why can't the young fool stay in camp?"

"Where's your respect for Royalty, sir?" asked Chetwynd, with a laugh. He was leaning against the galvanized-iron wall of the hospital, in company with his brother subaltern, Benton.

The colonel swore under his breath, deeply and comprehensively.

"Why on earth do they want to send him here?" he demanded. "Haven't I got enough to think of, without being appointed bear-leader to this precious cub of a prince? Oh, he's right enough himself! He's a plucky boy and would be only too pleased to see a bit of fighting, if I dared to let him. But I should get into nice hot water at home if he had so much as a finger scratched—why, I believe he's related to every reigning family in Europe! And now he's gone off again, and I sha'n't have a moment's peace until I see him safely back. Who's with him?"

"Only Pender and an orderly, I believe," answered Benton.

"Well, there is no help for it. You two youngsters will have to play nursemaid again and fetch him in. It will be dark in another hour or two, and he does not know the country as you do."

The two subalterns straightened themselves and prepared to start.

"Very well, sir," said Chetwynd, saluting. "And—don't worry. We'll bring him home, safe and sound, within half an hour."

As soon as they were out of earshot of the colonel, Benton broke forth into loud complaints. What the junior officers at Haynes' Drift irreverently termed "fetching little Willie home" was an amusement which had begun to pall. The care of Prince William of Mannheim had made the colonel thoroughly nervous, and the whole regiment suffered for his jumpiness.

Chetwynd strode along in silence: possibly he realized better than his companion that the chief had real cause for anxiety. A Zulu impi had been reported to be in the neighbourhood only that morning, and although the garrison at Haynes' Drift had seen and heard nothing of the enemy, it was quite possible that stragglers, or even a considerable number, might be concealed among the unevennesses of the plain.

Benton grumbled unceasingly. He was a fair, good-looking young fellow with a pleasant, weak face, and a character more or less to correspond. Bodily and mentally he was a great contrast to Chetwynd, with his out-thrust, masterful chin and deep-set eyes. A tenacious man this, with a good deal of the bulldog in his composition.

"Oh, come along, Benton!" he said, impatiently, interrupting the other's flow of eloquence. "What's the good of so much talk? We'd better hurry up and find the boy and not waste our breath."

"I expect he's picking flowers somewhere

or other," growled Benton. "I'm sick of the game."

"It's all in the day's work," remarked Chetwynd, tritely and philosophically. "And, after all, if we happen on him in a tight hole and do a gallant rescue—well, our fortunes would be made, my boy. The man who did the job would be marked for promotion—and you never know your luck."

In order to cover the ground more thoroughly Chetwynd and Benton soon separated and set off in opposite directions. They arranged to communicate with each other at intervals by means of a code of whistles, which should report success, failure, or the need of help.

Chetwynd made his way round the flank of a precipitous hill some ten minutes later, devoutly trusting that they might soon come to the end of their search. On the farther side of the hill ran down a little rocky ravine, the dry bed of a torrent, and as he entered this valley the sound of a struggle came to his ears, and he realized that his prayer had been answered in grim earnest.

A steep rock barred the end of the ravine, and against this three white men had made a stand against a dozen or more of Zulus.

One, whom Chetwynd recognized as the orderly, lay on his face motionless. Captain Pender, with his back against the rock, was beating off his assailants with his clubbed musket, the blood streaming down his face from a fearful wound in the forehead. The third man, Prince William, was huddled on the ground at Pender's feet, half hidden by the dark bodies of their dead enemies.

Chetwynd set off at full speed. As he ran he blew three times the preconcerted signal which was to warn Benton that his comrade was in imminent need of help. He yelled encouragement to Pender, but it was too late to save him. When Chetwynd was only a few paces from the little group a Zulu spear pierced the captain's throat and he fell, with a gasping cry, across the pile of dead at his feet.

At the same instant Chetwynd was on them. His revolver spoke twice, and at each shot a savage fell. He bestrode the Prince's prostrate body and waited for a further attack.

It did not come at once. The enemy were disheartened at the arrival of this new-comer. Already eight of their number lay dead; only five remained, and one of them was badly wounded. They drew back among the rocks and gave Chetwynd breathing time; time, moreover, which might bring Benton at any moment to his support.

He dropped on his knee by the Prince, and thrust his left hand inside the boy's coat. Thank Heaven, he was not dead! He had probably fainted from loss of blood, as there was an ugly wound in his thigh.

Still Benton did not come; possibly he was out of earshot. Chetwynd looked anxiously around. The Zulus had retired to a little distance. If it were possible he had better make for the open and try to reach the camp. It was only a short half-mile away, and their sole safety lay in getting there before dark. He knew that the enemy would not dare to follow him within range of the garrison at Haynes' Drift.

Chetwynd bent and lifted the unconscious boy in his arms. He was a big man, and the Prince was only a light-weight. Quickly and easily he strode down the valley, almost before the enemy had time to realize his intention.

As Chetwynd had expected, his movement was followed by a yell of fury. An assegai struck him in the shoulder and another glanced past his forehead. He set his teeth and strode on. If needs must, he would turn at bay again; in the meantime every yard gained meant much, and at any moment Benton might come. The wounded boy in his arms stirred and moaned uneasily. His eyes half opened, but they looked devoid of consciousness.

There was a swift rush through the air behind them, and a spear pierced Chetwynd's back. He staggered and almost fell, but recovered his balance with an effort.

As he stood gathering his strength to advance, Benton came running round the spur of the hill.

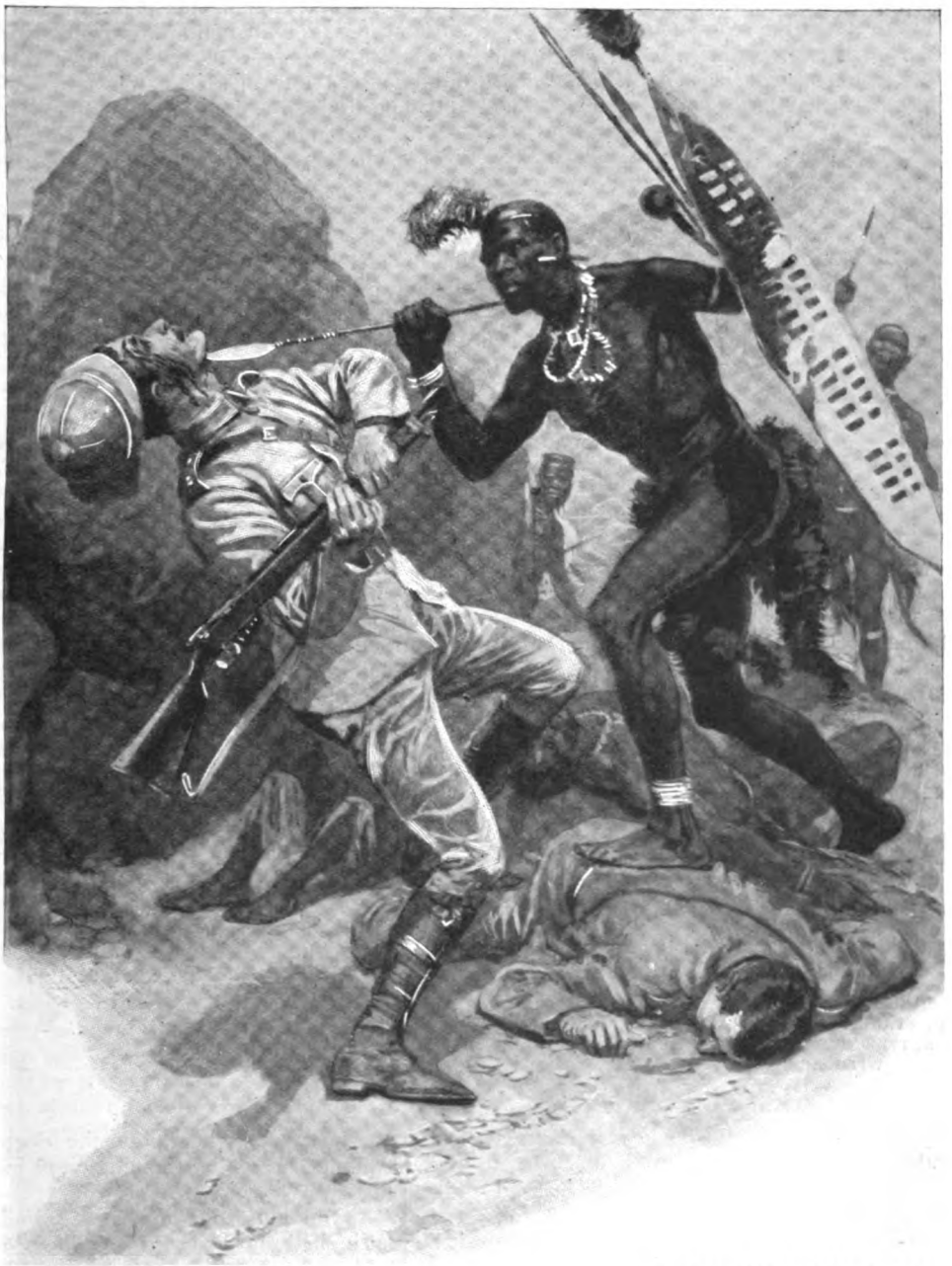
Chetwynd could only gasp out: "Thank God you've come!" His strength was ebbing very fast.

At the sight of the new-comer the Zulus lost courage. Probably they expected that a regiment would follow him. They turned and fled, scrambling out of sight among the rocks.

Chetwynd dragged himself a few paces farther. They were clear of the valley and had gained the shelter of a huge rock. The wounded man sank to his knees.

"It's no good, Benton, I'm done," he said. "Take the boy and get back to the Drift—then come for me. For God's sake—go! You can't carry me as well—don't risk his life—go!" And he fell forward unconscious.

Benton hesitated. It seemed a cowardly thing to leave Chetwynd, yet his duty was plain. He must take the Prince into safety.



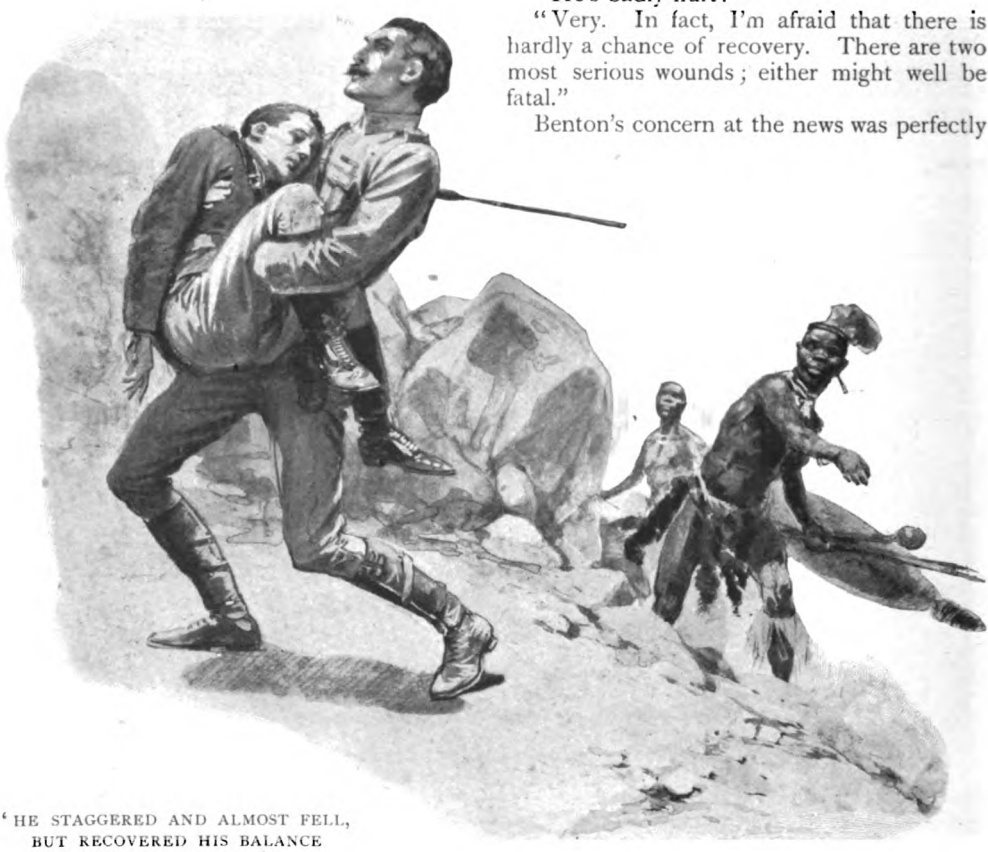
"A ZULU SPEAR PIERCED THE CAPTAIN'S THROAT AND HE FELL."

He lifted the boy in his arms and set out, slowly and with difficulty.

He reached Haynes' Drift unmolested, but almost exhausted. He was surrounded by half the garrison in a moment, and a score of willing hands took his burden from him as he sank against the sandbag battlements.

"No—I'm not hurt," he gasped. "Chetwynd—I had to leave him. He's wounded—you must go for him."

In a few moments he had recovered sufficiently to direct the search-party to the place where he had left Chetwynd. They found him, still unconscious, as Benton had left him, and carried him back to safety. The party also brought in the bodies of Captain Pender and the orderly.



"HE STAGGERED AND ALMOST FELL, BUT RECOVERED HIS BALANCE WITH AN EFFORT."

At the time Benton had scarcely realized that the cheers and shouting were for him. When he first struggled back to the camp he was too exhausted to take it in. It was not until later that it suddenly dawned upon him that everybody believed that it was he, and he alone, who had rescued the Prince.

With the realization of the mistake came a bitter pang of regret—regret that the opportunity had not been his. He remembered Chetwynd's words: "The man who did the job would be marked for promotion," and he knew that he was jealous of his friend.

The sight of the doctor just leaving the little hospital roused Benton from his moody thoughts. He went to meet him and inquired after the two patients.

"The Prince's wound is not serious," the doctor answered. "He lost a good deal of blood, but he is in no danger whatever. But Chetwynd—ah, that's a different matter."

"He's badly hurt?"

"Very. In fact, I'm afraid that there is hardly a chance of recovery. There are two most serious wounds; either might well be fatal."

Benton's concern at the news was perfectly genuine. It was only later, after the doctor had left him, that another thought crept into his mind.

If Chetwynd must die, of what use would it be that he had saved the Prince's life? It would all be wasted—the sure promotion, the gratitude of the Royal relations towards the boy's rescuer.

And everybody believed that he, Benton, had done this thing. They had taken it for granted. Of course, he must contradict them; yet—need he?

If Chetwynd died it could make no difference to him; surely he would prefer that his deed should not go for nothing?

He need not say anything; all had accepted him without question as the Prince's rescuer.

While his mind was still vacillating, Fate forced him to an instant decision. As he paced up and down the colonel met him, face to face, and greeted him warmly, holding out his hand.

"I owe you a great deal—a great deal, Benton," he said. "You have done me, personally, a service which I shall not forget. It will be a good day's work for you, though, I fear, it has cost poor Chetwynd his life."

"Is he dead?"

The other shook his head sadly.

"Not yet—but dying. Well, well, it is a good thing for you, and for all of us, that you succeeded where he failed. I must hear the particulars later."

Benton stood half dazed, after the colonel left him. They all took his heroism for granted, and he had not contradicted them. It would be difficult to explain matters now, and Chetwynd was dying. Why should he say anything?

The next day Benton was summoned to the bedside of the Prince, that the boy might personally thank him. Of course, the emotional gratitude of a foreigner is always embarrassing to an Englishman, and it seemed only natural to those who were present that Benton should be awkward and ill at ease. Indeed, he could scarcely be induced to speak of the affair to anyone, and if it was mentioned in his presence he appeared thoroughly discomposed.

And, after all, Chetwynd did not die. He pulled through, contrary to all expectation; and one day Benton found himself regretting it—regretting that his friend was at last out of danger.

For a moment the boy loathed himself. Then self-interest came in and swallowed up all other thoughts. If Chetwynd recovered, what would happen to him?

The weeks which followed were a long nightmare to Benton. He expected hourly to be confronted with Chetwynd's version of the affair.

At last he came to a desperate resolve. He would see Chetwynd at the earliest possible opportunity, confess the state of the case, and throw himself on his mercy.

The chance came sooner than Benton had expected. The morning after he had made his decision he received a message to say that Chetwynd particularly wished to see him.

Benton had the grace to feel utterly ashamed of himself at this first meeting with the man whom he had wronged.

Chetwynd sat in a canvas chair by the window, propped up with cushions. He looked thin and pale, but his face was set into lines of more than its usual obstinacy. With out-thrust chin he faced Benton, and his voice was very stern as he began, without any pretence of greeting:—

"I want to know something, Benton. I have an idea that there is a misunderstanding. Who is supposed to have been the one to save Prince William—you or I?"

Benton hesitated; he grew deadly white and then crimson. Chetwynd never shifted his eyes from the boy's face, and his lips set into harder curves.

"I should like an answer—when you are quite ready," he said, icily.

Benton forced himself to speak.

"I think, as you say, there has been a misunderstanding," he stammered. "It—it is believed that it was I."

"So I judged. And who is responsible for this misunderstanding?"

"In the beginning—I brought him back, you know—and I was pretty well done up. The Prince was unconscious, and you—you were supposed to be dying. They all believed it was me—the Prince and everybody."

"Including yourself?"

"No, no, of course not; but—they said you could not possibly recover——"

"So you thought it an excellent opportunity to steal from a man the credit due to him—as he could not possibly recover. I *see!*"

Benton writhed.

"They all believed it was me," he repeated, impotently. "And it seemed such waste, the promotion and everything, if you died. It was only a mistake at first, on my honour."

"Your honour!"

There was a pause before Chetwynd spoke again grimly.

"What is the next proceeding to be? Shall I tell the truth or will you?"

A heavy silence followed; then Benton answered, low and thickly:—

"Do you realize what it will mean to me, Chetwynd, if I explain?"

"If!"

"It will spell ruin—nothing less. As things are I am certain of promotion—the Prince has promised to look after my interests. But—but—if I confess——"

"If!"

"What will be said of me? I should have to leave the Army."

"It would not be much loss—to the Army."

"But you—you would be where you were before, if nothing was said."

Chetwynd leant forward in his chair and stared, half incredulously, at Benton.

"You mean—do I understand you to suggest that things should be left as they are—that you should gain all the advantage of something which I did, and I alone? You must confess it is asking a good deal of me."

Benton broke out in desperation.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Chetwynd, won't you help me a little?"

"By keeping silent? No. By Heaven, I won't. I shall tell the truth at once."

The boy turned a white, wretched face upon Chetwynd. He had the look of a trapped rat.

"And if you tell the truth—who will believe you?"

Chetwynd's brows contracted and a terrible look came into his eyes, but he forced himself to speak calmly.

"You mean that you intend to stick to your lie?"

Benton glanced from left to right, as if seeking a way of escape, and answered almost inaudibly: "Yes."

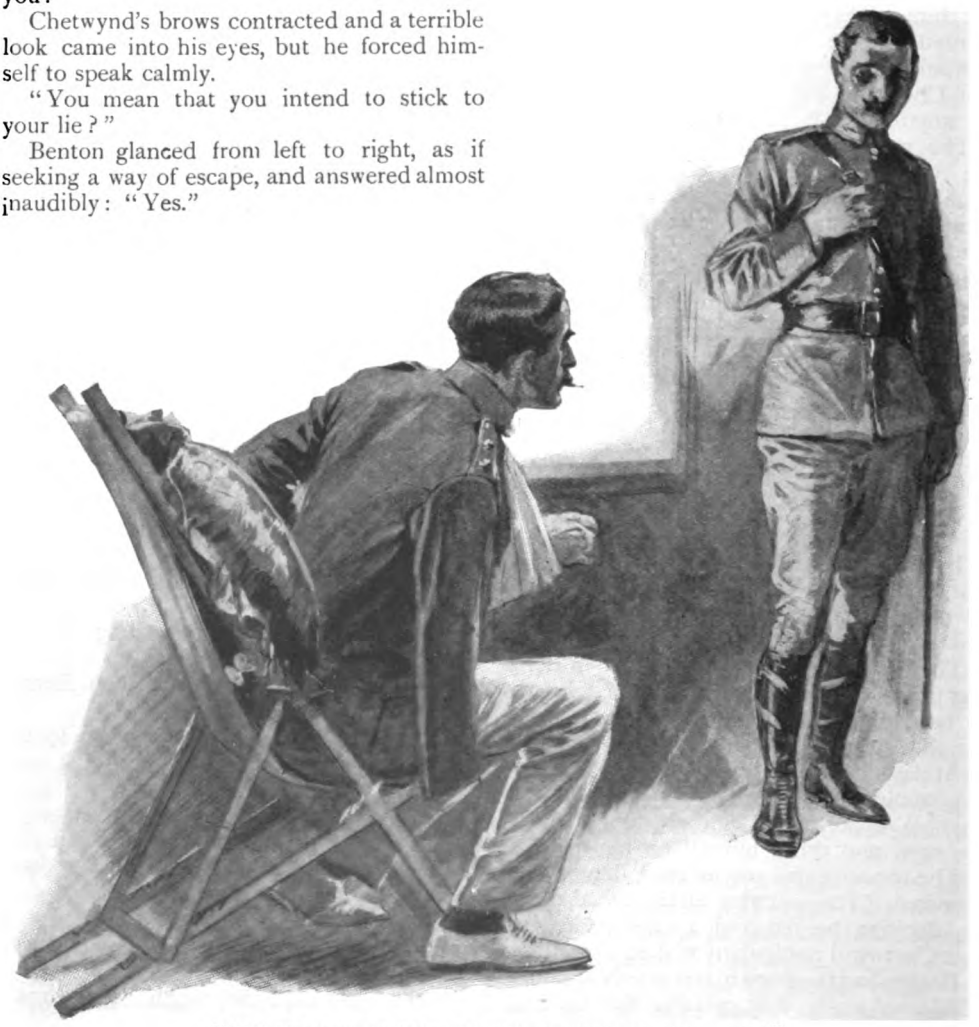
Chetwynd half rose from his chair.

"You contemptible hound!" he said, low and fiercely. "Do you suppose——"

"I suppose that my word will be believed as soon as yours." Benton spoke more boldly now. "You've got no proof, remember. The Prince was unconscious, and I was the one to bring him into camp. They will say, at the best, that you were delirious; and at the worst—well, you can imagine what will be thought."

Chetwynd sat scowling in gloomy thought. Furiously angry as he was, he was too clear-headed not to realize his own impotence.

Physically also he felt at an utter disadvantage. If he had only been well he would have shaken the truth out of the young liar.



"YOU MEAN THAT YOU INTEND TO STICK TO YOUR LIE?"

At last he spoke, slowly and grimly.

"So be it, then. For the moment you have the advantage, but wait—wait. Some day I shall be able to produce a proof which will show the truth of my story. Until then things may rest as they are, but—when that proof is in my hands you may depend upon it that I shall not spare you."

Benton shivered as Chetwynd spoke, coldly and pitilessly; then he plucked up courage. After all, what further proof could there be, now or ever? He turned to go, but paused in the doorway. Chetwynd lay back exhausted, his face drawn and white, his eyes closed. A pang of remorse made Benton stammer out: "Chetwynd, I am sorry——"

The other man sat upright once more, his deep-set eyes steely and pitiless.

"There is a limit to what I can stand from you, Benton——"

Without another word Benton left him.

It was more than a year later that the woman came into the story. She entered Chetwynd's life when she stepped timidly into a South-Eastern railway carriage, where he was already established.

Chetwynd's recovery had been long and slow. The war had been over and done with before he was himself again. He looked an older and a harder man as he leant back in his corner of the carriage. The long months of weary inaction had served to embitter him the more against Benton, and had only strengthened his longing for revenge when proof of the other's guilt should be available. The knowledge of Benton's growing prosperity and success—success which by rights should have been his—only added fuel to his anger.

It was in this mood that Chetwynd had accepted the invitation to a house-party, where the most important guest was to be Prince William of Mannheim. He knew that Benton was to be there also, and the knowledge gave him a grim sort of satisfaction. He could imagine that his presence would inflict a particularly refined form of torture upon the young man.

As the train was on the point of departure the door of his carriage was flung open and a lady entered.

Chetwynd looked up with a slight frown. He had hoped to have the compartment to himself. But his own features relaxed at sight of the deprecating expression upon the new-comer's face.

She was a little old lady, well and yet plainly dressed. She had a singularly sweet, kindly face, the features of which seemed oddly familiar to Chetwynd. Her first words disarmed opposition.

"I am so sorry—you hoped to have the carriage to yourself, didn't you? But the train is so full—and please smoke. Don't mind me; I like it, so do not put out your pipe."

The gentle, refined voice and confiding manner would have softened a harder man than Chetwynd. He disposed of her dressing-case and arranged her rugs with kindly solicitude, and they gradually fell into conversation as though they had been old friends. It soon appeared that they were bound to the same house, and the discovery pleased them both.

Suddenly the old lady leant forward, staring at the name on Chetwynd's bag.

"You will think me very rude," she said; "but 'Chetwynd'—why, I do believe you are in my son's regiment. I thought I recognized you. Of course, I have seen your photograph. My name is Benton, and—I am right, am I not?"

Chetwynd acquiesced gravely, after a moment's pause. So this was why he had known her face! The likeness to her son was very strong.

"I have always heard so much about you," Mrs. Benton continued. "But lately Tony has not mentioned you so often—you were invalided home, were you not, some months ago?"

"Yes," answered Chetwynd. "I have seen very little of your son lately."

"But you have heard how well he is getting on?" she asked eagerly, and, without pausing for a reply, she launched forth into an account of all Tony's doings. She told Chetwynd how he was to be married immediately to a girl whom he had loved for years, what charming letters he had received from all Prince William's Royal relatives, how his future seemed absolutely assured.

"And all his success is owing to that fortunate rescue," she concluded, proudly.

Chetwynd could have laughed at the ironical absurdity of it all. To think that Benton's mother should be telling *him* all this—expecting *his* sympathy in her son's good fortune!

"So you can understand how proud I am of Tony. I think—perhaps it is wrong to say so—but I do think that if anything happened to him it would kill me. You see, he is my only child. When I see other mothers so often disappointed in their sons, it makes me so grateful for my own boy. Have you

ever thought, Mr. Chetwynd, how dreadful it must be to be the mother of a bad man, to see one's little child grow into a thief, or a murderer, or a cheat——"

The train clanked into the station where they must alight. Mrs. Benton leant forward and rested her small gloved hand for a moment on Chetwynd's sleeve.

"Thank you for listening to me so patiently," she said, gently. "It must have been very dull for you, but—but I think your own mother would have been pleased if she could have seen you."

The memory of their last meeting was very present in the minds of both Chetwynd and Benton when they met that evening.

When Chetwynd entered the drawing-room he saw Mrs. Benton and her son near the door. The old lady hastened towards him, and Benton was obliged to follow her.

The two men greeted each other with cold politeness, but Chetwynd saw, half exultantly, the shame on the other's boyish face.

There was no time for the exchange of more than a few words before dinner was announced.

It was not until much later in the evening that they were thrown together once more. Their host had made up a rubber of whist, and Chetwynd found himself placed at the same table as Prince William, with Benton as his partner.

Fate was busy with Chetwynd's life that evening. It fell to him to deal, and, as he shuffled the cards, Prince William suddenly leant forward with a sharp exclamation and caught at his wrist.

"Where did you get that scar?" he demanded, eagerly.

The other two men looked up. On the back of Chetwynd's hand was a very noticeable white seam, roughly V-shaped.

"I will tell you why I ask," went on the Prince, speaking quickly and excitedly. "You all know how Captain Benton here saved my life last year in Zululand. He will remember that he carried me into camp in a fainting condition, but I was not wholly unconscious all the time. I can dimly remember being carried along, and it seems to me that I saw upon the hand of the man who carried me a scar—exactly like this. Of course, I soon noticed that Captain Benton had no mark of the kind, and I put it down to mere feverish imagination; but seeing this brought it back to my memory."

Benton sat motionless, his eyes fixed on Chetwynd, his hands clenched on the edge of the table. Great drops of perspiration rose on his forehead as he waited.

And Chetwynd?

Chetwynd listened in absolute silence to Prince William's speech. He had grasped the purport of what the young man was about to say from the first, and this had given him a few moments for consideration.

In the beginning he was only conscious of triumph. This was the moment for which he had waited so long. The desired proof had been sent as though by a miracle. A word from him now, with the Prince's vague memories to support it, would reveal Benton as the liar and cheat that he was. Why, the boy sat there self-convicted, with that look of conscious guilt on his face.

Yet—yet—the touch of the Prince's fingers on his wrist suddenly recalled to his mind the image of the little old lady who only that afternoon had laid her hand on his sleeve as she thanked him.

Thanked him—and for what? For the interest which he had shown in her only son, that very white-faced boy who sat huddled opposite Chetwynd now, his agonized eyes scanning the face of the man who by a word could ruin his life.

Still Chetwynd sat silent, a great conflict raging behind the mask of his face, and to Benton those waiting moments seemed eternities.

In reality, they were long enough to surprise Prince William slightly. He questioned Chetwynd again eagerly.

"Will you tell me how and when you got that scar?"

And then Chetwynd answered lightly, and with a short laugh:—

"Why, certainly, your Royal Highness. I only hesitated because I was sorry to dispel your little romance—to tell you the prosaic truth. As a matter of fact, I have only had this scar for about six months, and it was caused by the explosion of a soda-water siphon. I am sorry that it is all so unromantic; but there it is!"

Prince William glanced up keenly, but Chetwynd's eyes met his so directly and honestly that they forbade doubt. After a little more desultory discussion the affair was dismissed as a curious optical illusion on the part of the Prince.

An hour afterwards Chetwynd stood thoughtfully before his bedroom fire, gazing down at the glowing embers. He had hardly yet realized his own motives for his strange action when a soft knock at the door interrupted his meditations.

A moment later Benton stood before him, white-faced and trembling. The boy's voice was strangely hoarse when he spoke.

"Chetwynd—did you mean what you said to-night, or are you only playing with me? You swore when you had proof you would—— And you have it now—absolute proof!"

Chetwynd looked at the young man gravely and sternly.

"I meant what I said," he answered. "In spite of the proof, I shall take no further action in the matter. You need not fear it, Benton."

A new light came into the boy's eyes—the light of hope. For a moment he could not speak. When he found his voice it was low and uneven.

"It would be absurd to thank you, Chetwynd. God knows I've no right to accept this sacrifice, but there are others — and you've saved me——" He faltered and broke off.

"It is not me whom you have to thank,"

"'WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SCAR?' HE DEMANDED, EAGERLY."

Chetwynd spoke quietly. "It is your mother who has saved you, unknown to herself. It rests with you to pay her back—you will know best in what way. And as far as I am concerned"—he paused, and then added, very gravely, "I rather think, Benton, that she has saved me, too"

MR. F. E. SMITH. K.C., M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photograph by R. Haines,

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

WHEN a man makes a great reputation at the Bar and in the House of Commons, is known as the youngest King's Counsel and the youngest Bencher in England, and is still on the sunny side of forty, one is naturally led to think that he must have been exceptionally studious as a boy. It is, therefore, something of a surprise to learn, on his own confession, that Mr. Frederick Edwin Smith, K.C., M.P., had no great liking for study in his early years. In those days, indeed, Rugby football was far more to his taste than books.

AGE 2.
From a Photograph by J. Lancaster, Chester.

Mr. F. E. Smith, who is the son of a Liverpool barrister, was born at Birkenhead in 1872. Educated at Birkenhead Grammar School and at Wadham College, Oxford, it was not long before the name of "Smith of Wadham" began to be known beyond his college walls. He still maintained his early love for Rugby, and only missed his "Blue" by reason of a broken arm, while he very quickly made a reputation at the Oxford Union, of which he became President in 1893. His career at Oxford was a brilliant one, but, although he took a Fellowship at Merton, the life of a "don" was given up in favour of the Bar, to which he was called at the age of twenty-three.

Success came quickly. He soon had a good practice in the Liverpool courts, though perhaps the case which first made his name really familiar to the man in the street was the trial of Goudie, the Liverpool bank forger, whom he defended. Another action in which he took a very prominent part was the Ogden tobacco case, which is said to have brought him a record number of briefs. As for the many cases with which he has been associated in recent years, are they not still fresh in the public mind?

With such a rapidly-growing reputation it was, perhaps, inevitable that, sooner or later, his thoughts should turn in the direction of Westminster. He entered the political arena in the Liverpool district, where, of course, his name was one to conjure with, as candidate for the Scotland Division, the stronghold of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. But he had no opportunity of testing his popularity at the poll, for, accepting an invitation to stand for the Walton Division, he won the seat in 1906, and has held it in the two subsequent elections Thus began his Parliamentary connection with Liverpool, an association which, year by year, seems to gain in strength and constancy.

AGE 9.
From a Photograph by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

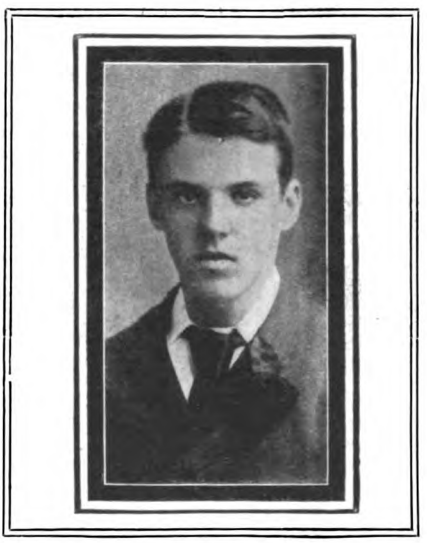
For a maiden speech to be well received by the House of Commons is by no means unusual — the amenities of political life ensure as much —nor is it rare for a new member to make a deep impression with his first speech, for it is more often than not made upon some subject in which he has specialized. What is exceptional, however, is for a hitherto silent member suddenly to intervene in debate with a speech which at once causes him to be hailed as one of the rising hopes of his party. Yet this is what Mr. F. E. Smith had the good fortune to do some four years ago, much to the

delight of the Unionist side of the House.

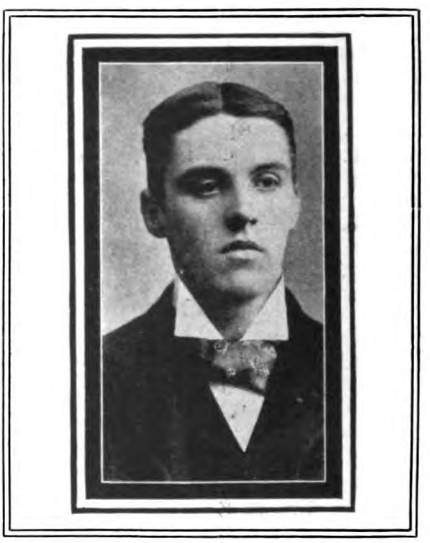
It was an occasion which will long remain in the memory of those who were present. Let it be recalled in the words of a well-known writer:—

"It was late in the evening. The Chamber was crowded, for men were then new to their work and eager. Suddenly from the middle of the Opposition benches there rose a tall, slim, clean-shaven, and black-haired young man. At first no one heeded very much. He had a short, clipped, hasty manner of utterance which was not particularly attractive. But there was personality about him, even in his attitude—slightly bending forward, with his hands at his waist and his elbows akimbo, his long, pale face stuck out, suggestive of a man in a race, and his words rattling like hail. Also there was a metallic touch in his tone which lifted his voice above the murmur of conversation. He said something sarcastic which made those close to him give their attention. Then gradually the House settled down to listen. And Mr. F. E. Smith delivered the most brilliant maiden speech that has ever been heard in the House of Commons within memory. Some men work for years to achieve a Parliamentary reputation. Mr. Smith won his reputation in an hour."

Since that memorable evening he has been one of the mainstays of his party in the House, and beyond all question one of its most effective and fearless speakers. And not only at Westminster has his personality made its mark. During the recent General Election his services were more in demand on Unionist platforms throughout the country than those of any of his party with but two or three exceptions. If you want to see party enthusiasm at its best attend any meeting in or near Liverpool at which he is announced to speak. In his own constituency, indeed, his personal popularity is unbounded, and there are those whose prophetic vision foresees a Liverpool of the future standing by Mr. F. E. Smith through thick and thin with the staunchness with which Birmingham has remained true to Mr. Chamberlain.



AGE 16.
From a Photograph by W. C. Lavis.



AGE 21.
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

Mr. Smith is one of the tallest of our legislators, being over six feet in height. He is fond of hunting and bridge; has several volumes—legal and literary—standing to his credit; and is a Territorial officer. He married, in 1901, a daughter of the Rev. H. Furneaux, Fellow of Corpus, and has one son and one daughter.

So much for the past. But what does the future hold in store for one who has already gone so far? A seat in the next Conservative Cabinet seems assured, but beyond this—who dare prophesy?

The Stage and the Drawing-Room.

Some Well-Known Entertainers Relate Their Experiences.

From a Photograph by MISS MARGARET COOPER. [*Schmidt, Manchester.*

Miss Margaret Cooper.

I CANNOT say that my early impressions of entertaining society in their private drawing-rooms are particularly pleasant or cheerful. I can call to mind engagements at houses in remote suburbs at fees that often barely sufficed to pay my expenses, fulfilled sometimes under specially disagreeable conditions. Once I went to a house in Bayswater on a pouring wet and bitterly cold night; a bus took me to the top of the road where the house was situated, but I had to walk the rest of the way and arrived drenched, shivering, and but little in a mood to entertain anyone. I took a cab home, and during the drive did a series of sums in mental arithmetic and ascertained that I should be just one shilling and sevenpence to the good by the result of my evening's work after deducting all my expenses from the fee I had earned. This profit was, as a matter of fact, quickly converted into a loss; a chill caught by sitting in my wet clothes that evening put me at least three guineas to the bad.

It was not until after I had made my appearance at the Palace Theatre that I secured my first big society engagement. It was at Lady Weetman Pearson's house, and I remember the occasion very well. I was very nervous when I entered the drawing-room, which was crowded with well-known people; they were all laughing and talking, and as I made my way to the piano I began to wonder what on earth I should do if they did not stop when I began to sing. As a matter of fact, directly I touched the piano the laughter and talk stopped and I performed to a very appreciative audience.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS.
From a Photograph by Hana Studios, Ltd.

I have found my drawing-room work ever since extremely interesting and like it immensely. It was a matter of some doubt with me at first whether the songs I sang on the stage would prove suitable for drawing-room purposes, but I soon ascertained that they did; in fact, I have found that the songs which have proved most popular with my theatre audiences "go" the best in private. "Waltz Me Round Again, Willie," for example, is a very old favourite with my Palace audiences, and is always received well by drawing-room audiences.

I remember when I was performing at a private house, where the King and Queen of Spain were present as guests, His Majesty took a great fancy to this song. He did not quite understand some of the lines, but Princess Henry of Pless, who was sitting next to the young monarch, acted as interpreter, and explained them. I sang the song, I think, four times that evening.

It is absolutely essential, nowadays, for an artiste to make a reputation for herself either on the stage or concert platform before she can hope to secure private engagements, except at small entertainments and at wretchedly small fees. Great hostesses will only engage people whose names are familiar to their guests to entertain them.

In my particular class of work the chief difficulty is to secure good songs. I have dozens sent in to me every week, but I am lucky if I find one or two suitable for my purpose in a month.

Mr. Bransby Williams.

DRAWING-ROOM performances have, from the actor's point of view, their own special advantages and disadvantages; as regards the latter, one is sometimes so close to one's audience that the illusion which it is essential for an actor to create may be destroyed. I have done character pieces in drawing-rooms, but "making-up" whilst an interested group of spectators stand round you and keep up a running commentary on your proceedings is a trying business. I have heard remarks of this sort whilst I was hurriedly making up as Fagin: "What on earth does he put on that for?" "Isn't it quite remarkable how extraordinarily quick he is—like a conjurer almost"; "This is really the part of the performance that interests me"; "Wish my man could dress me as quickly." It will probably be understood that when one has been inspected and criticized in this intimate fashion one's work is bound to suffer; it is simply impossible to make the audience forget that the man they are listening to is the man that was just seen going through the interesting performance of disguising himself.

I went to a house once where, on my arrival, I was shown into a small back room (there was no fire in it, and the night was cold), and was told by a liveried gentleman to wait there until I was wanted "hupstairs." I waited for at least half an hour, feeling all the while rather like some animal in a cage on exhibition, and then came the summons to go "hupstairs." The sight of the audience did not give me much encouragement, nor that of my host, who did not take the least notice of me; he merely gave me a look which seemed to say, "Now let me see what you are going to do for your money." I don't know whether he thought he had got good value or not, but my performance, at all events, was received in

dead silence, and I was then told to go downstairs again and wait. I asked a servant what exactly I was to wait for. I thought possibly it might be for supper, but no fear; I was simply told to wait because I would be wanted to give another "turn." I was a bit tired, however, of the waiting business by this time, so the next "turn" I did was to turn out of the house and go home. Subsequently I heard that my host described me as "a music-hall man who put on airs."

On the other hand, I have been at many houses in a professional capacity where I have received as courteous and kindly a welcome as any of the guests. After a performance I gave at Sandringham, where everything for my comfort was thought of and done, King Edward sent for me and congratulated me in the most kindly manner on my work—a sort of compliment that no one can appreciate better than an actor. I have found my imitations of well-known actors especially popular on the drawing-room stage. I remember once giving such a performance where there was a very well-known and popular actor present, who suddenly declared that he did not feel well, and was about to leave the room when his host and a distinguished author seized hold of him. "No, you don't," said the latter; "your turn is soon coming, and you must wait for it." The luckless actor was then forced into a chair and held there by his host whilst I gave an imitation of his special mannerisms on the stage in a speech written by the author, who was also helping to keep the struggling actor quiet whilst the audience laughed themselves hoarse.

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios

Mlle. Adeline Genée.

DURING my stage career I have frequently been asked to perform at private houses, but have only done so occasionally, for in the exercise of the dancer's art plenty of stage room is absolutely necessary, and in the ordinary private establishment this is not obtainable. On the few occasions on which I have appeared professionally in private houses I have always had a stage specially constructed to suit my requirements, and where the house has been too small to allow of the sort of stage I require being erected I have not accepted the engagement. It has, indeed, sometimes seemed to me rather remarkable that I should be asked to give a performance at some houses the owners of which must have known, if they gave any thought at all to the matter, that it would be absolutely impossible for a dancer to do so in the limited space which they were able to place at my disposal.

I was asked some few years ago to give a performance at the house of a very wealthy lady, and the fee she offered me was so large that I felt rather inclined to accept the engagement straight away; but luckily, on second thoughts, I decided to have a look at the house first and see how much stage-room I should have.

The house was a small one but exquisitely furnished; indeed, it was a perfect treasure-house, containing a wonderful collection of very valuable works of art. The room, however, where it was intended I should give

my performance was really about a quarter the size of a drawing-room in an ordinary London house; it was, in fact, a lady's boudoir, and a very beautiful one, but the idea of my giving a performance in it was simply absurd, so I at once declined to do so—much to the owner's disappointment. She did not seem to be able to understand how impossible it would be for an artiste to dance in so limited a space.

Some years ago I danced at Chatsworth, when the late King and Queen Alexandra were being entertained by the late Duke of Devonshire. There is a private theatre at Chatsworth and a well-arranged stage with every up-to-date requirement; but it is, of course, smaller than a stage in an ordinary theatre. However, some temporary alterations were made in it to suit my purpose, and I selected a few dances that did not require much stage-room.

I went to Chatsworth in the afternoon to rehearse my dances, and whilst doing so I was informed that Queen Alexandra wished to speak to me.

I found Her Majesty in the corridor leading to the theatre, and she talked to me for some time about my professional work, in which she expressed the greatest interest. Her gracious and kindly manner gave me great encouragement just at a moment when I was feeling rather doubtful about the likelihood of being able to please the distinguished audience before whom I had to appear that evening. The performance was a great success, and I received a very cordial reception from the Royal visitors.

As a general rule drawing-room audiences are not enthusiastic. They are more interested in each other than in the artiste who is seeking to amuse them, and to perform under such conditions is not a very pleasant sort of experience.

MR. ARTHUR PRINCE.
From a Photograph.

Mr. Arthur Prince, the Famous Ventriloquist.

FOR choice I prefer to perform in a theatre, but of recent years the stage arrangements in most drawing-rooms have been mightily improved, and, except that perhaps occasionally one feels a bit cramped, one can get along all right at a private performance. My experiences of the drawing-room stage have been for the most part quite pleasant and sometimes rather diverting. I got an engagement once over the telephone to give a performance at a house in Berkeley Square. The owner of the house informed me he was entertaining a few friends, and asked me to come at nine o'clock. "I have got a man coming who says ventriloquists are a fraud, so I want him to hear you," he said. This in a way was flattering, and yet, again, it was not very pleasant intelligence. If a man who thinks you are a fraud goes to a theatre to hear you, it does not much matter; but at a private performance he may become a nuisance and perhaps spoil your performance. Anyway, I went to the house and found the party consisted of half-a-dozen jolly old bachelors; they disposed themselves in comfortable chairs about me, whilst I sat down with "Jim" on my knees and began a preliminary conversation, making a few mild jokes to start with, wondering which of the six gentlemen considered me a fraud. Presently I noticed that the owner of the house was falling into a doze, which I considered rather bad manners on his part, and a bad example to his guests. I threw a snore in his direction—a tremendously loud snore it was—and then, turning to Jim, said: "Ha, ha! Jim, that gentleman is asleep. Now, how shall we wake him?" Everyone burst into a shout of laughter, and the host himself started up and vehemently declared

he had not been asleep. "I simply closed my eyes," he said. "You snored," said Jim, and his guests laughingly corroborated the truth of the statement. Then I threw another snore in his direction, which seemed to come straight through his nose. "Well, I'm hanged!" he said, getting up and looking bluntly at me for a few moments before he sat down again. "Do you remember," he asked, "what I said to you over the telephone this morning?" "I do," I replied. "Well, I am the man I told you about; but I am converted, as far as you are concerned. Now go on; only please don't make me snore again." And I had no need to; he kept wide awake for the rest of the evening.

One usually meets at a private performance at least one person who wants to know exactly how to become a ventriloquist. One cannot give much information on the subject off-hand; and, even if one could, I doubt if one would. At an entertainment where I was assisting in Grosvenor Square, a short time back, one of the guests, a fat, elderly gentleman, was very anxious to know how on earth I made my voice "jump about," as he phrased it. "Oh," I said, "it is easy enough. You just talk down into your stomach—it takes some practice to do it properly—but that is the secret of ventriloquism," and for the rest of the evening, whenever I caught sight of the old gentleman, he was making strange grimaces and curious facial contortions; evidently he was determined not to lose any time about acquiring the ventriloquist's art. In case any readers of this magazine should be disposed to do likewise, let me say at once that, unless you are a born ventriloquist, you can only acquire a very limited amount of skill in the art even by the most constant practice.

MLLE. YVETTE GUILBERT.
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert.

An actress's environment must to a certain extent influence her work. It is easier to act on a stage in a properly managed theatre than in a drawing-room, easier in a drawing-room than a barn; but at the same time I do not think an actress's art should be dependent on its setting, except to a very limited extent. She should forget it, though it may not be so easy to do so when acting in a drawing-room and so very close to one's audience, as one must necessarily be in a room. The real difficulty about playing in a drawing-room to my mind is that one must reduce one's acting to proper scale; one's movements must be finer and "smaller" as it were. A movement, for example, which in a theatre would achieve just the effect that one wanted would in a drawing-room look absurdly exaggerated.

Some years ago I accepted a private engagement in London. It was, I think, the first time I had done so. Among the songs I was to sing was one in which I raised both my hands quickly to my shoulders in the second verse. Now, when I was on the stage, this movement appeared to the audience to be a scarcely perceptible motion, just to emphasize a certain line. My manager, however, called my attention to the fact that it would appear a rather violent movement in a drawing-room, and look rather ridiculous, a thing I had never thought of; the motion with my hands which I alluded to was necessary, but it was sufficient for my purpose in the drawing-room barely to raise them. Whilst this

necessity for restricting one's movements is occasionally rather trying, one can sometimes achieve really finer effects on the drawing-room stage than in a theatre, where they would be lost. Personally I have always found private audiences most appreciative.

I heard of a very clever amateur actress who was regarded as quite a genius, and so far as acting in a drawing-room was concerned I believe she was, but she was a failure on the stage, for the simple reason that all those delicate little effects she was able to achieve in a room were quite lost on the audience in a big theatre, and somehow she could not enlarge them.

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER.
From a Photograph.

My first performance on a drawing-room stage was at the house of Mrs. Ogden Gillette at Caen, at which the late King — then, of course, Prince of Wales — was present. This was some years before I came to England. After my performance I was presented to His Majesty, who said I ought to come to England, where I would be sure to get well received. "Ah, sir," I answered, "if you would come to see me I would be sure of success." I remember so well how the Prince smiled and said, so pleasantly, "Oh, we shall see; we shall see." I came to England some years later, and met King Edward shortly afterwards at a dinner-party at the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's house. His Majesty recollected me at once, and said he was very glad to see I had taken his advice.

Mr. Albert Chevalier.

I REALLY fear I have not much to say in favour of drawing-room performances for professional actors. The fact is, I am wedded to the opinion that the only proper place for an actor to interest, amuse, entertain, edify, instruct, or bore his audience is on the stage in a theatre. In a drawing-room an actor cannot hope to practise his art to the best advantage. He is too close to and too intimate with his audience. I have performed at many private houses, where I have enjoyed myself immensely and where the audiences were kind enough to say that they did likewise, but on these occasions I always felt rather like a fish out of water. An actor is bound to feel "cramped" when he performs in a private room. He must of necessity render a part on what I may call a reduced scale; he feels hampered, restricted, and confined in every movement, and in an atmosphere entirely inimical to the rendering of his art. I have one specially disagreeable recollection of a drawing-room performance. It was at the house of a well-known member of the House of Lords. Some Royal personages were to be present; the affair was to be what I believe is usually described in the Press as an important social function, and I dare say it was, but personally I have the most disagreeable recollections of it. To start with, I was kept at the hall door for nigh fifteen minutes—and the night was cold—before I managed to get into the house. I always stipulated, by the way, whenever I agreed to give performances at a private house, that I should have a dressing-room. In this instance a comfortable dressing-room was provided for me right enough, but it was situated at the end of a long passage leading to the stage; I was informed, however, by a servant that the passage would be reserved exclusively for my use. Imagine my horror, then, when I emerged from my room made up as an old yokel in decayed corduroys and a dirty smock-frock, preparatory to singing "'E Can't Take a Roise Out of Oi," to find the passage full of guests, who had invaded it on purpose to get a near glimpse of the "funny man." I made my way to the stage through the laughing, chattering crowd, furious but helpless, and I have never performed before such an ill-mannered audience before or since. They kept laughing and talking the whole time I was singing. When the Royal guests arrived things improved, but I was excessively thankful when my part in this social function was over.

Of course, as I said, I have had many pleasant evenings in a professional capacity at private houses, but, all the same, I much prefer to stick to legitimate work.

Miss Helen Mar, the Society Story-Teller.

My experiences of entertaining society have been for the most part entirely pleasant. My special work is telling short stories, and I find it frightfully difficult to get hold of good anecdotes, and am in a continual state of begging, borrowing, stealing, clipping, altering, and improving anecdotes of all sorts that are likely to suit my purpose. It is, of course, often impossible to say whether a story will "go" or not; if it doesn't, I simply drop it and forget it as soon as possible; and if it proves popular, I tell it until I find people are getting tired of it. But a really good anecdote will bear a lot of repetition — at least, such is my experience.

I find it a good plan to begin with something very short, it gets your audience's attention. This sort of thing, for example. Several men were once giving their opinion about women. One man was silent, but when urged to say something he said, "Well, women, in my opinion, generally speaking, are —generally speaking."

Sometimes I have inadvertently offended the susceptibilities of some of my audience. I gave the following little verse once as an encore:—

Little grains of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make a woman's wrinkles
Look as if they ain't.

A lady came up to me after my performance and said, "I suppose, Miss Mar, you consider those lines clever! I think they are in very bad taste. Perhaps you think I paint?" I was sure of it, but I had not even seen her in the audience, and had great difficulty in persuading her that the lines contained no reference to her or anyone else.

It has been my good fortune to have told stories on several occasions before the Royal Family. The late King enjoyed a good story immensely; His Majesty, however, liked an anecdote to be short and very much to the point. On one occasion I remember telling a story in a drawing-room when King Edward was sitting on a sofa with the hostess within a few yards of me. I am sure His Majesty saw the point of the anecdote at once, but pretended he did not. Anyway, he did not laugh, but listened to the explanation of the joke from the lady sitting by him. He then laughed quite heartily, but I have an idea that His Majesty laughed as much at the explanation as at the story itself.

Once I told a story before the Princess Louise. Just as I began it I remembered that the King's name was mentioned in it, and was doubtful as to the propriety of telling it before a member of the Royal Family; however, it was too late then to alter the story, and I had to go on. It seemed to amuse the Princess very much. The story is a chestnut, but it always goes well. It is the story of a man who had a musical-box put in his bathroom, and afterwards complained to a friend that the "plaguy thing" would only play "God Save the King," and that in consequence he had to stand up in his bath the whole time he was in it.

MISS HELEN MAR
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A Diamond Pendant.

By
HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

THE announcement of Mr. Arthur Wilbur's return to England after ten years' absence in India appeared in the *Morning Post* of Wednesday. On Thursday morning Wilbur received two letters—one in a lady's handwriting, which he opened first.

DEAR ARTHUR (it ran),—If you have not forgotten the way to Warwick Street, do come and see me. I shall be at home after three to-morrow. You have, of course, heaps to tell me, and I have heaps to tell you, although you have shamelessly neglected your old friend, NANCY PERRIN.

"Still Nancy Perrin," Wilbur murmured. He sighed as he opened the other letter, staring meditatively at the once familiar handwriting. Long ago he had tried, quite in vain, to transform his own somewhat crabbed style into the easy, flowing lines of Jack Orpington's g's and l's and h's. He tried to remember when his friend had last written to him. Seven or eight years must have passed. He wondered whether Jack had changed as little as his handwriting. Jack was the sort of fellow who does not change. Easy-going, pleasure-loving, rather selfish he had been as boy and man. But always charming. Men and women—especially women—admitted the charm, even when they spoke unkindly of the charmer.

Wilbur read as follows:—

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—I am delighted to learn that you are at home again. If you have no better engagement, will you lunch with me to-morrow at one-thirty at the Buskin? Fortune at last has been kind to me. I am passing rich on two thousand a year, which has come unexpectedly from a distant kinsman. I can marry, and I am about to do so. You must act as best man. Send me a wire.—Yours, JACK.

Wilbur dispatched two telegrams, promising to be at the Buskin at one-thirty and in Warwick Street at three.

Presently his face brightened, because he made certain that Jack Orpington, his pal at Harrow and Oxford, was going to marry Nancy Perrin, the woman to whom Jack had been engaged for more than ten years. Wilbur unlocked a rather battered desk and took from it a photograph of a prepossessing young lady. The photograph was faded, and before it had been laid aside in a desk must have confronted ravaging suns. The edges had been clipped to fit some particular frame. Wilbur stared at the smiling, youthful face, pursing up his lips and shaking his head. Then he growled out, "Nancy must have changed a lot."

Then he began his breakfast, but his thoughts were focused upon Nancy, who had waited patiently; not upon Jack, who had taken everything and everybody with such agreeable lightness and philosophy.

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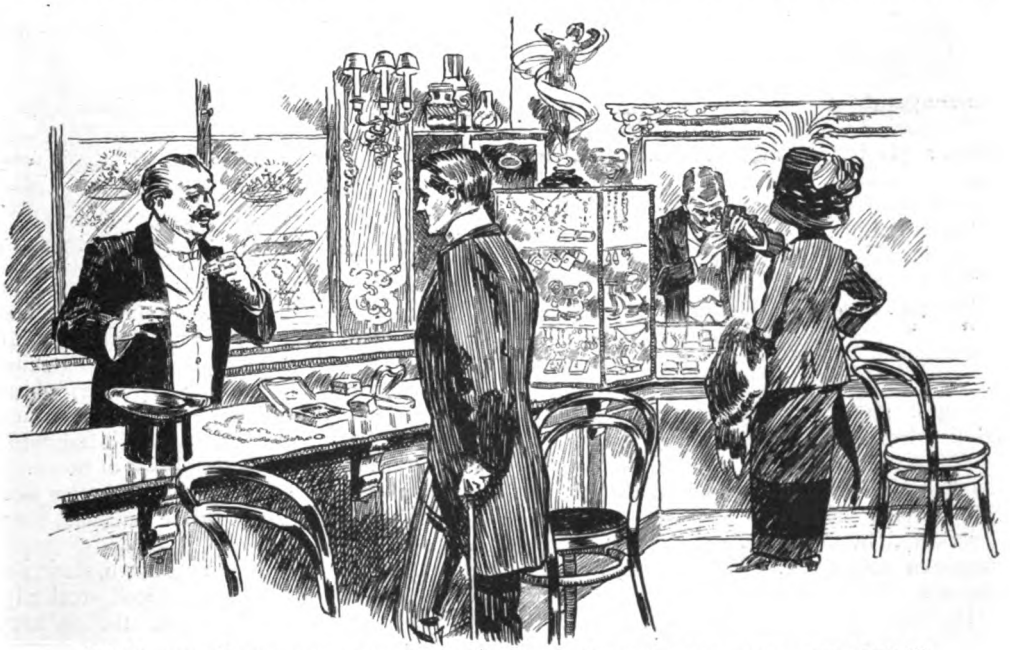
"I shall buy her a nice present," Wilbur muttered, as he attacked his bacon. He did not know that he had acquired the habit of speaking aloud whenever he was deeply moved. But he would have denied that he was deeply moved because of this approaching belated marriage. He told himself and others that he distrusted sentiment. Nevertheless, pouring out his third cup of tea, he decided that a diamond ornament would be the real right thing to hang upon this romance. His oldest friend was about to marry the girl with whom Wilbur himself had dared to fall secretly in love.

After breakfast he walked from his rooms to Bancock's in Bond Street, where he found a pendant of exquisite design with a four-leaved shamrock in the centre. He gasped when the price was mentioned.

"Only three guineas for that?"

"It's paste," said the salesman, smilingly. "Faith, hope, love, and luck."



"'IT'S PASTE,' SAID THE SALESMAN, SMILINGLY. 'FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, AND LUCK.'"

"The same design in diamonds would be exactly right."

"We have it in diamonds."

"How much?"

"Seventy guineas."

"I'll take it."

But, after an exasperating delay, it appeared that the diamond pendant was still in the workshop. If the gentleman cared to wait it could be sent for. Wilbur glanced at his watch, shaking his head. He hated waiting, because, perhaps, he had so often waited for things which had not come to him Moreover, the sight of resplendent ornaments, such as gallant men give to fair ladies, rather oppressed him.

"Look here," he said, in a slightly hesitating but pleasant way. "I'll pay for the pendant with a cheque on a London bank. You can get my cheque cashed within a few minutes. Then I want you to send the pendant to a certain address, at a certain time."

"With pleasure."

"It must be delivered about three."

"I can promise that, sir."

Wilbur wrote out the cheque, and also Miss Perrin's address. Then he went his way, still smiling, thinking of Nancy's face when she saw the pendant. His little plan effervesced gaily in his mind throughout that morning. He would have a taste—an after-taste—of the particular beatitude which sets forth that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Faith, hope, love, and luck, cunningly fashioned into a four-leaved shamrock, would adorn a tender bosom.

At one-thirty he entered the Buskin. Orpington received him effusively, overwhelming him with questions. Why had he exiled himself

for so long? Why had he not written? Wilbur answered slowly, trying to stem this torrent of words, trying also a more difficult task, to see Orpington as he was rather than what he appeared, a somewhat dissipated, coarsened man of middle age. All the time this thought buzzed in his head:—

"This is Nancy's future husband."

When the men shook hands in the hall of the club, Wilbur had murmured the usual vague congratulations, which Orpington had brushed aside with a genial—

"Yes, yes, I'm jolly lucky. You'll weigh in as best man—eh?"

And when Wilbur nodded, wondering whether his painful blushes were visible to his old friend, the other had begun another fusillade of questions, hardly pausing for the answers.

They went in to luncheon.

A meal, square to all winds of criticism, had been ordered; and presently the wine butler presented an ancient bottle at rest in its wicker cradle.

"Romanée Conti, '89," said Orpington.

"I drink Nancy's health," said Wilbur.

Orpington stared at him, flushed as red as the Burgundy, and said, in a thick voice:—

"What on earth do you mean, my dear fellow? Did you think I was going to marry Nancy Perrin?"

Wilbur nodded feebly.

"Good Lord! That was off long ago. Poor Nancy—why, she must be thirty-five."

"Thirty-three."

"Didn't I write to you?"

"No."

"I believe I did. Anyway, I'm going to marry Mollie Rockingham, Littlestone's youngest girl. Rather a dasher, as you'll admit when you see her."

Wilbur got up. He was conscious that his hands were trembling, so he thrust them into his pockets.

"Sorry," he said, coolly enough, "but I've forgotten something. Can I use your telephone? I'll be back in a jiffy."

He hurried out of the dining-room, followed by the waiter whom Orpington had summoned to show the telephone to his guest.

"Always was a rum old bird," reflected Orpington, as he sipped the Romanée.

Wilbur rang up Bancock's.

"I am Mr. Arthur Wilbur. I bought a diamond pendant this morning. Don't send it to the address I wrote down. Will call this afternoon."

The answer came back:—

"Pendant already on its way."

"Thank you," said Wilbur. "It doesn't matter."

But, returning to the dining room, he told himself that it mattered horribly. Ridiculous and heart-disturbing explanations were inevitable. With a groan he realized the full extent of his blunder, and the pain it must inflict upon the nicest woman he had ever known. His appetite for food had gone, but a raging thirst consumed him. He drank quite his share of the Romanée, and a dock glass of Cockburn's '96 port. Orpington talked, genial as ever, about himself and his affairs. Wilbur thought of Nancy with the pendant in her hand, staring at the shamrock. He smoked a big cigar much too quickly, gulped down his coffee, and took leave of Orpington. Being habitually the most temperate of men, he was well aware that the wine had slightly affected him, and not unpleasantly. He reflected that Dutch courage might be better than none.

A taxi bore him swiftly to Warwick Street, where an aged handmaiden opened the door.

"Bless me," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Wilbur!"

"How are you, Anne?" said Wilbur, holding out his hand. "And how is Miss Perrin?"

"We're none of us as young as we used to be," said Anne, with finality. "Miss Nancy wasn't expecting you till three, sir. Nobody's at home. But you'll wait?"

"I'll wait," said Wilbur.

He followed her upstairs and into the prim and formal drawing-room. Nothing had changed, but everything had faded. He beheld Nancy's writing-table, recognizing each article upon it: the Dresden china shepherdess with black velvet skirt, which served as a penwiper, the old-fashioned silver inkstand, the blotting-book of boule.

Upon the top of two or three letters and a pamphlet lay a small white package, carefully sealed.

Anne vanished. Wilbur sat down, staring at the white package. Then he rose stealthily, hesitated, and swiftly slipped the package into his pocket. The red seal bore the name and address of the Bond Street firm.

"So far, so good," murmured Wilbur.

Possibly the dock glass of port had discoloured normally clear wits. Possibly, also, Wilbur ought to have taken the faithful Anne into his confidence at once. It would have been so easy to explain matters to her. But, for the moment, he could only realize one glorious fact: the pendant was in his pocket, and therefore an appalling situation

had been saved. He gloated over this, smiling complacently at a thin, red-brown face which he beheld in the glass through a pair of sparkling blue eyes.

"I don't look a day older than forty," he reflected, with his fingers clutching the white parcel.

A minute later Nancy came in.

"I wanted something inordinately; a—well, a pearl of price that belonged to somebody else."

He saw that he had puzzled her, but he dared not speak more plainly. Then she laughed with a certain sadness and derision.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

She replied gravely: "Isn't it wiser?"

"ORPINGTON TALKED, GENIAL AS EVER, ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS AFFAIRS."

"So you've come back?" she said, in her soft, delightful tones.

"I've come back," Wilbur admitted.

"For good?"

"I shouldn't dare to affirm that yet."

Decidedly Nancy had not changed as much as the carpet, which had been new just ten years before.

"You went away very suddenly. Is it indiscreet to ask why?"

He evaded the question.

"You used to laugh at me, I remember."

"Never again! I laugh now at myself. Dear me! Ten years!"

Abruptly she changed the talk, which became impersonal on its surface. Underneath, each was sensible of an ever-increasing curiosity. She whispered to herself: "Does he know that his friend jilted me?" Wilbur reflected, with amazement: "Fancy exchanging this sweet creature for a—dasher!"

Presently he saw scars. They revealed

themselves gently but mercilessly, the faint lines about eyes and mouth. When she spoke or smiled they seemed to vanish, but in repose her face was eloquent of suffering patiently borne and conquered. He was hardly aware that the same lines lay upon his own sun-scorched face, and that they told the same story of fortitude and patience to the woman opposite.

"I must go," he said, presently. "Perhaps your mother and you will dine with me, and do a play?"

"Perhaps you will lunch with us to-morrow and settle dates?"

"With pleasure."

He perceived that she was really glad to see him, and this conviction obsessed him to the exclusion of other considerations. For instance, he forgot about the pendant. He had intended to speak to the faithful Anne; had concocted, indeed, a plausible tale to account for the theft of his own property. But when Anne handed him his hat and umbrella he said, eagerly: "Miss Perrin looks younger and happier than I expected."

Anne sniffed.

"Ah! If you'd seen her six years ago——"

He hurried away with the quickened step of a man who has a definite goal. So—she had been jilted six years before. In a word, he might have come back six years sooner—if he had known. How exasperating that he had not known!

He climbed on to a bus, and soon afterwards a stranger sat down beside him. Wilbur glanced at him indifferently, noting eyes set too closely together, and a large, carefully-trained moustache, which could not quite conceal a vicious mouth. The stranger, for his part, beheld a thin, wiry, absent-minded fellow-passenger, obviously a sojourner in tropical climes, and as obviously of a simple and guileless character. Presently the stranger noticed that Wilbur slipped his hand into his coat-pocket, and then smiled with unmistakable satisfaction. Later Wilbur lighted a cigarette, still smiling with absurd complacency; and the stranger took advantage of this opportunity to introduce an ungloved hand into Wilbur's pocket, and to examine with practised touch what he found there. As he did so a faint smile played hide-and-seek with an expression of grim determination. An instant later he, too, lighted a cigarette.

As he did so Wilbur realized that he had been robbed of the pendant. And here again we must admit with reluctance that an absolutely sober Wilbur would have acted differently. This middle-aged man was intoxicated with love rather than with wine; but it is, perhaps, impossible to over-estimate the mellowing influence of the best port and Burgundy. Wilbur saw that the thief's immaculate linen cuff was frayed; a patent leather boot exhibited a tiny crack. He forgot the vicious mouth and eyes set too furtively close. He shrank from haling this seedy gentleman before the law, and he realized humorously that the law might put awkward questions to himself. By this time the bus was rolling steadily through Victoria Street. The pickpocket shook the ash from his cigarette and rose. Wilbur rose also. They descended together and stood side by side upon the pavement. Very leisurely the pickpocket strolled down one of the side streets. Wilbur followed, quickened his step, and overtook his late companion.

"A word with you," he said.

The pickpocket glanced to right and left. The small street held no policeman and but few wayfarers.

"You have a packet belonging to me," said Wilbur, in his hesitating voice. "I have reasons for not wishing to make a fuss. Give me back my property and go your way."

The pickpocket acted with quickness and decision, but he might have acted even quicker had he known that he was dealing with a man who had shot tigers on foot in the jungles of Bengal. He let go his left—to use the language of the ring—with creditable violence, but to his intense confounding was countered hard upon the ear. Lest worse might befall him he clinched, and when a policeman dashed round the corner displayed a pretty wit by gasping out, "Constable, I charge this man with attempting to pick my pocket!"

"I charge him," said Wilbur, "with actually picking mine."

The policeman grinned, and Wilbur said, testily:—

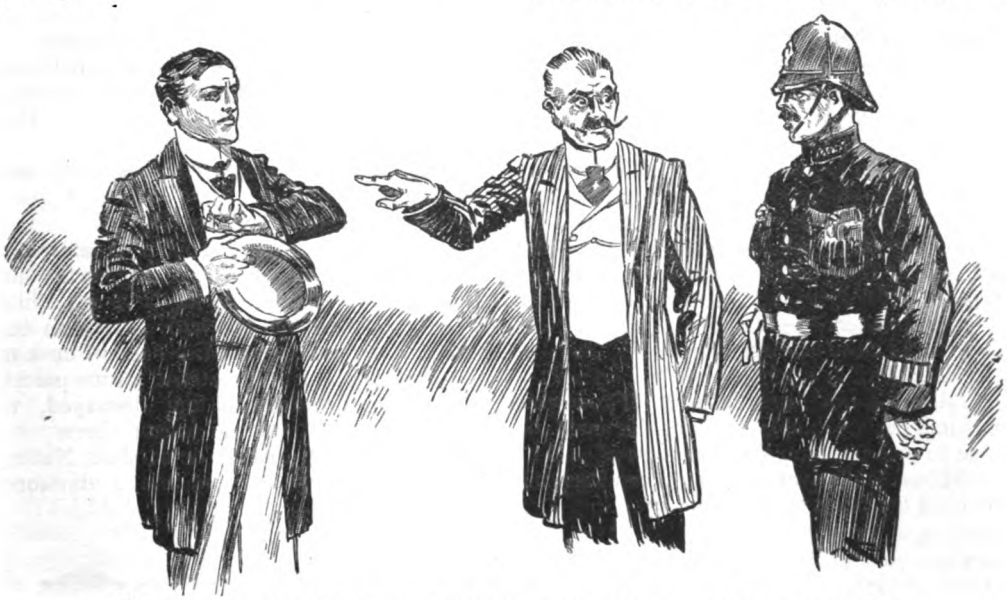
"You will find a small sealed box in his pocket."

"He nearly grabbed my watch," said the *chevalier d'industrie*. "I know nothing of any box, except the one I have just received on the ear. Search me, if you like. Here is my card. I am Sir Henry Bartley, of the Albany."

"The box is in his pocket," repeated Wilbur.

"Absurd! Come, come, I have an important appointment. Constable, oblige me by running your fingers over me."

The constable hesitated. He was young and zealous. But earlier in his career he had been censured for exhibiting too much zeal in dealing with an eccentric member of the peerage.



"CONSTABLE, I CHARGE THIS MAN WITH ATTEMPTING TO PICK MY POCKET!"

"Sorry, sir, but you'd better both of you come along with me."

At this moment, by the luck of things, Wilbur thrust his hand into his pocket. His fingers closed about the small box. He stammered out:—

"The box is, I find, in my pocket."

The policeman said, gruffly:—

"It is, is it? Now, wot d'yer mean by this little game?"

Wilbur hesitated. "He must have put it back when he saw you coming."

"Show me the box."

The constable took it from Wilbur's hand and read the address.

"Why, it ain't yours neither!" he exclaimed. "*Miss Perrin, Warwick Street.* Was you taking this to her, may I harsk?"

Wilbur, of course, should have said "Yes" promptly. Once more his hesitation betrayed him.

"Not—er—exactly. I can explain."

"You'll have to explain at the station. You come along with me. Having your haddress, Sir 'Enry, we'll send for you if needful."

The impersonator of baronets laughed pleasantly, and walked away, without any appearance of hurry. Wilbur, however, noticed with a certain satisfaction that he rubbed his ear.

Upon arrival at the police-station Wilbur was confronted by a burly inspector, who listened civilly enough to his story. At the end he said, with official curtness:—

"You say that you are Mr. Arthur Wilbur, recently returned from India, and that you to-day bought a pendant at Bancock's in Bond Street. I will telephone to them at once."

"Good!" said Wilbur.

"I take it, sir, that you intended to deliver this pendant to the lady to whom it is addressed?"

For the third time Wilbur hesitated. Then he said, with a shade of nervousness: "You may take it, inspector, that it was my intention to deliver the pendant to the lady whose address is on the box."

"Although Victoria Street is rather out of the way."

Wilbur made no reply, and the inspector rang up the famous firm. His questions were obvious enough, but the replies to them, inaudible to Wilbur, seemed to have an odd effect on the inspector. Hanging up the receiver, he turned with a grim smile to Wilbur.

"This packet," he said, portentously, "was delivered in Warwick Street at two-thirty to-day by one of the clerks. The servant

to whom it was entrusted placed it on her mistress's desk. And it has since disappeared."

"Oh!" Wilbur exclaimed, feebly.

"I shall now ring up Miss Perrin."

"Hold hard," said Wilbur, desperately. "I'll admit that I stole it."

"Bought it and stole it?"

"Yes."

"That sounds strange. You must bring evidence that you did buy it."

"They can identify me at Bancock's."

"Unfortunately, the junior partner, who happened to serve you, has left town. He won't be back till Monday. You heard me ask if they could identify you. They replied, 'No.'"

"My bankers——"

"Banks close at three."

"The clerk at my hotel——"

"But why not Miss Perrin? If you were making her a valuable present, she must be able to give us some account of you."

Wilbur said savagely, "You can keep me here till my bank opens to-morrow."

"'HOLD HARD,' SAID WILBUR, DESPERATELY. 'I'LL ADMIT THAT I STOLE IT.'"

"But we don't want to keep you here," replied the inspector.

Meanwhile, excitement was raging furiously in Warwick Street. Hardly had Wilbur left the house, when Anne announced that a person from Messrs. Bancock's desired to see Miss Perrin upon a matter of great importance. Nancy descended to a small room behind the dining-room. A tall, frock-coated young man bowed, and held out a white package.

"I regret," he said, suavely, "that a blunder was made by one of our junior clerks. A paste pendant was delivered here at half-past two this afternoon. This diamond pendant should have been delivered instead. May I ask you to return me the other?"

"A pendant?" repeated Nancy. "I have seen no pendant."

"It was left here, madam."

Nancy rang the bell. To her amazement, Anne corroborated the astonishing statement. Anne remembered receiving a small white sealed packet, which she had placed on the top of some letters on Miss Perrin's desk in the drawing-room. Dispatched for the parcel, she returned breathless and dismayed, to announce that it was no longer there.

"But who on earth," demanded Nancy, "would be likely to send me a diamond pendant?"

The young man in the frock-coat maintained a discreet silence.

"Do you know the name of the—the——"

"It was a gentleman," admitted the representative of Messrs. Bancock's; "but I am not at liberty to mention his name. The point is," he added, quickly, "that the paste

ornament has disappeared. In the circumstances, madam, I hardly feel justified in leaving this."

"I don't want you to leave it," said Nancy, with slight irritation. "You must have been hoaxed," she added. "I assure you that nobody—*nobody*—could have bought a valuable diamond pendant for me. The thing is absurd and impossible."

"Unhappily, madam, there remains—or I should, perhaps, say, there does not remain—the paste substitute already sold to another customer, who was to have received it to-day."

"It's somewhere, of course. We'll search and send it to you at once. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, madam."

With a deprecating smile, the frock-coated young man withdrew. Anne showed him out and then returned with heightened colour to Miss Perrin.

"He looked at me," she said, acrimoniously, "as if he dared to think it was in my pocket."

"We must find it," said Nancy.

The fruitless search began, and was continued with an ever-increasing sense of exasperation. Finally, Anne felt privileged to "pass a remark."

"It's gone," she said, wiping a heated forehead. "As miracles don't happen—leastways, not in Warwick Street—somebody must have taken it; and I can swear on the Book that nobody but you and me, miss, and Mr. Wilbur have set foot in the droring-room."

"Mr. Wilbur!" repeated Nancy, faintly.

"If it 'tisn't 'im, miss, it's either me or you."

Nancy ordered tea.

Drinking the blessed beverage, she was assailed by a thought too hideous for expression. Could Arthur Wilbur be a—kleptomaniac? He had confessed that he had left England because he coveted inordinately a pearl of price. She was sipping her third cup of tea when Anne appeared, even redder of countenance than when she had last left the room.

"A policeman, miss, for you. Taxi waiting outside, too."

Both women hurried downstairs. An imposing constable touched his helmet.

"Matter of missing pendant," he observed. "We have the party in whose possession it was found. Would it be troubling you too much, miss, to come to the station with me now?"

"There's some mistake," faltered Nancy.

"That's what *he* says, miss."

"He?"

"Mr. Arthur Wilbur. That's the name he gave us."

"Then it *is* a mistake," said Nancy, hurriedly. "I have the greatest confidence in Mr. Wilbur."

"Is it Mr. Wilbur, miss? That's what you're wanted for—identification."

"I can do that," interrupted Anne.

"Fetch me my hat, my gloves, and my jacket." Nancy turned to the constable. "I'll come with you at once," she murmured.

On the way to the police-station the lady maintained a dignified silence; but twice—so the constable noticed—she furtively dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief rolled into a ball so as to escape notice. Trained powers of observation took note, however, that on stepping from the taxi Miss Perrin exhibited a decisive briskness of movement, and she carried her pretty chin at a less acute angle. The inspector received her courteously, indicating Wilbur with a wave of a large hand.

"Is this Mr. Arthur Wilbur?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"He affirms that he bought a pendant, ordered it to be sent to your house, and then stole it, for a reason which he does not choose to give to me."

"Mr. Wilbur had a perfect right to steal his own property," said Miss Perrin, very firmly.

The inspector looked dubious.

"It ceased to be his property when he dispatched it sealed and addressed to you."

"But I hadn't received it. Mr. Wilbur and I understand each other."

"Then there is nothing more to be said, madam."

The inspector picked up the white parcel and looked at the man and the woman.

"Give it to me," said Wilbur. He took it from the inspector and slipped it into his pocket. The inspector said, with a certain official stiffness:—

"Sorry to have troubled you, sir, but you understand we can't afford to make mistakes."

"Quite so," assented Wilbur. Then a slightly derisive smile played about his lips. "I don't suppose *you* do make many?"

The inspector expanded a forty-four-inch chest.

"We don't," he replied.

"All the same," continued Wilbur, with a sharper inflection, "I think a mistake has been made about the other fellow. Would you oblige me by looking him up at the address on his card? The Albany, wasn't it?"

The inspector picked up the card, not quite so immaculate as a baronet's card should be, and nodded.

"Sure to be on the 'phone?" suggested Wilbur.

The inspector rang up the Albany, and asked if Sir Henry Bartley had returned home. The reply seemed to slightly upset him. As he replaced the receiver he coughed apologetically.

"Well?" demanded Wilbur.

"Sir Henry Bartley," replied the inspector, frigidly, "is, it seems, shooting in Uganda."

"Ah!" murmured Wilbur, softly.

Leaving the police-station he walked beside Nancy, searching for a right phrase. Presently he said, shyly: "Would you mind if we went into St. James's Park?"

"What for?"

"Explanations."

"Are they necessary?"

The tone of her voice struck him as curiously cold.

"Absolutely," he replied, with conviction.

They found an unoccupied bench. The warm rays of the sun fell slantingly upon other couples under the trees or reclining upon the grass.

"Jolly to be alive," remarked Wilbur.

"Sometimes," said Nancy, turning frowning eyes from a not too distant pair in the unabashed act of kissing each other.

"It's like this," said Wilbur, desperately. "With your letter this morning came a letter from Jack Orpington, announcing the news of his inheritance and immediate marriage, and asking me to be best man. I put the two letters together and made one of 'em."

"You thought Jack was marrying *me?*"

Wilbur warmed to his work.

"I said to myself that it was an enchanting romance, and I wanted to say or do something out of the common. Never was a hand at talk, but I saw a gilt-edged opportunity for action. I rushed off to Bancock's, and found there a pendant, a four-leaved clover design—faith, hope, love, and luck! But in paste. They said they had the real thing in diamonds, and promised to deliver it at three. I wanted to see your face. Then, at luncheon, Jack told me that he was marrying Littlestone's girl. It nearly choked me. I 'phoned Bancock's within a minute, and, by the great god Pan, the pendant, so I was informed, was on its way to Warwick Street. I found it on your desk and slipped it into my pocket. The rest you know."

Then, to his amazement, Nancy burst into what seemed to be hysterical laughter. When she became articulate, Wilbur managed to understand her first words.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Will you ever forgive me? I must tell you. I thought you were a thief."

"What! You thought me a—thief?"

"A—kleptomaniac. You had said that you left England because you coveted inordinately—that was the word—a pearl of price, which belonged to somebody else."

"So I did, but—— I say, Nancy, you believed me to be a thief; then—by Jove!—you tried to compound a felony for my sake."

"Don't talk nonsense. Didn't you tell some tarradiddles on my account? By the way, oughtn't we to return the stolen goods at once?"

Wilbur looked into her eyes, now quite soft again.

"Thank you for the 'we.'"

Nancy said demurely: "I should like to see Mollie Rockingham's face if you had sent a paste ornament to her."

"She's got one already?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean poor Jack. Look here, I've promised to be his best man, and I want to get out of it."

"Out of a promise?"

"If I should get married first, I should be ineligible."

"You are thinking of getting married?"

"Provided the pearl of price I have coveted for eleven years will have me. Nancy, will you have me?"

Nancy turned her head. For the second time her eyes fell upon the amorous couple to the right. They were still kissing. Nancy smiled as she heard Wilbur's voice shaking with anxiety:—

"Dear Nancy, have I rushed things?"

"N—n—no," she whispered.

"Is it possible that you could ever care for me?"

"At any rate, I know the difference between paste and diamonds."

"Nancy!"

"I have known it for six long years."

"Six long years!"

"And I know, too, that the best diamonds come from India."

She raised her soft eyes to his, and as they gazed at each other the marks of those six long years seemed to fade and vanish.

The Dickens Testimonial.

An Interview With Charles Dickens's Eldest Surviving Son. The Progress of the Testimonial.

FORTY-FIVE years ago a keen, pleasant-faced man in a green velvet waistcoat might have been seen on the platform at Waterloo Station. At his side was a young fellow of twenty, his face flushed with emotion.

"Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you," spoke the elder man. "Do your duty and keep up your pluck."

The young man thought of all the good times he had had with his father—of all the wonderful talks, and games, and journeys they had enjoyed together—he and the best, the kindest father in all the world—and tears sprang to his eyes. The two gripped hands again and the train steamed away; and that night England—and London—and Rochester and Gad's Hill—were shut out for forty-five years while the young man worked and dreamed and hoped in the Australian bush. The elder man was Charles Dickens—the younger was his son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, godson of the Poet Laureate. From that hour the famous novelist began to labour as he had never laboured before. To make provision for his family became his ruling passion. "God knows," he wrote, "it is not for myself, but for those I hold dear and who will come after me."

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS AND HIS DAUGHTERS.
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Melbourne.

Forty-five years passed. And then one morning Alfred Tennyson Dickens, no longer young, but with white hair now, arrived in his native London and paid a visit to the offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

"For a long time," he said, "it seemed as if England and London could never be the same to me after my father's death. And indeed it is not the same.

"When I was in Australia my father and I used to correspond with each other regularly. I remember receiving his last letter to me after I had heard the news of his death. In this letter, written only three weeks before his death, he wrote: 'You will doubtless have seen in many of the papers that the Queen is going to bestow all manner of titles and honours upon me, but you can take it from me personally that during my life I shall remain as I sign myself at the end of the letter.' He signed himself plain 'Charles Dickens.'"

Since he uttered these words, Mr. Dickens has been travelling about England. He has been to the Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds of Pickwick; to the Yorkshire of Nickleby; the Salisbury of Chuzzlewit; to Dover, and Broadstairs, and Brighton, and Chatham; and last of all to Rochester and Gad's Hill.

"At Rochester the landlord of the Bull Inn, as soon as he knew I was coming, reserved for me the very room my father had slept in. Pickwick and Tupman and Winkle and Snodgrass and Sam Weller had been very real to me from boyhood, and their spirits seemed to haunt the old inn. Then in the morning I went over to Gad's Hill, now occupied by a gentleman named Latham. What memories of my dear father and mother and brothers and sisters rushed in upon me! I pointed out the very spot where the pictures used to hang on the walls: Frith's 'Dolly Varden' here, 'Captain Bobadil' there, and Scheffer's portrait and Maclise's.

"I stood in the room where he used to write, overlooking the lawn. None of us ever dared to cross the lawn during prohibited hours, when my father was at work. But the moment he had thrown aside his pen, what a jolly father he was—ready for fun of every kind! Then I went to visit the chalet which the actor Fechter gave him, and which is now in Lord Darnley's grounds, the Leather Bottle Inn, and all the spots associated with my father.

"Forty-five years! Yes, much is changed; but one thing I still find unchangeable wherever I go—it is the love, the personal affection in which the name of my father is held; not merely by those who knew him—for these, alas, are grown very few—but by all classes of men, women, and children."

The great movement for celebrating the centenary of the novelist grows apace. Soon after this number appears Charles Dickens, were he now alive, would be entering upon his hundredth year.

As it was for his family Dickens strove so strenuously, so it is fitting that the tribute of Dickens-lovers throughout the universe should be paid to his family.

Already some hundreds of thousands, including their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra (whose order for two hundred and fifty stamps was among the first received), H.R.H. the youthful Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, have purchased stamps to match the volumes in their possession. And in this connection a reader of THE STRAND reminds us that the late King's family were brought up to admire, to love, and to read Dickens.

"Every Christmas-time at Sandringham, as I recall it many years ago," she writes, "the Royal children used to gather round to hear Princess Maud—known to her brothers and sisters as 'Harrie'—read the 'Christmas Carol,' and I know it was read very well indeed, so that there was not a dry eye among her auditors. I know, too, that King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) and their children never tired of Dickens, whose works they in turn were taught to love as children. So that I feel sure the Dickens Stamp, which His Majesty has publicly called an 'interesting and well-designed record of the great novelist,' will meet nowhere with a more cordial and sympathetic welcome than in the Royal homes of England and those members of our Royal Family abroad."

In America, as was to be anticipated, the enthusiasm aroused over the Testimonial is genuine and widespread. Thus one Dickens-lover, who is also a millionaire—the Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States, writes:—

"The idea of printing an especially designed stamp, and of asking every Dickens-lover to purchase and place one of these stamps in each volume of Dickens which he or she possesses, is an appropriate and ought to be a practicable one. It should be a labour of love—this plan to commemorate fittingly an important anniversary, and to make good to the descendants of the novelist a debt which, unintentionally, yet undeniably, is owed as royalties for publications widely circulated without remuneration to the author or his heirs. *For the laughs we have laughed and the tears we have shed let us interest each other in using to the full this opportunity to show our deep affection for the memory of the creator of Pickwick and so many other dear old friends in fiction, and at the same time to help make life a better thing for those who would be nearest and dearest to the novelist were he alive.*"

Similarly Mr. George B. McClellan, ex-Mayor of New York.

"The work of Charles Dickens," he writes, "has received the reward which he would have valued most—the love of the millions who honour him as a counsellor and know him as a friend. But while we have sat at his feet we have not hesitated, willingly or unwillingly, to rob him and his of what was justly theirs. Although he would be the last to complain of the petty larceny of which he has been the victim, all of us who have been the unconscious accessories to the theft should rejoice at any opportunity to make restitution. Such an opportunity has been offered us in the excellent plan suggested by THE STRAND MAGAZINE. As one of the many who owes to Charles Dickens more than he can ever repay, I welcome the possibility of adding my mite to the expression of the appreciation which the English-speaking world has for a great teacher."

But we could not print one quarter of the written approbation we have received from distinguished men and women and distinguished newspapers in Great Britain and America. It now only remains for every owner of a single copy of Charles Dickens's works to render the Centenary Tribute a success, and to buy at the nearest booksellers' or stationers' a Dickens Stamp.

TO COMPLETE THIS PICTURE STICK A DICKENS STAMP IN THE EMPTY FRAME.

For the Prize Competition see the other side.

Our Dickens Prize Competition.

£50 IN PRIZES.

First Prize - - - -	£25
Second Prize - - - -	£10
Third Prize - - - -	£5

And Ten Prizes of £1 each.

THE picture on the preceding page shows some familiar Dickens Characters listening to the persuasions of an eloquent auctioneer, who is himself one of Dickens's best-known creations. The intention is that the reader should place one of the Dickens Stamps in the empty frame and thereby complete the picture. If he wishes to compete for one of the above prizes, he must send the picture thus completed to this office, together with a list of as many of the characters shown in it as he can identify, placed in what he considers to be their order of popularity, each reader making the list of his own favourites in order of preference. The whole number of competition papers will then be examined and a list of those characters obtaining the greatest number of votes will be made out, and the readers whose lists approach most nearly to this general consensus of opinion will obtain the prizes. Competitors may send in as many lists as they like, provided that each is accompanied by a stamped picture.

Having made out such a list, each competitor should sign it with his or her name and address, and, having placed a Dickens Stamp in the empty space on the other side of this page, the whole should then be sent, on or before the 28th of February, to THE STRAND MAGAZINE, 3 to 13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. The words "DICKENS COMPETITION" should be plainly marked in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.

Another picture will be given next month with a different group of characters, when similar prizes will be offered to our readers.

Clever Mr. Painter.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by Leslie Hunter.

SO far as Colonel Toller's memory ran there had been no such day as the last one of the Spring Assizes at Coleworth Regis. Certainly there had been no weather like it at that season since he had been made chief constable of the county. Snow obscured the skylight of the ancient, gloomy court-room, and in spite of the crowd there the atmosphere grew chilly. Perhaps the last prisoner to be disposed of was less reluctant than he might otherwise have been not to be discharged without a character or a penny into the obviously unfriendly streets of his native town. When Colonel Toller looked at his motor-car he fairly shivered.

"Fifteen miles against this wind, eh?" he said, as the sharp frozen snow blew into his face and almost cut his cheeks.

Just as the Colonel, after a word with Jones, his chauffeur, was getting into the car an inspector of police came up to him.

"Yes, yes, what is it?" asked the Colonel, a little irritably.

"It's about Jack the Painter, sir," said Inspector Sibley.

"Jack the Painter! Well, who's he?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, sir, the chap we thought had done the trick at the Grange; him we nabbed for that other burglary in London," said Sibley.

"By Jove, I remember," said the Colonel; "but what of him?"

"He's out again, sir; done three years and eight months. You said we were to be sure to tell you on account of those diamonds," said Sibley.

"To be sure," said the Colonel.

"Shall we put a special on at the Grange, sir?"

"I'll let you know, Sibley. He's not likely to rush them in a moment, especially in such weather as this," he said.

"That's so, sir. But we'll never find 'em, I think," said Sibley, "for that Jack the Painter is a fair masterpiece."

"A very clever fellow, I own," said the Colonel. "All right, Jones, let's get home."

He remembered the day when he called early at the Grange, and found Mrs. Marsh in tears, and her son Tom, just back from Africa, in a tearing rage. The Colonel had driven over especially to see the young fellow, who had gone out to the Cape five years before on his father's death.

"Why, what's the matter, dear boy?" asked the Colonel.

"The diamonds, the diamonds!" said Mrs. Marsh.

"Good heavens, what diamonds?" demanded Toller.

Tom was dancing all over the room.

"Those I brought back! They're gone. That chap stole 'em, I swear. They're all I've got, over five thousand pounds' worth," roared Tom Marsh.

"What chap has got 'em?" asked the Colonel.

"Come and see him," said Tom. "I've had him locked up in the tool-house."

As they went out to interview the gentleman in the tool-house Tom explained what had happened.

"He was outside on a ladder painting; who else could it be? I went out of my room, leaving the diamonds in a piece of paper on the dressing-table. I swear I wasn't away five minutes, and when I came back they were gone!"

"Could no one else have taken them?" asked the Colonel; "one of the maids?"

"They weren't upstairs; we accounted for 'em," said Tom. "No, the blighter must have known something about me having 'em. He must have heard me leave the room and have shifted his ladder and put his hand in and raked 'em out."

"It certainly looks like it," said the Colonel, as they came to the tool-house. Tom unlocked it, and they found the painter seated smoking on an upturned basket. He was a nondescript-looking little man, with a broken nose and a pair of exceedingly bright

eyes, who appeared singularly at his ease. He talked with a Cockney twang.

"I'll 'ave the law of yer for false imprisonment," said the painter. "I ain't got yer di'monds. I don't believe yer 'ad no di'monds."

"Come, come," said the Colonel, "don't be insolent."

"'I'LL 'AVE THE LAW OF YER FOR FALSE IMPRISONMENT,' SAID THE PAINTER. 'I AIN'T GOT YER DI'MONDS.'"

"'Oo are you?" asked the painter, cheerfully.

"I'm Colonel Toller, the chief constable," said Toller.

"Then you don't need to be told that what you says will be used as evidence ag'in yer," said the cheerful painter. "Come, nah, let me aht, and we'll say no more abaht it. I ain't the man to bear a grudge ag'in anyone as 'as 'ad losses. I never was."

"Lock him up again, Tom," said the Colonel; "the police must deal with him."

They did deal with him, but in vain so far as the diamonds were concerned. Yet when he was discharged for want of evidence he was rearrested on another charge. It turned out that he was a notorious burglar, and was known as Jack the Painter. He went up for four years, which was little consolation to Tom Marsh, who had several more years of hard labour before him in South Africa.

"Yes, it was dashed hard lines on the lad," said Colonel Toller, as his car made a gale almost into a hurricane; "dashed hard lines! I believe those infernal diamonds are somewhere at the Grange to this day. The Painter must have planted them somewhere. But where?"

A dozen detectives, professional and amateur, had searched in vain for them.

The snow blew level on the gale. Jones, the chauffeur, groaned with cold and vexation. It was almost impossible to see three yards ahead in some of the snow-flurries.

"Those lamps don't give much light," said the Colonel, anxiously, and before Jones could open his mouth they saw the figure of a man right in front of them. The Colonel yelled at the top of his voice, and Jones put on the brakes just in time to prevent a tragedy, though certainly not in time to prevent something more resembling a comedy. The belated wayfarer gave a howl as the car skidded on the frozen road and struck him sideways with the rear mudguard. He rolled cursing into the ditch at the edge of the road, and the Colonel jumped out of the car.

"Ow, you man-killer, you," said the voice.

"Are you hurt?" asked Colonel Toller.

"Naow, in course I ain't; 'it by a man-killer and chucked right across the rowd," groaned the victim. "I believe both my leg bones is busted."

"Nonsense," said Toller; "here, give me your hand and get out of that."

"This will cost you five pounds, I can tell you," said the man in the ditch. "I wants your number so as I can 'ave the law of yer."

"Where are you going?" asked the Colonel.

"Wherever I can," growled the other; "I was bound for Brightwell."

"I'm going through it. I'll drop you there," said the Colonel.

"And wot abaht that five pounds?" asked his guest.

"Nothing about it," retorted the Colonel. "I'll give you half a sovereign and a lift, or nothing and no lift."

"Very well, I takes it," said his guest, almost cheerfully. "And cheap it is at the price."

It really was cheap, and so Toller thought when he dropped his undesirable passenger in Brightwell.

"On the whole we were well out of that, Jones," he said, as they came through Brightwell into the open country.

But a few minutes later the car gave a grunt, ceased to fire, and then stopped dead in the middle of the road.

"Five miles from home," said the Colonel, when they had tried in vain to bring the dead to life. Something had gone wrong, and what it was Jones declared he could not discover, even with the help of the lamp held by the freezing Colonel.

"We'd better shove her off the road and into the hedge and walk," said the Colonel at last. "She'll take no harm here."

"D'ye mean walk 'ome, sir?" asked the chauffeur, who, like all connected with scientific locomotion, loathed going back to Nature and his legs. "The Grange ain't half a mile from here, sir."

"By Jove, so it isn't," said the Colonel, vigorously. "I never thought of that. And I have a message for Mrs. Marsh, now I think of it. If we can't get any farther, I can telephone home."

And ten minutes later they found the old Grange hidden in a belt of trees. As the Colonel and Jones walked up the drive they heard in the lull of the screaming wind the old clock over the stables at the back strike half-past seven.

"We'll invite ourselves to dinner, Jones," said the Colonel.

Anticipation of hot soup inspired the Colonel; he knew there would be an oak-log fire in the cosy hall, and a ready fire in an hospitable bedroom. Together with these delights, he saw Mrs. Marsh, grey-haired, humorous, benignant, a hostess as warm as they. Already, too, he heard in the hall happy laughter as he rang the bell. Though poor Tom, he who had lost the diamonds, was away on Afric's sands seeking others, there was his young sister at home and her eldest sister's child, a merry girl of twelve.

"I beg for shelter, madam," said the gallant Colonel, as he shook hands with Mrs. Marsh; "for shelter from the biting blast, for a crust and a cup of hot water, perhaps with something in it that goes not badly with sugar. May I have it?"

"You may," said Mrs. Marsh; "but, though we are glad to see so brave a mendicant in our ancestral halls, what brings you out on such a night?"

"Duty and the assizes and the natural malignity of matter, my dear Mrs. Marsh. In addition, my car broke down. My man is with me, too. By Jove, it's a night."

Kitty Marsh and Daisy, her niece, came into the hall.

"You'll stay to dinner and sleep the night here," said Mrs. Marsh.

"Well, I'll stay if you will have me," he said. "I've something to tell you, too."

And when the soup was on the table the Colonel told them what it was.

"Jack the Painter's out of jail at last," he said.

"Will he come here? Tom always said so. Poor Tom!" said Mrs. Marsh.

"Not on a night like this, though," said the Colonel.

They mused a little.

"Do you think the diamonds are still here, after all the search that was made?" asked Kitty. "Haven't we looked everywhere?"

"Except where he hid them," said the Colonel.

The Colonel told them of the tramp he had upset, and imitated his Cockney denunciations of the "man-killer" until Daisy screamed with laughter.

"However, he really wasn't hurt, and I saved him a four-mile tramp, and gave him half a sovereign," said the Colonel. "I think he was rather lucky, on the whole."

And then they played bridge till eleven o'clock, until Kitty remarked that it was very odd how many times diamonds had seemed to rule the fortunes of the game. So they gave up cards and talked again of Jack the Painter and the five uncut diamonds which had been lost. Mrs. Marsh explained that they looked like rather greasy quartz pebbles.

For she was the only one in the house who had seen them the night before they were lost.

And then they all went up to bed. The Colonel was put in Tom's room, the very room from which the diamonds had disappeared, and he fell asleep and dreamed of running down tramps and killing them. And every time he killed one Jones laughed loudly and still more loudly. But at last they ran down three at once, and Jones was excited to such hideous merriment that the Colonel woke up and found that the wind was Jones, and was screaming with evil glee. As the Colonel sat up in bed he felt the house fairly tremble. Then he heard a scream from the opposite room and he jumped out of bed to listen. Opening the door he put his head outside, and presently saw Kitty in a dressing-gown coming from Daisy's room.

"Halloa, my dear, what is it?" asked the Colonel.

"It's Daisy; the wind frightened her. She says she went to the window and looked out and saw a man," said Kitty, nervously.

"Nonsense," said the Colonel. "It's as dark as the mind of a politician."

"You see, we talked so much about Jack the Painter," urged Kitty.

"Sorry I spoke," said the Colonel. "Now you go to bed, my dear, and take Daisy with you. If your friend comes I'm here to tackle him."

Kitty laughed.

"That's what Daisy says; she's glad you're here, and I am too."

She went into Daisy's room, and the Colonel, closing his door, went back to bed again.

But he couldn't close his eyes now. The wind never ceased, though between the chief squalls there were lulls. He thought of everything that had happened that day.

The human mind is a magic store of remembrance; it is a witches' cauldron; a lumber-house and museum; a picture-gallery; a case of gramophone records; a dark room full of negatives, some undeveloped and some broken; a menagerie; and a mine. It works well and works ill; it's like the wind and blows where it listeth; the owner of it is owned by it; it plays on him when he thinks to play on it. Truly the mind is a lucky-bag, a bran-pie, a lottery, a raffle; and very suddenly the Colonel drew something out of his bran-pie which made him fairly sit up in bed and gasp.

"By the Lord," said the Colonel, "it was the very man himself!"

There was no one to ask him what man, so he told it to the fire as he jumped out of bed again.

"That miserable tramp was actually Jack the Painter, or I'm a Dutchman."

So his mind acted. It sent up to him the picture of the little painter seated on a basket in the tool-house, insolently and almost jovially wanting to know when he was to be let out, but it also recalled to him the Cockney accent, the very accent of the tramp upon the road. Certainly the voice had recalled something, or he had deceived himself. But now he was sure, absolutely sure, without any more evidence than the vague likeness of two voices heard at an interval of four years, or near it.

"He was coming here!" said Toller.

Not a doubt of it, he seemed to tell his mind, when his mind told him. Without the shadow of a doubt the released convict was going to dig up the planted diamonds. Toller believed they must be planted in the ground. In a way he saw them there. He went to the fire and warmed his hands.

Jack the Painter had been three years and eight months in jail. He had stuck it out, to use his own vernacular, that he knew nothing of those diamonds. Suppose he did know! Then he owned five thousand pounds worth of jewels even as he served his term. How wonderful they would seem to such a man.

Before he went back to bed the Colonel stirred the fire and made it burn brightly, and stood listening for a moment to the gale. It was coming towards its wildest, and played strange instruments in the whipped trees and in the roof of the Grange. And then——

"What's that?" asked Toller, half-way between the fireplace and the bed.

The wind breathes or screams a thousand ways, but each sound is related to each; it is a note in a scheme or a scale, a piece of wind music. And yet what the wakened sleeper heard was not of the nature of the wind. It came from overhead or from the outer wall. Yet overhead it could not be, unless it were on the roof, for the long and rambling Grange had but one storey over the ground floor.

"Against the outer wall then," said the Colonel, as he stood. "Oh, is it——"

He stayed but a moment, and then ran alertly to the window and dragged aside the curtain. A finger on the cord of the blind and the blind shot upwards. The fire was

burning brilliantly, and it seemed to Toller that it lighted up something that should not be outside, something whitish, a grey blur and smudge upon the darkness, perhaps a face!

"Ah!" said Toller, and his swift mind sprang at the truth, the solution of the unrelated noise. He threw up the window as he spoke, and the wind burst in like a torrent through a broken dam. Outside, within a foot or two of the window, he saw a ladder, saw a figure upon it with the blurred white face, and then suddenly the gale screamed at its highest fury in a squall that shook the Grange. It smote the house hard and smote the ladder, so that it slipped and slid. Toller saw it move, saw by the light of the fire the man's white face, his open dark mouth uttering a scream as the ladder fell and crashed upon the lawn. He leant out of the window in the flying snow and through its veil saw a dark patch upon the frozen grass, and heard a groan as the triumphant wind rode out of the hollow where the Grange stood and screamed upon the uplands.

"A GREY BLUR AND SMUDGE UPON THE DARKNESS, PERHAPS A FACE!"

"By Jupiter!" said Toller. He slammed the window down, slipped a coat on, and ran into the passage, at the same time rousing the household.

They lighted the lamp in the hall, and Toller and his man, taking any handy overcoat, went out into the frozen garden.

The midnight marauder, breathing heavily, lay by the ladder. He moaned a little; the Colonel ran his hands over him.

"No bones broken, I think. Let's carry him in."

They laid him on a rug in the hall with a pillow under his head, and as Jones stood up he made an exclamation.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel.

"It's the blighter we ran down, sir," said Jones.

"To be sure," said Toller.

By now the whole household was in the hall, eager, talking. The Colonel, feeling that he was in command, sent the servants to bed again. They went reluctantly.

"The blighter's coming to," said Jones, suddenly.

The gentleman on the rug groaned and muttered something.

"What does he say, Jones?" asked the Colonel.

"I thought he said 'one of 'em,' sir," said the kneeling chauffeur.

"Ah, did he, did he?" exclaimed the Colonel, in excitement. And Jack the Painter sighed heavily and opened his eyes. The next moment he closed them again.

"THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER, BREATHING HEAVILY, LAY BY THE LADDER."

Yet his mind was evidently working. His right hand moved as if by some instinct. He put it into his right-hand pocket and sighed again, as if with satisfaction. Toller, bending over him, said "Ah!" again, and his eyes sparkled. The burglar withdrew his hand with something in it. Before Jones could move the Colonel stooped swiftly and plucked a round pebble from Jack's hand. He held it up.

"Oh, one of them!" cried Mrs. Marsh.

"Yes, an uncut diamond, I do believe," said Colonel Toller, excitedly.

"'Ullo," said Jack the Painter. This time he opened his eyes and kept them open. "Where am I?"

"Here, my man," said the Colonel, as if he was giving this unexpected guest full information about everything.

Jack tried to sit up, and with Jones's help at last succeeded. He stared about him in confusion, but at length fixed his brightening eyes upon the Colonel.

"Why, you're the man-killer," he said. "You giv' me 'alf a thick-'un for running me dahn on the road! But 'ow'd I come 'ere?"

Even as he spoke intelligence came back to him. He put his hand in his pocket, and gloom settled for a moment on his face.

"Robbedag'in," he said; "done in the eye once more — bilked and busted."

He looked about him steadily for a moment and shook his head, as he turned back to the Colonel.

"Am I to go up ag'in?" he asked.

"It's my opinion you will," said Toller.

"Luck's ag'in me," said Jack, with an air of almost cheerful resignation.

"What are we going to do with him?" asked Toller.

"Wotever you likes," said Jack.

Eventually, Jones and the Colonel helped

their prisoner to walk to the room over the stable. Jones undertook to see that he didn't escape. When Jack lay on the bed upstairs the Colonel stood over him.

"Comfortable, eh?" he asked, almost jovially.

"So so," said Jack.

"Ah, perhaps you'll tell us where the other diamonds are?" he asked, holding up the one they had taken from him. And Jack shook his head.

"Wot luck! Run dahn by a bloomin' car, 'ove into a ditch, flung off a ladder, and robbed at the hend," he said. "Wot luck! Was there ever such luck?"

"You won't tell me where the others are?" said Toller.

"If I says I don't know, you won't believe me," said Jack.

"I can't," said Toller.

"That's where you're miles off of it," retorted Jack.

"Think it over," said the Colonel. "Look out that he doesn't escape, Jones."

And Colonel Toller went back to bed again.

At eight o'clock in the morning Colonel Toller came to see him and to give Jones a chance to get his breakfast.

"Well, how are you?" asked the Colonel.

"Werry stiff," replied Jack; "but then I'm tough."

"You're a pretty cool customer," said Toller. "You'll go up again, my man!"

"Nah, sir, you don't mean to 'ave me in the jug ag'in arter me bein' 'urt, and in this 'ouse a 'ole night, and there bein' on'y one di'mond, which I was robbed of prompt?" asked Jack in an injured tone of voice.

"What do you mean by saying there is only one diamond? Are not the others where you put them?"

"S'elp me, not one more," replied Jack, in great excitement. "And do you mean you coves didn't find the others?"

"Certainly not," said the Colonel.

"Then 'oo's got 'em? That's what I want to know," said Jack. "It's 'ard to be done out of one's property by the rightful owners, but for some other cove to nab it, that's 'ard indeed."

"Come, come," said Toller, impatiently, "where did you put them?"

"If I'm to be give up to the polis, I'm not lettin' on," said Jack, firmly. "Give me your honest word I ain't to be give up, and I'll do my level best to find 'em."

"I'll think of it," said Toller.

"Take your time, sir," said Jack, cheerfully; "and nah I'd like some brekfuss."

A servant brought him some, and while he was eating it the Colonel had his breakfast with Mrs. Marsh, Kitty, and Daisy.

After breakfast the Colonel and Daisy came into the harness-room, where Jack was now sitting.

"Well," said the former, "when are we coming to business? Are you ready to try to find those diamonds?"

"Suttingly, sir," said Jack. "I dessay I could walk a bit now, with 'elp."

Daisy helped him to rise.

"Don't you think, Colonel Toller, that you had better give Mr. Painter your arm?" she inquired, with a shade of reproach for the Colonel's lack of ready courtesy.

"Oh, of course," said Toller, hastily; and the next moment there might have been observed—as the dear old romances say—the astonishing sight of Colonel Toller, C.B., D.S.O., chief constable of the county, arm-in-arm with a notorious burglar who might have had the Distinguished Service Order in his own more dangerous profession.

At this moment Jones returned with the derelict car, which had condescended to come to life again. He whistled joyously at the sight before him.

"Quite pally, ain't they?" he observed to himself, with a chuckle. And as he drove to the stable-yard, followed by the Colonel and Daisy, Mrs. Marsh came into the garden. It was now a very fine morning—the first of spring, just as yesterday had been the last of belated winter.

They came to where the ladder still lay on the grass. Jack pointed to the eaves.

"I put them di'monds there," he said, cheerfully. "Nah I'll tell you all abaht it," he went on. "I'd 'ad my eye on this 'ouse to crack it a year before I came 'ere. For a Lambeth pal of mine wot give up the perfesshion on account of roomaticks give it away to me on shares if I pulled it off. And bein' wanted in tahn for another job I took an 'oliday and came down 'ere wiv my tools. And I got a casooal job paintin' and looked abaht a bit, and was goin' to crack this crib the very night of the mornin' I was led away into doin' a job not thought aht. For I 'eard the young gent say di'monds to you, ma'am, and di'monds is the best of sport. So paintin' outside of his room, which I knowed well, I 'eard him go aht of it and shut the door. And bein' so 'andy, I thinks a look in can do no harm, and I steps on the sill

off of the ladder and ups wiv the winder. And I sees them stones in an open bit of blue paper on the dressin'-table and spots them as the shiners, 'avin' been in South Africa myself. Then my instincks gets the better of me, and I nails 'em there and then and gets back and shuts the winder.

seemed. And there I was smilin', though now I repents of it, I do. And in less than 'arf a mo' 'e comes aht and lets on I 'ad 'em. So I says, 'Search me,' very indignant. And they searches me, 'im and the gardener and locks me in the tool-'ouse, and the Colonel comes along and I cheeks the lot of you,

"'I PUT THEM DI'MONDS THERE,' HE SAID, CHEERFULLY."

And I knowed I'd little time to plant 'em, and relyin' on my natural instincks I did a real clever trick. Wiv my knife I breaks out a bit of plaster under the roof, and fillin' it wiv putty wot I'd been using for the other winder, I jams the stones into that same putty, smooths it dahn and paints it over as easy and quiet as if I'd been a painter and no more than one all my days. And in less than two shakes of a lamb's tail I 'ears the young gent shoutin' inside, fair mad, as it

for which I begs pardin. But none of you got nothin' aht of me, and finally a blighter of a policeman knowed me by the bill that was aht for me in tahn. And that's the troof and the 'ole troof and nothin' but the troof, and I kisses the book on it, and I repents 'ard of it, as I said."

"You don't know what trouble you caused," said Mrs. Marsh, severely.

In the meantime Toller reared the ladder against the wall and climbed up to see what

truth there was in Jack's statement. There was certainly a small cavity just under the eaves which might have contained the stones. Indeed, he found that the single diamond actually fitted into part of it very snugly, when he tried it there. From the general condition of the crevice it seemed to him tolerably certain that the others had been taken away before, if indeed they had ever been there.

"Give you my word I put 'em there," said Jack, vehemently; "'ow could I have 'ad time to plant one there and the others elsewhere?"

"Perhaps the painters who did the house last time took them," suggested Mrs. Marsh.

"Naow," said Jack, "else why'd the silly coves leave the biggest? My perfeshional opinion is that they warn't there at that time and they just painted the 'ole careless."

"Well, where are they?" demanded Toller.

"That's wot we've to find aht," said Jack; "so we'd better put our 'eads together and think it aht. I'm cocksure they warn't took, and if they warn't they fell dahn, if so be no bird came along and took 'em for plums. That stands to reason, don't it?"

"They might be just anywhere if they fell down," said Toller, shrugging his shoulders.

"Anywhere's nowheres," retorted Jack. "They're close 'andy or I'm a sneak thief, and I'd rather work than be that. Oh, much rather any day. Lemme think."

While he thought, the Colonel and Mrs. Marsh gave it up and went into the house. But Daisy stuck close to Jack. He was, she thought, a most interesting man.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Painter?" she asked, suddenly, seeing him staring hard at the roof.

"Them," said Jack, pointing.

"Oh, the dear swallows have come back," said Daisy. As a matter of ornithological fact they were not swallows, but house-martins.

"Do they build 'ere regular?" asked Jack.

"The dears come every year," said Daisy. "Granny and I love them."

"Humph," said Jack; "and did your old gardenin' cove love 'em?"

"Oh, no," replied Daisy; "he said they were nasty messy beasts."

Two pairs of martins were already building. It was now the middle of April and they were tremendously busy, coming every moment to the eaves of the house with mud in their bills. Before the eyes of Jack and Daisy they laid the foundations of their houses.

"The ducky dears," said Daisy.

"Blimy, oo'd 'ave thought it?" said Jack.

"Thought what, Mr. Painter?" she asked.

But he shook his bullet head and appeared lost in thought.

"Fetch Colonel Toller, if you'll be so good," said Jack, suddenly, as if he woke.

"Well, my man," said the Colonel, returning, "what is it?"

"Swallers," said Jack; "you see 'em all a-building, sir?"

"Yes," said Toller.

"I'm a reasonin' bloke, always was," said Jack; "always thought things aht. Why work? says I. And why not? says I, and I puts the two together, and I says, very early, 'Work for yourself accordin' to the trade you was brought up to.' That's my way; real solid reasonin'. Now, them swallers makes me think 'ard. See 'em, the pretty dears."

Another pair of martins came to look for a site. They inspected, with approval, the very spot where Jack had hidden the diamonds. He grew much excited.

"See 'em?—see 'em miss?" he exclaimed, joyfully.

"Did you ask me to come to see swallows?" asked the Colonel, impatiently, and Jack looked at him with bright, inscrutable eyes. They were full of intellectual contempt.

"And me as good as tellin' you wot became of those di'monds," he said, slowly; "as good as tellin' you. Where's the gardenin' cove?"

He came round the corner at that moment with a cabbage in his hand.

"Come here, Smith," said Daisy.

"You let them birds build and rear their young 'uns, missy?" said Jack.

"Of course, Mr. Painter," replied Daisy.

"Messy things," said Smith.

"And when they've done you come and knock down their nests with a pole, and, 'avin' knocked them nests dahn, wot would you do wiv 'em?"

Smith stared.

"Do with 'em? What should I do with 'em?" he demanded.

"I'm askin'," said Jack; "you wouldn't make pies of 'em!"

"By Jove," exclaimed the Colonel, suddenly, as his eyes brightened. "I begin to understand. Come, Smith, what would you do with the remains of the nests?"

"Well, I'd 'eave the truck away, it bein' 'ard lumps of mud," said Smith.

"Yes, in course," said Jack; "but where—where?"

"Oh, anywheres," returned Smith.

"Anywhere, anywhere?" demanded the Colonel, almost dancing in his eagerness.

"The nearest bed, miss," said the gardener, firmly fixed on answering Daisy rather than anyone else.

"There ain't none 'andy this side of the 'ouse," retorted Jack.

"Then, miss, I'd 'eave it over the 'edge into the ditch," said Smith.

Daisy turned with sparkling eyes to Jack and the Colonel.

"Then—oh, then, they're— "

"In that ditch, missy, or I'm no reasonable tradesman," said Jack, with a solemn fervour. And Toller smote his thigh.

"You mean, my man, that those birds built a nest there, and that when it was knocked down the diamonds came out with it, and that they and the broken nest were most likely put in the ditch?" he asked.

"Right-o," said Jack, "and if so be they ain't there my 'eart will be fair broke."

"Oh, Mr. Painter, what a clever man you are," said Daisy.

"Yus, I knows I am," replied Jack. "It's owned everywheres, and at Scotland Yard, too, that I'm a most uncommon blighter as on'y lacked 'igh eddication to be in the first flight. You 'ave that ditch scraped aht, sir."

And scraped out it was. All hands were impressed for the purpose. Even Jones went at it, for the Colonel explained the burglar's theory, and even the honest men owned that the rogue was clever.

All the greater was the fall in his stock when the closest scrutiny failed to find anything but ordinary gravel. His diamond diggings like most diggings proved a failure, and even Daisy at last gave up urging everyone to increased exertions, and went back to him with sympathy in her eyes.

"Poor Mr. Painter," she said, and Jack shook his head.

"Oh, I don't give it up yet," he said; "not by a long chalk. There's somethin' else in this and they're somewhere's 'andy. I knows it, I knows it. It ain't the ditch I hangs on so much, but them there swallers. Wot I'm thinkin' of is the reward," said Jack.

"What reward, Mr. Painter?" she asked, doubtfully.

"That 'undred pounds that was offered for them as found 'em when I first 'id 'em up there," said Jack, eagerly. "I dessay you was too young to remember it."

"I'll ask grandmother and Colonel Toller," she said, and ran off to them as they stood talking by the door. By now it was a warm spring afternoon; that quick-change artist, the English climate, had performed yet another miracle.

"Granny, dear, Mr. Painter is very much upset," she cried. "He's awfully cross at not getting the reward. He says it's a hundred pounds."

Toller burst into laughter.

"Daisy, your friend is a wonder," he said. He returned to the burglar, and as he did so Mr. Painter let a tremendous yell out of him. Whether it was from pain or pleasure it was hard to say. Probably it was both, for when pleasure made him jump up, pain made him sit down.

"I've got it! I've got it!" yelled Jack, as they gathered round him; "and if I ain't right I gives up freely any claim I may 'ave to part of that reward."

He rose from his seat with difficulty, and walked ten paces across the lawn, stopping just between the sunk ditch and window where the martins were at work.

"This is turf, ain't it"? he demanded.

"Of course it is, Mr. Painter," said Daisy.

"Well, them di'monds is under this turf, or call me a sneak thief," said Jack, steadily.

And Colonel Toller laughed. Daisy put her hand on his arm.

"Please don't laugh, Colonel Toller; it's very serious," she said.

"Yus, it is so," said Jack; "and wot I wants to know is abaht that reward. Am I to get it?"

"Yes, Mr. Painter; if you find the others you shall have it," said Mrs. Marsh. "But what do you mean by saying they are under the grass?"

"Dashed nonsense," said Toller.

"I'll tell you, and then you'll see if it's dashed nonsense," said Jack. "Look at this round of turf. Ain't it a bit different from the rest? I seed it was from over there with the light on it. Ain't it different? Look keerful."

They looked, and owned that it did seem a little different.

"There used to be a bed 'ere," said Jack.

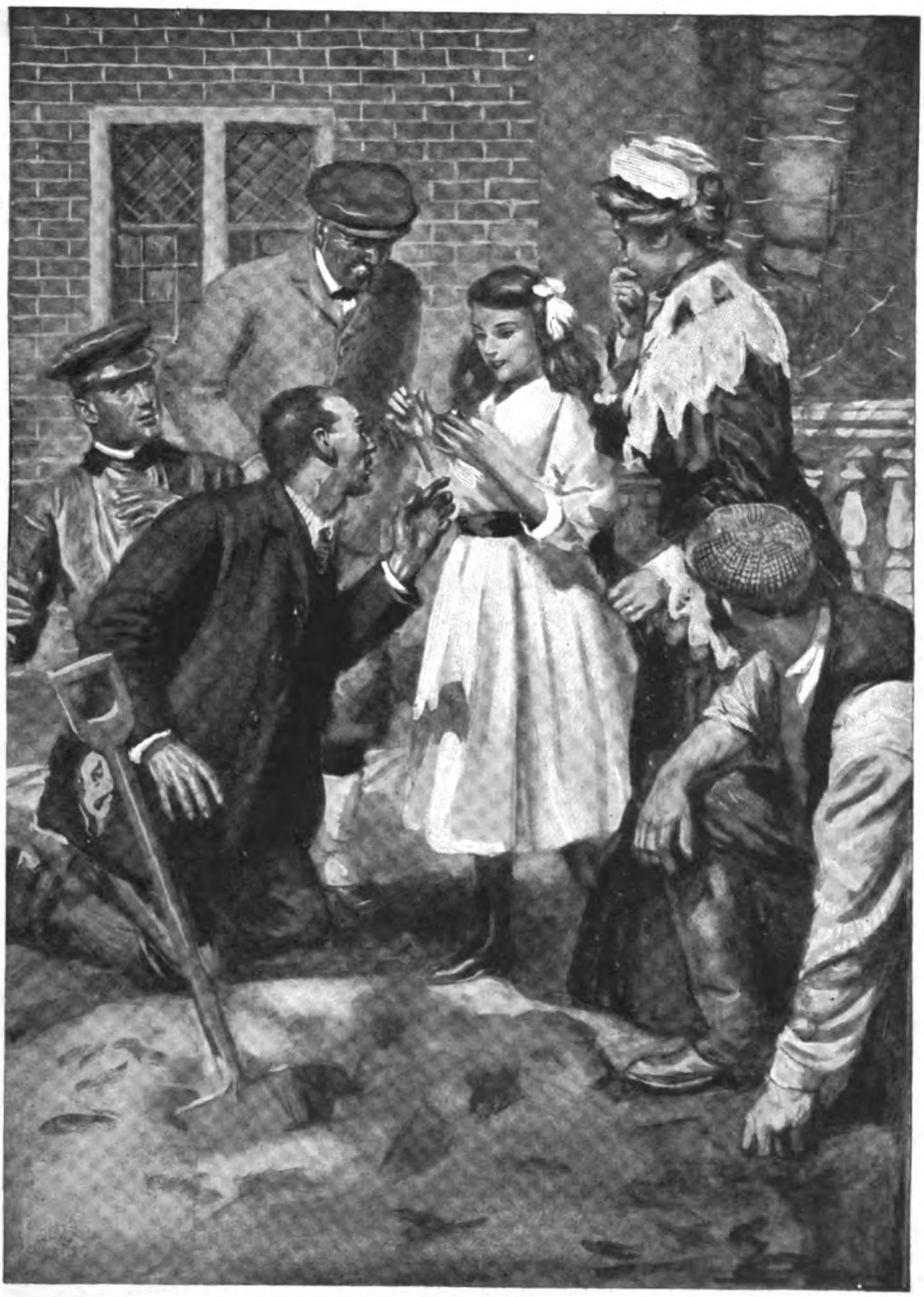
"So there was," Mrs. Marsh exclaimed.

"When the swallers' nests was knocked dahn, your gardener picked up the bits and 'ove 'em into the old bed. What was in it, ma'am?"

"Rhododendrons," replied Mrs. Marsh.

"Plenty of roots to 'em," said Jack. "When they was took up and put somewhere else, more earth was brought and the 'ole thing flatted dahn and turf put on top. 'Ave the turf up, ma'am; 'ave the turf up."

They set to work and cut the turf away in



"SHE HELD UP A ROUND WHITISH STONE, AND JACK HELD OUT HIS HAND FOR IT."

a circle, while Jack almost forgot his bruises and came near to dancing in his eagerness.

"Ain't it queer to be di'mond-digging in a garding in England?" he remarked, joyously.

"Very wonderful," said Daisy.

They began on the earth beneath the turf. All but Mrs. Marsh went down on their knees and pulverized the hardened soil in their hands. And presently Daisy gave a little scream and held something up in her hand.

"Oh, is this one?" she demanded.

Jack took it from her, looked at it, and shook his head.

"No, miss, that's on'y a quartz pebble," he replied.

"I don't believe there ain't none 'ere," said the gardener, sulkily; "and me as ought to be potting-out."

"Gahn, you and your potting-aht," said Jack; "is that a game in it with huntin' for di'monds?"

"Oh, oh," said Daisy; "I've got one."

She held up a round whitish stone, and Jack held out his hand for it. He cleaned it unceremoniously with his tongue and the sleeve of his coat.

"What is it?" asked Toller, and Jack trembled visibly.

"It's one o' them di'monds," he said, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Good Mr. Painter," said Daisy. "Oh, isn't he clever?"

"Let me look at it, sir," said Smith, grumpily, and the Colonel passed it round.

"That a di'mond? asked Smith, contemptuously.

"Yus," said Jack; "oh, don't I know it?"

"Then I don't think much of it," retorted Smith; "why, I've got three 'ere just like it."

"You—you blighted idjut," roared Jack; "where are they?"

And the outraged gardener produced them from the corner of the bed.

"Blighted idjut, and 'im a jail-bird," spluttered Smith.

"Hush, hush," said Daisy; "don't you dare say that."

"Oh, never you mind the blighter, miss," said Jack, scornfully; "a brainless, unreasonin' cove like that will never be in quod for stealin' anythin' 'igher than cabbages. I scorn 'im."

He rose to his feet and spoke to Mrs. Marsh with dignity.

"There, ma'am, they're your di'monds; you've got 'em all back. I own freely I took 'em and 'id 'em very clever. But findin' 'em ag'in was equal clever, or more so, or I'm a liar."

"Oh, it was awfully clever, Mr. Painter," said Daisy.

"Thank you, miss," said Jack. "So, ma'am, I gives 'em back freely, not even grudgin' the one the gent robbed me of when I was knocked silly, which makes up the five."

The Colonel felt inexpressibly mean; it was as if he had been accused of robbing a blind beggar.

"And nah abaht the reward," said Jack.

"I've nothing to do with it," said the Colonel, hastily.

"You leave it to me and the lady, sir," said Jack. "But before you goes, sir, might Mr. Jones drive me to the station, me bein' in an 'urry to get to tahn?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Mr. Painter," said the Colonel, who felt Daisy's eye on him; "anything in the world to oblige you."

Toller felt an insane impulse to shake hands with the burglar and say he hoped to see him at his club. There was something infinitely engaging in the man; he was wise, simple, brilliant, childlike.

"Not 'arf a bad bloke, that," said Mr. Painter, critically but kindly, when the Colonel was out of sight. "But, ma'am, he'd 'ave seen them swallers build for an 'undred years and never 'ave put them and the di'monds togevver. No, nor no 'tec would 'ave done it neither."

"It was indeed awfully clever," said Daisy.

"Oh, miss, I'm known to be clever," said Jack, modestly, "and bar my eddication bein' neglected I'd 'ave been in the first flight. And nah abaht the reward, ma'am."

He spoke like an honest tradesman asking for an early settlement, as he had to meet heavy expenses. Mrs. Marsh would not have been surprised if he had offered her two and a half per cent. discount for cash.

"Very well," she said; "I'll give you a cheque."

"Oh, yus, ma'am, but 'oo'l cash it for me?" he asked, doubtfully.

"The Colonel's man can go to the bank with you," she said. And by request she made an open cheque payable to Mr. John Painter.

"Are you going now to see your wife and family?" asked Daisy.

"Oh, yus, miss," said Jack; "in course I am."

"Would you like some flowers to take to them?" she asked, and Mr. Painter expressed much joy at the notion. He smelt a basket of narcissus and jonquils with great and obvious pleasure.

"Ah, miss," he said, "there's a deal to be said for livin' in the country if on'y it warn't so difficult to 'ide in it."

"But having repented you'll give up the profession now?" said Daisy.

"Arter a real successful 'aul I might, I 'opes," he replied, as the car came up to the door with Jones at the wheel.

"You could get on at anything," said Daisy, "for you're so very, very clever."

"Yus, miss, I know I am," said Jack, with a heavenly smile.

So he was. Two of the five stones left in Mrs. Marsh's possession were quartz pebbles.

MAXIM versus MASKELYNE.

THE END OF THE DISCUSSION.

THE CHALLENGER.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE CHALLENGED.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE interesting discussion between Sir Hiram Maxim and Mr. J. N. Maskelyne here reaches its conclusion. In the first letter Sir Hiram Maxim expresses his opinion of Mr. Maskelyne's articles, and finally Mr. Maskelyne, having seen this letter, winds up the whole discussion. As to which of these two clever gentlemen has had the better of the argument, every reader is free to come to his own decision.

DEAR SIR, — I have read Mr. Maskelyne's very ingenious and beautifully-illustrated article with a great deal of interest. The pictures are certainly a great triumph in photo-engraving, and the letterpress all that could be desired. Considered as a piece of literature, it is a brilliant and unqualified success, but unfortunately it does not gratify my longing; I am still unable to account for Mr. Fay's tricks, and this longing cannot be satisfied with pictures, no matter how well they may be executed. I have had something to do with exposing mediums myself. I certainly made a good job of the Tomsons. My system was new and very effective—exit Tomsons.

Mr. Maskelyne has some funny remarks to make about my wonderful memory of forty-seven years ago. I am very sorry to admit it, but it is a fact that I can remember the events of forty-seven years ago with a clearness of detail far exceeding what I can remember of events of only forty-seven hours ago. The fact is that my poor old brain has been going on recording the events of my life and the contents of the tons of books that I have read until all the cells are fully occupied.

In regard to the cabinet, which Mr. Maskelyne ridicules on account of its weight, I have said it was made of bass-wood, which is extremely light, having a specific gravity of about ·35, and there is no trouble at all in making a cabinet of the size I mentioned to support the weight of three people, and still come inside eighty pounds. Moreover, as the cabinet is very thin from front to back, "the two heavy people" were almost directly over the four supporting chairs.

Although I had nothing to do with the selection of the rope or the tying, Mr. Maskelyne has a lot of ridicule on that score. Quite true the bed-cord was of great length. The rigger commenced by tying Mr. Fay's hands, first separately, then together with the middle of the rope, and I will admit it did take some time to pass the long rope through the loops and form the knots, but those who had the job in hand imagined that this would be an advantage, because they could tie the ends of the rope to the back legs of the chair, so as to get them completely out of Mr. Fay's reach. However, this long rope was only used in the séance at Fitchburg, Mass. When Mr. Fay went to Boston and gave six séances in the small hall of Tremont Temple, he still allowed investigators to select their own ropes and cords. These were of various sizes, and usually in short lengths; in fact, Mr. Fay would allow them to tie him in any way except with copper wires soldered together. Still, no matter how strongly and securely he was tied, no matter how thick and tight the network of cords might be, Mr. Fay, unassisted, and with a glass of water on his head, both hands full of dry peas, and with the knots of the cords sealed, was able in one second of time, after the doors were closed, to play several instruments all at the same time and to show a hand through a hole near the top of the cabinet. Upon opening the door he was still found in his chair firmly tied, all the knots sealed, and the tall goblet of water still on his head. He did this without dropping one pea on the floor—his hands were still quite full. The stage was brilliantly lighted, and the cabinet rested on four cane-seat chairs. There were no trap-doors, and at least half-a-dozen investigators were on the stage keeping a close watch on the cabinet from all sides. How did he do it?

In my article of June last (page 694) will be found an illustration. Here we find little Mr. Fay seated

between a gentleman and lady. There was just enough room in the cabinet for these three. Before they entered, the cabinet was lifted from the chairs, and estimated to weigh eighty pounds. In the presence of everybody in a strong light Mr. Fay entered the cabinet, and was followed by the gentleman and lady. It is very sure that no one else entered. It was in a new public hall, where there were no trap-doors. Mr. Fay was grasped firmly in the manner shown in the illustration, and still, instantly on closing the doors the instruments played, both the lady and gentleman received a kiss, and a hand was shown at the opening near the top of the cabinet. I am just longing to see this trick performed, first in the cabinet as I have described it, and then with the doors open.

During the six evenings that Mr. Fay was in Boston practically all the conjurers in town were present. I knew some of them myself, and they all admitted at the end of the six evenings that they were quite unable to form any idea as to how the tricks were done.

My article which appeared in the June number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE was full and explicit, and brought me a large number of letters from all over the world, including one from an old gentleman living in London, who informed me that he had assisted the Davenports and Mr. Fay and that my description was true in every particular. I had another letter from Mr. Fay's son, who is now living in Australia. He had shown my article to his father, and the father pronounced it correct, but admitted that it was all trickery. Not only this, but old Mr. Fay gave a séance in Australia recently, in which he performed the old tricks again with perfect success, and as witnesses he gives a large number of prominent names, which would seem to prove that Mr. Fay is not quite so dead as we thought him to be. The account of his death was evidently "greatly exaggerated," as Mark Twain said.

At the Bridgeport séance, referred to by Mr. Maskelyne, I went into the cabinet myself with the medium, and I am very sure that there was no one in the cabinet before the medium entered; in fact, the chief detective was on the stage, and he as well as myself was sure that the cabinet was quite empty, and that no one entered except the medium, myself, and my assistant, who was a very tall and athletic young lady weighing about fourteen stone. Between us we held the medium—head, hand, and foot—with the grip of a vice. He was a small man, and we fairly boxed him in, so that he could neither escape nor move, and still, without stirring a hair, he performed all the tricks, just exactly as he would have done had we not been present. How did he do it?

These are the things that I am anxious to see done. So far I have been greatly disappointed. Mr. Maskelyne did a great deal to whet my appetite and to lead me on. I have been in a painful state of expectancy for a long time. The whole thing has been as exciting as setting a hen—I might say setting two hens — and I am afraid that it will bring on nervous prostration. If Mr. Maskelyne will express his regrets and apologize, it will do a lot to relieve the nervous tension. I have carried that twenty pounds so long in my pocket that it has actually worn a hole in it, and as I understand Mr. Maskelyne has "lost his front teeth," which seem to be such an important factor in the equation, I think I had better not wait any longer, but give the twenty pounds to some missionary society to furnish the Fiji Islanders with red flannel shirts, jews'-harps, gum-drops, and warming-pans. — Faithfully yours, HIRAM MAXIM.

DEAR SIR,—I fully anticipated Sir Hiram Maxim's quibble, and I endeavoured to checkmate it by proposing a contest, with a committee to decide disputes. As Sir Hiram would not entertain such a straightforward proposal, it left but two courses open to me —viz., to remain under the stigma so unwarrantably cast upon my reputation, or to demonstrate how all the tricks described by Sir Hiram in his June article could be accomplished. This latter course I claim to have followed, to the entire satisfaction of every unbiassed person.

Sir Hiram says that his article was full and explicit, but he now supplements it with a number of fresh details, cunningly worded so as to make it appear that my explanations are not sufficient to account for the tricks. In resorting to this stratagem he has gone too far and outwitted himself. He has magnified these commonplace tricks into miracles, and conclusively proved that his wonderful memory cannot be relied upon. In referring to the Bridgeport séance, at which the medium was secured with handcuffs supplied by the police inspector, he now states that he entered the cabinet with the medium and a lady weighing fourteen stone, that he was sure there was no one in the cabinet before they entered it; that the chief detective was on the stage, and was also sure that no one was in the cabinet previously. He states, further, that he and the fourteen-stone lady held the medium—head, hand, and foot with the grip of a vice. Unfortunately for himself Sir Hiram had forgotten that he told us in his article that at this particular seance no cabinet was used, but a "very light and small canvas tent."

Now, if Sir Hiram, the medium, and the fourteen-stone lady could have got into this very light, small canvas tent, there must have been light enough inside for them to have ascertained how the tricks were performed, or whether a miracle took place.

It is difficult to fix Sir Hiram to a definite statement in these supplementary details, however. If he asserts that little Mr. Fay was securely tied and the knots sealed, and his hands filled with peas, and that "*in one second of time*" he put his hand through a hole in the door and played upon several instruments, I unhesitatingly declare that there is something radically wrong with Sir Hiram's memory. — Yours faithfully, J. N. MASKELYNE.

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL.

Those who have already made the acquaintance of Mr. W. J. Locke's inimitable creation, Aristide Pujol, will be glad to know that the next story of the series, which we shall publish shortly, is of a particularly amusing character. Its title is—

"THE ADVENTURE OF THE FOUNDLING."

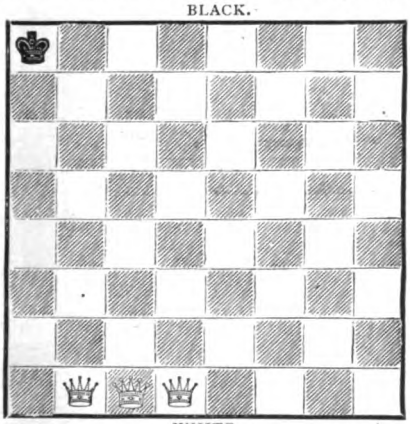
PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

31.—THE THREE QUEENS.

HERE is a pretty little chess puzzle, made some years ago by Mr. F. S. Ensor. White has to checkmate the Black king without ever moving a queen off the bottom row, on which they at present

BLACK.



WHITE.

stand. It is not difficult. As the White king is not needed in this puzzle, His Majesty's attendance is dispensed with. His three wives can dispose of the enemy without assistance—in seven moves.

32.—THE FARMER'S PUZZLE.

I GOT into conversation with a farmer in the train the other day, and he left me a pretty little poser—quite unintentionally, I believe. I happened to ask him if he had far to drive from the railway station, and this is what he told me. If he got out at Appleford, it is just the same distance as if he went to Bridgefield, fifteen miles farther on, and if he changed at Appleford and went thirteen miles from there to Carterton, it would still be the same distance. In fact, he said he was equidistant from the three stations. Now I happened to know that Bridgefield is just fourteen miles from Carterton, so it amused me, after he had gone, to work out the exact distance that the farmer had to drive home.

33.—THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

"IT is a glorious game!" an enthusiast was heard to exclaim. "At the close of last season, of the footballers of my acquaintance four had broken their left arm, five had broken their right arm, two had the right arm sound, and three had sound left arms." Can you discover from that statement what is the smallest number of players that the speaker could be acquainted with? It does not at all follow that there were as many as fourteen men, because, for example, two of the men who had broken the left arm might also be the two who had sound right arms.

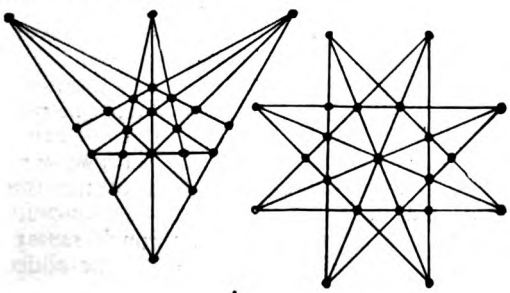
Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

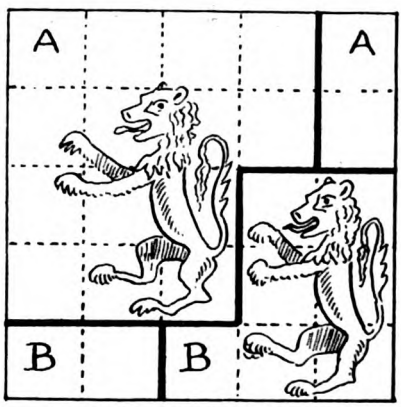
27.—THE TEN COUNTERS.

FROM C to E (or to any other card) the ten counters may be transferred in 31 moves. Make a pile of four counters on A (7 moves); a pile of three on B (5 moves); a pile of two on D (3 moves); transfer No. 10 to E (1 move); transfer D to E (3 moves); B to E (5 moves); A to E (7 moves); making 31 moves in all. The twenty counters may be transferred from C to E in 111 moves. Make piles of ten, six, and three (which will take respectively 31, 17, and 7 moves), and then proceed as before.

28.—THE TWENTY-ONE TREES.

I GIVE two pleasing arrangements of the trees. In each case there are twelve straight rows with five trees in every row.





29.—THE BANNER PUZZLE.

THE illustration explains itself. Divide the bunting into 25 squares (because this number is the sum of two other squares—16 and 9), and then cut along the thick lines. The two pieces marked A form one square, and the two pieces marked B form the other.

30.—THE ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

PLAY the pieces in the following order. As there is never more than one vacant square, the nature of a move can never be in doubt. B, Q, K, B, R, Q, B, R, B, K, B, Q, K, B, R, Q, R, B, R, B, R, B, K, B, Q, K. The king thus reaches the vacant square in 26 moves.

THE WONDERFUL GARDEN

BY E. NESBIT

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER III.

FERN-SEED.

IT was very glorious to wake up the next morning in enormous soft beds—four-posted, with many-folded silk hangings, and shiny furniture that reflected the sunlight as dark mirrors might do. And breakfast was nice, with different sorts of things to eat, in silver dishes with spirit-lamps under them—bacon and sausages and scrambled eggs, and as much toast and marmalade as you wanted; not just porridge and apples, as at Aunt Emmeline's. There were tea and coffee and hot milk; and they all chose hot milk.

"I feel," said Caroline, pouring it out of a big silver jug with little bits of ivory between the handle and the jug to keep the handle from getting too hot—"I feel that we're going to enjoy every second of the time we're here."

"Rather," said Charles, through sausage. "Isn't Uncle Charles a dear?" he added, more distinctly.

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There was an interval of contented silence. Then, "What shall we do first?" said Charles.

His sisters, with one voice, answered, "Explore, of course."

And they finished their breakfast to dreams of exploring every hole and corner of the wonderful house. But when they rang to have breakfast taken away it was Mrs. Wilmington who appeared.

"Your uncle desired me to say that he thinks it healthy for you to spend some hours in the hopen — *o*pen air," she said, speaking in a small, distinct voice. "He himself takes the air of an afternoon. So will you please all go out at once," she ended, in a burst of naturalness, "and not come 'ome,—*h*ome, till one o'clock."

"Where are we to go?" asked Charlotte, not pleased.

"Not beyond the park and grounds," said the housekeeper. "And," she added, reluctantly, "Mr. Charles said if there was any pudding you liked to mention——"

A brief consultation ended in, "Treacle hat, please."

Then they went out, as they had been told to do. And they took off their shoes and stockings, which they had not been told to do, but, on the other hand, had not been told *not* to, and walked barefooted in the grass, still cool and dewy under the trees. And they put on their boots again and explored the park, and explored the stable-yard, where a groom was brightening the silver buckles of the harness and whistling as he rubbed. They explored the stables and the harness-room, and the straw-loft, and the hay-loft. And then they went back to the park and climbed trees—a little way—because, though they had always known that they would climb trees if ever they had half a chance, they had not, till now, had any chance at all.

And all the while they were doing this they were looking for the garden.

And there wasn't any garden!

That was the plain fact that they had to face after two hours of sunshine and green out-of-doors.

"And I'm certain mother said there was a garden," Caroline said, sitting down suddenly on the grass—"a beautiful garden and a terrace."

"Perhaps the uncle didn't like it, and he's had it made not garden again — 'going back to Nature' that would be, like Aunt Emmeline talks about," Charles suggested.

"But it's dreadful if there's no garden," said Caroline, "because of the flowers we were going to send in letters. Wild flowers don't have such deep meanings, I'm certain of that."

"Never mind," Charles said. "Think of exploring the house—and finding the book, perhaps. We'll ask the elegant one, when we go in, why there isn't a garden."

"We won't wait till then," said Charlotte; "let's go and ask that jolly chap who's polishing the harness. He looked as if he wouldn't mind us talking to him."

So they went. And when they asked William, the groom, why there wasn't a garden, he answered, surprised:—

"Ain't they shown you, miss? Not a garden? There ain't a garden to beat it hereabouts. Come on, I'll show you."

"We aren't to go indoors till dinner-time," Caroline told him; "and, besides, we *should* like to see the garden—if there really is one."

"Of course there is one, miss," said William. "She'll never see you if you're quick. She'll be in her room by now, at her accounts and things. And the master's never about in these back parts in the morning."

He led them into a whitewashed passage that had cupboards and larders opening out of it and ended in a green baize door. He opened this, and there they were in the hall.

"Quick!" he said, and crossed it, unlatched another door, and held it open. "Come in quiet," he said, and closed the door again. And there they all were in a little square room with a stone staircase going down the very middle of it, like a well. There was a wooden railing round three sides of the stairway, and nothing else in the room at all except William and the children.

"A secret staircase," cried Charlotte. "Oh, it can't be really. How *lovely!*"

"I dare say it was a secret once," said William, striking a match, and lighting a candle that stood at the top of the stairs in a brass candlestick. "You see, there wasn't always these banisters, and you can see that ridge along the wall. My grandfather says it used to be boarded over, and that's where the joists went."

"But what's the stair for? Where does it *go?* Are we going down?" the children asked.

"Yes, and sharp, too. Nobody's supposed to go this way except the master. But you'll not tell on me. I'll go first. Mind the steps, miss."

They minded the steps, going carefully down, following the blinking, winking blue and yellow gleam of the candle.

"Straight ahead now," said William, holding

the candle up to show the groined roof of a long, straight passage, built of stone, and with stone flags for the floor of it.

"How perfectly ripping!" said Charlotte, breathlessly. "It *is* brickish of you to bring us here. Where does it go to?"

"You wait a bit," answered William, and went on. The passage ended in another flight of steps—up this time—and the steps ended in a door, and when William had opened this, everyone frowned and shut their eyes, for the doorway framed green leaves with sunlight dazzling through them; and—

"'Ere's the garden," said William; and here, indeed, it was.

"There's another door the other end what the gardeners go in and out of," said William. "I'll get you the key arter dinner."

The door had opened into a sort of arch or arbour, for its entrance was almost veiled by thick growing shrubs.

"Oh, thank you," said Caroline. "But when did they make this passage, and what for?"

"They made that passage when the folks in the house was too grand to go through the stable-yard and too lazy to go round," said William. "There's no stable-yard way now," he added. "So long! I must be getting back, miss. Don't you let on as I brought you through."

"Of course not," everyone said. Charles added:—

"But I didn't know the house was as old as secret passages in history times."

"It's any age you please," said William; "the back parts is."

He went back through the door and the children went out through the leafy screen in front, into the most beautiful garden that could be, with a wall. I like unwalled gardens myself, with views from the terraces. From this garden you could see nothing but tall trees and—the garden itself.

The lower half was a vegetable garden arranged in squares, with dwarf fruit trees and flower borders round them like the borders round old-fashioned pocket-handkerchiefs. Then about half-way up the garden came steps, stone balustrades, a terrace, and beyond that a flower-garden with smooth green turf-paths, box-edged, a sundial in the middle, and in the flower-beds flowers, more flowers than I could give names to.

"How perfectly perfect!" Charlotte cried.

"I do wish I'd brought out my 'Language of Flowers'!" said Caroline.

"How awfully tidy everything is!" said Charles, in awestruck tones.

There was nowhere an imperfect leaf, a deformed bud, or a misshapen flower. Every plant grew straight and strong, and with an extraordinary evenness.

"They look like pictures of plants more than like real ones," said Caroline, quite truly.

An old gardener was sweeping the terrace steps and gave the children "Good morning."

They gave it back and stayed to watch him. It seemed polite to say something before turning away. So Caroline said, "How beautifully everything grows here!"

"Aye," said the old man, "it do. Say perfect and you won't be far out."

"It's very clever of you," Charlotte spoke. "Ill-weeds don't grow in a single place in *your* garden."

"I don't say as I don't do something," replied the old man, "but seems as if there was a blessing on the place — everything thrives and grows just-so."

"I say!" Caroline went after him to do it. "I say—may we pick the flowers?"

"In moderation," said the gardener, and went away.

"I wonder what he'd call moderation?" said Charles; and they discussed this question so earnestly that the dinner-bell rang before they had picked any flowers at all.

The gate at the end of the garden was open, and they went out that way. Over the gate was a stone with words on it and a date. They stopped to spell out the carved letters:—

HERE BE DREAMES
1589
RESPICE FINEM

Caroline copied the last two words in her grey-covered pocket-book, and when Mrs. Wilmington came in to carve the mutton, Caroline asked what the words meant.

"I never inquired," said the housekeeper. "It must be quite out of date now, whatever it meant once. But you must have been in the garden to see that. How did you get in?"

An awkward question. There was nothing for it but to say, "By the secret passage." And Charles said it.

"No one uses that but your uncle," said Mrs. Wilmington, "and you were requested to keep out of doors till dinner-time."

She shut her mouth with a snap, and went on carving.

"Sorry," said Caroline.

"Granted," returned Mrs. Wilmington, but not cordially; and having placed two slices of mutton on each plate she went away.

"AN OLD GARDENER WAS SWEEPING THE TERRACE STEPS, AND GAVE THE CHILDREN 'GOOD MORNING.'"

"It *is* jolly having meals by ourselves," said Charlotte; "only I wish she wasn't cross."

"We ought to be extra manner-y, I expect, when we're by ourselves," observed Caroline. "May I pass you the salt, Charles?"

"No, you mayn't," answered Charles: "thank you, I mean; but there's one at each corner. That's one each for us, and one over for——"

"For *her*." Charlotte pointed to the picture of the dark-eyed, fair-haired lady.

"Let's put a chair for her," said Charlotte, "and pretend she's come to dinner, then we shall have to behave like grown-up people."

And a large, green-seated chair whose mahogany back was inlaid with a brass scroll pattern was wheeled to the empty space on the fourth side of the table.

"Now we must none of us look at her—in the picture, I mean. And then we can't be *sure* that she isn't sitting in that chair," said Caroline.

After dinner Caroline looked up "remorse" and "regret" in "The Language of Flowers." It was agreed that Mrs. Wilmington had better have a bouquet.

"'Brambles,'" Caroline said, her finger in the book, "mean remorse, but they wouldn't make a very comfortable nosegay. And 'regret's' verbena, and I don't even know what it is."

"Put pansies with the brambles," said Charlotte; "that'll be thoughts of remorse."

So the housekeeper, coming down very neat in her afternoon dress of shiny black alpaca, was met by a bunch of pansies.

"To show we think we're remorsish about the secret stairs," said Charlotte; "and look out, because the brambles are the remorse and they prick like Billy-o!"

Mrs. Wilmington smiled, and looked quite nice-looking.

"Thank you," she said. "I am sure you will remember not to repeat the fault."

Which wasn't the nicest way of receiving a remorse-bouquet; but then, as Charlotte remarked, perhaps she couldn't help not knowing the nice ways. And, anyhow, she seemed pleased, and that was the great thing, as Caroline pointed out.

Then, having done something to please Mrs. Wilmington, they longed to do something to please someone else, and the uncle was the only person they could think of doing anything to please.

"Suppose we arranged all the books in the dining-room bookcases—in colours—all the reds together and all the greens, and the ugly ones all on a shelf together," Charlotte suggested. And the others agreed.

So that the afternoon flew by like any old bird, as Caroline put it, and when tea came the floor and sofa and chairs were covered with books, and one shelf was gay with red books and half a shelf demure in green.

"Your uncle isn't coming home to-day," said Mrs. Wilmington, "and I'm sure it's just as well. *What* a mess! Here, let me put them back, while you go and wash your hands."

"We'll put them back," the children said, but in vain. They had to go to wash their hands, and Mrs. Wilmington continued to put the books back all the time they were having tea. Patiently and carefully she did it, not regarding the colours at all, and her care and her patience seemed to say, more loudly than any words she could have spoken, "Yes, there you sit, having your nice tea—and I cannot have *my* tea, because I have to clear up after you. But I do not complain. No."

They would have preferred that she should complain. But they couldn't say so.

Now, you may say it was chance, or you may say it was fate, or you may say it was destiny, or fortune—in fact, you may say exactly what you choose. But the fact remains unaltered by your remarks.

"'THANK YOU,' SHE SAID. 'I AM SURE YOU WILL REMEMBER NOT TO REPEAT THE FAULT'"

When Mrs. Wilmington placed a fat brown volume of sermons on the shelf, and said: "There, that's the last," she, quite without meaning it, said what was not true. For when tea was over the children found that the fat sermon book had *not* been the last. The last was "Shadoxhurst on

Thessalonians," a dull large book, and Mrs. Wilmington had not put it back in its place because she had not seen it. It was, in fact, lying on the floor, hidden by the tablecloth. If Charles had not happened to want his handkerchief, and gone down to look for it on the floor (its usual situation when it was needed), he would not have seen the book either.

Charles picked up Thessalonians, and the cover "came off in his hand," as the handles of cups do in the hands of washing-up maids.

What was inside the cover fell on the floor with a thump, and Caroline picked *that* up.

"Shadoxhurst on Thessalonians," Charles read from the cover.

"This isn't," said Caroline, looking at what had been inside. "It's—I say! Suppose it was the book——"

She looked up at the picture.

It was certainly *like* the painted book.

"Only it hasn't any brass clasps," said Caroline. "But look—it *used* to have clasps. You can see the marks where they used to go."

You could.

"Glory!" cried Charlotte. "Fancy finding it the very first day! Let's take it to Uncle Charles."

"Perhaps it isn't it," suggested Caroline. "Then he'd be furious, perhaps."

"We'll soon see." Charles reached out a hand. "Let's have a squint. It ought to be all magic, and abracadabra, and crossed triangles, like in 'Ingoldsby Legends.'"

"I'll have first look, anyway," said Caroline. "I found it."

"I found it," said Charles. "You only picked it up."

"You only dropped it. Oh, *bother!*"

"'IT'S LATIN,' HE SAID. 'I COULD READ IT IF I KNEW A LITTLE MORE LATIN.'"

She had opened the book and now let her hands fall, still holding it.

"Bother what?" asked the others.

"It isn't English. It's French, or Latin, or something. Isn't that *just* like things? Here, you can look."

Charles took the book.

"It's Latin," he said. "I could read it if I knew a little more Latin. I can read some of it as it is. I know *quam*, and *apud*, and *rara*. Let's take it to the uncle."

"Oh, *no*," said Caroline. "Let's find out what it is first."

It was not easy to find out. The title-page was missing, and *quam*, *apud*, and *rara*, though quite all right in their way, gave but little clue to what the book was about.

"I wish we'd someone we could ask," said Charles. "I don't suppose the Wilmington knows any Latin. I don't suppose she knows even *apud* and *quam* and *rara*. If we had the Murdstone chap handy, he could tell us, I suppose."

"I'm glad we haven't," Charlotte said. "I don't suppose he'd tell us. And he'd take it away. I say! I suppose there's a church somewhere near, and a clergyman. *He'd* know."

"Of course he would," Caroline said, with returning brightness. "Let's go and ask him."

Half an hour later the children, coming down a deep-banked lane, saw before them the grey tower of the church, with elm trees round it, standing among old gravestones and long grass.

A white-faced house stood on the other side of the churchyard.

"I suppose the clergyman lives there," observed Caroline. "Please," she said to a pleasant-looking, hook-nosed man who was mending the churchyard wall, and whistling "Blow away the morning dew" as he slapped on the mortar and trimmed off the edges with a diamond-shaped trowel, "please does the clergyman live in that house?"

"He does," answered the man with the trowel. "Do you want him?"

"Yes," said Caroline.

"Well, here he is," said the man with the trowel. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you mean to say that you're *It*? The clergyman, I mean; I beg your pardon," said Caroline; and the man with the trowel replied, "At your service."

"I beg your pardon," said Caroline again, very red as to her ears. "I thought you were a working man."

"So I am, thank God," said the man with the trowel. "You see, we haven't much money to spare, the parish is so poor, so we do any little repairs ourselves. Did you ever set a stone? It's awfully jolly. The mortar goes on so nicely, and squeezes out pleasantly. Like to try?" he asked Charles.

"'IT LOOKS INTERESTING. LATIN,' HE SAID, OPENING IT CAREFULLY, FOR HIS HANDS WERE VERY DIRTY."

Of course, they all liked to try. And it was not till each had laid a stone and patted it into place and scraped off the mortar and got thoroughly dusty and dirty and comfortable that anyone remembered why they had come.

"Oh, this!" said the clergyman—for so I must call him, though anything less clergymanlike than he looked in his mortar-stained flannels and blue blazer you can't imagine. "It looks interesting. Latin," he said, opening it carefully, for his hands were very dirty.

"Yes," said Charles, with modest pride. "I told them it was. I saw *rara* and *quam* and *apud*."

"Quite so," said the clergyman; "*rara*, *quam*, and *apud*. Words of power."

"Oh, do *you* know about words of power?"

"Rather! Do you?"

"Rather!" they said. And if anything had been needed to cement this new friendship, well, there it was.

"Look here," said the clergyman. "If you'll just wait while I wash my hands I'll walk up with you. And I'll look through the book and report to you to-morrow."

"But what's it about?"

"About?" said he, turning the leaves delicately with the least mortared of his fingers. "Oh, it's about spells and charms and things."

"How perfectly too lovely!" exulted Charlotte. "Oh, do read us *one*—just only *one*."

"Right-o," was the response of this unusual clergyman, and he read: "'The seed of the fern, if pulverized'—pressed, pounded, smashed, you know—'and laid upon the eyes at the twelfth hour'—midnight, you know; at least, I think that's it—'on a certain day shall give to the eyes thus doctored'—treated, dealt with, you know—'the power to see that which is not to be seen.' It means you'll see invisible things. I say, I *must* wash. I feel the dirt soaking into my bones. Will you wait?"

The children looked at each other. Then Charlotte said, "Look here, don't think we don't like you. We do—awfully. But if you walk up with us will you feel bound to tell uncle about the book? Because it's a secret. He's looking for a book, and we think perhaps this is it. But we don't want to tell him till we are quite sure."

"I found it inside Somebody-or-other-quite-dull on Thessalonians, you know," said Charles; "and I saw it was Latin because of *quam* and——"

"My dear sir—and ladies," said the agreeable clergyman, "I am the soul of honour. I would perish at the stake before I would reveal a centimetre of your least secret. Trust me to the death." And off he went.

"What a different clergyman!" said Charles; "he is just like anybody else—only nicer."

"He said 'Thank God,'" Caroline reminded him; "he said it like being in church, too, not like cabmen and people in the street."

"He said, 'Thank God he was a working man,'" said Charlotte. "I wonder what he meant?"

"I shall ask him some day," said Caroline, "when we know him better."

But anyone who had met the party as they went talking and laughing up the hill would have thought they had known each other for long enough, and could hardly know each other any better than they did.

Charles was dreaming of mortaring the Murdstone gentleman securely into a first-class railway carriage, and tapping him on the head with a brass trowel which was also a candlestick, when he was awakened by a pinch given gently. At the same moment a hand was laid on his mouth, and a whisper said:—

"Hist—not a word!"

"Shut up," said Charles, recognizing at once the voice of his sister Charlotte. "I'm asleep. Don't be a duffer. Go to bed."

"No, but," said Charlotte, in the dark, "Caroline and I have been talking about the fern-seed. And we're going to try it. Putting it on our eyes, I mean. To see whether we can see invisible things."

"Silly," said Charles, briefly.

"All right. Only don't say we didn't ask you to join in."

"There isn't any fern-seed," objected Charles.

"Yes, there is. Mrs. Wilmington's got some in the room they call her housekeeper's room, under a bell glass. Stupid little ferns, but I expect the seed's all right. Caro saw them when she went in to ask the Wilmington if we might get up at seven instead of half-past, because of everything being so new and lovely. She meant because of the charm book, of course. And she saw the ferns then."

"Are you *really* going to?" asked Charles, warm in bed.

"*Yes*," said Charlotte, in a take-it-or-leave-it tone.

"Oh, very well," said Charles, "only don't forget I told you it was silly rot. And, of course, nothing will happen. I was right about the Latin, you know."

"Here's your dressing-gown," answered Charlotte, who had been feeling for it in the mahogany wardrobe. "You can scrabble for your shoes with your feet. I suppose they're beside the bed. Hurry up."

Charles got up, grumbling gently. It was not to be expected that he would feel the same about this wild fern-seed idea as his sisters, who had thought and talked of nothing else for more than three hours, and had had to pinch each other to keep awake. Still, he got up, and they all went down to Mrs. Wilmington's room, which was warm and seemed full of antimacassars, china ornaments, and cheerfully-bound copies of the poets — the kind that are given for birthday presents and prizes, beautiful outside, and inside very small print on thin paper that lets the printing on the other side show through. Charlotte found this out

as they waited, by the light of their one candle, for it to be twelve o'clock.

Caroline was plucking fronds of fern, carefully, so that the lack of them should not disfigure the plants.

"It's all duffing," grumbled Charles. "Don't forget I said so. And how are you going to pound the beastly stuff? You'll wake the Wilmington and the uncle and the whole lot if you pound."

"I thought," said Caroline, hesitating with the fern-fronds in her hand and her little short pigtail sticking out like a saucepan handle, as Charles put it later; "I thought—it sounds rather nasty, but it isn't really, you know, if you remember it's all *you*—I thought we might *chew* them. Each do our own, you know, and put them on our eyes like a poultice. I know you hated it when Aunt Emmeline chewed the lily leaves and put them on your thumb when you burnt it," she told Charles; "but then *her* chewing is quite different from *you* doing it."

"*I* don't care," said Charles; "it's only a bit more of your nonsense. Give us the beastly seeds."

"They won't come off the leaves," said Caroline. "We shall have to chew the lot."

"In for a penny, in for a sheep," said Charlotte, cheerfully. "I mean, we may as well be hanged for a pound as a lamb. I mean——"

"*I* know what you mean," Caroline interrupted. "Here you are. It's just on twelve. Chew for all you're worth, and when the Wilmington's clock has half-struck put it on your eyes. And when it's struck all the strikes take it off. Yes. I've thought about it all. I'm sure that's right. Now then, chew."

"I hope it's not poison," said Charles; "you'll remember I told you——"

"Of course it isn't," said Caroline. "We often licked ferns. And I'm not dead. I say. I dare say nothing will happen. But think how silly we should feel if we hadn't tried it. And this is the only night. He said so."

"Oh, all right," said Charles. "At any rate, if we do it you can't be always saying we ought to have."

"Chew," said Charlotte; and the clock began to strike.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said Mrs. Wilmington's highly ornamented pink china clock; each child had thrust a little bunch of fern-fronds into its mouth.

"Seven," said the clock.

"Now," said Caroline.

And each child . . . But you picture the scene.

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, purr," said the clock, and said no more.

"I don't like to take it off," said Charlotte, her hands to her eyes. "Suppose we *did* see something?"

"We sha'n't," said Charles.

"You must," said Caroline.

"Oh, well," said Charlotte, and took away the little poultice of chewed fern from each eye. "There's nothing," she said.

"I knew there wouldn't be," said Charles. "Perhaps another time you'll know I'm right."

"Never mind," said Caroline; "we did it, so we can't keep bothering about what might have happened if we had. Let's go to bed. It was decent of you to try, Charles, when you didn't want to so much—— Oh!"

"What?" said the others.

"Poisoned," said Charles, gloomily. "I knew it wasn't safe. I expect you chewed harder than we did and—— Oh!"

Charlotte had already said her "Oh!" And now all three children were staring straight before them at the window. And there, where a moment ago was just black, bare, outside night, was a face—a white face with wide, dark eyes.

"It's true," gasped Caroline; "it is true—the fern-seed does——"

"It's not true," said Charles, stoutly, his eyes on the face.

"Oh, but it is," said Charlotte. "Oh, what's going to happen now?"

And each child felt that the fern-seed had done what no one had, in its deep, deep heart, believed that it would do, and that their eyes now gazed — seeing — upon the unseen.

"I wish we hadn't," said Charles. "I told you not to."

The lips of the face outside moved, as though it were speaking.

"*No*," cried Charlotte. "I don't *want* it to be true."

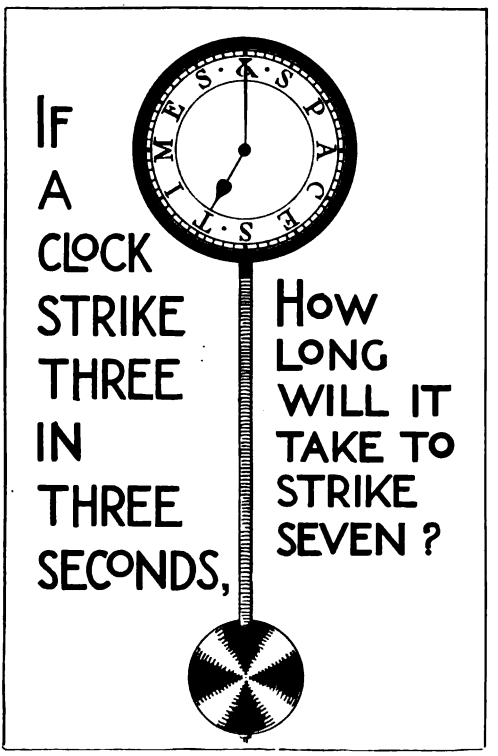
A hand was raised—a hand outside the window. Would it knock at the window? The fern-seed only made you see the unseen, not hear the unheard. If the hand knocked at the window, and plainly it was going to knock . . . if the hand knocked, would they hear it?

The hand knocked.

(To be continued.)

Some Novel Picture Puzzles.

READERS will find on this page a series of puzzles presented in a somewhat original style, solutions of which, together with further puzzles of the same kind, will appear next month.



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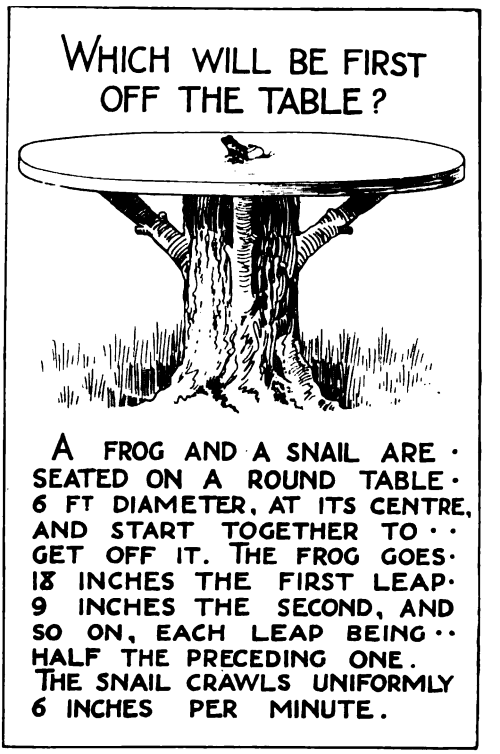

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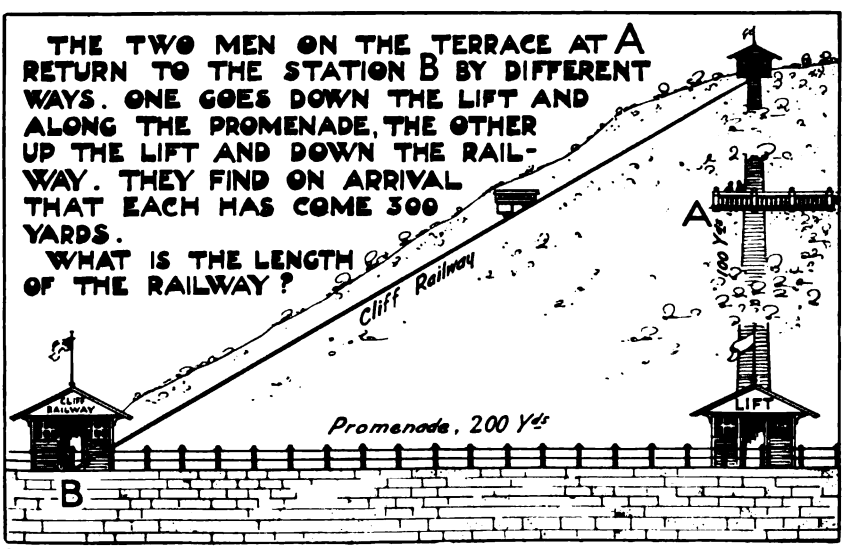


3.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A DANGEROUS PET.

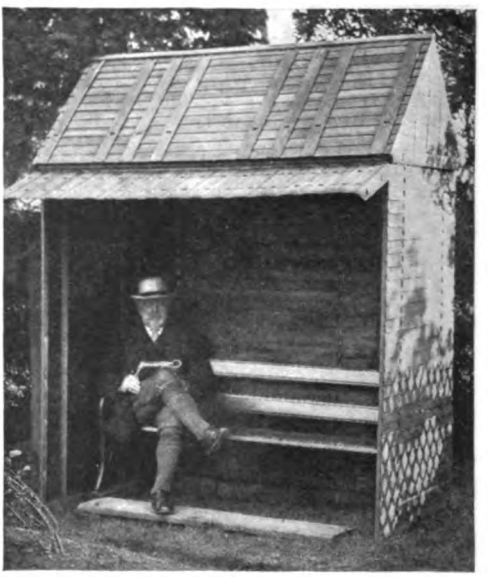
THIS is a photograph of a very novel pet which arrived at an hotel abroad with its master. As it had no tail it puzzled everyone to know what sort of a dog it could possibly be, and on inquiry we found it was not a dog at all, but a Russian wolf which its master had procured at an early age and trained as a dog. Its constant restlessness and quick-moving eyes, however, revealed the still savage instincts within, and a poor tame chicken which happened to wander aimlessly by was snapped up and killed in a flash. Rather a dangerous and unreliable "pet"!—Mr. N. Rankin, 67, Carlton Hill, London, N.W.

A SHOCKED LAMP-POST.

AT Coventry, recently, a lorry bearing a huge boiler suddenly collapsed, owing to the enormous weight driving one of its wheels into a weak spot in the roadway. The wheel half disappeared into what was apparently a solid road. The boiler rolled towards the door of a house, but, luckily for the residents, a lamp-post stopped the progress of this twenty-five tons or so of metal. The effect on the lamp-post, however, was rather curious, and the photograph proves conclusively that the shock it received was very severe.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

SUMMER-HOUSE MADE FROM OLD WINDOW-BLINDS.

BY inserting this photograph of a summer-house made by myself out of old window-blinds you will, I feel sure, earn the gratitude of many STRAND readers, for not only will it show them how



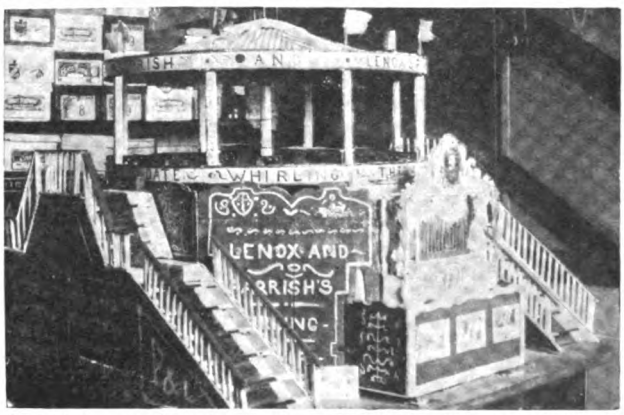
they may usefully occupy their leisure hours, but the result of their labour will be a most comfortable and ornamental addition to their garden. Photograph by A. Lemay.—Mr. John Sutherland, Uddingston.

A FEAT WITH FINGERS.

YOU have published in recent issues several photographs showing various forms of finger dislocation, but I think the one I now send you, showing the little finger protruding at the side of the closed hand, is at least as curious as any of them.—Mr. George Edward Harris, 18, De Lorentz Street, Cape Town.

CHURCH BUILT BY ONE MAN.

BUILT by the "priest" or leader of a small handful of devotees of a section of the Russian Greek Church, this "one-man church" was until lately one of the "sights" of the foreign district in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Most of the stuff consists mainly of old lumber, tin cans of all sorts and sizes, iron bedsteads, chairs, iron wire, and rods of all kinds, most ingeniously put together, and presenting a wonderful picture of great variety of colours and shapes. The church has been pulled down lately, as the owner got into financial difficulties and was behind in his payments on the lot on which it stood. — Mr. J. E. Patterson, 11, Duncairn Buildings, Antrim Road, Belfast.

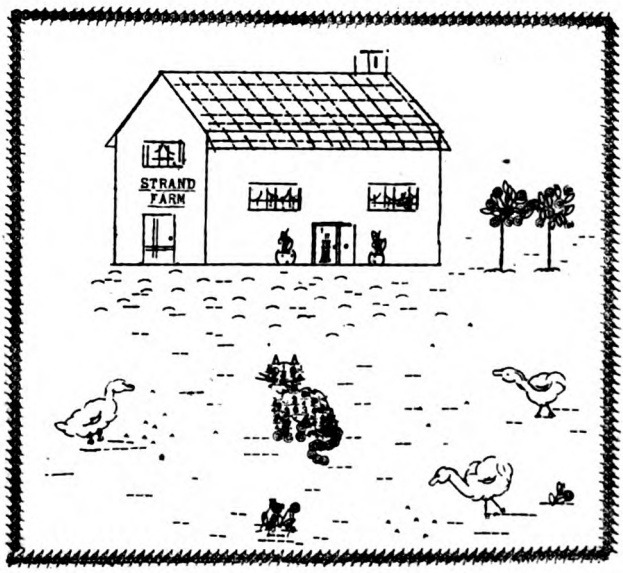


A PRIMITIVE THRESHING MACHINE.

THE novel threshing machine shown in the drawing at the right-hand top of this page is used by some peasants in the valley of the Orne, where I took the picture during a recent visit to Normandy. The horse has been trained to walk on an endless platform, or treadmill, thereby furnishing the motive power for working the flails. The wheat to be threshed is fed into the hopper by the two men on the platform, the grain subsequently falling into the sacks suspended beneath.—Mr. D. J. Cangram, 83, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

MADE ENTIRELY OF OLD BOXES.

THIS model of a showman's "Whirling the Whirl" was made entirely out of old boxes, etc., being the result of some years' work in spare moments. The whole takes down and packs up into five trucks, three of which are used in its construction. There are over five hundred parts to be put in position, and it takes about four hours to build up.—Messrs. A. Lenox and E. J. Parrish, 29, Austin Street, Stamford.



"THE STRAND FARM."

SEEING in a recent issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a picture of a Suffragette drawn on a typewriter, I am sending you an attempt of my own done in the same manner, to which I have given the title of "The Strand Farm."—Miss Agnes Higgins, 24, Heathfield Gardens, Chiswick, W.

WHERE EVERY HOUSE HAS ITS OWN TOTEM POLE.

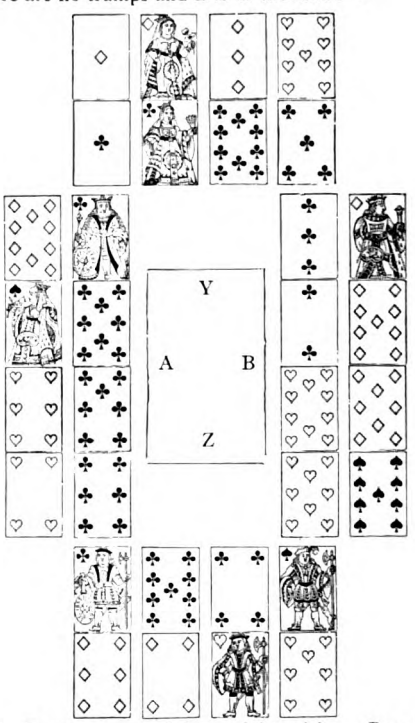
ON a recent expedition to Alaska we stopped at Alert Bay, an old Indian village on Vancouver Island, and I had an excellent opportunity of photographing the most complete collection of totem poles to be found anywhere on the Pacific Coast, of which those shown in my photograph are a sample. They represent the family heraldics of the Siwash or Coast Indians, and every house has its own totem pole, consisting of figures of birds and animals and other monstrosities rudely carved in wood and quaintly coloured. The top figure represents the crest of the owner of the house, the one beneath it that of his wife, and the remaining ones that of his or his wife's relatives. As a rule there are only three or four figures carved on a totem, and only the totems of the greatest chiefs have six figures carved on them. This custom seems to have originated in the transmigratory idea of the souls of men passing into the forms of birds and animals, and is interesting as showing that the Indians had some faint idea of a supernatural power. It will be remembered that Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha," refers to the "ancestral totem."—Miss Margaret H. Wheat, G.P.O., Vancouver, British Columbia.

A WATCH WITH A PENDULUM.

HAVING broken the hair-spring of this watch, I took out the fly-wheel and the bracket which supports one end of its spindle; I then drew a strand of wire out of a piece of brass gauze, made a hook at one end, hooked this on to the "pallets," and the other end of the wire I twisted around a small wood screw. By slightly bending the wire until the screw was held in the centre, and then starting the pendulum swinging, the watch commenced to go, and, judging by the swing of the pendulum, has no intention of stopping. Since shortening the wire by rolling the screw higher up the watch has kept excellent time. The leaf shown in the photograph is simply a brass picture-hanger to which the watch is screwed at the back, the former then being nailed to the wall.—Mr. John A. Orme, 73, Firwood Avenue, Urmston Lane, Stretford, near Manchester.

FOR BRIDGE PLAYERS.—PROBLEM No. 2.

NO-TRUMP problems are easier to solve than those containing a trump suit, for there are only certain paths that can be followed. But you must start right or everything will go to smash, for you cannot trump yourself in the lead again when you want it. Take the following position. There are no trumps and Z is in the lead :—

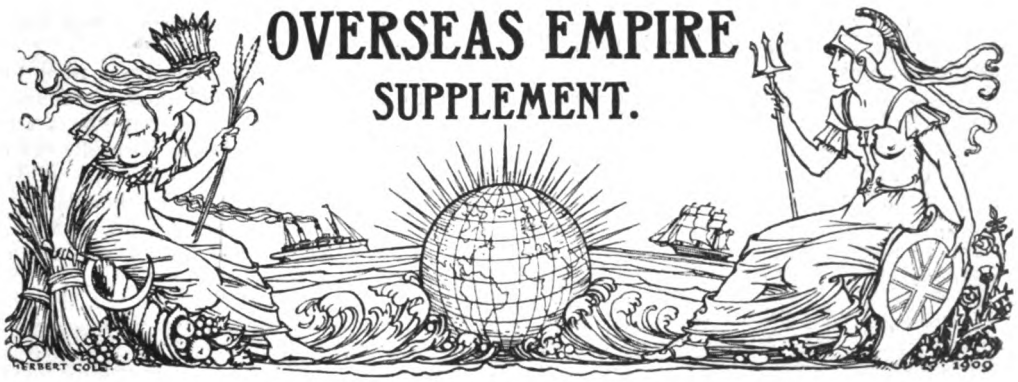


Y—Z want seven of these eight tricks. Can they get them in spite of A—B?—Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, New York.

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM.

The solution of the No-Trumper given last month calls for a series of unblocking plays which includes almost every trick.

Trick 1. Y must discard club, apparently insignificant.
Trick 2. Y must give up king on ace.
Trick 3. Z throws away the nine.
Trick 4. And now the ten.
Trick 5. Z underplays eight with trey.
Trick 7. Z must lead six of clubs and not the four.



"WHITE COAL."

The Story of a Nation's Water Powers.

By DENIS CRANE

THE most careless observer, taking up a map of Canada, cannot have failed to notice all over the surface of that country a delicate tracery of tortuous lines, expanding here and there into eccentric blobs, as if the draughtsman's pen had picked up a hair and made a blot. You are not sure for the moment whether they more resemble the veins in the human body or that peculiar decorative marking known to bookbinders as "mottle," though you take them, correctly enough, to be rivers and lakes.

Some have names appended. If the map is very large, nearly all have. And quaint names some of them are, too—the Wedding and Ashuapmouchouan Rivers, for example. Others, especially the lakes, have a spice of romance and a gleam of poetry, as witness the Arrow, the Great Slave, the Pelican, the Big Quill, the Reindeer, the Moose Lakes, and the Lake of the Clouds and the Lake of the Woods; while yet others haunt the memory like a snatch of melody, as the Assiniboine River, the Athabasca Lake, and the River Saguenay. Some of the names are old friends, smacking—pleasantly or otherwise, according as we were bright scholars or dull—of the class-room and the geography lesson: Lake Superior, Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and Lake Ontario. But the rest, who ever heard of them before?

Indeed, except for the momentary interest which their strangeness awakens, what cares the reader for them, anyway? They are just so many curly lines and unsightly blotches, nothing more.

It would not be very gratifying to the brave men who first navigated and named them could they overhear such a summary judgment, and perhaps it is not entirely creditable to the reader that he makes it. For what if those winding waterways should prove to be as vital to the life, not of Canada alone, but also of Europe and the world, as those veins are to the human system; and what if they are clothed with a natural beauty which few artists could adequately express and none surpass? At least they are of such importance as to merit one half-hour's study, even if thereafter they pass from our minds for ever.

Of their beauty I will leave other men, more gifted with the pen though not more appreciative with the eye, to tell. Be it my task to speak only of their utility, of the service they have already rendered to mankind, and of the inexhaustible powers pent up in their limpid depths, awaiting only the master-hand of the engineer to harness them to the mightiest uses.

"White coal." That is the apt and pleasing metaphor which the Canadian uses in his appreciation of the vast motive powers of his national lakes and waterways. Black coal he has in large quantities in the eastern and western provinces, but "white coal" is found, as our study of the atlas has shown, even in the middle area, and can be utilized

as a prime mover of machinery without that daily peril to life and limb inseparably associated with the mine.

Little idea can be gathered from the attenuated appearance of these markings on the map of the wealth of energy they represent. Not only are many of the rivers deep and broad and swift of movement, but along their courses rapids and falls abound. Niagara and its wonders so fill the popular mind that we are apt to overlook the fact that on these great streams are other declivities, such as the Hamilton and Montmorency

through an as yet unsurveyed region capable of future settlement into the Arctic Ocean, there are 6,000 miles of waterways, with only 150 miles of land break.

Attempts have been made from time to time to estimate the total power available from all these waters. Where the facts are so difficult of access there has naturally been a tendency to exaggerate. On the other hand, the Government, alive to this danger, have perhaps tended to the opposite extreme, and in their records the figures are under rather than overstated.

A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE IMMENSE POWER OF WATER ABOVE ONE OF THE CANADIAN FALLS.

Falls and the Lachine Rapids, that no less boldly challenge the attention.

Respecting the Hamilton River Falls it may be interesting to know that these have been variously estimated as capable of yielding anything from 9,000,000 to 15,000,000 horse-power, as against an available horse-power from the Canadian part of Niagara of 3.000,000 only.

The length alone of the Canadian rivers is to the Englishman astonishing. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Superior there is a waterway of 2,381 miles. The St. Lawrence system proper is 740 miles long and has 4,000 miles of connected navigable waters; while from this mighty stream to the Mackenzie, which flows

Thus, in the evidence given before a Select Committee of the Dominion House of Commons by Mr. R. E. Young, D.L.S., Superintendent of Railway Lands, in 1909, the following estimate, declared by other experts to be "altogether too conservative," and generally agreed to be the "absolute minimum," was given—namely, that the total horse-power available from the different waters of Canada is 25,692,900.

To the reader unaccustomed to think in scientific measurements these figures, perhaps, convey little information. Horse-power is the unit of power or force originally settled by James Watt in measuring the work capacity of the steam-engine. One horse-power is a force capable of lifting 33,000 pounds

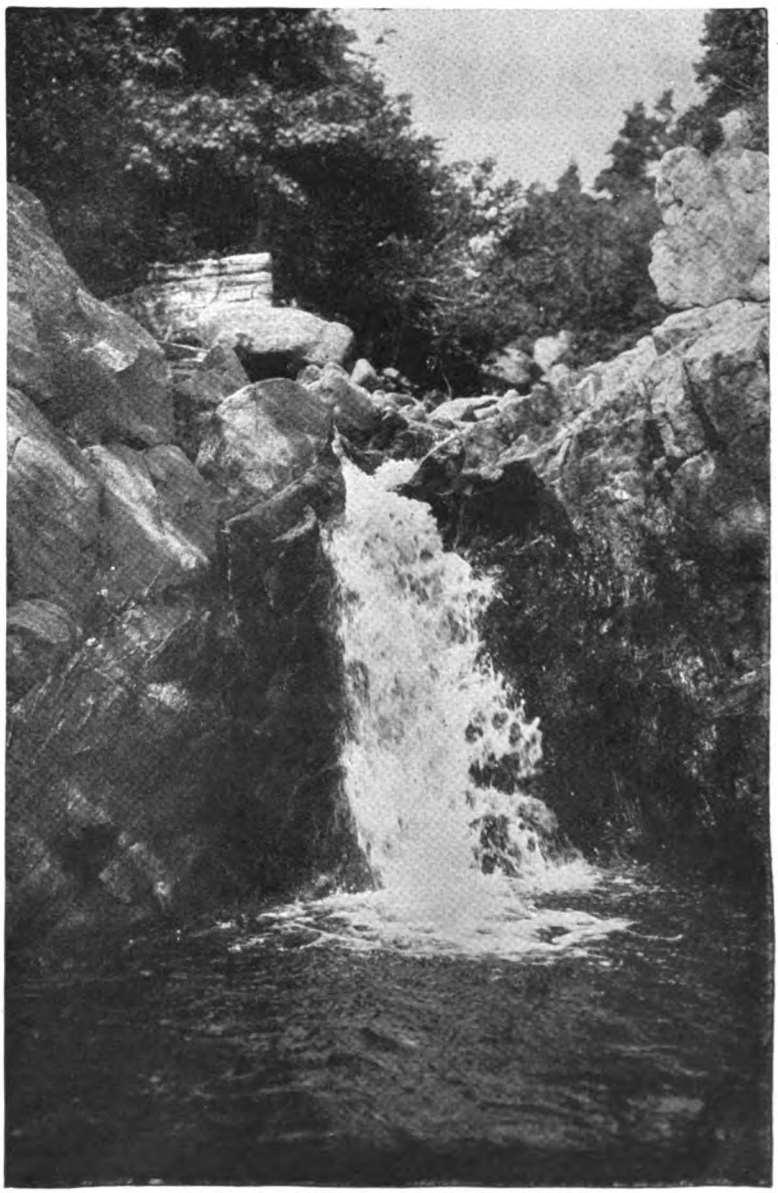
one foot in one minute. Multiply, then, the above total by 33,000 and we get the weight which such a force could lift—viz., over 378,500,000 tons.

Now, if we subtract from the total 25,692,900 the 486,887 horse-power already in use, we have over 25,206,000 as the net available horse-power in the Dominion at present running to waste. What this really means will be more apparent if I say that this is equivalent to an annual wastage of over 552,000,000 tons of coal; or, to adopt the Canadian's metaphor, there are over 552,000,000 tons of "white coal" immediately available for the myriad uses of civilization. And that is the "absolute minimum."

The carefulness of the authorities is well illustrated by one fact—that, whereas the capacity of the Hamilton River Falls has been estimated, as already stated, as high as 15,000,000 horse-power, it is reckoned in the above computation at 9,000,000 only. Moreover, every year new sources of power are being discovered or created. Thus, the construction of the proposed Georgian Bay Canal will add to the total a horse-power of 1,176,310.

Although, as we have seen, the "white coal" is well distributed over the Dominion, certain provinces are specially endowed. Ontario and Quebec, for instance, together claim more than 20,200,000 horse-power. Even excluding the Hamilton River Falls, the figure is well over 11,000,000. What a wonderful field for industry is here! It will bear comparison with any other region in the world, and, if its powers were utilized, would beat in the favourable character of its labour conditions even our own North of England.

This fact was well brought out by Professor Adam Shortt recently in an address before



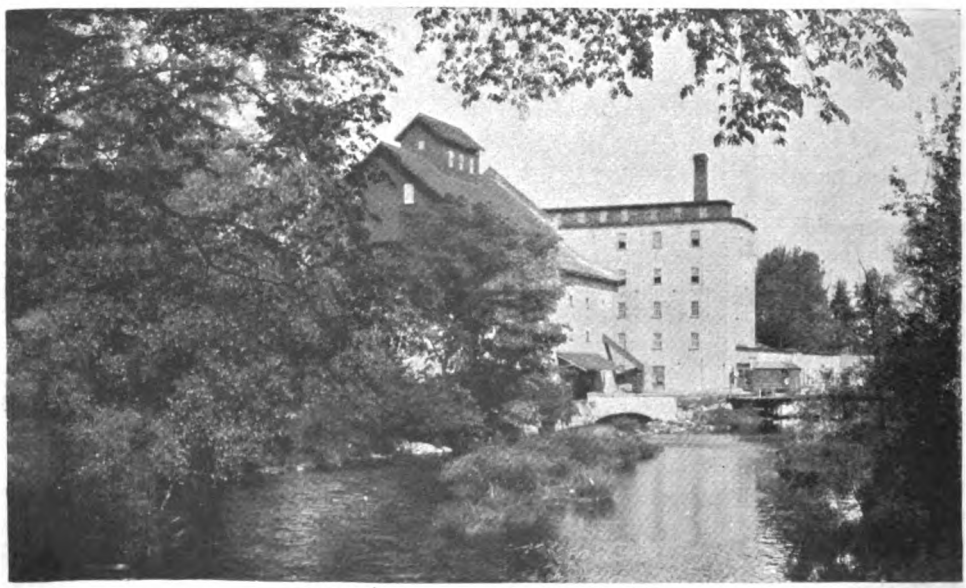
MILL CREEK FALLS, MULGRAVE, ONTARIO.

THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, LOOKING EAST, EDMONTON.

the Ottawa branch of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. He remarked that rather less than two centuries ago our northern counties were little more than "a sheep walk"; that although coal had been known to be there for many years it was not then used for manufacturing purposes. Now, however, the manufacturing of the world had to a very considerable extent been carried on there.

What had taken place in the North of England, said he, would in due time take place in these two Canadian provinces. And not only so. The lives of the people would be healthier and happier, for the conditions under which manufacturing is carried on are vastly superior where the power is from water than where it is from coal; and when the *employés* are healthy and happy, then is their work more swiftly and carefully performed. By the development and conservation of the water powers of Ontario and Quebec, he added, other countries would some day look to Canada, not only as the greatest wheat-field of the world, but also as the greatest manufacturing centre.

In Ontario "white coal" is already furnishing power for street railways and suburban lines. Its Hydro-Electric Commission scheme of transmission is the largest in the world, and electric power will shortly be transmitted at the highest voltage known — 110,000. Nearly twenty municipalities have even now arranged to be supplied, and up to January last 27,350 horse-power had been contracted for. Hydro-electric power averages about 22dols. per horse-power per year, as against 60dols. per horse-power from coal or steam plant for a twenty-four hours day. The saving in cost is thus tremendous.



GOLDIE'S MILL AT GUELPH, ONTARIO.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EvE."

February, 1911.

FIG. I.

A SATIN CREATION

MADAME LA MODE shows no signs of altering the simplicity of the general cut of garments, the plain lines of the newest models being more than made up for by the richness of the trimmings employed. These are simply applied, but very handsome and, necessarily, expensive.

The keynote of success of all garments just now is that the materials must be of the very best of their sort.

Their plain and still somewhat scanty cut demands that the best be used and luxuriously enhanced, that the little they consist of shall not be dwarfed by what one might style "timid" trimming.

Bold embroideries, bold satin facings, wide velvet bands, startling blots of colour ornamentations, large beads and bugles, huge cabuchons and buckles—all illustrate the mode of the moment for trimming otherwise quite insignificant-looking garments.

As an example in evening gowns our sketch shows a simple model; but, exploited by a well-known Parisian *couturière* in maize satin with a gold tissue draped belt, the bodice embroidered with gold thread and the lace parts sparkling with gold sequins, the effect was rich in the extreme. The same model was also expressed in Irish green chiffon velvet with black lace and sash, the bodice being finished with a jet embroidery, jet cabuchons also centring the rosettes. Still another gown of the same cut, so much has it caught on, was composed of black crêpe météore, the lace being substituted by satin of a rich cardinal, which completely transformed the design into a new model.

Since anything new for evening wear is eagerly welcomed, I am glad to notice that the latest hairdressing conception from across the Channel is for the most part generally becoming. A scarf of a most delicately-coloured blurred design is edged with a row of rather large gilt, silver, or pearl beads—these latter are also tinted in sky-blue or shell-pink—and a little cluster of pin curls is arranged just below each ear for the *débutante*, or conveniently omitted for the woman of maturer years (*see the heading*).

Soutache braiding has by no means disappeared from the decorative rank, as is evidenced by the *dernier cri* in evening coats on this page of pale blue wool-back satin, the ornamentation being of black silk soutache, which reminds me not to forget mention of

FEBRUARY MODES

These Paper Patterns are obtainable from our Offices.

A SILK SOUTACHE ORNAMENTATION

FIG. 2.

AN INDOOR FROCK

FIG. 3.

Flat Paper Patterns of these designs may be had from this Office for 1/0½ each for Figs. 1, 2, or 3 (girl's coat or blouse 6½d.), post free.

Full particulars as to quantities and cutting-out directions are given on each pattern.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

still another coat which I saw during my Paris ramble, which was of the same colour and material, but the revers fronts and also a V-shaped back yoke were of loosely-woven cotton cloth of pink Paisley, lined with pale blue satin and finished with blue cords.

Dainty evening reticules, in all sorts of shapes and sizes, are very popular, made in gold or silver tinsel cloth, embroidered with coloured silks or worked in beaded flower designs. For afternoon visits the Frenchwoman shows a predilection for black satin or velvet bags, but for morning shopping the large leather handbag reigns supreme.

Smart little French girls, out with their nurses, are universally coated in black satin ornamented with a little silk braid, or left severely plain. The white satin lining, however, and suggestion of white lace frillies successfully dismisses any idea of sombreness, and indeed looks extremely smart.

To see young girls of ten or twelve—in fact, of all ages from babyhood—in white veils when the weather is very inclement always strikes the English eye as rather strange ; but then a good complexion, of course, is a great point with our French cousins, who believe that this can only be ensured by careful attention from infancy.

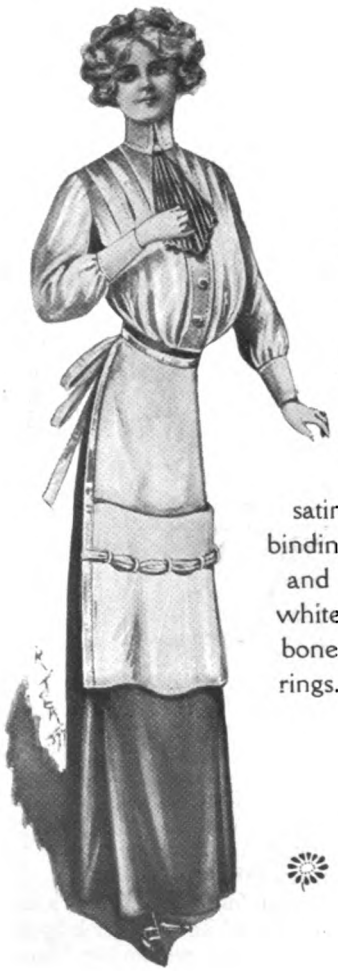
A new note of colour combinations is struck in the dress example of Fig. 3, which is fashioned of nickel-grey cloth, having a silk stripe of the same shade. Satin bands of lichen green form an effective contrast, and the pretty white lace neck-finish completes a very original, yet simple, house frock.

Quite a novelty is Fig. 5, and specially appealing to women who like to wear something actually made by themselves, when that something can be made without any trouble, is the one-piece shirt-blouse shown on this page. It would look especially smart in a silk tartan or Paisley panne.

Millinery modes will not change perceptibly till next month, when manufacturers have many shapes in store for the fabrication of flower toques. For the present we must be content with new creations still on wintry lines.

A diversion from the tall tam-o'-shanter toque with upturned brim is shown on this page, where it is turned downwards to show a cabuchon of gold braid, completely filling the width of the velvet brim on the left.

PARISIAN CHAPEAUX



An excellent Work-Apron idea, composed of white silk, with satin ribbon binding and white bone rings.

The hat shown in our sketch is still of the buckram variety, covered with stretched satin of a moonlight-blue shade, the under-brim being faced with black satin. Gold cording is wound five times round the crown, surmounted by two narrow lengths of grey fur, while two huge roses of pewter-grey gauze decorate each side. For demi-evening wear, white or pale pink velvet ones are substituted for these latter

HEALTH BY POST

How the Marvellous Postal Organisation is used by Mr. Sandow to speed his wonderful Health Knowledge to all who are ill or "unfit" in all parts of the world.

Postal Sorters at the General Post Office sorting the Mails and Health Letters dispatched to all parts of the United Kingdom by Mr. Eugen Sandow, whose portrait appears above.

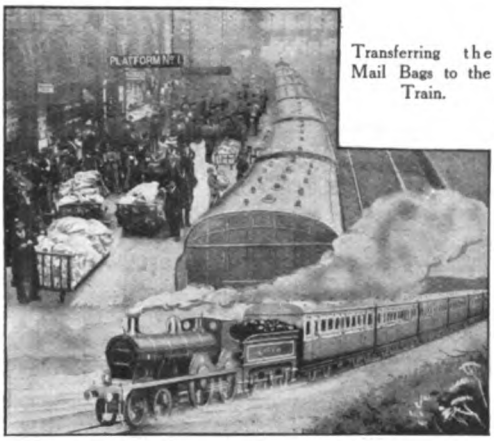
The following article, which deals with a subject of supreme importance to every man and woman, tells in a most interesting manner how Mr. Eugen Sandow, the Pioneer of the Curative Scientific Exercise Treatment, is able to show ill and ailing people, wherever they live, how to cure themselves and recover perfect health. To every interested reader the offer is also made to send gratis and post free a full description of this medicineless treatment which is working such marvellous cures in all manner of cases where everything else has failed.

THERE is probably no man living who has made wider use, to the direct benefit of thousands upon thousands of people of both sexes, of Great Britain's wonderful postal organisation throughout the world than Mr. Eugen Sandow.

It will, therefore, not only be of the greatest interest, but undoubtedly of the highest importance to a very large number of STRAND MAGAZINE readers, to learn something of the remarkably thorough way in which Mr. Sandow utilises the means our unique postal system has placed in his hands to put people in all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, as well as in foreign countries, in possession of the invaluable health knowledge which has made him famous throughout the world as the Pioneer and Exponent of Natural Health by Physical Culture, and the cure of illness without either medicine or irritating dietary restrictions.

Loading Mail Vans at the General Post Office for conveyance of Sandow's Health Books and letters of advice to all parts of the United Kingdom.

There is no man in the world who has a grander or more praise-

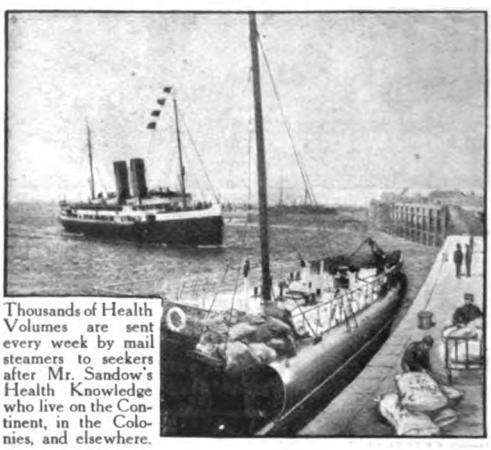


Transferring the Mail Bags to the Train.

worthy mission in life than Eugen Sandow. There is no man whose heart and soul are more in his work. There is no man who has brought a more practical mind to bear upon the working out of his plans for the benefit of the suffering portion of the human race.

Mr. Sandow is not a man who, having made a grand discovery, is content to limit its benefit to the wealthy few who are only too ready to richly repay the services it is in his power to render. On the contrary, he has elected to rest his reputation and remuneration for his labours upon the verdict of the million. To this end he has based his great Health by Post offer upon the most generous scale, so as to enable every man and woman, no matter where they may reside, to learn how they may cure their illnesses and secure health in their own homes by the famous Sandow Treatment.

How the marvellous postal facilities of the world have been harnessed to the chariot of Curative Physical Culture to convey Mr. Sandow's advice to the remotest corners of Great Britain and her Colonies forms a veritable romance. Mr. Sandow long since decided upon a most comprehensive plan by which a first knowledge of the application of his Scientific Exercise Treatment should be brought freely to every man or woman who required it. Therefore he first prepared not merely a general book upon the method which he has proved to be so beneficial, but actually produced a whole series of twenty-four different booklets, each devoted entirely to explaining the advantages and application of his science to the cure of one particular disorder.



Thousands of Health Volumes are sent every week by mail steamers to seekers after Mr. Sandow's Health Knowledge who live on the Continent, in the Colonies, and elsewhere.

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Some of the means by which Mr. Sandow sends his Health Books all over the world.

inquirer, without any unnecessary expense of time, might receive a careful explanation of his or her own health trouble, and be told just how the Sandow Treatment would be applied to improve that particular condition. The titles of these booklets in the Sandow Health Library—twenty-four in all—are given on the next page, and the invitation is extended to our readers to apply for whichever of the little volumes is of interest to them.

No sooner had Mr. Sandow prepared and had printed large editions of each of these twenty-four booklets in his Health Library than he set to work to make the G.P.O. his Health Messenger, to carry the good news he had to send into the tiniest hamlet, the smallest village, equally with the important towns and cities in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

But his service is not rimmed by the horizon of our Island Kingdom. There is no spot where illness prevails and where his knowledge and information are required that is too far distant or too remotely situated for him to speed thereto the book which deals with the complaint endured, whether it be a large and populous city, or a small and lonely homestead on the outposts of civilisation. Such of his books as may be required are sent there free of charge and post free, no matter what the postal fee may come to.

If you live in Piccadilly, London, or Piccadilly, Manchester; Perth, Scotland, or Perth, Australia; Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Dorsetshire—in a word, wherever you live, and you want any of Mr. Sandow's books explaining how, by means of his system through the post, you can regain and maintain perfect health, it is freely sent to you, and even its postage is defrayed by Mr. Sandow. He does not call upon the inquirer to pay so much as a penny stamp towards securing this priceless information — priceless it is, because no knowledge is worth the tenth part of the value to an unfit man or woman, or to the parents of a delicate child, as the knowledge of how to turn a condition of ill-health or weakness into one of glorious health and vigour.

Mr. Sandow is not a man of mere promises. His word is his bond. And whatever he undertakes to do he does thoroughly. If your complaint is, for example, Indigestion, and you write for the book in his Health Library devoted to the explanation of this all-too-prevalent trouble, and the natural method of its cure, he does not merely send you that book; you receive, in addition to the book, an opinion upon how the method can best be applied in your case. This applies to the case of every inquirer, no matter whichever illness he or she may be afflicted with; and in every instance whatever you say is treated in the strictest confidence. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this opinion, founded as it is upon the knowledge gained during years of experience in dealing with complaints similar to your own. Yet you are not asked, nor expected, to make the smallest payment. It is given free. If your condition is one which can be improved by the Sandow Treatment, it remains with you to decide whether or not

SLEIGH POST IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

In winter time this is the method of conveying Mr. Sandow's Health Knowledge to far Canadian readers, who are invited, just as are those who live nearer at hand, to take advantage of the offer made in this article.

you will recover that good health which is your natural birthright, or continue to wend your way through life hampered by the burden of unnecessary illness.

It is the great advantage of the Treatment which Mr. Sandow tells you about in his books that you can cure yourself in your own home, no matter wherever you may live. There are no drugs to swallow, no irksome dietary to be carefully watched and strictly adhered to; it takes only a few minutes of your time daily, and in no way interferes with the usual round of business or professional duties or social calls; and, moreover, the cost, thanks to the assistance received from the postal system, is so small as to be within everyone's means.

A few minutes daily is all the time it is necessary to devote to the betterment of your physical well-being and the cure of your complaint. Think for a moment what it means. Just a few minutes' regular treatment when most convenient and you will save yourself hours, perhaps years, of suffering.

Isn't it well worth while writing for the book, which costs you nothing, and explains to you how to make a new man or woman of yourself? Isn't it the height of folly to remain enslaved by hampering and depressing illness when the knowledge of how you may escape is offered to you with open hand? It makes no difference how old or how young you may be, because the Treatment is applicable to almost all conditions and all ages. You can make yourself as healthy in body and mind as thousands of others who suffered similarly have done during the past twelve months.

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The Garden in February.

By F. W. HARVEY, *Editor of "The Garden."*

FEBRUARY is, perhaps, the most fickle month of the whole year in the garden. Its weather vagaries are unlimited, warm days of bright sunshine frequently giving place to severe frosts, soaking rains, or heavy snowstorms. For this reason it is necessary to sound a warning note to those who are liable to be carried away, as it were, by a spell of fine, warm weather, and to imagine that spring has come with her pageant of flowers and ushered in the season of rapid growth. Labouring under this pleasant delusion many amateurs consign to mother earth fragile seeds that would be better kept in their packets until the more reliable, though possibly less genial, days of early April.

Bearing this fully in mind there is plenty of work that calls for attention in the garden in February. For example, there is no better period than the latter portion of the month for sowing seeds of sweet peas, flowers that rightly find a place in practically every garden in the country. As these are rather deep-rooting and gross-feeding plants it is necessary to thoroughly break up the soil in which they are to grow to a depth of at least eighteen inches, and incorporate with the whole of it to that depth a heavy dressing of partially decayed farmyard manure, *i.e.*, manure which has been laid in a heap for some months, and in which decomposition or straw and other foreign matter is well advanced. If this digging and manuring is completed early in the month, the soil will, providing the weather is favourable at the time, be in excellent condition for sowing sweet peas during the closing days of February, or in northern localities early in March. Those who grow these flowers mainly for exhibition purposes frequently trench the soil three feet deep, and adopt other extraordinary methods of cultivation; but for ordinary purposes, and, indeed, for exhibition at local shows, there is no necessity for this. The sowing of the seeds in pots and subsequently planting out the seedlings is now very extensively adopted, and there is much to be said in its favour. Where a cool greenhouse or a cold frame is available the seeds may be sown four in a pot five inches in diameter at the top early in February, using for this purpose a soil mixture composed of decayed turf three parts, leaf soil or cocoanut fibre refuse one part, and coarse sand half a part. The seeds are placed equi-distant apart and covered with not more than half an inch of sand. For the seeds of lavender and mauve-coloured sweet peas half this thickness of covering is sufficient. Such seeds are usually small and wrinkled and are liable to rot if buried too deeply. Mice will often steal the seeds, and to prevent this I immerse them in petroleum for not more than two seconds, then shake them well in a tin of red lead, so that each seed is coated with it. This precaution should be taken with seeds sown outdoors as well as in pots. Seedlings in pots must be kept quite close to the glass of the cool frame or greenhouse in which they are growing and given free ventilation throughout the whole of their growth, the second week in April being a good time to plant them outdoors.

The following are twenty-four good sweet peas that can be bought at reasonable prices from any reliable seed firm, and will be suitable either for exhibition or home use: Mrs. Andrew Ireland, pink and white; Lord Nelson, deep blue; Chrissie Unwin, cerise; Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes, blush; Clara Curtis, rich cream; Gladys Burt, cream and pink; King Edward VII., crimson; Asta Ohn and Frank Dolby, lavender; Menie Christie, magenta; Helen Pierce, white, marbled blue; Hannah Dale, maroon; Tennant Spencer, mauve; Helen Lewis, orange pink; Edna Unwin, orange scarlet; Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, cream, edged pink; Elsie Herbert, white, edged pink; Countess Spencer, pink; John Ingman, carmine; Queen Alexandra, scarlet; Prince Olaf, white, flaked blue; America Spencer, white, flaked rose; Etta Dyke and Nora Unwin, white.

Last autumn was characterized by so much rain and frost that the planting of roses and other shrubs, as well as herbaceous plants, had, in many gardens, to be postponed. Although November is undoubtedly the month *par excellence* for planting roses and other shrubs which shed their leaves for the winter, February is the next best time of the whole year, hence no time should be lost in seeing that this important work is carried to a successful conclusion. Of course, it is useless to attempt this planting when the soil is sodden or frozen hard, but there are usually fine spells of weather at this time during which it may be done in a satisfactory manner.

The demand for what are known as decorative roses—*i.e.*, roses which will give a lavish display of flowers for cutting or for creating decorative effects in the garden—is rapidly increasing, and for that reason I will give a list of two dozen which, though not all suitable for exhibition, are free flowering, and most of them comparatively easy to grow, even in unfavourable localities: Amateur Teyssier, pale saffron yellow; Caroline Testout, salmon pink; Écarlate, brilliant scarlet; Edu Meyer, coppery yellow, shaded red; General Macarthur, glowing deep scarlet; Grace Darling, blush pink; Gruss an Teplitz, scarlet crimson, a good pillar rose; Gustave Regis, nankeen yellow; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, creamy white; Killarney, flesh pink, shaded white; Lady Ashtown, silvery pink; Mme. Abel Chatenay, crimson rose, shaded pink; Marquise Littu, carmine rose, with vermilion centre; Mrs. Aaron Ward, Indian yellow, tinged salmon rose; Papa Gontier, rosy crimson; Richmond, scarlet crimson; Viscountess Folkestone, creamy white, salmon pink centre; Corallina, deep rosy crimson; G. Nabonnand, pale rose, shaded yellow; Mme. Eugene Resal, rosy pink, shaded orange; Captain Hayward, carmine crimson; Duke of Edinburgh, vermilion; Frau Karl Druschki, white; Mrs. John Laing, soft pink.

The end of February is an ideal time for planting what are known as herbaceous or perennial plants; *e.g.*, Michaelmas daisies and phloxes. These make large clumps in a short period, and it is sound practice to lift them at least once in three years, thoroughly dig and manure the soil, and then replant firmly some of the strong, outside portions of the old plants. By doing this vigorous plants of a manageable size are obtained, and the flowers when they open will be larger, of better substance, and brighter colours.

Bulbs are now rapidly pushing their green sheaths of leaves above the surface of beds and borders, and they will be greatly assisted by lightly stirring the soil between them with a Dutch hoe. This breaks up the hard surface that is caused by the heavy rains of winter and enables air to penetrate freely. At the same time numerous seedling weeds are destroyed, providing a dry day is selected for the work.

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Index to Advertisers

See Pages 94 & 95.

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"The Adventure of the Red Circle," an Exciting New

Sherlock Holmes Story by Conan Doyle.

A Word on Cocoa.

SEE THAT IT IS . .

FRY'S

See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

March, 1911.

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No. 243
VOL 41

SIX PENCE

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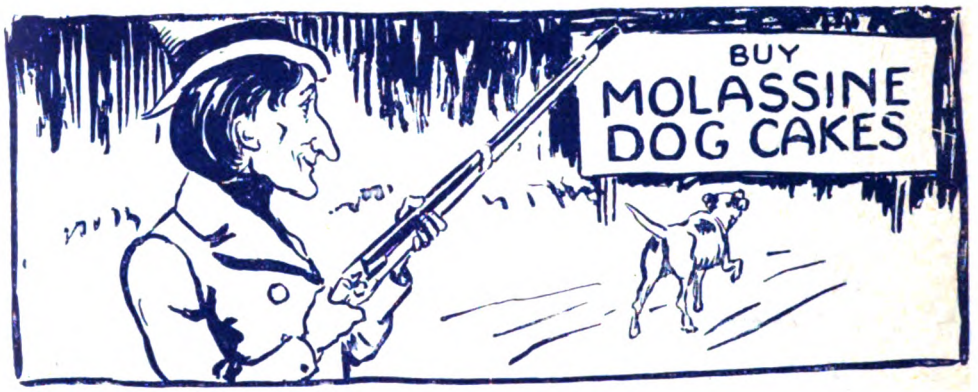
The Molassine Dickens.

No. 6.—ALFRED JINGLE, Esq. ("Pickwick Papers").

MR. JINGLE'S WONDERFUL DOG.



"Keep dogs, sir?" said Mr. Jingle, turning to Mr. Winkle.

"Not just now," replied that gentleman.

"Ah, you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto, no go; stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto—wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up—saw an inscription—BUY MOLASSINE DOG CAKES—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog, valuable dog that, and valuable biscuits—very."

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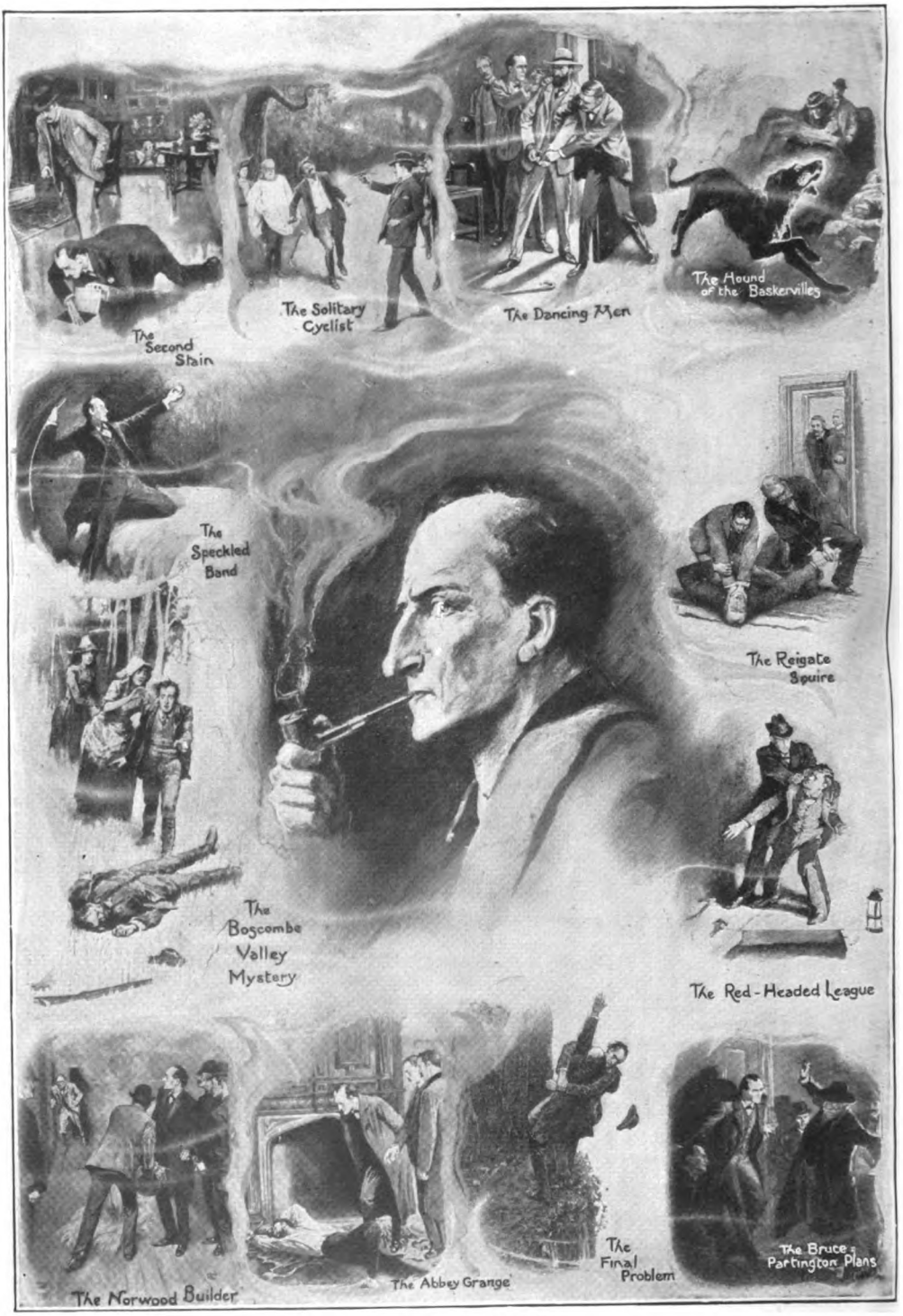

The Second Stain
The Solitary Cyclist
The Dancing Men
The Hound of the Baskervilles
The Speckled Band
The Reigate Squire
The Boscombe Valley Mystery
The Red-Headed League
The Norwood Builder
The Abbey Grange
The Final Problem
The Bruce-Partington Plans

A REVERIE.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. No. 243.
MARCH, 1911.

A REMINISCENCE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The Adventure of the Red Circle.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I., & Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

"WELL, Mrs. Warren, I cannot see that you have any particular cause for uneasiness, nor do I understand why I, whose time is of some value, should interfere in the matter. I really have other things to engage me." So spoke Sherlock Holmes, and turned back to the great scrap-book in which he was arranging and indexing some of his recent material.

But the landlady had the pertinacity, and also the cunning, of her sex. She held her ground firmly.

"You arranged an affair for a lodger of mine last year," she said—"Mr. Fairdale Hobbs."

"Ah, yes—a simple matter."

"But he would never cease talking of it—your kindness, sir, and the way in which you brought light into the darkness. I remembered his words when I was in doubt and darkness myself. I know you could if you only would."

Holmes was accessible upon the side of flattery, and also, to do him justice, upon the side of kindliness. The two forces made him lay down his gum-brush with a sigh of resignation and push back his chair.

"Well, well, Mrs. Warren, let us hear about it, then. You don't object to tobacco, I take it? Thank you, Watson—the matches! You are uneasy, as I understand, because your new lodger remains in his room and you cannot see him. Why, bless you, Mrs. Warren, if I were your lodger you often would not see me for weeks on end."

Copyright, 1911, by Arthur Conan Doyle.

"No doubt, sir; but this is different. It frightens me, Mr. Holmes. I can't sleep for fright. To hear his quick step moving here and moving there from early morning to late at night, and yet never to catch so much as a glimpse of him—it's more than I can stand. My husband is as nervous over it as I am, but he is out at his work all day, while I get no rest from it. What is he hiding for? What has he done? Except for the girl, I am all alone in the house with him, and it's more than my nerves can stand."

Holmes leaned forward and laid his long, thin fingers upon the woman's shoulder. He had an almost hypnotic power of soothing when he wished. The scared look faded from her eyes, and her agitated features smoothed into their usual commonplace. She sat down in the chair which he had indicated.

"If I take it up I must understand every detail," said he. "Take time to consider. The smallest point may be the most essential. You say that the man came ten days ago, and paid you for a fortnight's board and lodging?"

"He asked my terms, sir. I said fifty shillings a week. There is a small sitting-room and bedroom, and all complete, at the top of the house."

"Well?"

"He said, 'I'll pay you five pounds a week if I can have it on my own terms.' I'm a poor woman, sir, and Mr. Warren earns little, and the money meant much to me. He took out a ten-pound note, and he held it out to me then and there. 'You can have the same every fortnight for a long time to come if you keep the terms,' he said. 'If not, I'll have no more to do with you.'"

"What were the terms?"

"Well, sir, they were that he was to have a key of the house. That was all right. Lodgers often have them. Also, that he was to be left entirely to himself, and never, upon any excuse, to be disturbed."

"Nothing wonderful in that, surely?"

"Not in reason, sir. But this is out of all reason. He has been there for ten days, and neither Mr. Warren, nor I, nor the girl has once set eyes upon him. We can hear that quick step of his pacing up and down, up and down, night, morning, and noon; but except on that first night he has never once gone out of the house."

"Oh, he went out the first night, did he?"

"Yes, sir, and returned very late—after we were all in bed. He told me after he had taken the rooms that he would do so, and asked me not to bar the door. I heard him come up the stair after midnight."

"But his meals?"

"It was his particular direction that we should always, when he rang, leave his meal upon a chair outside his door. Then he rings again when he has finished, and we take it down from the same chair. If he wants anything else he prints it on a slip of paper and leaves it."

"Prints it?"

"Yes, sir; prints it in pencil. Just the word, nothing more. Here's one I brought to show you—SOAP. Here's another—MATCH. This is one he left the first morning—DAILY GAZETTE. I leave that paper with his breakfast every morning."

"Dear me, Watson," said Holmes, staring with great curiosity at the slips of foolscap which the landlady had handed to him, "this is certainly a little unusual. Seclusion I can understand; but why print? Printing is a clumsy process. Why not write? What would it suggest, Watson?"

"That he desired to conceal his handwriting."

"But why? What can it matter to him that his landlady should have a word of his writing? Still, it may be as you say. Then, again, why such laconic messages?"

"I cannot imagine."

"It opens a pleasing field for intelligent speculation. The words are written with a broad-pointed, violet-tinted pencil of a not unusual pattern. You will observe that the paper is torn away at the side here after the printing was done, so that the 'S' of 'SOAP' is partly gone. Suggestive, Watson, is it not?"

"Of caution?"

"Exactly. There was evidently some mark, some thumb-print, something which might give a clue to the person's identity. Now, Mrs. Warren, you say that the man was of middle size, dark, and bearded. What age would he be?"

"Youngish, sir—not over thirty."

"Well, can you give me no further indications?"

"He spoke good English, sir, and yet I thought he was a foreigner by his accent."

"And he was well dressed?"

"Very smartly dressed, sir—quite the gentleman. Dark clothes — nothing you would note."

"He gave no name?"

"No, sir."

"And has had no letters or callers?"

"None."

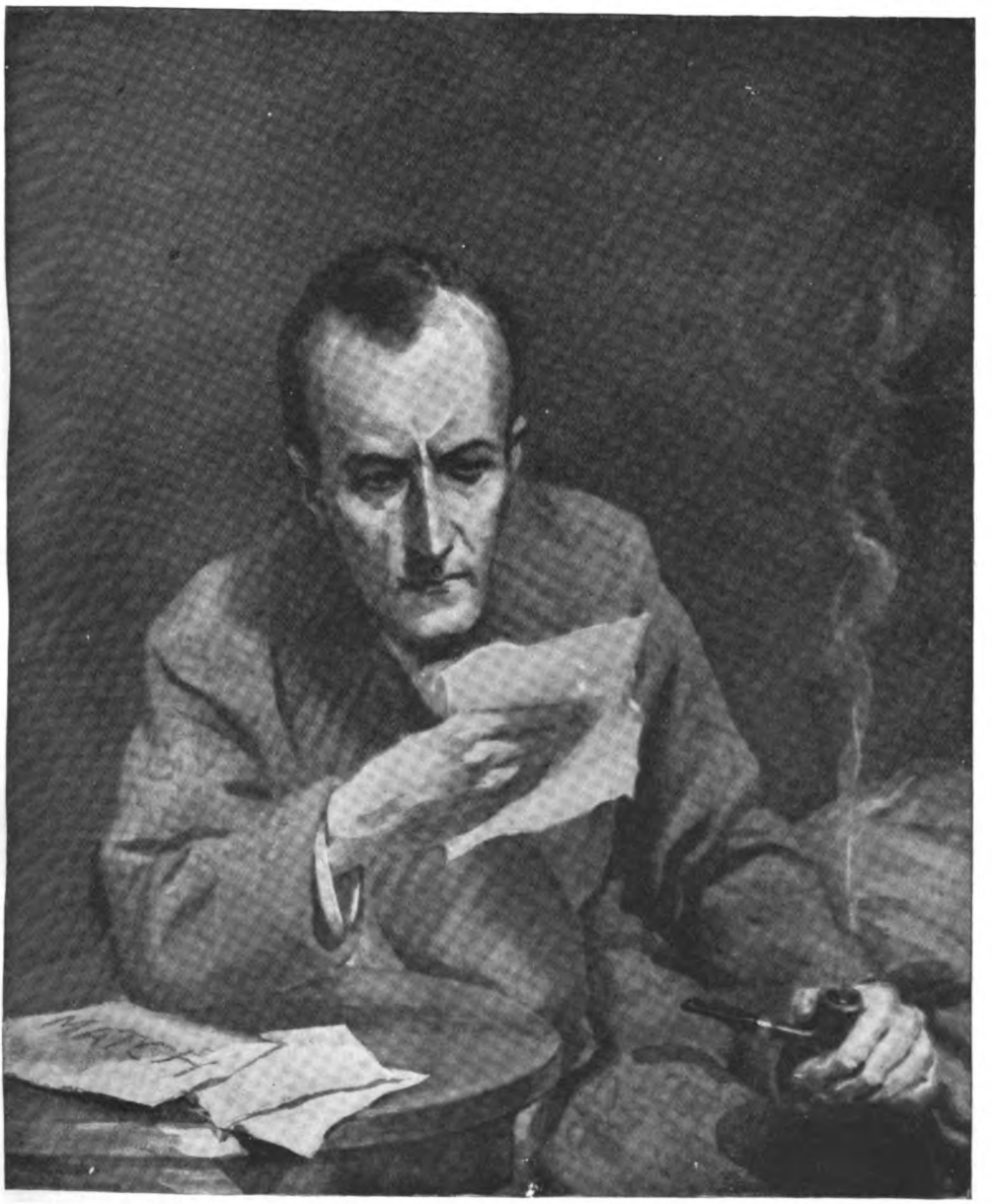
"But surely you or the girl enter his room of a morning?"

"No, sir; he looks after himself entirely."

"Dear me! that is certainly remarkable. What about his luggage?"

The landlady drew an envelope from her bag; from it she shook out two burnt matches and a cigarette-end upon the table.

"They were on his tray this morning. I



"HOLMES STARED WITH GREAT CURIOSITY AT THE SLIPS OF FOOLSCAP."

"He had one big brown bag with him—nothing else."

"Well, we don't seem to have much material to help us. Do you say nothing has come out of that room—absolutely nothing?"

brought them because I had heard that you can read great things out of small ones."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"There is nothing here," said he. "The matches have, of course, been used to light

cigarettes. That is obvious from the shortness of the burnt end. Half the match is consumed in lighting a pipe or a cigar. But, dear me! this cigarette stub is certainly remarkable. The gentleman was bearded and moustached, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't understand that. I should say that only a clean-shaven man could have smoked this. Why, Watson, even your modest moustache would have been singed."

"A holder?" I suggested.

"No, no; the end is matted. I suppose there could not be two people in your rooms, Mrs. Warren?"

"No, sir. He eats so little that I often wonder it can keep life in one."

"Well, I think we must wait for a little more material. After all, you have nothing to complain of. You have received your rent, and he is not a troublesome lodger, though he is certainly an unusual one. He pays you well, and if he chooses to lie concealed it is no direct business of yours. We have no excuse for an intrusion upon his privacy until we have some reason to think that there is a guilty reason for it. I've taken up the matter, and I won't lose sight of it. Report to me if anything fresh occurs, and rely upon my assistance if it should be needed.

"There are certainly some points of interest in this case, Watson," he remarked, when the landlady had left us. "It may, of course, be trivial—individual eccentricity; or it may be very much deeper than appears on the surface. The first thing that strikes one is the obvious possibility that the person now in the rooms may be entirely different from the one who engaged them."

"Why should you think so?"

"Well, apart from this cigarette-end, was it not suggestive that the only time the lodger went out was immediately after his taking the rooms? He came back—or someone came back—when all witnesses were out of the way. We have no proof that the person who came back was the person who went out. Then, again, the man who took the rooms spoke English well. This other, however, prints 'match' when it should have been 'matches.' I can imagine that the word was taken out of a dictionary, which would give the noun but not the plural. The laconic style may be to conceal the absence of knowledge of English. Yes, Watson, there are good reasons to suspect that there has been a substitution of lodgers."

"But for what possible end?"

"Ah! there lies our problem. There is one rather obvious line of investigation." He took down the great book in which, day by day, he filed the agony columns of the various London journals. "Dear me!" said he, turning over the pages, "what a chorus of groans, cries, and bleatings! What a rag-bag of singular happenings! But surely the most valuable hunting-ground that ever was given to a student of the unusual! This person is alone, and cannot be approached by letter without a breach of that absolute secrecy which is desired. How is any news or any message to reach him from without? Obviously by advertisement through a newspaper. There seems no other way, and fortunately we need concern ourselves with the one paper only. Here are the *Daily Gazette* extracts of the last fortnight. 'Lady with a black boa at Prince's Skating Club'—that we may pass. 'Surely Jimmy will not break his mother's heart'—that appears to be irrelevant. 'If the lady who fainted in the Brixton bus'—she does not interest me. 'Every day my heart longs——' Bleat, Watson—unmitigated bleat! Ah! this is a little more possible. Listen to this: 'Be patient. Will find some sure means of communication. Meanwhile, this column.—G.' That is two days after Mrs. Warren's lodger arrived. It sounds plausible, does it not? The mysterious one could understand English, even if he could not print it. Let us see if we can pick up the trace again. Yes, here we are—three days later. 'Am making successful arrangements. Patience and prudence. The clouds will pass.—G.' Nothing for a week after that. Then comes something much more definite: 'The path is clearing. If I find chance signal message remember code agreed—one A, two B, and so on. You will hear soon.—G.' That was in yesterday's paper, and there is nothing in to-day's. It's all very appropriate to Mrs. Warren's lodger. If we wait a little, Watson, I don't doubt that the affair will grow more intelligible."

So it proved; for in the morning I found my friend standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, and a smile of complete satisfaction upon his face.

"How's this, Watson?" he cried, picking up the paper from the table. "'High red house with white stone facings. Third floor. Second window left. After dusk.—G.' That is definite enough. I think after breakfast we must make a little reconnaissance of Mrs. Warren's neighbourhood. Ah, Mrs. Warren! what news do you bring us this morning?"

Our client had suddenly burst into the room with an explosive energy which told of some new and momentous development.

"It's a police matter, Mr. Holmes!" she cried. "I'll have no more of it! He shall pack out of that with his baggage. I would have gone straight up and told him so, only I thought it was but fair to you to take your opinion first. But I'm at the end of my patience, and when it comes to knocking my old man about——"

"Knocking Mr. Warren about?"

"Using him roughly, anyway."

so he took a bus home, and there he lies now on the sofa, while I came straight round to tell you what had happened."

"Most interesting," said Holmes. "Did he observe the appearance of these men—did he hear them talk?"

"No; he is clean dazed. He just knows that he was lifted up as if by magic and dropped as if by magic. Two at least were in it, and maybe three."

"And you connect this attack with your lodger?"

"Well, we've lived there fifteen years and

"THEY BUNDLED HIM INTO A CAB THAT WAS BESIDE THE KERB."

"But who used him roughly?"

"Ah! that's what we want to know! It was this morning, sir. Mr. Warren is a time-keeper at Morton and Waylight's, in Tottenham Court Road. He has to be out of the house before seven. Well, this morning he had not got ten paces down the road when two men came up behind him, threw a coat over his head, and bundled him into a cab that was beside the kerb. They drove him an hour, and then opened the door and shot him out. He lay in the roadway so shaken in his wits that he never saw what became of the cab. When he picked himself up he found he was on Hampstead Heath; no such happenings ever came before. I've had enough of him. Money's not everything. I'll have him out of my house before the day is done."

"Wait a bit, Mrs. Warren. Do nothing rash. I begin to think that this affair may be very much more important than appeared at first sight. It is clear now that some danger is threatening your lodger. It is equally clear that his enemies, lying in wait for him near your door, mistook your husband for him in the foggy morning light. On discovering their mistake they released him. What they would have done had it not been a mistake, we can only conjecture."

"Well, what am I to do, Mr. Holmes?"

"I have a great fancy to see this lodger of yours, Mrs. Warren."

"I don't see how that is to be managed, unless you break in the door. I always hear him unlock it as I go down the stair after I leave the tray."

"He has to take the tray in. Surely we could conceal ourselves and see him do it."

The landlady thought for a moment.

"Well, sir, there's the box-room opposite. I could arrange a looking-glass, maybe, and if you were behind the door——"

"Excellent!" said Holmes. "When does he lunch?"

"About one, sir."

"Then Dr. Watson and I will come round in time. For the present, Mrs. Warren, good-bye."

At half-past twelve we found ourselves upon the steps of Mrs. Warren's house—a high, thin, yellow-brick edifice in Great Orme Street, a narrow thoroughfare at the north-east side of the British Museum. Standing as it does near the corner of the street, it commands a view down Howe Street, with its more pretentious houses. Holmes pointed with a chuckle to one of these, a row of residential flats, which projected so that they could not fail to catch the eye.

"See, Watson!" said he. "'High red house with stone facings.' There is the signal station all right. We know the place, and we know the code; so surely our task should be simple. There's a 'To Let' card in that window. It is evidently an empty flat to which the confederate has access. Well, Mrs. Warren, what now?"

"I have it all ready for you. If you will both come up and leave your boots below on the landing, I'll put you there now."

It was an excellent hiding-place which she had arranged. The mirror was so placed that, seated in the dark, we could very plainly see the door opposite. We had hardly settled down in it, and Mrs. Warren left us, when a distant tinkle announced that our mysterious neighbour had rung. Presently the landlady appeared with the tray, laid it down upon a chair beside the closed door, and then, treading heavily, departed. Crouching together in the angle of the door, we kept our eyes fixed upon the mirror. Suddenly, as the landlady's footsteps died away, there was the creak of a turning key, the handle revolved, and two thin hands darted out and lifted the tray from the chair. An instant later it was hurriedly replaced, and I caught a glimpse of a dark, beautiful, horrified face glaring at the narrow opening of the box-room. Then the door crashed to, the key turned once more, and all was silence. Holmes twitched my sleeve, and together we stole down the stair.

"I will call again in the evening," said he to the expectant landlady. "I think, Watson, we can discuss this business better in our own quarters."

"My surmise, as you saw, proved to be correct," said he, speaking from the depths of his easy-chair. "There has been a substitution of lodgers. What I did not foresee is that we should find a woman, and no ordinary woman, Watson."

"She saw us."

"Well, she saw something to alarm her. That is certain. The general sequence of events is pretty clear, is it not? A couple seek refuge in London from a very terrible and instant danger. The measure of that danger is the rigour of their precautions. The man, who has some work which he must do, desires to leave the woman in absolute safety while he does it. It is not an easy problem, but he solved it in an original fashion, and so effectively that her presence was not even known to the landlady who supplies her with food. The printed messages, as is now evident, were to prevent her sex being discovered by her writing. The man cannot come near the woman, or he will guide their enemies to her. Since he cannot communicate with her direct, he has recourse to the agony column of a paper. So far all is clear."

"But what is at the root of it?"

"Ah, yes, Watson—severely practical, as usual! What is at the root of it all? Mrs. Warren's whimsical problem enlarges somewhat and assumes a more sinister aspect as we proceed. This much we can say: that it is no ordinary love escapade. You saw the woman's face at the sign of danger. We have heard, too, of the attack upon the landlord, which was undoubtedly meant for the lodger. These alarms, and the desperate need for secrecy, argue that the matter is one of life or death. The attack upon Mr. Warren further shows that the enemy, whoever they are, are themselves not aware of the substitution of the female lodger for the male. It is very curious and complex, Watson."

"Why should you go further in it? What have you to gain from it?"

"What, indeed? It is Art for Art's sake, Watson. I suppose when you doctored

"I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A DARK, BEAUTIFUL, HORRIFIED FACE GLARING AT THE NARROW OPENING OF THE BOX-ROOM."

you found yourself studying cases without thought of a fee?"

"For my education, Holmes."

"Education never ends, Watson. It is a series of lessons with the greatest for the last. This is an instructive case. There is neither money nor credit in it, and yet one would wish to tidy it up. When dusk comes we should find ourselves one stage advanced in our investigation."

When we returned to Mrs. Warren's rooms, the gloom of a London winter evening had thickened into one grey curtain, a dead monotone of colour, broken only by the sharp yellow squares of the windows and the blurred haloes of the gas-lamps. As we peered from the darkened sitting-room of the lodging-house, one more dim light glimmered high up through the obscurity.

"Someone is moving in that room," said Holmes in a whisper, his gaunt and eager face thrust forward to the window-pane. "Yes, I can see his shadow. There he is again! He has a candle in his hand. Now he is peering across. He wants to be sure that she is on the look-out. Now he begins to flash. Take the message also, Watson, that we may check each other. A single flash—that is 'A,' surely. Now, then. How many did you make it? Twenty. So did I. That should mean 'T.' A T—that's intelligible enough! Another 'T.' Surely this is the beginning of a second word. Now, then—T E N T A. Dead stop. That can't be all, Watson? 'A T T E N T A' gives no sense. Nor is it any better as three words—'A T. T E N. T A,' unless 'T.A.' are a person's initials. There he goes again! What's that? A T T E—why, it is the same message over again. Curious, Watson, very curious! Now he is off once more! A T—why, he is repeating it for the third time. 'A T T E N T A' three times! How often will he repeat it? No, that seems to be the finish. He has withdrawn from the window. What do you make of it, Watson?"

"A cipher message, Holmes."

My companion gave a sudden chuckle of comprehension. "And not a very obscure cipher, Watson," said he. "Why, of course, it is Italian! The 'A' means that it is addressed to a woman. 'Beware! Beware! Beware!' How's that, Watson?"

"I believe you have hit it."

"Not a doubt of it. It is a very urgent message, thrice repeated to make it more so. But beware of what? Wait a bit; he is coming to the window once more."

Again we saw the dim silhouette of a crouching man and the whisk of the small flame across the window, as the signals were renewed. They came more rapidly than before—so rapid that it was hard to follow them.

"'P E R I C O L O'—'pericolo'—Eh, what's that, Watson? Danger, isn't it? Yes, by Jove, it's a danger signal. There he goes again! 'P E R I.' Halloa, what on earth——"

The light had suddenly gone out, the glimmering square of window had disappeared, and the third floor formed a dark band round the lofty building, with its tiers of shining casements. That last warning cry had been suddenly cut short. How, and by whom? The same thought occurred on the instant to us both. Holmes sprang up from where he crouched by the window.

"This is serious, Watson," he cried. "There is some devilry going forward! Why should such a message stop in such a way? I should put Scotland Yard in touch with this business—and yet, it is too pressing for us to leave."

"Shall I go for the police?"

"We must define the situation a little more clearly. It may bear some more innocent interpretation. Come, Watson, let us go across ourselves and see what we can make of it."

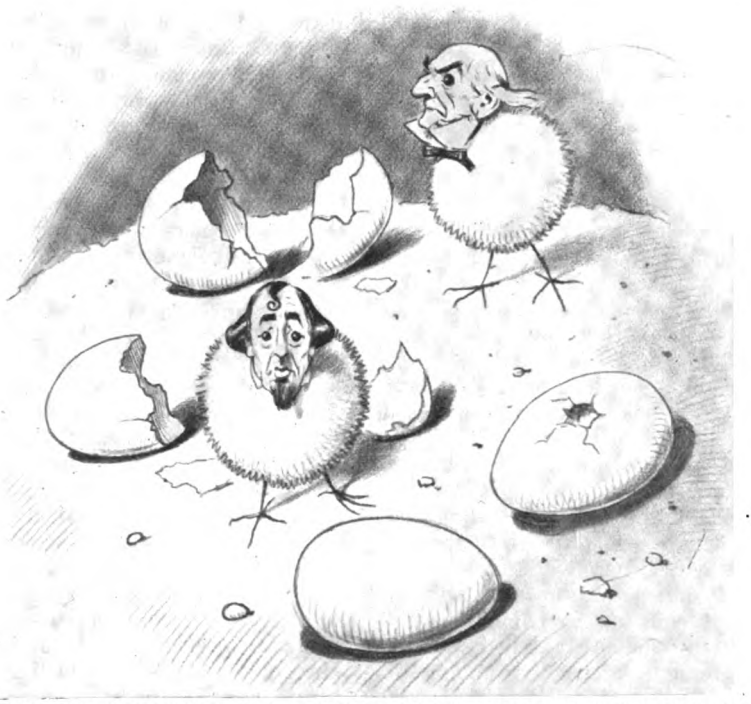
(To be concluded next month.)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES)—II.

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.



"THE NEW PARLIAMENT MAY, FOR AUGHT WE KNOW, NUMBER AMONGST NEW-COMERS A PEEL, A GLADSTONE, OR A DISRAELI."

THE SWEEP OF THE SCYTHE.

A STARTLING illustration of the mutability of life at Westminster is found in the fact that in the House elected in January, 1910, there sat only six men who were returned to Westminster at the General Election of 1874. They are Arthur Balfour, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Claud Hamilton—come back after a long interval of years—and Thomas Burt, *doyen* of Labour members. More appalling than the withdrawal of old members from the Parliamentary arena, which might be voluntary or accidental, is the final wiping off from the slate of the names of the men who thirty-seven years ago filled the House of Commons with the full tide of active life. Including the sitting members named above, I count only a score of members of the 1874 Parliament who are still alive. Among Conservatives (now known as Unionists) are the Earl of Wemyss, who, if not younger than ever, is not less ready to instruct his fellow-men than was the Lord Elcho of the early 'seventies; Sir Michael Hicks Beach, now Viscount St. Aldwyn; the Earl of Erne, a Conservative Whip from 1876–85, known as Lord Crichton; Lord Cross, the Duke of Northumberland, David Plunket (Lord Rathmore), Sir William Hart Dyke, relegated to private life by the inconstancy of his constituents; Lord George Hamilton, who has given up to Deal Castle what was meant for mankind; Sir John Hay, whose handsome presence was years ago withdrawn from Westminster; and Mr. Agg-Gardner, who finds private business sufficient to monopolize sterling capacity.

Of M.P.'s who were in 1874 ranked as

Liberals it is odd to notice that the majority still living are to-day to be found in the House of Lords.

"ALL, ALL ARE GONE."

Among members whom I listened to and watched in this second Parliament of my experience were many whose names are familiar in history, some finding in the then new Parliament a stepping-stone to higher things. Facing each other across the table were Disraeli and Gladstone, Stafford Northcote and Hartington, Richard Cross, a model Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and W. E. Forster, happily described by Frank Hill as the best stage Yorkshireman who ever appeared in the Parliamentary drama; Gathorne-Hardy, breathless with flow of his tempestuous eloquence; Bob Lowe, scornful of his fellow-men; Ward Hunt, of Falstaffian girth, just nominated First Lord of the Admiralty, first in the field with discovery, of late years grown familiar, that the boasted British Navy is composed of "dummy ships," "a fleet on paper"; Goschen, not dreaming how or why or with what consequences he upon a day should have come to be "forgotten"; Lord Henry Lennox, for whom Disraeli, coming into power, made haste to provide; William Harcourt, halting between his admiration for Disraeli and his loyalty to Gladstone; Sclater-Booth, sharing with Knatchbull-Hugessen self-consciousness of the mediocrity Randolph Churchill discovered to be inseparable from double-barrelled names; Lord John Manners, gracefully ambling his way through Parliamentary life; Campbell-Bannerman, a comparatively obscure ex-Financial Secretary of the Treasury; W. H. Smith and Hugh Childers, both devoid of the fire of genius, akin in the quality, sometimes more successful in life, of plodding industry.

A PYRRHIC PHALANX.

These, the Ins and the Outs, sat on the two front benches. Scattered about others reserved for unofficial members were Sir Watkin Wynn, the Prince in Wales, round whom lingers tradition that, hurrying off from the hunting-field and catching a fortuitous train at Ruabon, he arrived just in time to take part in a critical division, a cloak thrown over his shoulders ineffectually concealing a scarlet coat and white breeches; Sir Walter Barttelot, who, with characteristic generosity, extended a patronizing hand to Joseph Chamberlain when that dreaded Radical, returned by Birmingham, made his maiden speech. "If the honourable gentleman," said the worthy baronet, "will always address the House with the same quietness and the same intelligence he has displayed on this occasion, I can assure him the House of Commons will always be ready to listen to him"; J. R. Mowbray, not yet Sir John, best type of the Conservative country gentleman; Arthur Kavanagh, legless and armless, carried in from behind the Speaker's Chair on his servant's back and dropped at a convenient spot at the end of the bench behind Ministers; Baillie Cochrane, last of the Dandies; J. W. Henley, an honoured relic of the past; Sir William Edmonstone, known as "the Admiral," who, when Parnell, Biggar, or others of the Irish Party spoke, used to turn his back upon the visitation and vigorously fan himself with a copy of the Orders of the Day; Sir Henry Wolff, unacquainted with, save by his height of six feet four, the yet unknown Lord Randolph Churchill; Astley, "the Mate," well known at Epsom and Newmarket; Lyon Playfair, later to become Chairman of Committees, later still a peer; John Walter, of the *Times*; C. P. Villiers, modestly concealing the amount of his income and drawing his pension as a poverty-stricken ex-Minister; George Osborne Morgan, not yet possessor of the brand-new portmanteau from which, proudly painted on the lid, his initials were, in the course of a railway journey, cut out by an irate Tory who could not bear sight of anything that recalled the existence of the G.O.M.; Joseph Cowen, best of men, most eloquent of speakers; Sir Henry Havelock, who cultivated a pleasing habit of expressing dissent from the political views and personal manners of Parnell's following by accidentally, as it were, dropping bodily on their knees as he passed between the benches on his way to his seat; Charles Monk, whose first appearance in a Dusty Miller suit was accepted as officially heralding the birth of summer; Wilfrid Lawson, in the chrysalis state, a decidedly dull speaker, no one more surprised than himself when he emerged a butterfly of wit and humour; Sir Charles Foster, who spent the night in wandering round back benches, lobbies, and corridors looking for his hat; Roebuck, feeble in body but still snarling from the corner seat below the gangway, whence he had disestablished Dilwyn; Henry Fawcett, blind Bartimeus from Hackney, led by an attendant to the corner seat flanking the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms; and Sir Robert Peel, son and heir of the great Minister, whose appearance, dress, and manner bewildered the stranger with uncertainty as to whether

he were a chef, a French colonel in mufti, or the ring-master of Sanger's Circus.

These are faces and figures that crowd upon memory when I close my eyes and think of early days in the Commons, beginning when the Speaker took the Chair at half-past four in the afternoon, at the best of times lasted till one o'clock in the morning, with no interval save for a hasty supper cut from the old doorkeeper Wright's cold beef and ham. In respect of piquant personality the House of Commons to-day neither individually nor in the aggregate presents a parallel.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Sir Rufus Isaacs enjoys the unique privilege of sitting in the House of Commons albeit, in accordance with ancient statute, the House of Lords is his proper quarter in the Legislature. In his capacity as Attorney-General he, on the eve of the assembly of Parliament, received a writ calling upon him to attend the House of Lords. In olden times the business of the Attorney-General in connection with Parliamentary affairs was to attend that Chamber and advise the Peers upon questions of law. So jealous was the Upper House of this right that when Sir Rufus's far-back predecessor, Sir Francis Bacon, upon election, took his seat in the House of Commons, a resolution, still to be found in the Journals, declared "Mr. Attorney-General Bacon remain in the House for this Parliament, but never any Attorney-General to serve in the Lower House in future."

Like another Standing Order, passed about the same date, prohibiting under pains and penalties the publication and report of Parliamentary proceedings, this Order, though unrevoked, has become obsolete. Nothing would more surprise noble lords than if one day the Attorney-General, carrying in his hand the writ summoning him to attend the Chamber, entered from behind the Woolsack and sat himself on the Ministerial bench.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE BENCH.

The attraction the House of Commons possesses for members of the Bar as providing a sure and certain avenue to promotion is testified afresh by the large number of what Disraeli used to call gentlemen of the long robe seated in the new Parliament. That prizes are plentiful is demonstrated by the fact that, of members of the Judicial Bench as constituted to-day, a fraction under one-half were at one time members of the House of Commons. It would be invidious to mention names, but it is a matter of common conviction and frequent assertion that some of these would never have reached the goal had they run the ordinary course of professional business in the Law Courts. Whilst the adventure is tempting, its pursuit is not easy. After a hard day's work in court it is a grievous strain, physical and mental, to go straight on to the House of Commons and

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, "A BUTTERFLY OF WIT AND HUMOUR."

take a successful part in its exhausting business, which occasionally reaches its climax at the time of night when the busy barrister should be studying his briefs to be handled in court on the next morning.

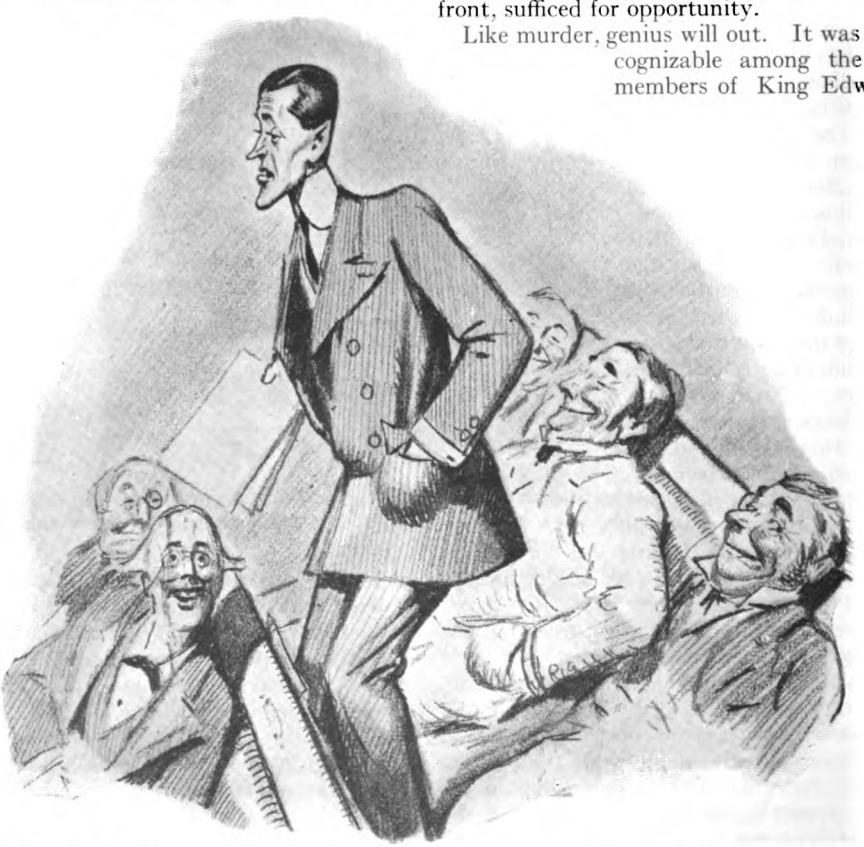
When the hopes of the Liberal Party were laid low by the *débâcle* at the polls in 1895, Mr. Asquith, above all things a practical man, returned to the task of earning his daily bread at the Bar. Such a course was unprecedented on the part of an ex-Home Secretary. It was further criticized on the indisputable ground that a man who aimed at the highest prizes of political life must needs give up his nights and days to attendance on Parliamentary affairs. Some lookers-on, observing the ex-Home Secretary casually dropping in on his way home from the Law Courts, came to the conclusion that if he had not deliberately abandoned a political career, he was seriously handicapping himself in the race for the Premiership. Which shows the wisdom of the axiom forbidding the practice of prophecy "onless you know."

It is a circumstance that may probably be attributed to a preponderance of judicial aptitude among the Conservative party that, of the eighteen Judges out of thirty-seven who passed through the House of Commons on their way to the Bench, a considerable majority were supporters of a Conservative Government. In the Court of King's Bench, of eight Judges who were at one time or another eager to catch the Speaker's eye in the House of Commons, six are Conservatives and two Liberals.

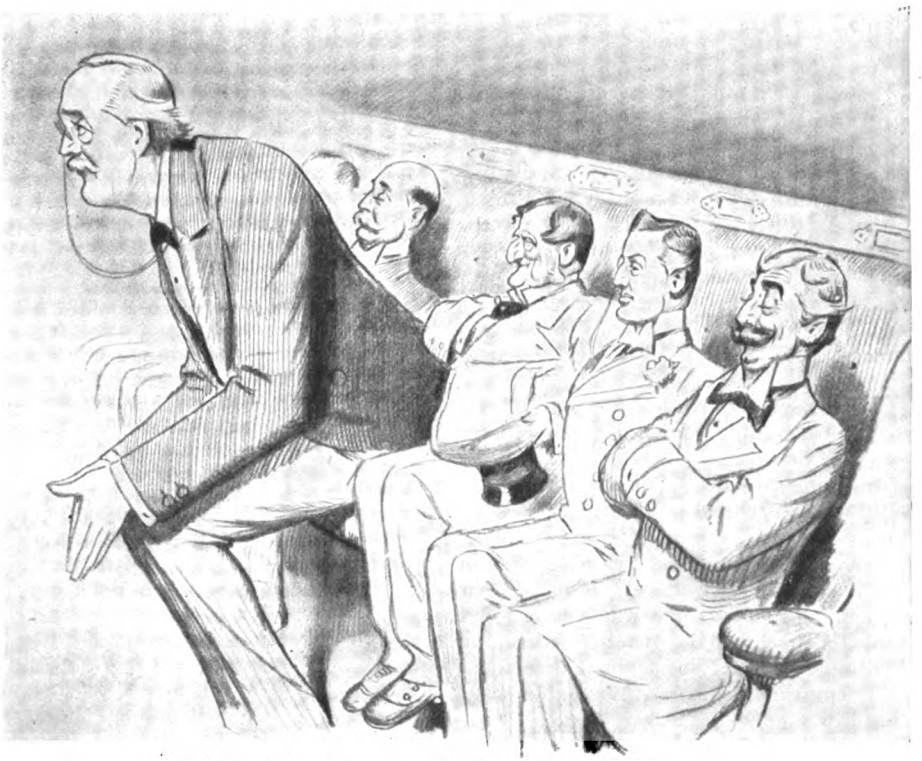
DULL DAYS AT WESTMINSTER.

The House of Commons elected in January is still a sealed book, or at most only a few of the preliminary pages have been turned over. It may, for aught we know, number amongst new-comers a Peel, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, or a John Bright. That is matter of conjecture. What is certain is that it cannot well exceed its predecessor in lack of individuality of character or predominance of genius. It is true its life was brief. But an exceptionally prolonged Session, during which a great constitutional question was to the front, sufficed for opportunity.

Like murder, genius will out. It was unrecognizable among the new members of King Edward's



"MR. F. E. SMITH INCREASED A REPUTATION ESTABLISHED BY HIS MAIDEN SPEECH."



"THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH."

last Parliament. Called hence by early doom, it came but to show how dull a lot at Westminster might bloom. Memory does not recall the name of a single member returned for the first time in January of last year who gave promise of making his way to the Treasury Bench. Mr. F. E. Smith increased a reputation established by his maiden speech. But he was not a new member, the present House being the third in which he has found a place.

A LOOK AHEAD.

The sympathetic eye, glancing over the Front Opposition Bench and surveying those behind it, wonders what Mr. Balfour will do when there is forced upon him the task of forming a Government. The poverty of the land is the more marked by comparison with the Front Opposition Bench in the other House. By striking coincidence it happens that whilst in public esteem and in debating ability the Opposition leaders in the Lords eclipse the group of statesmen on the other side of the Table, the condition of affairs is the reverse in the Commons. Whilst through many Parliaments the Leader of the Opposition in the latter has not so nearly been left single-handed in the fight, we must go back to 1880 to find a Prime Minister supported by such a galaxy of Parliamentary capacity as that which, with increasing esteem and admiration, owns a Leader in Mr. Asquith. Possibly the new Parliament, when it gets into stride, may make the running faster. The extremist partisans would welcome a change that would lift the Parliamentary coach out of the rut into which it has habitually fallen since, five years ago, the House of Commons was swamped by an overwhelming majority.

A CHILLING INTERLUDE.

Whilst in fundamental matters one House of Commons resembles another, each has its idiosyncrasies. The fact that a man has made a prominent and popular position for himself in one Parliament does not ensure inheritance of the advantage in its successor. This curious fact was prominently illustrated in the case of Mr. Balfour, when, after brief absence, he came back to lead the more than decimated Opposition in the Parliament elected in January, 1906. For a dozen years he had been the idol of the House of Commons. His graceful manner, his brilliant wit, his sparkling speech, captivated Liberals scarcely less completely

than they commanded the allegiance of his own Party. His appearance at the Table was ever the signal for a welcoming cheer. His speech was followed by an entranced audience that missed no point. When he re-entered the House of Commons to find his once scorned, not infrequently humiliated, adversary, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, enthroned in his long familiar seat on the Treasury Bench, he discovered he had come into a land that knew not Arthur.

When he rose to make his first speech from the Front Opposition Bench, new members, who numerically predominated, testified the keenest desire to hear him. For years they had read and heard of his personal charm, his commanding gift of Parliamentary oratory. Possibly influenced by the strangeness of his surroundings and the novelty of his personal position, he fell short of his accustomed capacity. However it be, before he had been on his legs a quarter of an hour new members began to relax their attention. Presently there was a movement towards the door, and old members sat gaping at the unprecedented spectacle of the House steadily emptying whilst Arthur Balfour was on his legs.

The simple explanation was that there was lacking the bond of quick sympathy between speaker and audience established in other circumstances. Mr. Balfour was quick to note the change, and resolute in determination to recapture his old position. He perceived that a manner appropriate to the master of legions, with a minority hopelessly at his mercy, did not suit circumstances in which the relative positions were reversed. He became quieter in manner, less assertive, more solidly argumentative. He stooped to conquer, and, having won back his former mastery of the House, felt at liberty to resume something of his old gaiety of manner.

LORD HUGH CECIL AND "TOMMY" BOWLES.

Last Session presented two scarcely less striking illustrations of this undercurrent of feeling running through a succession of Parliaments. Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Gibson Bowles, defeated at the General Election of 1906, came back in January, 1910, to the scene of former triumphs. Their return was welcomed with the assurance that they would, in accordance with former habits, do something to enliven proceedings. The expectation proved futile. It is true that towards the end of the Session Lord Hugh did something to justify his Parliamentary renown. To the last Mr. Bowles's failure was as unbroken as, on the face of it, it seemed inexplicable. When he rose to give the House the advantage of his carefully-stored knowledge, his native sagacity, his deftly-prepared impromptus, members, after listening awhile, yawned, stretched themselves, and presently sallied forth to see what sort of weather it was outside.

Beyond the disposition noted on the part of new Parliaments to decline to take over ancient reputations, a special reason added to the discomfiture of these long-established favourites. During their former appearance they enjoyed the advantage of occupying a position of independence in the serried ranks of their Party. Even a mediocre member who criticizes the action of the Party he was returned to support, and with whom he sits, is certain of a hearing. It is one of the commonest devices of unscrupulous ambition. Neither Lord Hugh Cecil nor Mr. Bowles is a mediocrity. On the contrary, they were among the most effective debaters of the day.

Returning to the familiar scene, Lord Hugh found that, his friends being out of office, opposition must needs be directed against the other side, a quite commonplace business. As for Mr. Bowles, he characteristically introduced a touch of novelty by seating himself among the Liberals. His quips and cranks were now (for the time, at least) necessarily directed against the Party opposite. Like the Jackdaw of Rheims undergoing the discipline of the Church, they were not a penny the worse. What "Tommy" said in current circumstances did not matter a brass farthing. They did not even take the trouble to listen, much less to reply. Thus the embers of his speech, lacking the refreshment of a passing breeze, ignominiously smouldered. Doubtless, had the House of Commons to which he was returned as Liberal member for King's Lynn run its full course, Mr. Bowles would have regained something of his old position by turning and rending his esteemed Leaders on the Treasury Bench, as was his custom of an afternoon when it was tenanted by Mr. Arthur Balfour and his colleagues. That could scarcely be done in the very first Session of the Parliament in view of whose election he had found salvation. In the following year or the year after the game might be played. Then

> Came the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears
> And slit the thin-spun thread

of the life of the young Parliament. Opportunity fled, and the new House of Commons does not provide renewal.

The Telegram.

By M. F. HUTCHINSON.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

DICK CARSTAIRS sat, leaning forward, in a taxi-cab, his eyes fixed on the changing panorama of shops and houses, waiting for the moment when he could spring out in front of his brother-in-law's imposing town house. Fear kept him company. His waistcoat pocket held a pencilled note: "Come at once.—Nell." The brief sentence contained no definite hint of trouble, but the man understood. With which of the weapons in a man's armoury could he defend his only sister? Fear whispered terrible suggestions.

Before the cab really slowed down he opened the door, sprang out recklessly, thrust coins in the driver's hand, and rushed up steps to look angrily at the closed door. It opened promptly to his imperative summons. He hardly glanced at the servant, but hurried towards the fine staircase to his sister's sitting-room, which she hated to hear called a boudoir.

"Sir, my mistress particularly desired you should be shown into the library."

Impatient feet had to follow the man-servant across the hall and down a passage, which led to a room lined with books, but seldom used by anyone.

Mrs. Ellerton was there, waiting for the brother she had summoned. She stood in an elaborate, shimmering evening gown, though a massive clock told sonorously the hour was only a quarter to seven. Something in the tense rigidity of her graceful figure revealed immediately there could be no closing of the door on fear.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she whispered, as the servant left them alone, "I am in desperate trouble."

He took her hands and held them in a firm clasp while he tried to smile, murmuring in a light tone something about the perfection of the dress she wore, as if the only trouble of the woman in that luxurious room could be concerned with the success or failure of her gowns.

"Ah, don't waste time! In less than an hour I have guests to receive—his people, his family, and he—— Oh, John is going to do something dreadful, and I can't bear it."

Eleanor Ellerton shook her hands free and crossed the floor restlessly. Her brother followed, wheeled forward a big chair, and spoke gently.

"Come, sit down, Nell; you are trembling. I came the moment I had your message. What is the matter? Isn't it just a row of some sort?"

The woman's lips parted in a bitter smile. "A row? John would never descend to a vulgar quarrel. It is that which terrifies, makes me a coward. And I don't know how to explain."

Dick made her sit down. "Something has happened, then, about which any ordinary everyday sort of fellow would make a row? Is that it, Nell?"

The answer was a faint whispered "Yes."

"And you will tell me all about it? I always yarned to you in the old days at home. I can't remember that you shared my splendid capacity for getting into rows."

The words brought a sob to her lips.

"I must not cry; I dare not cry. His people would see at once. Dick, I don't know how to explain."

Once more, sitting on the arm of the big chair, he referred to bygone days. She checked him with a sharp cry.

"Don't, Dick, don't! I can't bear too much talk about the days before I married. I suppose"—her dark eyes grew very wistful—"I suppose you could not take me away for a little while, a few months, until he—he——" It seemed impossible to complete the sentence.

"My dear old girl, I am going next week to one of the most pestilential spots in South America. Do you imagine John would allow you to go where fever and ague are daily incidents? I could not let you run risks."

Her fingers, showing superb jewels, the gifts of a wealthy husband, caught piteously at one of his strong hands.

"Why could we not see into the future, see that you were to become rich and successful, an engineer talked about by the world? Then I need not have married,"

"Look here," said the brother, gently, "you are not telling me this trouble. Has it anything to do with Mertyn?"

She bent her graceful head and would not meet his eyes.

"So Mertyn has been making love to you, forgetting that you are a married woman? He always has made love to you, more or less, since you were in your teens, but——"

"He did not make love," she interrupted, breathlessly. "We just—— Oh, it is hard to explain."

"Tell me everything, Nell. Mertyn was in my rooms when your note came."

"Ah!" Warm colour flooded her pale cheeks.

"He was not coherent," explained Dick. "Talked about offering Ellerton satisfaction, making reparation. But in these matter-of-fact days it is difficult to find a way."

"But we have done no wrong. Until Hugh—Captain Mertyn came home this time, I never understood how much he loved me. He was so broken to find me a married woman that I wanted to comfort him. I wrote him letters."

"Broken?" repeated the brother. "I should not have thought Mertyn would come whining to you. It was a most unlucky chance that the letters telling him of your marriage never reached him."

"This morning I wrote for the last time, a good-bye letter. He leaves town to-night on his way back to Persia, and I said—I said—everybody had something to bear, some grief, a secret grief. I said he knew I had, and—and——" She covered her eyes from his glance. "I had promised he should come and say good-bye—have tea with me for the last time, but that letter was to tell him not to come. I said we had better not meet again. Well——" The speaker's lips closed with a gasp of pain.

"But he came?"

Mrs. Ellerton sprang to her feet and began to pace the floor again.

"Yes, he came, for he never received the letter. I did not understand that when they came to tell me he was in the drawing-room. I fancied he was so anxious to say good-bye, to see me once more, that he risked everything, even my displeasure. Then I—I—I—said good-bye. Don't speak, Dick; don't move. I said good-bye to him as I say it to you. When I turned John stood in the doorway with my letter, open, in his hand."

"You mean, Nell, that you kissed Mertyn?"

She stood with her back to him so that he barely caught the whispered assenting "Yes." Dick went to her, slipping his hand through her arm.

"And then there was a scene? John sent you away and had it out with Mertyn?"

Her head drooped wearily until it touched his shoulder.

"No." He felt her shudder. "John made him look contemptible and me too. Then he let him go. Before my eyes, slowly, deliberately, John folded up my letter and put it in his pocket. In answer to my entreaties, my prayers, he declared he had nothing to say then, not at the moment. But he reminded me we expect guests to-night, a party of his near relations in honour of his mother's birthday. Suddenly I understood: he intends to humiliate me before his people, and I can't bear it."

"Come, Nell, you are frightening yourself as you did in old days over shadows on the nursery wall. John is not a cad."

"His people have never liked me," she moaned. "Always thought me proud. You know, Dick, I did marry John because—— Must I put the truth into words?"

"You married him because he could give you fine frocks and jewels—all the things a pretty woman wants. Don't shrink, Nell; I'm not blaming you."

She moved away from him, throwing up her arms with a tragic gesture. Notwithstanding her radiant dress, the flash of the jewels she wore, Eleanor Ellerton looked the incarnation of sorrow, of despair.

"I have been true to John, but he believes——"

Her brother sprang forward and caught her arms. "Nell, don't. You make me desperate when you talk like this. Of course, you have only been foolish. Don't I know my sister? You are nervous and exaggerate John's attitude."

"Oh!" she wailed, "I wish it were that. But I am frightened, Dick. I am his wife, but I have never been really necessary to him, not to the real John. He is so successful and important; the world thinks much of him. Politics have absorbed him. He does not understand what it means to a woman when she feels she is essential, necessary to her husband. And Hugh—I mean Captain Mertyn—found the slightest thing I said or did interesting."

Dick Carstairs coaxed his sister to rest in the chair again.

"Nell, I can't believe John will do anything to humiliate you before his people. I'll have a talk with him and make it all right."

She shook her head. "He will not see you or me. He is upstairs, locked in his dressing-room, where he often writes now. That is why I did not see you in my own sitting-room. I did not want him to hear our voices, or know I had sent for you."

"I told you so," she cried, despairingly. "Take me away with you, Dick. He is so hard, so hard, I can't stay. And his mother—she terrifies me; she always, always has. He is going to treat me contemptuously before her, before his sisters and——"

"SHE MOVED AWAY FROM HIM, THROWING UP HER ARMS WITH A TRAGIC GESTURE."

The man went to the bell and rang it.

"Of course, John will see me," he said, confidently. But the servant dispatched with a message returned to say Mr. Ellerton could not be disturbed.

Dick found relief in saying forcible words aloud. The remnant of the self-control by which his sister held herself in some sort of leash was fast ebbing away.

Her despair was more than the brother could bear.

"Nell, I can't stand it. There, child, I did not mean to speak roughly to you, but you do not understand what you say."

She flung her quivering arms round him and clung to him as if he were a rock of refuge.

"I know what I am saying. There's his sister, his sister Mabel, the only unmarried one.

She has lovely clothes and jewels, but her face is just a mask, a mask shaped by misery. She did something—I never heard what, because I do not really belong to the family, you see. The Ellertons keep their troubles to themselves, but she has stood in their pillory, and they have broken her spirit as they will break mine. She has no courage left. I shall soon be like her. When John speaks to Mabel there is a note of contempt in his voice. If he spoke like that to me I should kill myself."

"Nell, Nell, you make out that your husband is a monster."

"No, no, he is not that, but so perfect, so straight himself, he cannot understand other people's failings, other people's sins. His mother says he has never given her one moment's anxiety. He has always been honoured, respected, courted. His father did well, but he has done better still. He has made a fortune. And he spends a great deal on me; he is very generous. His family hated his marrying a penniless girl. It is true, Dick, though the family is self-made. To-night his relatives will rejoice over my degradation."

"They will see you in your usual place, the place of honour as John's wife. I'll get you out of this trouble. I'll set everything right; never mind how, but trust me."

"Can you?" she questioned, eagerly. "Look at the clock; there is so little time."

He spoke very cheerily. "I have told you it will be all right. I say, Nell, may I just use this telephone? And then I will be off."

His sister nodded, her eyes full of tears. How easily her brother set this trouble aside and thought of everyday things. Each tick of the clock said "Too late!" She barely heeded what he did, scarcely heard him ask, first for a number, and when the bell rang shrilly, request someone to dispatch immediately the paper left on his desk. When he came to her he saw the tears.

"Nell, I tell you everything will be all right."

"But how—how? I am frightened."

"Just trust me. And now I must go."

"Go—and leave me alone?"

"But I shall come back before long."

"Dick, if only I could lock myself in my room and plead illness. But afterwards my punishment would be made greater, heavier still."

Her voice was full of distress, of pathetic appeal. A strong hand on her shoulder steadied her, begged her to trust. Everything would be all right and she was not to fear.

But when he left her she sat shivering in her place. Fear thrust a terrible suggestion before her. What if she took the boat express from Victoria with Captain Mertyn, and accompanied him to Persia? Her distracted mind toyed with the idea. She had forgotten everything but the possibilities of escape. Then a difficulty presented itself—money! Eleanor possessed not a shilling of her own. Dick, after promising help, had left her alone; but he had money—could give her plenty. Then her cheeks crimsoned; it would be impossible to ask her honourable, straightforward brother for money in order to enable her to—to—— Alas! was there no help? Must she be tossed helplessly by winds of destruction?

The door opened and closed.

Eleanor turned with a start. Her husband was in the room.

"Oh," she murmured, feebly, "is that you, John?"

"Yes," was the acid answer. "Did you expect anyone else, any other visitor? Had you planned a second lovers' meeting?"

The cold tone of his voice helped her to composure. "You insult me. I offered to explain an act of folly."

"Explain — explain!" John Ellerton stood on the hearthrug, looking straight before him. "You can't explain away facts. Women, I believe, sometimes imagine they can. You have been carrying on a secret correspondence with Captain Mertyn of such a nature that the ordinary post would not serve you. The letters must go by hand. I took the one of this morning from your maid; she did not bring it to me. Then I found you in the arms of this man who calls himself an officer and a gentleman."

Her voice rang out indignantly. "I was not in his arms!"

"Why quibble about words? I stood in the doorway of your own drawing-room and saw you. Any servant might have been in my place and seen my honour degraded by my wife."

"John, how dare you? How can you speak to me like this? When you put things into such words you make me appear a wicked woman. Is that your object, your desire? I was foolish, wrong, but not wicked. Won't you believe me? Have you never once, not in all your life, been foolish yourself, John?"

For a moment he met the glance of his wife's anguished eyes, then left the hearthrug, and walked at his slow, dignified pace to the chair in front of the writing-table, the chair in which Dick Carstairs had sat

when he used the telephone there. The woman shivered as she watched him; the tick of the clock dominated the quiet of the room, seeming almost to threaten her. How swiftly the minutes passed. Help had not come.

The thought of the flight of time drove her back to an unequal conflict.

"HER VOICE RANG OUT INDIGNANTLY. 'I WAS NOT IN HIS ARMS!'"

"John, give me back that letter. Can't you understand? Those words were written in a moment of folly; they are nothing but the echo of a passing mood."

He made no answer; the icy fingers of fear seemed to clutch her.

"You cannot think," she cried, passionately, "of divorcing me, and dragging me through the courts, where white is sometimes made to appear black! You can't, John—you can't!"

"Eleanor, you are raising your voice. I fear the servants may hear you. There is someone at the door now. Pray control yourself."

The door opened to admit a servant carrying a telegram on a salver. The messenger was not waiting for an answer. Telegrams in the busy life of the master of the house were not things of moment. As soon as the man had disappeared he said, in a commonplace tone, that the measage was probably from someone who could not be present at the dinner-party.

"I shall not be there," declared Eleanor, vehemently. "I refuse to be present unless you speak to me properly."

"You will do as I wish," answered the man, calmly. "At the moment I desire you to sit down and behave sensibly."

With a little moaning cry, she sank into a chair, murmuring just as a child might have done, "Oh, I wish—I wish!" But she did not put the passionate desire thrilling her into words, but watched impassive hands open the telegram, saw the calm air that drove her to madness change, the flimsy paper crumpled by angry fingers allowed to fall to the floor. Had someone else offended John Ellerton? Might his attention be distracted from her folly?

"What—what—merciful Heaven!"

The anguished murmur came from the lips of her husband.

In a moment the wife was on her feet bending over him.

"What is it, John—not bad news?"

He muttered words to himself, incoherent words. He was ill. She moved towards the bell.

"No, no, I am not ill. Hush! Go to the door, Eleanor; lock it. No, what am I saying? The servants must not guess anything. I have had a worrying telegram. I must go upstairs, change these clothes, get away at once—to-night."

"You are ill, John—not fit to travel. Could you not trust me with the worry? Let me help."

He picked up the crumpled telegram from the floor. "You would not understand, and I have no time to explain. I must find trains; get away without delay. Where is Bradshaw?" His capable hands groped over the books on a stand. His wife watched their sudden helplessness with pitying eyes, then sprang to his help, found what he wanted, and forgot that a few moments ago she had been angry with him.

"Don't thrust me away, John, when you are in trouble!"

His eyes peered at the pages of Bradshaw; the crumpled telegram slipped from his hand. Eleanor, eager to help, to understand where he wished to go, picked it up and read the words upon it:—

"Truth about South American mine known. Information may be used at meeting in Albert Hall to-morrow.—Well-Wisher."

"Put it down, Eleanor. How dare you read my telegrams?" Then the voice of John Ellerton lost its note of anger. "Read; know what all the world will know. Rejoice at my humiliation."

The woman's forehead puckered distressfully, but the look of tenderness and pity did not fade from her eyes.

"I don't understand."

"No, but I do," said the man, fiercely, "and so does the sender of the message. And it means disgrace unless—— My enemies, political enemies, have done this. Some devil has planned to heckle me at the mass meeting to-morrow with an old horror."

The face, so strong but a few minutes before, was hidden by a pair of shaking hands. The woman, pressing tenderly close to him, heard a piteous murmur.

"A forgotten sin!"

Her arms went round him. "Trust me, dear. Let me help."

But he slipped from her embrace, pushed back his chair, and fell to pacing the floor. "Did you think I was a saint? Eleanor, don't question me; I hardly know what I am doing. It is a business matter, a——" Again confidence deserted him. He pressed his hand to his eyes as if he would shut out some painful sight. "If they have got hold of Mrs. Arlton, I can't face her. I must get away. Help me!"

Swiftly she hastened to him, but his manner changed.

"Don't notice anything I say; I am ill. Ring the bell. Tell the servants not to admit any of our expected guests. My own people! They are all spies—spies! I have kept them under, and now they will rejoice—call the food on my table ill-gotten, purchased at the price of blood. Yes, they will join in the world's cruel chorus. Who sent the telegram—who—who—*who?*"

As if in answer to the frenzied question the door opened and Dick Carstairs came into the room. His brother-in-law turned with an angry protest, then as swiftly apologized. But when Dick uttered a calm "Good evening," the sound of that commonplace word, like a mockery, lashed him into fury.

"What do you mean by prying here?" Again he almost cringed—business worries had upset him. "There is trouble about one of the silver mines, and I start to-night."

Dick stood quite still, listening. His eyes wandered from the changed face of his sister to that of her husband. She had something to say.

"He is ill, not fit to travel. I cannot let him go alone."

"No, no, Eleanor, you can't come; I go alone."

Again the wife pleaded. "You are ill, dear, and it is my right to take care of you. I am your wife."

The simple words were spoken with such dignity and sweetness that the husband, obsessed as he was by fear, realized their tenderness.

"I am not worth this. There, there, Nell," he added, gently, as she would have clung to him, "you must not hinder me. You will ruin me if you do not let me go. You make me say things before your brother, things he cannot possibly understand. He will take care of you till—till—I come back."

"You received a telegram, John?"

Carstairs asked his question in a matter-of-fact tone.

His brother-in-law nodded.

"It came when you were planning ways of

"ELEANOR THREW HERSELF ON HER KNEES BY HER HUSBAND'S SIDE AND FLUNG OUT SLENDER ARMS PROTECTINGLY."

punishing your wife, my sister. You would not see me, if you remember ? "

John Ellerton passed a distracted hand over his face. " Things about Eleanor ? I—I—can't talk now. Man, don't you see I am in torture ? Things about Eleanor ? Why, she wants to go away with me, a disgraced man. And I thought she only cared for the money. I don't know what I am saying ! "

The wife's arms were round his neck, her lips, close to his ear, whispering something.

" You have got to listen to me," said Carstairs, steadily. " I sent that telegram."

The soft, persistent tick of the clock again dominated the room, sounding like the thud of heavy hammers. Ellerton's eyes, with fury in them, were riveted on the calm face of his brother-in-law. He opened his lips to speak, but no words came. For years the successful man had prided himself on impenetrability of expression, but now, in turn, fury, incredulity, and amazement, following each other, were plainly seen.

" I sent the telegram," repeated Dick Carstairs, " to bring you to your senses. I could not allow Eleanor to be hurt. I would rather have spoken with you face to face, but you would not see me, and forced my hand."

" Dick ! Dick ! " The voice of Eleanor was filled with deep reproach. " Dick, how could you ? It was cruel."

Gently the husband released himself from her embrace.

" You knew—knew all along ? " The words rushed from Ellerton's lips.

" Yes, I know all the cruel business. The trumped-up charges against poor Arlton to force him to hand over the mine option. When these did not work, the heavy bribing, turning honest men into swindlers who swore

the mine was worthless. That hunting of Arlton, the cruel, cruel turning of the screw, the breaking, bit by bit, of a woman's heart!"

The speaker paused: the words were horrible. With a cry of agony John Ellerton sank into a chair.

"Don't—for Heaven's sake, don't! I have tried to make reparation. I have advertised, I have used detectives to trace her, but she could not be found."

"Mrs. Arlton is dead. I knew her in South America. The day she told me her story the English mail came in, and I heard my sister had married you."

"And you have allowed me to strut and brag? You did nothing—held your tongue! You must have wanted to shoot me."

Eleanor threw herself on her knees by her husband's side and flung out slender arms protectingly.

"He is my husband, Dick. Hurt him and you hurt me. You are cruel—cruel! John never did dreadful things."

At his wife's passionate cry Ellerton turned and looked at her before he faced his brother-in-law again.

"From a palace of pride and self-satisfaction I have been thrust into the depths."

"No, no!" criedEleanor, "for I am with you and I love you. Dick," she added, reproachfully, "how could you hurt him so?"

Her husband checked her. "Don't blame your brother, for he has shown more mercy than I deserve. Wife, you will have to hear the old hateful, wicked tale, and know me for what I am. Then, if you are not ashamed to call me husband, I shall find it easy to thank Dick. I tried to build a reputation on a rotten foundation; the old story could make my name a mockery, a byword. Dick will never want to shake hands with me again."

"At the moment," answered the other man, simply, "there is no one with whom I would rather shake hands."

Under the glance of Eleanor's tragic eyes their hands clasped.

She threw her arms round her husband's neck. "You are all mine now, dear, for you need me. Oh, we will be happy, kind to other people, to—to—to"—her voice faltered—"all who stumble. And we will build a home—a real home — together. I can forgive Dick now—this moment."

But when she turned her head it was to find him gone. She was alone with the man she loved.

Delicately the clock chimed eight. Duty called them. The empty drawing-room, where they must receive their guests, awaited them. They went, hand in hand.

"THEY WENT, HAND IN HAND."

"GLIMA."

The wonders of the secret sport of Iceland and how to learn this hitherto jealously-guarded art of self-defence, which beats Ju-jitsu.

By JOHANNES JOSEFSSON,

The World's "Glima" Champion.

[In the following article, specially written for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Mr. Johannes Josefsson, the world's champion "Glima" exponent, explains, for the first time, the secrets of this Icelandic form of self-defence. Mr. Josefsson, who represented Iceland in the Olympic Games of 1908, first won the World's Championship in 1907, throwing twenty-four competitors in six hours without incurring a single fall. In the following year he again won the championship from fourteen competitors, since when his title of champion has not been opposed. Until recently Icelanders took the minutest precautions to prevent the secrets of this form of self-defence from leaving the island. That "Glima" is a more efficacious form of self-defence than Ju-jitsu Mr. Josefsson recently demonstrated by throwing Diabutsu, the champion Ju-jitsu wrestler, twice in the short space of fifty-seven seconds. He states, too, that if readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will thoroughly master the tricks explained in this article they will be able to ward off all ordinary forms of attack.]

URING recent years public interest in any and every really valuable form of self-defence has increased very largely, and on that account it will be a matter of the greatest surprise to me if the true merits of "Glima," the particular form of self-defence that has actually been practised in Iceland for nearly one thousand years, do not, when once known, become generally recognized, for, as has been proved on countless occasions, it is at once the simplest and yet withal the most efficacious of all exercises.

But up to the present time the ancient pastime of my countrymen has been jealously guarded from all foreigners. Indeed, the only occasion when strangers were allowed to witness it during the whole of the last century was when it was displayed before King Christian IX. of Denmark at Thingvellir, when he visited Iceland in 1874, and even then only two men took part—the present Rev. Sigurour Gunnarsson, of Stykkisholm, and the Rev. Larus Halldorsson, of Reykjavik.

But times change, and thus to-day, even in far-away Iceland, where news from the outside world is slow to creep in, we have at last recognized that no good purpose is being served by still keeping secret our ancient form of self-defence, the knowledge of which, valuable though it is in everyday life, must necessarily play "second fiddle" in scientific warfare. On that account, therefore, to-day I feel no qualms in divulging to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE the secrets of this form of self-defence, which has been practised in Iceland since 1100, when my country was a Republic. It was not then limited to the platform nor to any special occasion, for throughout the land, from the country farm to the Althing (Parliament), it was a daily exercise in which most men took part.

The essential idea of this Icelandic form of self-defence is to enable the weaker to hold their own with the stronger, and I am not exaggerating when I say that, if she will take the trouble to learn some of the tricks and "hitches" of Glima, even a woman possessed of only ordinary strength will be able to defend herself against, and overcome, an opponent possessed of far greater physical strength.

In recent years, too, the perfection to which Glima has been brought has proved it to be, in a very high degree, an exercise which gives health and endurance to the body, and which also acts as a real source of refreshment to the mind, while, at the same time, sharpening the courage, smartness, and intellect of those who take part in it. I would mention that most of the grips are formed by the aid of the feet and legs, so that, even should an exponent of Glima have his or her hands tied, a capable resistance can still be made, no matter from which side the attacker may decide to start operations.

It would be easy to write at considerable length about the history of this wonderful form of self-defence, for the story of how, little by little, new holds and hitches have

Fig. 1.—A boxer attacks with "a straight left." Note how Mr. Johannes Josefsson appears to drop to the ground on his left hand.

been thought out to enable its exponents to be prepared for all emergencies is full of interest. Still, in the space allowed to me, I could not do sufficient justice to the subject, so that I will content myself by explaining various tricks which are likely to prove most useful in cases of emergency in everyday life. Even in these civilized days the hooligan and larrikin is far from "a back number," as cases so frequently reported in the Press clearly prove, but I would dare swear that these amiably-inclined "gentlemen" would speedily have cause to regret their temerity if they were to attempt an assault on an opponent conversant with Glima.

Perhaps the most common form of attack is with the fists, and, generally speaking, a man possessed of some knowledge of how to box must inevitably have a great pull over an opponent who has never learnt how to use his fists. I will, therefore, explain how an attack with the fists can be easily warded off, and also how the attacker can be reduced to a state of lamb-like passivity, even though his strength may be far greater than that of the opponent he has attacked.

For the sake of example, let us say that he leads off with the left, as shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 1). As he strikes out, all that it is necessary to do is to throw yourself down on your left hand, at the same time throwing the right foot across his right leg just above the knee, and quickly gripping your left foot behind and over the opponent's right, when, by pressing your right

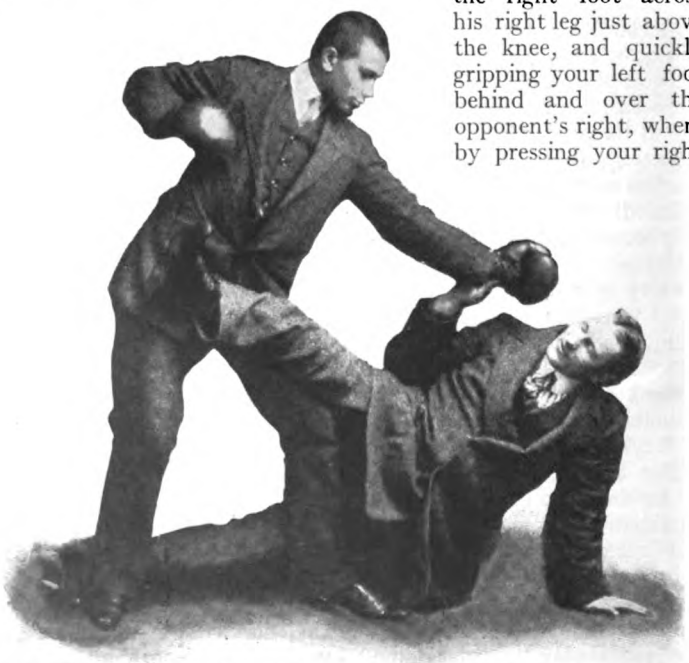


Fig. 2.—The boxer's hopeless position will be understood at once by reading the letterpress.

Fig. 3.—An attack from behind when the hands are tied.

foot back and your left foot forward, you have him in such a position that you can throw him to the ground (Fig. 2), and, by exerting pressure, keep him there until he has decided that further attack would be, to put it mildly, a most indiscreet undertaking. On paper, no doubt, this explanation may not seem quite clear, but if you will practise the hold for a minute or two with any opponent, you will be able to prove its value at once. But I do not think I need give any clearer example of the merits of this trick than by saying that, although I am not a boxer myself, I am, nevertheless, prepared to challenge even the champion of the world, and to throw him to the ground before he can make any real use of his fistic ability.

And now let me explain how, even with your hands tied, if you possess any knowledge of Glima, you can overcome any attacker with the greatest ease in the world. Firstly, let us suppose that the attack comes from behind. Realizing that your hands are tied, an attacker may try to completely overcome you by trying to throw you backwards (Fig. 3). To do this the laws of balance compel him to grip the upper part of your body, and he will probably seize you by the head and chest, as by this means he gets a more powerful leverage than by any other. As, therefore, he grasps you under the chin and tries to force your head back, lean quickly forward, and, unless he leaves go, the attacker will be thrown completely over your shoulders, landing in the position as shown in Fig. 4, where he is clearly at your mercy, for if he does not drop his hold he must inevitably break his own neck, a form of self-execution which even the most evil-minded hooligan is not likely to greatly enjoy.

When unarmed, to be attacked by an opponent with a knife is a happening which even Mark Tapley would assuredly not have found particularly cheering. However, such an attack can be rendered completely ineffective, as follows. Let us suppose that the attacker strikes out with his knife in the right hand. As he does so the attacked must move slightly to the left, so that the arm comes over his shoulder (Fig. 5). He must then turn quickly to the right, at the same time twisting his left leg round the attacker's right, as shown in Fig. 6, and also pulling the attacker's right arm across his chest, when the former will find himself in a position from which he cannot possibly extricate himself, for, by putting on even slight pressure, his opponent can break either his arm or leg with the greatest of ease. Maybe, in explaining what can be done, I must seem rather a bloodthirsty person. As a matter

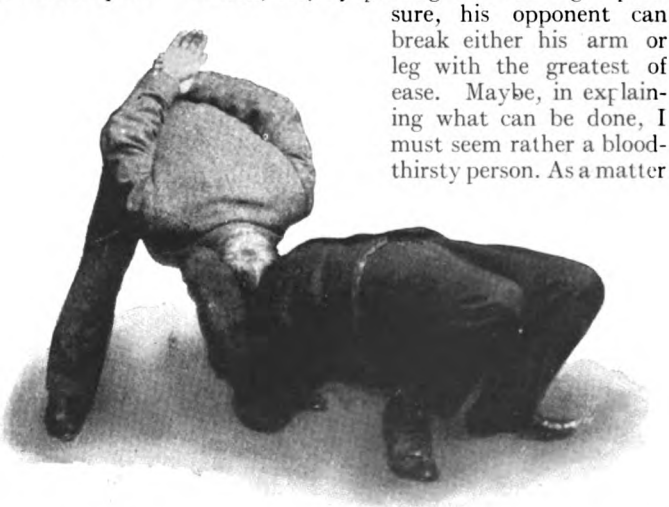


Fig. 4.—The attacker's hopeless position is seen at once in the above illustration.

of fact, however, I should like to say that I am the most peacefully-inclined individual in the world. Still, to show how Glima can be made of real value in everyday life in the case of attack

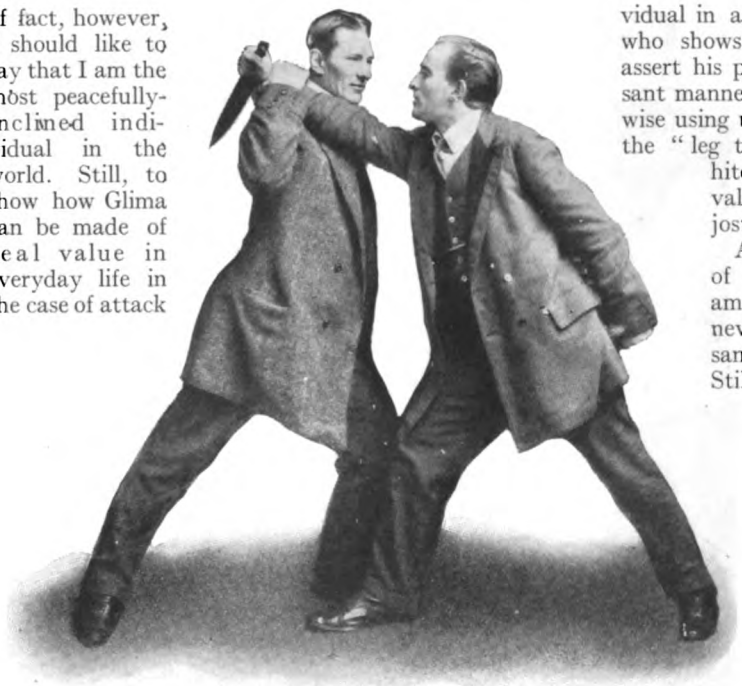


Fig. 5.—How to ward off an attack with a knife.

vidual in a crowd, or elsewhere, who shows some inclination to assert his position in an unpleasant manner by jostling or otherwise using undue pressure. Yes, the "leg trick" and "inverted hitch" will be found invaluable replies to a jostler's idiosyncrasies.

An opponent possessed of "firearms" and unamiable inclinations is never a particularly pleasant person to meet. Still, at close quarters it is possible to deprive him of much of his advantage if you will act quickly, and act as follows. Let us suppose that he is trying to extort money or the fulfilment of some wish by levelling a revolver at your

it is necessary to point out the unenviable position any opponent must find himself in if he struggles against a Glima "hold."

An excellent means of throwing an opponent off his balance is known in the Icelandic form of self-defence as the "inverted hitch." This is performed with either right foot on right (Fig. 7) or left on left, by hooking the foot slantwise round an opponent's heel, the attacker's knee bent slightly forward and his opponent's slightly inward, so that the foot is locked in the position shown in the illustration. The attacker then draws his foot smartly to one side, and with his hands he keeps his opponent from jumping, for it is important to keep him down, otherwise the trick can be frustrated.

Another valuable trick for unbalancing an opponent is the "leg trick." This is performed by placing the right foot on the opponent's left (Fig. 8), or *vice versa*, so that the inner part of the foot touches the outer part of his foot. The feet are then drawn from him, and the hands used to complete the fall. I would mention, by the way, that the last two tricks I have described will be found particularly effective should any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE encounter some indi-

Fig. 6.—Second position when attacked with a knife. Note the attacker's fruitless attempt to evade this "Glima" self-defence grip.

head, and threatening "your money or your life" unless you consent to do as he dictates. As he raises the revolver step quickly back, at the same time leaning backwards, and with your right foot kick up his wrist in such a way that his aim is completely "put out of joint," in that, whether he fires or not, the shot must inevitably miss its destination (Fig. 9). I do not pretend, of course, that this trick is in any way infallible, for an opponent with firearms and his finger on the trigger must necessarily be possessed of an enormous advantage over an unarmed adversary. At the same time, with sufficient practice, the simple device I have explained can be performed so rapidly that, while the arm is being raised to fire, the foot acts more quickly and reaches the wrist before the revolver is in the requisite position to make an effective shot.

Fig. 8.—The "leg trick."

Fig. 7.—The "inverted hitch."

Another extremely useful way of disarming an opponent—if only you are quick enough—is shown in Fig. 10. As the attacker levels his revolver at his adversary's head, the latter quickly bends down and grasps his opponent's right wrist with his left hand and the latter's left with his right hand, the while forcing his left wrist back. With his right leg he then encircles the attacker's left in such a way that he can easily throw him backwards, when, by gripping the wrist of the hand in which he holds the revolver, and by pressing the thumb on the back of the armed hand and gripping his palm with the other fingers, an opponent is inevitably forced to drop the revolver. Try this grip on anyone you like, no matter how strong he may be, and you will find it extraordinarily effective.

A trick I would earnestly commend to ladies is known in Glima as the "zigzag

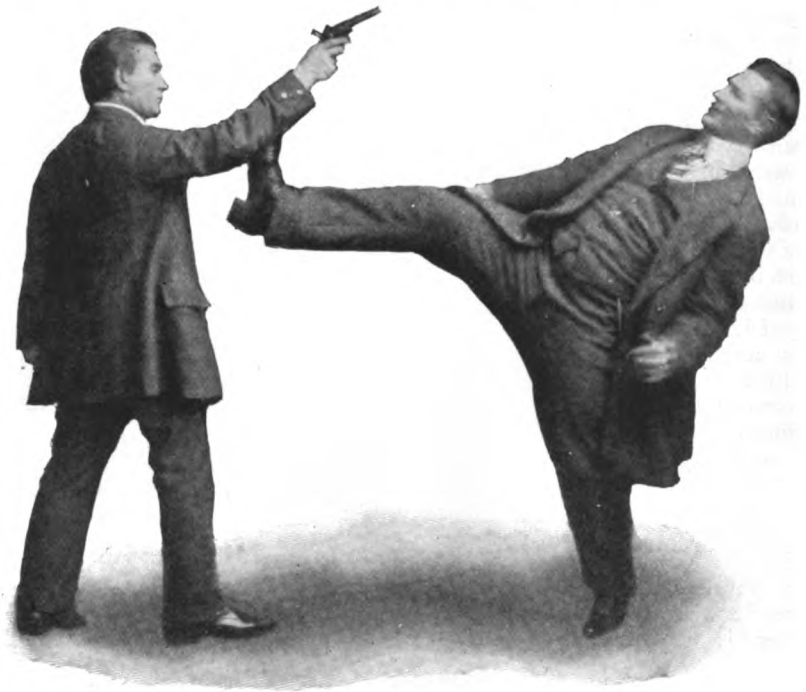


Fig. 9.—When the foot is quicker than the wrist. Mr. Josefsson declares that by practice it is possible to disarm an armed opponent as shown above.

when, by pressing the leg upwards, as shown in the illustration, an opponent, no matter how strong he may be, can be thrown backwards to the ground.

I quite realize that "the hypercritical reader," who, maybe, has never even heard of Glima, will probably scoff at the tricks I have explained, by reason of the fact that in cold, hard print they probablysound far from easy of accomplishment. I would hasten to say, therefore, that every Glima trick explained

trick" (Fig. 11). By this manœuvre even a child can throw a strong man to the ground with lightning rapidity, and in my native country I have often seen a little Icelander bring about the overthrow of a man who, in a hand-to-hand struggle, would probably have defeated her "with two fingers." The requisite position in which to bring this trick into play can be understood at once by glancing at the illustration. The "zigzag trick" is "laid" by placing the right foot round an opponent's right leg, when, by quickly gripping him by the wrists and swinging him slightly to the left, he will find himself on his back in a fraction of a second. The value of this trick is derived entirely from the laws of balance, and, if practised a few times, ladies will find it particularly useful as a means of subjugating someone much stronger than themselves.

The "gentle hooligan" who relies upon a knife or dagger to bring about an opponent's downfall can be subdued as follows. As he strikes downwards with his knife (Fig. 12) the person attacked bends slightly backwards, at the same time gripping the right wrist with the left hand and his right ankle with the right hand from the outside,

Fig. 10.—Another method of disarming an armed opponent.

Fig 11.—The "zigzag" trick. Mr. Josefsson recommends ladies to practise this, as it is particularly effective and quite easy to learn.

in this article will be found perfectly simple after a little practice. After all, it is on practice, and practice alone, that each and every form of self-defence depends for its real value in times of stress; and when I point out that a really clever exponent of Glima is more than a master for an adept at any other form of self-defence, I am merely giving this Icelandic pastime the credit to which it is entitled.

In conclusion, I would lay special stress on the necessity of each trick being performed sharply and decisively.

Had space permitted I could have explained many other tricks which might possibly have come in useful at some time or another to readers of THE STRAND. If, however, they will be content to thoroughly master the various "self-defence" exercises set forth in this article, they will find that they are armed with a stock-in-trade of defensive tactics which will assuredly serve them in good stead should necessity to bring them into play arise.

No special gymnasium is required in which to practise Glima tricks; any ordinary-sized apartment will serve the purpose; in fact, a plot of level ground anywhere furnishes an excellent school, providing there are no stones. I would mention, too, that no carpet is required, and the tricks may be practised in ordinary clothes, though, until they become fairly expert, I would counsel beginners not to wear too-heavily-soled boots or shoes; soft shoes, or the stockinged feet, are best when commencing to practise Glima tricks, as, speed being so essential to their successful accomplishment, unnecessarily hard knocks are sometimes given when heavy foot-gear is worn.

Fig. 12.—How a lady can ward off an attack from an opponent even armed with a knife.

A Shot in the Dark.

By BERNARD DARWIN.

Illustrated by John Cameron.

MR. CYRUS Q. DODGE came to this country on a conscientious tour of inspection of the chief British golf courses. Working gradually northward, he arrived in time at the classic green of St. Arnolds, where he soon found himself the possessor of quite a large circle of new friends. One was Johnny Trickett, most charming of companions, a valuable partner and a dangerous opponent. Johnny was generally believed by his friends to have discovered the philosopher's stone, for he not only lived, like Becky Sharp, on nothing a year, but played golf wheresoever he pleased, with the newest of golf balls and the most costly of clubs, and all on an income which he returned with perfect truthfulness to the Income Tax Commissioners as *nil*.

Another was Major Fakenham, a comparatively aged and grizzled warrior, who pocketed his two half-crowns a day with an almost mechanical regularity. Yet, in spite of his success, the Major was not proud; on the contrary, he was clothed with humility.

"My dear boy," he would say to some slashing young player, "you don't seem to realize that I'm an old man. What on earth is the good of my playing you with four strokes? I should have no chance even with a third, but still, just to make a game——"

If the result showed, as it nearly always did, that four strokes would have been more than sufficient, who shall blame the Major? Is not modesty one of the most beautiful qualities that can be found in a military commander?

These two, and several more eager and resourceful spirits—their enemies spoke of them as the gang or the syndicate—determined that one American visitor at least should have no cause to complain of the coldness and insularity of Britons. If I have not mentioned before that Mr. Dodge was a multi-millionaire, who had inherited from his father a controlling interest in several thousand miles of railroad, it is simply because the fact had so clearly no connection with the disinterested kindness of Johnny and his friends. Nothing could have exceeded their friendliness. They would give up the most cherished and bloodthirsty of single combats in order to take Cyrus into a three-ball match. Every day they had some new permutation or combination of partners to propose, and if there were a few small bets—well, it is only the most bigoted who object to gambling at golf.

Mr. Dodge did not gain much from these matches except experience, the value of which must not be lightly estimated. He was a player whom it was rather difficult to place exactly. He did not look much like a golfer, being neither "bull-neckit" nor "bow-legged"—on the contrary, he was a tall and rather weedy young man, with a mild and benevolent countenance, which was partially concealed by a large pair of blue spectacles, betokening presumably some weakness of the eyes. This last, perhaps, accounted for his failures. In spite of a sound and infinitely elaborate style—they take their golf very seriously in America—he would make the most eccentric of strokes, at one moment sending the ball flying far beyond the hole, and at another being ludicrously short.

Well, he had come to St. Arnolds to improve his education, and education, as we know, is an expensive luxury. Only once did he ever get any of his own back from this syndicate of plunderers. This was on his very last day, when it was decided to play as long as there was one available ray of daylight. Then, curiously enough, when it became so dark that even the Major, who knew the Christian name, as it was said, of every blade of grass on the course, was all abroad, the stranger began to perform prodigies of skill or luck, and displayed infinitely better form than he had ever done in the light of day. The syndicate was surprised, not to say disappointed, but they had done so well on the whole that they thought no more of this little set-back. It would have been well for them if they had pondered on it more deeply.

That evening Mr. Dodge entertained his kind friends to a farewell dinner. Everything was of the best, and when Johnny Trickett proposed their host's health, he overflowed with a very genuine emotion, while the uproar

"THEY WOULD GIVE UP THE MOST CHERISHED AND BLOODTHIRSTY OF SINGLE COMBATS IN ORDER TO TAKE CYRUS INTO A THREE-BALL MATCH."

became positively deafening when Cyrus rose to reply. After thanking them most warmly, he went on in his usual quiet drawl:—

"Now, I guess some of you gentlemen think you've done pretty well out of me."

The speaker paused as if to let his words sink in, and there was an awkward silence, in which each man looked rather guiltily at his neighbour. Then he continued:—

"Well, now I've got a proposal to make, a kind of return match."

Prolonged stamping and beating of spoons upon the table.

"There's a course over on our side; I know it pretty well, and I reckon I could give pretty well anybody a game there."

"The vanity of youth dies hard," muttered the Major, under his breath.

"So see here," proceeded the speaker. "You bring your open champion or anybody you like—you, Mr. Trickett, or you, Major—I pay all expenses—I put you up as long as you like to stay, and I play your man, whoever he is, for what shall we say—twenty thousand dollars? Say, is it a match?"

For an instant everyone was dumbfounded at this extraordinary proposal, made with every appearance of seriousness and with no sign either of intoxication or incipient madness. Johnny Trickett had just opened his mouth to accept, when the Major pulled him by the sleeve.

"We ought to know what sort of course it is," said that wary gentleman.

"Waal," drawled Cyrus, "the course isn't quite ready yet, but I guess it will be next fall. It's only nine holes, but no man alive is going to find those nine easy. Well over three thousand yards long, and bogey—well, I reckon bogey would be about forty for the nine, and it will take a pretty smart man to do that."

The Major looked round, gathering the eyes of the syndicate like a hostess at the end of a dinner party. Then—

"We'll take you on," he said.

"Right," said Cyrus, briskly; "and now let

us have it down in black and white right here. The back of the menu will do." And he began to write forthwith.

"Thirty-six holes on the 15th of September next. Any man you like to bring. Stakes to be deposited with the referee before we start. Play or pay; and I guarantee just this, that the course is a full-length course to the satisfaction of the referee."

"Who is your referee?" someone asked.

"You can have the President of the United States, if you can get him," said Cyrus Q., "or John D. Rockefeller. It's all one to me."

A clause was inserted to the effect that the referee was to be mutually agreed upon at a later date. The day and hour of beginning play were fixed and the document signed, gravely and formally by the challenger, almost hilariously by the challenged parties.

"I deliver this as my act and deed," cried the Major, gaily, and appended an additional flourish to his signature.

In the small hours the meeting broke up, proclaiming more emphatically than ever that Mr. Cyrus Q. Dodge was a jolly good fellow. Next morning, while the rest of the party were still abed, the tuff, tuff, tuff of Mr. Dodge's gigantic car might have been heard in the narrow, corkscrewy streets of St. Arnolds, and the place knew him no more.

Well, Mr. Dodge was gone, and the syndicate were left to raise the twenty thousand dollars. How they did it is no business of mine, nor would I for the world pry too closely into their doings. Such accomplished gentlemen would never lack the means of raising the wind, and they did it somehow. Their next task was to persuade James MacCaskie, the ideal man for the purpose, to be their nominee. Every golfer knows that man of granite; the winner of many championships; strong as a horse and, withal, placid as a cow. James had to be wheedled not inadroitly; indeed, he was at first by no means favourably inclined towards the proposal.

"What like player is this Dodge?" he inquired.

"Can't play for nuts," replied Johnny, airily. "I would back myself to beat him any day."

"I'm thinking he must have been pulling your leg," said James, thoughtfully, "or maybe there's something gey and queer about the course. Else why don't you play him yoursel', Mr. Trickett?" Then, turning to a more congenial topic, "And what am I going to get out of this?" he asked. "Ye ken there's ma presteege to be considered. I shallna look a very intelligent kind of a man if I make sic a mautch as this and lose it."

Then began a process of haggling, in which the Scotsman proved worthy of his ancestry.

"I wouldna cross them miles of heaving water under five hundred," he said, with a shudder, "let alone the mautch."

However, terms were at last agreed, and, as if to confirm the soundness of the choice made, the next season brought with it one continuous run of victories for MacCaskie. He won the Open Championship yet again, he crushed one local professional after another in a triumphal progress through the country, and when, in the early days of September, Johnny and the Major embarked on a big Cunarder, they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had undoubtedly the finest golfer in the world to carry their money. The two adventurers, indeed, were jubilant, but James himself was rather pensive, not to say morose.

"'WHAT LIKE PLAYER IS THIS DODGE?' HE INQUIRED."

"I'm thinking," he would say, "that I'm no better than an auld sweetie wife to play

sic a mautch. It may be all richt, but I dinna like it. There's something mair behind."

He would stand and stare at the great Atlantic rollers by the hour together; and at such times his companions divined that he was "jist no very carin' for the mautch." Not even the ingenuous appearance of Mr. Dodge, who came to greet them on landing, could cheer him. "It's no always them that looks best that plays best," was all that could be extracted from him. "Who would think," he added, "that that wee mannie S—— could play gowf; but, by gum, he can."

This is a narrative of stirring adventure, and not a guide-book. Therefore, I will pass over the reception of the party in America. James MacCaskie proved to be one of the few distinguished strangers who ever baffled a New York reporter, and their host's hospitality was boundless as ever. On one subject alone was he obdurately silent; no word could be extracted from him as to the *venue* of the match. James shook off his sea legs, and in some rounds on the New York courses showed himself to be in his very finest form.

Finally, one morning the party set out in one of Mr. Dodge's numerous fleet of cars for their unknown battlefield, taking with them a gentleman of eminence in the senate of American golf, who had agreed to act as referee. After a hot chase they shook off the cars of pursuing Pressmen and, driving far and fast, arrived at their destination, Mr. Dodge's magnificent country palace, standing in the midst of very wild and solitary country.

The shades of evening had already fallen when they arrived. The house itself was a dazzling and majestic pile of white stone, but the surrounding demesne presented a disquieting appearance. The visitors peered vainly for any traces of a golf course. The ground appeared to be broken, rugged, and rocky, while vast heaps of earth loomed here and there through the gathering darkness, for all the world like slag-heaps at a pit-head.

"Some fine big carries," suggested Johnny, with a rather forced cheerfulness, but Cyrus only grunted in response.

"Guid save us, there'll be some terrible blind holes here," said the champion, anxiously.

"You shall know all about the course to-morrow, I promise you," answered the owner, and there was a veiled menace in his tone that sounded uncomfortably in the ears of the visitors. A moment afterwards the car drew up at the door. Mr. Dodge's little fit of moroseness vanished, and it was with his customarily gay and friendly demeanour that he made his guests welcome to the house.

The adventurers did not sleep very well that night. Now that the great moment had arrived the whole affair, always regarded hitherto in the light of a lucrative joke, had taken on an unpleasantly mysterious aspect. They were in the depths of the country; precisely where, they knew not. There was no sign of a course; no sound but the crying of the wind among the trees; nothing to be seen but the blackness of the night, and no word had been extracted from their host. Moreover, there had been an air of quiet confidence about him during the evening which had not been without its effect.

"Dash it," said the Major to himself, giving his pillow an irritable thump, "I'd almost play the fellow myself, and yet——"

And yet he lay tossing uneasily till the morning.

The day of the match broke bleak and horrible to a degree. The wind howled and the driving rain lashed the windows.

James was palpably off colour. In vain did his supporters point out to him the ideal nature of the conditions.

"Why, man alive," said Johnny, "everybody knows you're at your best on a bad day, and just look at this—simply made for you."

"Dodge won't be able to see a yard," added the astute Major. "Those great spectacles of his will be blurred with rain after the first minute."

"I've an idee we're jist three fools," answered James, dolefully, and made but a shadow of his usual breakfast. The challenger, indeed, was the only one of the party to retain his composure. It wanted but ten or twelve minutes to the appointed time, and still he sat silent, his teeth meeting in his cigar.

"I'll jist go and get ma umbrelly," said James, with a glance at the pitiless rain.

"You may take a sunshade if you like," answered Cyrus, getting to his feet, "but I guess you won't find much use for it on my course. Now, gentlemen, I'll show you the way."

"Caddies at the tee, I suppose?" said Johnny.

"Caddies don't kind of grow in these parts," said Cyrus. "I don't want one myself. You can carry for MacCaskie, and the Major can be a fore-caddy—I guess you'll need one."

The little procession filed out into the hall. Their guide opened a door in the panelling, switched on the electric light inside, and then motioned the others forward with a courteous gesture. In front of them they could see a flight of steps, sloping down at rather a steep incline and stretching away into the distance, till they were lost in the darkness.

"JAMES DROPPED HIS CLUBS ON THE STONE STEPS WITH A HOLLOW CLANG."

Cyrus looked round at his amazed followers with a half smile. "Maybe we'll find another light farther on," he said.

The referee stared at him in wonder. James dropped his clubs on the stone steps with a hollow clang. The Major was the first to recover the power of speech.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "I believe the course is underground."

"I'll guarantee the ventilation system, Major," said Cyrus.

"I'll no play gowf in a vault," cried James, in a tone in which terror and fury struggled for mastery.

"You had better see the course before you decide," Cyrus answered, and led the way down the stairs.

Down, down, down they went into the very bowels of the earth, the guide turning on electric switches at intervals to light them on their way. At last they came to another door. It was thrown open, and they entered what was apparently a vast subterranean hall or cavern of unknown extent. It was not pitch-dark, for here and there, at wide intervals, were lamps fixed, as it seemed, in the rocky sides of the cave, casting a faint and ghostly light. Straining their eyes, the visitors could discern irregular shapes rising through the gloom, but the whole was blurred and dim. They appeared to be treading on some artificial substance resembling turf, very springy and pleasant to walk upon.

"Well," said Cyrus, "this is the course, and I guess you'll find it an interesting one. There was a kind of natural cavern close to the house, and, with a little extra digging, I think it's turned out real good. MacCaskie, I hope you'll give me some hints as to the bunkers."

James was bereft of speech, but Johnny answered for him.

"Mr. Referee," he said, "I protest against these proceedings. This course, if it is a course, does not conform with the agreement."

"In what respect, sir?" asked the referee.

"Why," spluttered Johnny, "it—it's pitch-dark. Who ever heard of golf in the dark?"

"That, sir," replied the referee, "is purely a general objection. If you will point to a particular clause in the agreement I will consider the point. Otherwise I must direct that the match proceed."

"I can't point to anything in this infernal

darkness," said Johnny, irritably, "because I can't see it."

Solemnly the referee produced the agreement, Cyrus brought out from his pocket a small electric lamp, and the terms and conditions were read through once again. There was nothing there that could avail the syndicate, unless, indeed, the course proved not to be of full length. The trap had been laid for them and they had walked into it.

"The match must proceed," declared the referee. "Now, Mr. MacCaskie."

"I'll no play," objected James, stoutly. "I'm here to play at gowf, no at Hunt the Slipper or Blind Man's Buff."

The referee took out his watch.

"You have two minutes left," he said. "At the end of that time, if you will not play, I must award the stakes to Mr. Dodge."

But James was in a state of belligerent terror, and Johnny and the Major pleaded and cursed in vain.

"I'll no do it," he muttered, sullenly.

"There is only one minute left," proclaimed the referee, in a level, impassive voice.

"Thirty seconds.

"Twenty seconds."

"Give me a club, then," suddenly exclaimed the Scotsman, "and for Guid's sake give me a line to the hole. I canna drive if I dinna ken where I'm driving tae."

"I'll show you the hole," said his opponent. "There it is—do you see?" and he pointed into the blackness.

"I'm no a cat, mon," answered James, ungraciously enough.

"Well, then, do you see my hand? That's the direct line. How to play the hole you must settle among yourselves."

"Aweel, aweel," said James, "I'll just have a bang at it," teed his ball, and swung at it viciously.

It is wonderful what a perfectly true swing, wherein the club travels like a piece of well-oiled machinery, will do even when the swinger can scarcely see his ball. Away sped the ball into the darkness like a rifle bullet.

"I got under the tail of that one," quoth James, with renewed complacency.

The enemy then teed his ball and struck a shot far more modest, and, as it appeared, much farther to the right.

"I guess you are in the whins," he said, quietly. "They'll remind you of St. Arnolds."

"Whins," gasped James, "straight on the line to the hole?"

"Well, this hole is considerable dog-legged," Cyrus confessed, "unless you can carry near three hundred yards," and he disappeared into the gloom towards the right-hand side.

The others groped their way forward by a filtering ray of light from one of the lamp-posts. Stumbling over ridges and narrowly avoiding a deep pot-bunker, they seemed to have been walking interminable miles, when there loomed up in front of them a solid fastness of artificial gorse bushes, strong, spiky, and impregnable. Never on any course that was visited by the light of day were such fearsome whins seen. Each individual spike was like a pontard, and the whole was worse than a square armed with fixed bayonets.

"An idea of my own,' said Cyrus, coming up, "made to my special design. The makers did not quite tumble to the idea at first, but now I guess I can give the Westward Ho! rushes points. Ah, there's your ball, lying rather badly, I'm afraid."

"Stuff!" said the Major; "you can't see it. I don't believe it's there"; and he began to search desperately the surrounding country.

Cyrus quietly produced his pocket-lamp and flashed it on the whins. There, sure enough, lay the ball among the very sharpest and strongest of the spikes.

"A ball in the whins is like a ball in the burn," snapped the Major. "Lift, and lose a stroke."

"If that's so," retorted Cyrus, rather unkindly, "you had better go and swim in them."

The referee declared that there was no local rule, and that the ball must be played where it lay. This James firmly declined to do, averring that he would as soon play a dynamite cartridge; the ball had to be picked out—no easy matter—and the hole abandoned. Cyrus appeared to find his own ball in the darkness with perfect ease, and the party walked on to the next tee.

"Five hundred and fifty yards, that first hole," explained Cyrus; "that's full length, anyway. This one is shorter."

Once more he drove off a respectable shot, and once more James sent his ball whistling through the air. Cyrus walked after his ball without the faintest hesitation. Indeed, the man who in daylight blinked through his spectacles, and relied entirely on his caddie to find the ball, now seemed to pierce the Stygian darkness with the naked eye.

He walked up to his ball, took out some kind of heavy iron, and sent the ball, needless to say, out of sight.

"THE BALL LAY AMONG THE VERY SHARPEST AND STRONGEST OF THE SPIKES."

Some eighty yards farther on James's ball was found lying beautifully, and a dim shape in front of him was pointed out as the plateau upon which the hole was. In front of the plateau the ground was, to all appearances, perfectly flat.

"A regular St. Arnolds shot," chirped Johnny, more cheerfully "Take your straight-faced iron, James."

"It's an easy game to play, Mr. Trickett," said the champion, "when you're no playing it yoursel'"; but he took that straight-faced iron obediently enough. Everyone knows that famous shot of his, wherein the ball skims along the ground, clambers up the steepest of hills, and then stops spent and lifeless by the hole's side. He struck the ball beautifully.

"He's played it," cried Johnny, and as he spoke there came the ominous splash of water.

"In the burn," was Mr. Dodge's comment. "You see, Major," he added, rather maliciously, "I've been careful to copy all the features of the best Scottish courses. There's an underground river running through this old cave of mine, ready to my hand. The River Styx you might call it"; and the Major with difficulty restrained himself from manslaughter. Well, the ball was in the burn. It had to be lifted and dropped under a penalty of one stroke, and the loss was too great to be recovered. Two down in two holes was a bad start, but worse was still to come.

Indeed, with the third hole I come to the end of my tragic story.

"It is a short hole," kindly explained the host. "One hundred and seventy-three yards. Cross ditch in front; a pot-bunker close to the green on the left; ground falls away from right to——"

"Mon," interrupted James, "do you think I can mind all that when I canna see five yards? Major, for my sake, go forward and stand at the hole. I'll have your voice to guide me, at ony rate."

"I dare say," grumbled the Major; "and tumble into a dashed brook."

However, forward he went, and after much cursing and stumbling gave a hail from the flag.

James played another from his magnificent repertory of iron shots, a low forcing shot that would keep a ball flying straight through a blizzard.

"Fore! fore!" yelled Cyrus, loudly. It was too late. There came a sharp rapping sound, followed by an unearthly yell from the unfortunate fore-caddie. The Major was subsequently found dancing in agonies on the green. The ball had struck him on the ankle, whence it had playfully rebounded into a neighbouring bunker.

"I'm real sorry," Cyrus protested. "I saw it flying straight for you and shouted as loud as I could."

"I'll play no more," said James, abruptly. "I'll no play wi' a mon that can see a hundred and seventy-three yards when it's pit mirk. I'll no contend wi' the powers of darkness," and he flung his clubs upon the ground.

"You don't mean to say you really could see?" asked Johnny.

"Why, yes, of course I could," Cyrus answered. "The fact is—it's a little hard on you fellows—but I can see in the dark when I can't see worth ten cents in the light. Guess I'm some sort of a freak, or had a cat for an ancestor, or something."

"Losh save us!" whispered James, in an awestruck tone. "A cat for a grandmither—I'll play na mair."

Nor would he, despite all that could be said.

Cyrus professed the greatest anxiety for his guests to see the rest of the course.

"You haven't seen the best holes yet. There's one six hundred yards long — the finest three-shotter you ever saw. I should like the referee to be satisfied——"

"That's all right," broke in the Major. "We're satisfied—perfectly satisfied. All we want is to get out of this confounded cavern of yours."

Then he turned to his companion.

"Johnny," he said, in the tones of a broken man, "we've been done—fairly done brown. There are more links in heaven and earth, my boy, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"THE MAJOR WAS SUBSEQUENTLY FOUND DANCING IN AGONIES ON THE GREEN."

Water-Spiders—and How They Became So.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

We desire to call attention to the extraordinary character of the photographs showing the spider capturing and diving with the large air-bubble. Owing to the rapid movement of the spider, each picture had to be photographed with not more than one-fiftieth part of a second's exposure. The fact of photographing the spider at natural size, and also in water, are factors that greatly militate against getting a successful picture with such rapid exposures. Considering the difficulty of the subject, they make the finest set of photographs of the many that Mr. Ward has prepared for THE STRAND depicting the consecutive movements of small animals—a point that may be overlooked.

SPIDERS have to be classed amongst the unpopular animals. Generally speaking, man feels a kind of instinctive antipathy towards spiders, an antipathy which has probably arisen from the fact that some few species inhabiting warm parts of the earth possess poisonous properties that are dangerous to his race; British species, however, are harmless enough.

Being, therefore, creatures under the ban of suspicion, they have been so much disregarded, and ignorance of their habits and functions in Nature has so long prevailed, that even in this enlightened age they are still creatures of evil repute; although, if we really consider their virtues and their sins, we shall find that the former are numerous, while the latter are (excepting in the case of the poisonous species previously referred to) almost entirely absent.

Indeed, it may cause some of my readers surprise to learn that our familiar spiders represent some of the most progressive and enterprising small animals that the earth has yet produced. Commencing as terrestrial, air-breathing stock, they have trespassed from their natural domain, the surface of the earth, and tunnelled into its interior in a very marvellous manner, of which more anon. Aboveground, also, they have been even more successful, utilizing almost every object from loose stones to flat walls, and the interiors of houses, as hunting-grounds in which to seek and snare their prey and rear their progeny.

In the open, too, they have availed themselves of almost every point of vantage; the simple grass blade, the crevices in the bark of trees, their branches and their leaves have all proved useful in their economy. Then, having conquered all the available surfaces that the earth presents, their next achievement was to become aeronauts and add the atmosphere to their dominions, so many species developed the habit of spinning silken webs on which they could float high into the air and journey to fields and pastures new.

Earth and air having then been conquered, there remained the water, and how successfully they overcame the difficulties that an air-breathing animal has to contend with in adapting its conditions to aquatic life we shall learn presently. For the moment, however, let us inquire how these unpopular little animals arrived at such a successful evolution. The answer is simple. It was entirely due to the fact that they were spinners of silk.

Probably the first use of silk-spinning was in the construction of the egg-cocoon, and for the protection of the mother and young. A little silk-lined cavity in the earth or between the loosened mortar of a stone wall is all the spinning that many species do; indeed, some live as fearless hunters, chasing their prey in the open and carrying with them their egg-cocoons.

When, however, some of the species that lived in silk-lined cavities drew over the entrance to their dwellings silken threads to keep out enemies, then, I think, the spider race commenced to conquer its surroundings and rise to higher attainments. Their development thenceforth proceeded in two entirely different directions. Some of the free-hunting species evolved more and more complex dwelling tubes, and in this way protected themselves from the attacks of their enemies. Such species culminated in what are known as the trap-door spiders, which are common in Southern Europe and other parts of the earth. These creatures sink a shaft-like tunnel into the ground, well lined with silk and closed at the entrance

with a hinged and perfectly-fitting trap-door. When an enemy approaches the spider rushes back and bolts into its tube, pulling-to the door as it enters, and then clinging to the silken lining on the inside of the door and to the sides of the tube; in this manner she is enabled to exert a considerable resistance, and usually defeats her enemy.

The door is composed of alternate layers of silk and sand until the desired thickness is attained. If on sandy soil, the topmost layer is sand; but when surrounded with vegetation, bits of moss, grass, and other material are woven in so as to conceal the door when closed. In the tubes of some species a second door is found a short way underground. Thus, if an enemy should break open the first door, the spider escapes into the second chamber, and there again resists the attack; a feature which, to say the least of it, must be disheartening to the wasp or other enemy that is attacking.

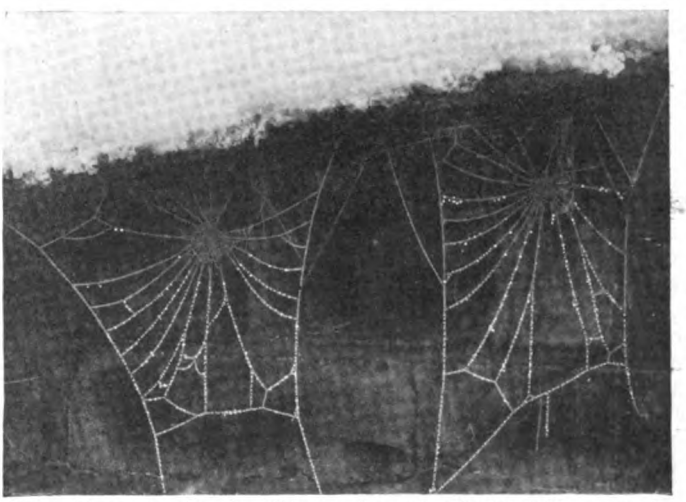


Fig. 1.—After a severe frost the wall becomes festooned as if a fairy had been at work.

We may regard these tubular retreats with all their complex details as amongst the highest attainments in protective industry amongst the lower animals. Nevertheless, it was not in this direction that the spider race was destined to add largely to its dominions, and attain to that advancement which has given it a place in every available niche almost the whole world over. That advancement came from those species that neglected their subterranean dwellings for life amongst the herbage and trees.

While closing the entrance to their retreats with silken threads, a vital discovery was made. It often happened that inquisitive insects became entangled amongst the threads, and incidentally those insects provided a meal—a meal without labour. That was a discovery; so it dawned on the spider race that to set a snare was a more easy method of obtaining a meal than to hunt it down.

It was, then, a simple step to extend the web from the entrance of the dwelling-place to adjoining obstacles, and eventually to form a tangled snare amongst the branches and leaves of plants. When some species of the race had sufficiently advanced in their knowledge of snare-spreading to become geometricians, we find that even a flat brick wall presented a profitable hunting-ground, the almost invisible nets being spread from the projecting coping-stones, and anchored to rough points lower down the wall. During the summer-time, so inconspicuous are these snares that we rarely notice them, but in the early morning after a severe frost the whole wall suddenly becomes festooned as if a fairy had been at work (Fig. 1). So from the simple nets were evolved the more complex, and in the beautiful webs of our common garden spiders (Fig. 2) we probably have presented the highest attainment in snare construction.

Thus on the one side we have the trap-door spiders with their wonderful silk-lined tubes and closing door, and on the other the orb-weavers with their intricate snares. The former is largely a protective device, although it obviously offers many advantages for attacking unsuspecting prey; and the latter is chiefly a means of obtaining food, but also possesses many protective features, for few are the natural enemies that can successfully attack a spider in its web.

As I have previously suggested, the spinning of silk led to many other advantages in the struggle for existence of the spider race. Small species and young spiders discovered that the tenuity of the silken strands emitted from their spinnerets caused them to float in the air, and so they found a means of transport and became aviators. Thus originated the various species familiarly termed gossamer, flying, or ballooning spiders,

although probably the young of most species are addicted to aerial locomotion.

These spider aeronauts are not so much at the mercy of the breeze as at first might be supposed, for when they desire to alight they draw in their lines and so contract their "balloon" surface, in this way steadily coming earthwards until a tree or other object is caught by one of its threads. Also, I am inclined to think that this habit of making aerial voyages possesses advantages other than merely that of being able to travel to new feeding districts; the flight itself is a means of acquiring food, for while travelling through the air the sticky threads would doubtless entangle many minute insects that serve as suitable prey.

Sometimes the floating threads of the numerous individuals become attached, and so masses of gauzy material are produced, and, owing to moisture and the changing temperature of the air-currents, this silky material falls and covers trees and fields in an extraordinary manner, constituting the so-called "gossamer showers." Later in the day, when the moisture in the air becomes less, they again ascend in flake-like pieces.

Fig. 2.—The complex snare of a garden spider.

In the manner here outlined, then, has the spider, by the means of its spun silk, brought every available object on the earth into service in its economy, and likewise by the same means it has invaded the air; in each case, too, the methods adopted have been carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection.

There yet remained the water to conquer, however. That indeed was a difficult problem, for spiders are air-breathing creatures. Nevertheless, a progressive race of animals like the spiders could not afford to leave such a rich hunting-field unexplored. Had they not spinning organs and silk? Yet of what service could these be in assisting them to breathe air beneath the water?

I have already referred to the free-hunting spiders which chase and run down their prey. Now, some species of these that haunt the margins of pools are able to run on the surface-film of the water in pursuit of their quarry, and if alarmed will hide beneath the surface, clinging to a leaf or stem and remaining under the water until the danger is past, for they carry with them a supply of air entangled in the furry covering of their bodies.

Still another related but more rare species constructs a crude kind of raft, composed of bits of leaves attached with silken threads, and resting on this it floats about the pool watching for falling flies and unsuspecting insects that come to the surface to breathe, and these are quickly captured and carried back to the raft where their captor feeds.

Such are some of the remarkable accomplishments these progressive little land animals perform in order to extend their predatory excursions, but they represent only the beginning of their marvellous achievements in this direction.

Eventually a branch of the spider family evolved to such perfection in its adaptation for aquatic life that it not only was enabled to dive and remain beneath the water for a short period of time, but found life in the water so much more profitable that it now spends nearly the whole of its existence submerged, seeking its prey, rearing its family successfully, and even hibernating for the winter in the watery depths. So much did this progressive species advance that it has outpaced all its competitors, and now stands isolated as the one race of spiders that are masters of our fresh waters. The water-spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) is, therefore, a distinguished individual in the spider world, and monopolizes a whole scientific family designated *Argyronetidæ*, a title based on its generic name and compounded of two Greek words that signify a spindle and silver. A glance at Figs. 5 and 6 will explain the

term as derived from the spindle-shaped body of the spider and its silvery air-bubble. Fortunately the pools and streams of the British Isles and other parts of Europe are the home of this highly-evolved little animal, and we are therefore enabled to observe it carrying on its wonderful work in the waters.

Many times have I watched the interesting movements of this little creature building its home beneath the water, and after many efforts I have succeeded in getting a camera record of one of its journeys when conveying an air-bubble from the surface of the water to its nest, a photographic accomplishment which has probably never been achieved before.

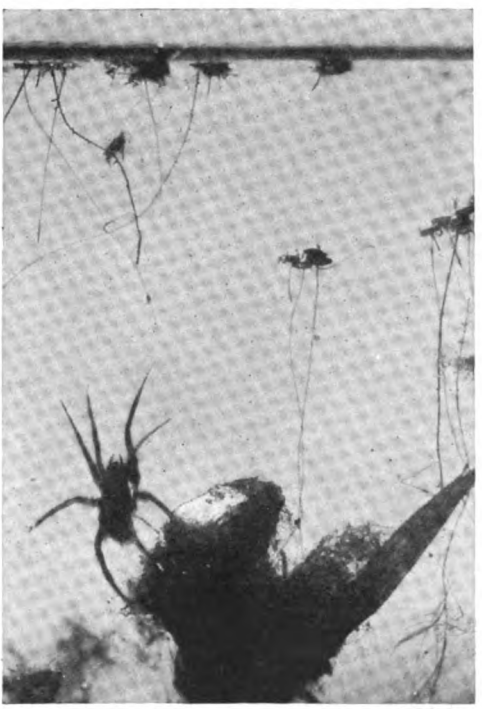


Fig. 3.—The spider leaves its nest beneath the water and ascends to catch an air-bubble.

In the first place it is well to note that the underside of the water-spider's body is clothed with branched hairs, which are arranged so closely that they form a velvety pile that refuses the water. Consequently, when it is seen moving about in the water, it invariably has tiny air-bubbles clinging to its body. Sometimes, though, it is seen diving downwards, burdened with a large bubble that glistens like a globule of quicksilver, and which is held against its body by its hind pair of legs. In the former case it is simply carrying sufficient air for respiratory purposes, in the latter it is taking a fresh supply to aerate its home in the water below.

To realize how marvellously this spider has become adapted to aquatic life we have but to watch it working in the water.

Being, like other spiders, an air-breathing animal, its first essential is air for respiratory purposes. That, as we have seen, is obtained from the tiny air-bubbles that cling round the undersides of its body, where the slit-like openings occur through which it takes in air, for it does not breathe through the mouth parts as we do. This aspect of aquatic life did not present any considerable difficulty.

The spider, however, is a predatory animal, and to have to keep coming to the surface for breathing purposes would expose it and scare away its prey. It was essential to its successful struggle for existence that it should have a sufficient supply of air below water to remain there, and therefore every opportunity to achieve that end was immediately seized upon by these aquatic pioneers.

To-day the scheme is one of the marvels of creation, for, though the spider is perfectly adapted for life in its sub-aquatic home, yet it is still able to leave the water and move about the land without inconvenience.

In another respect the habit of spinning silk gained for the spider a progressive victory. When it spun a few threads in the water in the hope of ensnaring prey, it discovered that the air-bubbles from its body became entangled with them. That probably was the first hint on which the progenitors of the water-spiders seized for the construction of a dwelling-place in the depths.

It is a remarkable fact that the spider does not first construct her nest and then fill it with air, but instead it first obtains the air, and then smears it over with liquid silk until it is enclosed in quite a strong covering. This points to the conclusion that its first efforts in nest-building were on the lines suggested in the previous paragraph.

To-day it selects a suitable site amongst the water-weeds, attaching to the latter a few mooring-lines; it then commences its journeys to the surface, returning from each journey with an air-bubble until sufficient has been entangled amongst the mooring-lines for it to work upon with the liquid silk.

In Fig. 3 the completed nest is shown with the spider just about to ascend for a fresh supply of air, and it should be noted that the entrance to the dwelling is at the base.

It then rises to the surface, and, as shown

in Fig. 4, quickly jerks out into the air the end of its abdomen, which the moment it appears above the surface is seen to be quite dry. An instant later the spider is rapidly diving through the water with a large silvery air-bubble held between its hind pair of legs, as shown in Figs. 5 and 6. In the latter photograph its touch is seen to have indented the inflated top of the nest, but this is regaining its rotundity in Fig. 7, where the spider is seen travelling down the side to the entrance below, and still retaining the air-bubble.

In Fig. 8 the spider is only partly seen, being at the door of her dwelling, where she is releasing the air so that it can ascend to the nursery in the upper part. In the last illustration (Fig. 9) the nest is seen fully inflated with air, with the male spider covered with tiny air-bubbles waiting in attendance at the entrance.

Fig. 4.—On reaching the surface, it quickly exposes its spinnerets to the atmosphere and entangles some air.

Eventually the green water-weeds grow up and hide the cocoon from view, and the female spider is able to attend to family matters, for when the young spiders are hatched they are devoid of the hairy covering that makes them waterproof at a later age, and would easily drown. They have, therefore, to be kept plentifully supplied with air in the chamber, in which there may be a hundred or more of the young. Also, from the door of her home hidden in the depths

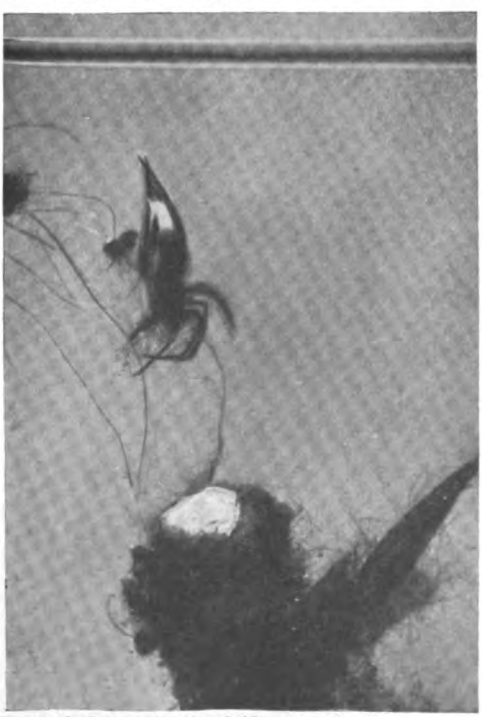


Fig. 5.—It then rapidly dives, holding the air-bubble by means of its hind pair of legs, where it glistens like a globule of quicksilver.

Fig. 6.—On reaching the surface of its nest, the spider——

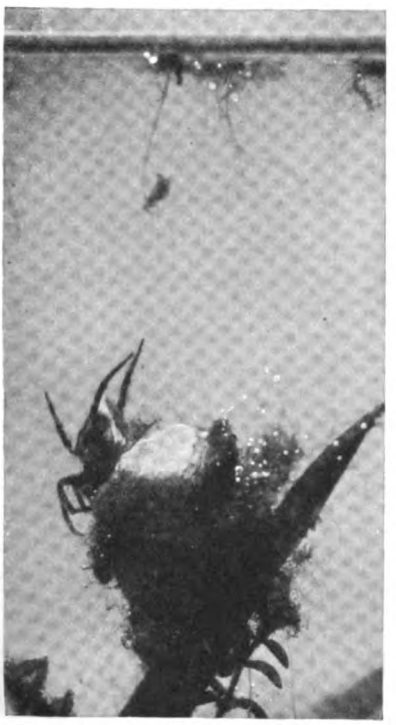


Fig. 7.— ——runs down the side towards the entrance at the base, where——

Fig. 8.— ——it pushes in its abdomen and releases the air-bubble, which ascends into the upper part of the nest where the spider lives and rears its offspring.

the mother spider makes predatory attacks upon small insects, larvæ, and worms. Further, her sub-aquatic home protects her from the attacks of her enemies, for she in turn becomes prey for some of the larger insects, such as water-beetles, and especially dragon-fly larvæ. In the winter both male and female undergo a semi-hibernation until early spring, only coming out on mild days to feed. The air-cell in which they rest is attached to the weeds, and is of a much more simple type than the cocoon in which the young are reared.

Such is the story of the evolution of the spider's snare from terrestrial to aquatic conditions. Spiders may be unpopular animals, but so useful are they in exterminating noxious insects that they should never be destroyed; and if any of my readers should be tempted to kill, or even shudder at the sight of, a spider, may I ask them to think of the wonderful work of these little spinners of silk and the interesting water-spider that makes its home in the pool?

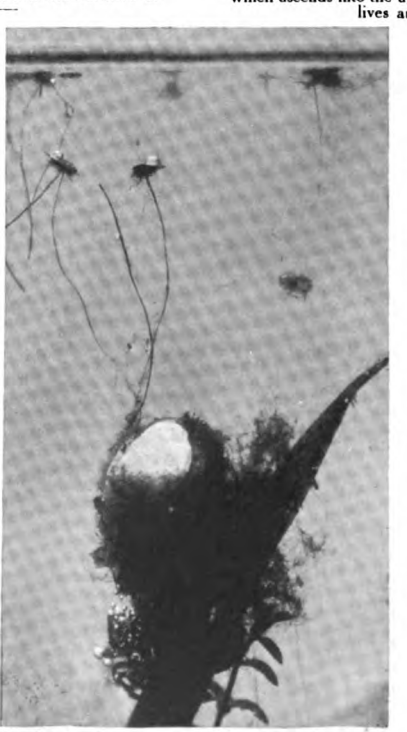


Fig. 9.—In this photograph the nest is shown when filled with air, and with the male spider (covered with tiny air-bubbles) waiting in attendance at the entrance below, the female spider being inside.

A DICKENS DREAM

By TOM GALLON.

HOW it happened that I found myself in the City Road, and opposite Windsor Terrace, one evening recently, I cannot possibly say. But there I was, and there was the house of Mr. Micawber, with the large brass plate on the door, announcing that impossible boarding establishment for young ladies to which no pupils ever went. There also, in an easy and dignified attitude upon the doorstep, and yet with some air of expectancy, stood Mr. Micawber, in brown surtout, black tights, shoes, and everything. He was looking anxiously up and down the street.

Presently there emerged from the gloom of the evening Mr. Richard Swiveller, with his hat very much on one side. Trotting beside him, with her mob cap fluttering in the breeze, and her shoes for ever threatening to come off, was the immortal Marchioness.

Anxiety swept away from the face of Mr. Micawber. He beamed upon his visitors. "Welcome!" he exclaimed, with a wave of his hand towards the door. "May I beg that you will do me the honour to cross the threshold of what is, for the time being at least, my domicile (though Heaven knows how long, unless something turns up, of which I am in hourly expectation, it may be my domicile I cannot say). In short"—Mr. Micawber waved his hand again towards the hall—"come in."

Mrs. Micawber, who was burdened by the one twin then in hand; did the honours; Mr. Micawber, bustling about to get lemons and sugar and hot water, in which duties he was wonderfully assisted by the Marchioness, proceeded to brew a bowl of punch. Something very great must have been afoot, for not a word was said until, in due course, glasses had been filled and had been passed round. And even when the Marchioness so far forgot the importance of the occasion as to declare that she liked the compound a great deal better than her favourite cold water with orange peel in it, Mr. Swiveller merely turned a pained eye upon her as an admonition for her to be silent.

Mr. Micawber rose and cleared his throat. Placing his right hand carefully within his waistcoat, he looked round upon the assembled company, and began what was evidently a very difficult business.

"My friends," said Mr. Micawber, "it is my proud privilege to call you here to-night, at what one might almost term the witching hour, beneath the roof that shelters Mrs. Micawber——"

"Who will never desert you, Micawber," murmured that lady.

"My love, I am well aware of it," responded Mr. Micawber. "We are assembled, my friends, because, as one of the senior members of that great and glorious company called forth out of what I might term the limbo of the imagination by the great mind of the Master, it devolves upon me to point out to you—and, incidentally, to the world at large—that there are certain matters claiming your immediate attention."

Here Mr. Micawber mopped his brow and coughed. Mr. Dick Swiveller took what he would have termed "a modest quencher."

"I have some acquaintance with coals, in a genteel way," proceeded Mr. Micawber, "and I have also dabbled—toyed, I might almost say—with wine. These are commodities which may be purchased by those who have the wherewithal. They are a species of property which may not be stolen from a man, save under the possibility of pains and penalties. But I am given to understand that this is not the case with books or with writings, which are merely, like ourselves, things of the imagination. And the monstrous thing has come about that those on whom the Master would have bestowed the fruits of his work—in short, his

descendants—are in actual need of the good things, and even the necessary things, of life."

"It's a staggerer!" exclaimed Mr. Swiveller, blankly. "It's an accumulation of staggerers!"

"Will it be believed," continued Mr. Micawber, now getting very heated and waving his arms about in a very ecstasy of emotion, "that this great man, who created Us and many others who are more real than the living people in this great throbbing world of London—will it be believed for an instant that he has descendants at the present time who are glad to be in the receipt of a beggarly Civil List pension of twenty-five pounds a year? I pause for a reply."

Here Mr. Richard Swiveller dolefully shook his head, and murmured over his glass, "When he who adores thee has left but the name——"

"And what a name!" exclaimed Mr. Micawber, rolling his head in his capacious shirt collar. "Is there a man, a woman, or even a child in these blessed isles, or even in the fair dominions overseas, who has delighted in us and in the other creatures of the Master's fancy—is there one, I ask, that would not gladly contribute his mite or her mite—in short, stump up—in such a cause as this? And when I tell you, my friends, that the mite asked for, and for which a substantial return is offered, is but the wholly inadequate sum of almost the smallest coin of the realm—in short, one penny—I feel that even our friend the Marchioness would be willing to contribute."

Mr. Micawber mopped his forehead and even his eyes, and the Marchioness clapped her hands in approval, in much the same fashion she must have done when Mr. Richard Swiveller first came out of his fever.

"Certain stamps, cunningly engraved, and decorative in the extreme, are at this very moment being turned out, if I may use such an expression, by certain great printing presses," went on Mr. Micawber. "They are of an adhesive character, and may be placed within the volumes which all of us are proud to possess. They are produced at the price of one penny, a sum which cannot in any circumstances be said to be a drain upon the resources of even the most needy. In short," exclaimed Mr. Micawber, "they are cheap."

Mr. Micawber refreshed himself with the punch, beamed upon Mrs. Micawber and the twins, and with great relish wound up what he had to say.

"Holding, as I do, those stern and stringent views upon economy which have, most unhappily, not guided my life as they might have done, and as Mrs. Micawber's family would have wished, I say this to you. Taking the case of a typical man who knows us, I say: Weekly income even twenty shillings; weekly expenditure nineteen shillings and sixpence, and one Dickens stamp—result, happiness. Weekly income twenty shillings; weekly expenditure twenty shillings and sixpence, and no Dickens stamp—result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are for ever floored. As you well deserve to be."

In a great state of heat and excitement Mr. Micawber sat down and mopped his brow, and then drank a whole glassful of punch without winking. Mr. Richard Swiveller got slowly to his feet, adjusted his hat to a nicety, and, leaning one hand with a negligent air upon the table, and smiling benevolently upon the Marchioness, added a word or two.

"In the present sociable circumstances, and in the company of one who might, had I but known him earlier, have been almost the companion of a chequered youth, and in the further company of one"—here Dick bowed towards the Marchioness—"who, whatever may be lacking in her composition in regard to a natural taste for beer in its native pewter, has yet a friendly affection for keyholes and cards, I would wish to observe that I most heartily endorse what has been said by our friend, and I shall deny myself the comfort of a visit to a hostelry where already the score against me is larger than is altogether convenient, in order that I may contribute to the scheme which Mr. Micawber has so eloquently propounded to us."

Mr. Swiveller sat down, and Mrs. Micawber, shedding tears gently over the twin, murmured:—

"Even as I will never desert Mr. Micawber, so I trust that the great British public will never desert the memory of Charles Dickens."

Shadows of dreams and fancies? Perhaps. Yet I came out from Windsor Terrace into the hurly-burly of the City Road, and the men and women walking there, and going about the daily business of their lives, were not more real to me than the men and women born of the Master's brain, that had been the friends and companions of my youth and manhood, as they have been the friends and companions of all the English-speaking public—that public that is asked to do this little thing in memory of him—to buy a penny stamp.

"The Power of Beauty."

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
—DRYDEN.

By SETON VALENTINE.

"A BEAUTIFUL woman, a beautiful rose, and a beautiful sunset are the mysteries of life for which one would gladly live life again." So wrote Heine; and we who recognize that these mysteries are ever about us—of daily occurrence in our lives—feel, too, that it is only the superlative of which the poet spoke and which we admire. Beauty in woman is often only a phrase—a mere courtesy quality as it were—and in this the comparative sense beautiful women are as plentiful as good women or clever women. But real beauty—perfection of form and feature and colouring, and "every wondrous attribute in woman that ever snared Apollo"—is only seen in one amongst a million. Such beauty is power. The world cannot resist it; such beauty, though the possessor be of lowly birth, can move onward and upward, without other influence, without brains, even without breeding, to fame and wealth and high estate.

Who are the most beautiful women who have lived during the past three centuries? It sounds a difficult question to answer, but it is really easy. For, after a list of fifty acknowledged beauties was prepared and submitted by the present writer to three different experts, authorities in art and *belles-lettres* as well as connoisseurs in portraiture, there were fourteen upon whom each agreed independently of the other, and this list of fourteen beauties probably represents, if the art of the painter and the testimony of the historian and memoir-writer be considered, a group of the most beautiful women of modern times.

Just as Mr. Sargent has declared that the Duchess of Sutherland is "the most beautiful woman who ever sat to him," so did the great Van Dyck make a similar declaration about Béatrice de Cusance, the daughter of Claude François de Beauvois, the greatest beauty of her time and one of the most fascinating ladies at the Court of Brussels. In 1635 she was led to the altar by the Prince de Cante Croix, who left her a widow in 1637. During her short wedded life she had captivated the heart of the Duc de Lorraine, who now repudiated his first wife in order to marry the fair widow. As a consequence, infinite gossip and scandal at all the European Courts ensued, and the Pope refused to sanction the marriage. Still, for a time Béatrice was very happy, until a few years later another great beauty appeared above the horizon; the Duke was drawn thither, and she was deserted. When Van Dyck painted her she was in the heyday of her charms, and, as we have said, the painter acknowledged that no woman so radiant had ever crossed his path, either as man or as painter. "Few portraits among Van Dyck's masterpieces," writes the painter's biographer, the late director of our National Gallery, "are so alluring as that of Béatrice de Cusance as she trips up the steps of the palace, with a little spaniel barking at her feet, casting as she goes a look from her eyes enough to fascinate any beholder, whether Royal duke or otherwise." This portrait is at Windsor Castle, where it was a great favourite of the late King; and a repetition is at Warwick Castle.

Of all the pictures that Lely painted, and of all that wondrous group of Restoration ladies who ever sat to him, Miss Hamilton, Countess of Grammont, was the finest. As for the picture, Lely himself "bestowed all his art upon it, and confessed that he had taken a special delight in painting it." It is the only one he signed. Who was this wondrous lady whose portrait made such a sensation? She was the daughter of Sir George Hamilton, the Earl of Abercorn's son, and was nineteen when Charles II. came to the throne. Her beauty brought her offers of marriage from the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Tyrconnel, but she refused them all and wedded the Comte de Grammont, who had been banished from France for making love to one of the French King's favourites. "When he saw her for the first time at close

quarters," we read in his "Memoirs," "he perceived that he had seen nothing at Court until this moment. She was at that happy age when a woman's supreme charms commence to bloom. She had the finest figure, the finest neck, and the finest arm in the whole world—though tall, gracious in all her movements. As for her complexion, it had a freshness that the colours of art could not imitate."

BEATRICE DE CUSANCE.
From the Painting by Van Dyck.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.

"La belle Hamilton" was by all accounts the most beautiful woman of her day. She lived until the reign of Queen Anne.

"The world is still mad about the Gunnings," wrote the indefatigable Walpole. "When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented last Sunday the excitement was so great that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room stood upon its chairs and tables to look at her. There were mobs at the doors to see her and Lady Coventry get into their chaises, and people go early to get places at the theatre when it is known they were to be there."

Seldom has any monarch, statesman, warrior, or poet attracted more attention than these two peerless beauties did in the middle of the eighteenth century. Who were the Gunnings? The story of their career has been penned a hundred times. Who has not heard of these two Irish girls, daughters of John Gunning, a briefless barrister, who crossed the Channel to seek their fortunes with only their lovely persons for dowry? The surpassing beauty of this pair has become a matter of history—and a piece of history unparalleled. While the

girls were still very young, living in seclusion in the half-ruined Castle Coote, the mother's ambition began to awake, stirring in her heart an eager desire to show the world what loveliness was blushing unseen in the wilds of Connaught. So she gathered together what money she could, and in 1750 carried her family to Dublin. Here, although introducing her daughters to gaiety, Mrs. Gunning had many hard trials, so that she seized with joy the opportunity which came next year of visiting London with her two daughters. It would be hard to say which was the lovelier. Maria was nineteen, Elizabeth eighteen. The former is said to have had the more delicate features and the sweeter smile, while the latter was more serene and arch. But both had the same splendid height and lissomness, oval faces, long, seductive eyes, delicate mouths, and exquisite colouring.

THE COUNTESS OF GRAMMONT.
From the Painting by Lely.
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Already familiar, too, is the story of Elizabeth's marriage with the young Duke of Hamilton at midnight, with the ring of a bed-curtain. Her sister Maria, too, had an ardent suitor—Lord Coventry, and he was by this marriage, fearful of losing her, incited to a declaration, and so, three weeks later, led

LADY COVENTRY
(Maria Gunning).
By permission of Mr. Evelyn J. Fanshawe.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON
(Elizabeth Gunning).
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

MME. RECAMIER.
From the Painting by F. Gérard.
From a Photograph by Neurdein.

her to the altar. Wraxall, who saw Elizabeth when she was fifty, says "she seemed, indeed, composed of finer clay than the rest of her sex." Retaining her loveliness almost to the end, this peerless woman passed away in 1796 at the age of fifty-eight.

Among the French queens of society Mme. Récamier has certainly earned for herself an historic place. Specially brilliant she was not, but she seemed invested with a bewildering beauty and charm, whose fascination appealed more to the finer senses in men rather than to the fiercer passions, which she neither inspired nor experienced herself. Jéanne Françoise Julie Adelaide Bernard was born in 1777 at Lyons, the daughter of a banker of that city. She was educated under the charge of an aunt in the Convent of La Déserte, and at the age of fifteen she joined her parents in Paris, where they had moved some time previously. Shortly after she was married to M. Jacques Récamier, a rich banker, about three times her own age, with whom she lived in a spirit of camaraderie until the loss of his immense fortune occasioned her visit to her great friend and exile, Mme. de Staël, in Switzerland. Here she was thrown much in the society of Prince August of Prussia, who alone of all her numerous admirers succeeded in winning her heart. Her complexion at sixty was said to have rivalled that of a young girl.

All the world now knows that it was not Louis XV. or his Ministers, but Mme. de Pompadour, who governed the kingdom of France. This daughter of a humble army commissary, François Poisson, had been some time installed at Versailles, first as mistress and afterwards as *ami nécessaire*. It is amazing to read of the incessant artifices this woman resorted to in order to keep her power—"the everlasting huntings, concerts, private theatricals, little suppers, and what not—anything to distract the Royal mind and to make it think only of the clever purveyor of gaieties." Being a woman of real ability, she gradually became Premier of France, and the Ministerial council condescended to assemble in her boudoir. She excelled in

MME. DE POMPADOUR.
From the Painting by F. Boucher. *Photo. by W. A. Mansell & Co.*

music, elocution, and drawing; but the perfect grace and beauty of her figure and her exquisite art in dressing were her crowning accomplishments, and won for her the power she exercised until her death.

"The most delicate flower I have seen in a long time," said John Wilkes when he heard the young Bath *débutante*, Miss Elizabeth Linley, sing at a concert in London in 1773, when she was nineteen years old. Horace Walpole went further—he placed her "above all living beauties." The Bishop of Neath, on beholding her, declared she was "the connecting link between woman and angel." Sir Joshua Reynolds was so impressed that he besought her to sit to him for his "St. Cecilia" and for the Virgin in his "Nativity." Miss Linley sang in oratorios arranged by her father, who was a composer and music-master, and amongst her suitors was an elderly bachelor named Long, whom the beauty detested and wished to flee from. In this desire she was abetted by a certain clever and good-looking youth, a friend of her father's, named Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With his connivance she secretly escaped from Bath and took ship to Dunkirk, with the intention of boarding at a convent at Lille. But Sheridan frankly told the beautiful girl that, although he was willing to help her, he could not be content to leave her in a convent unless she consented first to marry him, as, after the step she had taken in running away from her father in his company, she could hardly appear in England save as his wife. So, at a village near Calais, the marriage

MRS. SHERIDAN.

From the Painting by Gainsborough. By permission of Lord Rothschild.

From a Carbon Print by Braun Clément, Dornach.

MRS. ROBINSON.
From the Painting by Reynolds.
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

ceremony was performed by a complaisant priest, although both parties only regarded it as a betrothal. On the heels of this escapade over came old Mr. Linley, who carried his daughter back to Bath. His friend Mathews denounced young Sheridan as "a liar and a treacherous scoundrel," and a duel was the result, in which Mathews was disarmed and had to beg for his life. Another duel resulted in Sheridan being wounded, but a year later he was married in England to Miss Linley with her father's permission. After her marriage the beauty declined to sing in public, although she kept her wonderful voice to the end. She died at thirty-eight. "No other woman of her time," remarks Mr. Fraser Rae, "possessed in larger measure than Mrs. Sheridan beauty, talent, and virtue." She is said to have been the only lady for whom that eminent connoisseur in female beauty, the Duke of Clarence, ever sighed in vain.

On a certain December night in 1778 Drury Lane Theatre was crowded to see a representation of Garrick's version of the "Winter's Tale." The most important topic was not the play or Garrick, but the marvellous beauty of Mrs. Robinson, who played Perdita. The chief actor, when it was rumoured that the young Prince of Wales would attend the performance, prophesied that the lady would captivate the Royal Prince. His prediction proved true. After the performance there came into her hands, through Lord Malden, a letter signed "Florizel." It began an amorous correspondence between the Prince and this girl of twenty, who had already known something of the vicissitudes of life. Mary Darby (the Darby had once been McDermott) was a native of Bristol, who at sixteen had married a clerk named Robinson, who became arrested for debt, and she shared his imprisonment. While in prison and nursing her child the girl-mother wrote a volume of poems, which she showed to the Duchess of Devonshire, who had them published. On her release after

LADY HAMILTON.
From the Painting by Romney.
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

MRS. JORDAN.
From the Painting by Romney.
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

ten months' confinement she was engaged by Garrick, and made her appearance on the stage as Juliet with great success. On receiving the *billet-doux* from the Prince she answered it, signing herself "Perdita," and after several letters had been exchanged a meeting was arranged at Kew. So great was young George's infatuation that, wishing to give her a present, he gladly signed a bond for twenty thousand pounds, to be paid when he came of age.

MISS CROKER.
From the Painting by Lawrence.
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

But the Royal lover was fickle. The lady became talked about, and left the stage. She went to Paris on a pension of five hundred pounds a year, where her beauty attracted great attention, but she prudently declined overtures from the Duke of Orleans, and opened an academy. Marie Antoinette presented her with a purse knitted by her own hands and a note to "la belle Anglaise." She returned finally to England and literature, writing many poems and

plays before her death, crippled and impoverished in 1800, at the age of forty.

It was an age of beautiful women, and a contemporary of "Perdita" was the famous Dorothy Jordan, who, beginning life as a milliner's assistant in Dublin, went on the stage, where her father filled the humble post of scene-shifter. At first her beauty won her way, but afterwards her talents asserted themselves and she became one of the leading actresses of the day, second perhaps only to Mrs. Siddons. Byron declared her superb, and the elder Mathews called her an extraordinary and exquisite being, as distinct from any other being in the world as she was superior to all her contemporaries in her particular line of acting. Sir Joshua Reynolds preferred her to all the actresses of his time.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street.

Naturally such a paragon would have a host of admirers. She was known as the wife of Sir Richard Ford for a time, but in 1790 she accepted the attentions of the Duke of Clarence (William IV.), and in course of time bore him ten children, all known under the name of FitzClarence, and several of whom became famous soldiers, sailors, and divines. The Duke allowed her one thousand pounds a year, and when the King sought to have this reduced to five hundred pounds Mrs. Jordan, by way of reply, cut off the legend on the bottom of the Drury Lane playbill and sent it to the Duke —"No money returned after the rising of the curtain." Afterwards, when a separation came she was secured an income of four thousand four hundred pounds a year. She survived until 1816, although a great mystery hangs about her death, and many (even her daughter) declared they had seen her alive after she was supposed to be buried. Her portrait was often painted, and one by Romney, as "The Country Girl," was in the possession of her son, Colonel FitzClarence, first Earl of Munster. A statue of her was executed by Chantrey for her former lover, William IV.

CEORGIANA COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

The story of Amy Lyon, the daughter of the humble Cheshire villager, who by her wondrous beauty rose to a pitch of European renown, is an astonishing instance of beauty's power. The future Lady Hamilton was christened Amy, but after trying the various changes of Amyly, Emyly, and Emily, finally adopted Emma, and wishing also a change of surname christened herself Hart, when at sixteen she came to London as lady's-maid. After an

extraordinary career of vicissitudes she came under the protection of the Hon. Charles Greville, who introduced her to Romney, who was inspired by her loveliness to paint from her some of his finest pictures. At twenty-eight she had become the wife of the Ambassador at Naples, Sir William Hamilton. There she met Nelson, and thereafter her history is entwined with his own. She was obliged, at fifty, to flee from her creditors to Calais, where she died in 1815.

Eighty years ago all England rang with the fame of Miss Croker's beauty. This young lady had been brought up in the atmosphere of kings and palaces. She was the young sister of the wife of a once famous politician, John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty. He adopted the little girl, Rosamund, as his daughter, and she took his name. Being always a welcome visitor at Carlton House, Windsor, and the Pavilion at Brighton, and the Prince Regent being fond of children, Miss Croker was never forgotten at the children's balls often given at the Palace. She finally married Sir George Barrow in 1832, and retained her beauty until past middle life.

Not easily to be matched in all the lists of beauty is the delicate perfection of Miss Mary Anderson, the Kentucky girl who took London by storm a quarter of a century ago and then suddenly retired for ever from the stage which had witnessed her triumphs. As Mme. de Navarro she has since lived in retirement in Worcestershire, but none who remembers that chaste and slender form and the chiselled features of an ideal Galatea can find her equal amongst the stage beauties of to-day.

To the surpassing loveliness of Georgiana Countess of Dudley all her contemporaries bear testimony. James Russell Lowell, the celebrated American author, caught a glimpse of her in the 'sixties and thought she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Georgiana Elizabeth Moncreiffe, the daughter of a Perthshire baronet, married in 1865 and was long considered the most beautiful woman in London society. She is the mother of the present Earl of Dudley, Governor-General of Australia.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.
From a Painting by J. S. Sargent, R.A.

As a great society beauty she may be said to have been succeeded by Lord Rosslyn's lovely daughter, Lady Millicent Fanny St. Clair-Erskine, who, after five-and-twenty years, is still living and reigning. No portrait, not even that which many consider Mr. Sargent's masterpiece, gives a wholly adequate idea of the Duchess of Sutherland's beauty. She is tall and most divinely fair, and, as has been said, needs not her rank on her walks abroad to proclaim her nobility or attract admiration.

THE QUESTION.

By MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. W. Sydney Stacey).

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

I.

"IF I were superstitious," she said, "I should be afraid."

"Afraid of what? We can't be sitting beneath a ladder, and we aren't thirteen." He broke off to add, tenderly, "We're one, aren't we—just one, Enid?"

"Yes," she said.

She looked down into his face as he lay there beside her on the great flat rock, and then out to where more rocks towered above them, huge grass-topped rocks poised one over another, one behind another, in towering majesty—grey, with tender lichen coolly green, and burning red and gold gleaming in the sunshine; and down at their foot, where the waves were breaking over the smaller rocks, sending up little fountains of glittering spray, covering and then leaving the sharp jagged points bare, hinting with beautiful and cruel suggestion at the terrible rocks hidden beneath. There was a fresh wind blowing from off the sea, and the waves hurried in restlessly and broke in showers of booming beauty at the foot of those great rocks.

"I say, isn't it ripping? I don't see what there's to be afraid of on a day like this."

She turned, smiling.

"That's just it — it's rippingness," she said.

"What? Oh, don't get clever, darling,

"DREAMILY, HER HAND IN HIS, SHE SAT AND WATCHED IT ALL, THE SEA AND THE SKY AND THE ROCKS."

and talk over my head. You promised you'd always explain, you know."

"You're a baby," she laughed. "There, it was only that—— You see, Dick, I've not had a very happy life."

"I'm going to make up for that."

She nodded.

"Yes. Well, that was it. I was looking out at the beautiful green sea, and—and thinking of——"

"Last Tuesday?"

"Yes, our wedding day, and—it is all so beautiful and happy and wonderful, that I—I almost felt afraid—just for a minute—afraid that it is too—*too* wonderful."

He drew her closer.

"Poor little girl!"

"Doesn't that chap look a midge up there?"

She followed his gaze over to the summit of the highest rock, where a man was standing looking out to sea.

"It's that man I saw pass the hotel this morning," she said. "Do you remember? I said he had a face like a Dutch doll."

He nodded.

"I didn't see him, but how on earth you can see who it is at this distance I can't imagine."

She laughed, proud of her splendid eyesight, but acknowledged frankly:—

"It's his legs. They're such curious legs. They look as if they are put on back to front somehow. Look at their outline against the sky."

He peered up drowsily at a pair of stockinged legs that to his eyes might just as well have been anything else, and grunted.

"I can't see any outline, you little humbug. Might as well be sausages or tadpoles."

"It's because you're half asleep."

He smiled up at her.

"It's so warm and comfy and happy. But I'm not asleep—I'm thinking."

"What of?" she asked, demurely.

"Oh, Aunt Louisa, of course. Give me your hand. Rubbish! There's no one within a mile. Oh, that chap can't see. He isn't likely to have your vivid imagination, and anyway, you're my wife. Enid, what did you promise last Wednesday? You surprise and grieve me."

Dreamily, her hand in his, she sat and watched it all, the sea and the sky and the rocks, and because deep down in her heart that tremulous fear lurked, her thoughts turned to tragedy, and she said:—

"Dick, suppose that man up there—he's climbing about now—suppose he fell over, would you have to try to save him?"

"Of course I should try, but I couldn't do it."

She looked down at the little sharp points with the sea running off them, and shuddered.

"You couldn't possibly swim round," she said. "You'd be——"

"Bashed to bits," he finished, cheerfully. "I should. But he isn't going to fall over, so what's the use of picturing horrors?"

"I can't swim," she said. "I—almost—wish you couldn't."

"Enid, you're getting morbid."

She gave a little contrite laugh.

"I know; I'm sorry."

"I should think you are."

"But, Dick—no, I'm not morbid now—only interested. Do you think it would be right to do it? You would not save him, and—you—would leave me——" She broke off, unable to finish her sentence. "You would do no good to anyone. It—would be suicide."

Dick pushed back his hat, and looked up at her with his blue eyes suddenly grown serious.

"You'd just do it—that's all," he said, simply.

Suddenly she turned on him passionately.

"Why? Oh, how can you pretend that you love me as I love you? Love me—and you'd do a thing like that! You'd turn my life into a hideous tragedy—*kill* me—and for what? To satisfy a conventional instinct. You'd kill yourself—a ghastly death—before my eyes, because you're not brave enough—don't love me enough—to put yourself aside—because you shrink from living with what a few conventional madmen might call a coward's conscience! That man probably isn't worth saving; but if he is—if he has a wife and children to mourn for him—it would make no difference. You could not save him—you *know* you could not swim amongst those cruel rocks. And you'd leave me for that!"

Her voice broke and died away. Dick was sitting up now, a curious, almost frightened, dismay in his boyish face. He put his arm round her.

"Dear, I—I'm awfully sorry," he said, tentatively. "I don't quite know what's up. There, my darling, you feel better now, don't you?"

She smiled tearfully.

"Poor old Dick," she said, tremulously. "I don't know what is the matter with me this morning. I ought to be smacked."

"Yes, you ought," he agreed, his face

brightening. "We'll see about it later on. You're all right now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but"—she slipped her hand into his coaxingly—"*would* you, Dick?"

"Would I what?"

"Oh, don't look so stern. I'm not going to begin again, only—I just wanted to know—*would* you go in and try to save him?"

"Yes," he said, curtly.

She sighed.

He added, endeavouring to explain what was to him not explainable:—

"You see, dearest, you'd just do it—you couldn't help it. What else could you do? There's no other way—here—and—well, you wouldn't like me to be a sort of half-inch cowardly beast, would you?"

She broke into a delicious little laugh. "Oh, you dear love—no. I'd like you to be just exactly what you are—the bravest and best——"

"There, you see. Oh, you illogical child."

"I know. I think it's all wrong though, all the same."

He lay back on the rock with a contented little laugh.

"Nothing seems wrong to me to-day. The world's the best old place."

She said softly:—

> God's in His Heaven—
> All's right with the world!

He nodded.

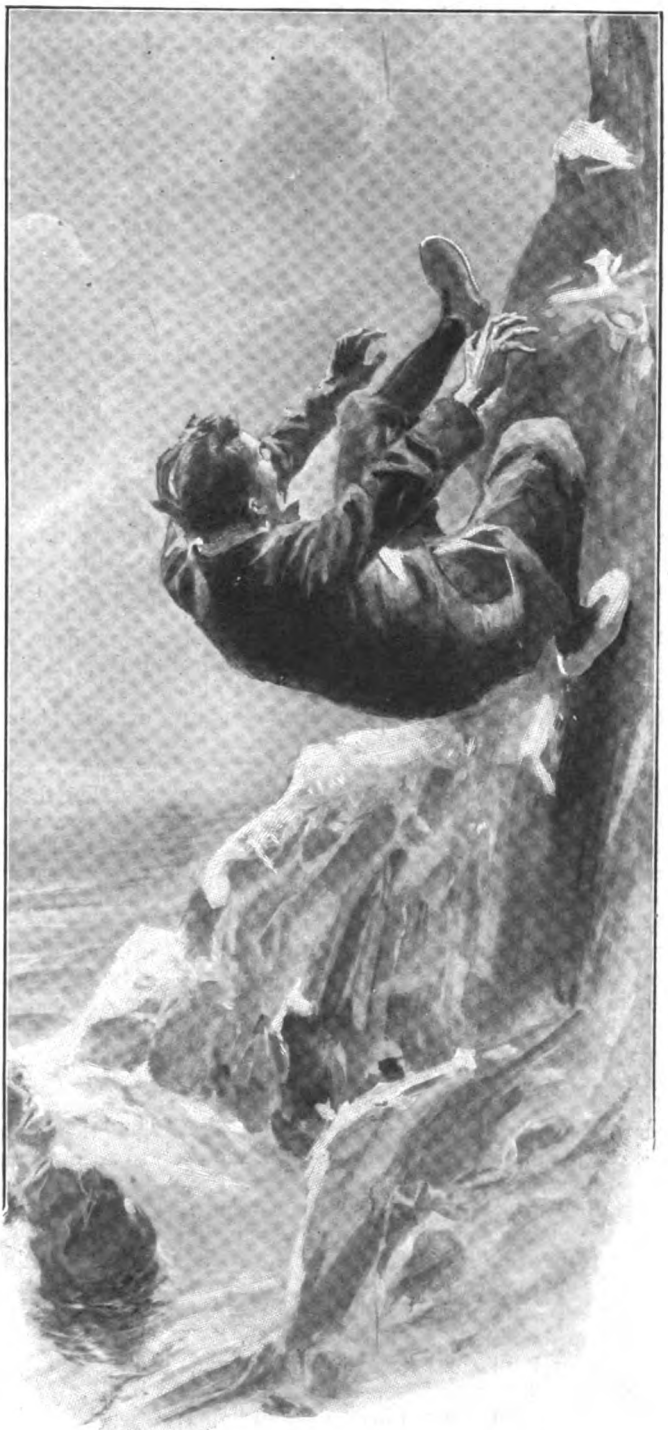
"Who's that? Shakespeare?"

"No—Browning."

"Oh! Never knew Browning wrote anything so simple and easy to understand."

She laughed at him tenderly.

Silence fell between them again then. He stretched out his hand for hers, took it, muttered, "Dear little hand," and closed his eyes. She leant back against the rock behind them, and gazed out, so happy that her thoughts were like



"SUDDENLY HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL."

some beautiful, happy, broken dream. Her eyes, wandering lazily, turned after a while to the highest of those great rocks, and she saw that the little man like a Dutch doll was still there, sitting on the grass now, looking out to sea. She moved restlessly. In some curious, indefinable way he formed a discordant note in her beautiful world.

"What—is it, sweetheart?"

She answered the sleepy voice lightly.

"Nothing; go to sleep. Perhaps I am composing a sonnet."

"Clever—little—darling!"

She found herself unable to keep her eyes away from that tall rock, where the little man sat on the grassy slope of its summit, and she experienced a thrill of relief when at last he rose and, after stretching his arms above his head, sauntered off inland. She drew a deep sigh, checked midway, for the man turned and walked back to the spot where he had been sitting, and began to move to and fro, head down-bent, evidently searching for something he missed. She watched impatiently. He approached the edge of the slope and, bending, peered down at the ledge a yard below where he had been clambering earlier in the morning. She watched. She saw him bend farther over, stretch his neck out—then suddenly he lost his balance and fell. She saw him fall, saw him clutch frantically at the narrow ledge, miss it, and disappear down behind the rocks. She saw him, and she felt no shock of surprise. She was conscious of only one great sick anxiety—that Dick should not wake. She sat rigid, holding her breath, faint with the terrible deadliness of her purpose, possessed only with that, and so possessed that she remembered to fight against the terrified longing to catch at his hand. She fought and conquered, so that her fingers lay limp within his. The man screamed as he fell, and she waited breathless lest it should have wakened Dick. Afterwards that scream was to ring with pitiless reiteration in her ears, but now it meant only a possible waking of the man beside her. That was all. It was over in less than a minute, but she sat there, rigid, dazed, and clinging dully to her deadly purpose. She heard the cry of a gull, and thought confusedly that he was a long while dying. She was glad Dick would not be able to see him when he woke—away round all those rocks. But he must not wake. She sat there, rigid; a dull pain was creeping all through her back and limbs; the longing to move became so intense as to be almost unbearable. But she must not move. If she moved she might wake Dick, and Dick must not be wakened. She could tell that he was asleep, because he lay so still. She could not see him because there was a curious mist that made everything dark, and there were little black specks floating in the air. . . .

When she regained consciousness she sat up and looked around, striving to understand, to remember. The place at her side, where Dick had lain, was empty, and with the shock of surprise memory came surging back, came with great cruel leaps and bounds that left her spent and breathless. And then came the awful fear that somehow Dick had found out—had gone. Her eyes sought shrinkingly those jagged rocks, now almost hidden by the incoming tide, and her voice rang out despairingly, calling on him to come back.

He came, climbing the rocks from behind her, and she flung herself into his arms, pitifully weeping, praying to him not to leave her again.

White and dismayed, he soothed her, besought her not to cry.

"You were asleep, dear one, or I would never have left you. What is the matter, Enid? A bad dream, little one?"

He knew that she sometimes had terrifying dreams. She caught at it eagerly, desperately, realizing that her task of keeping him and his love was only begun, vaguely understanding the awful work that lay before her.

"Yes, yes—oh, such a terrible dream, Dick! Don't leave me—promise you will not leave me again! I want to go back to the hotel. Oh, I want to go back! Take me back!"

He took her back. They were leaving that day, going farther inland. She hurried their departure with feverish unrest. Afterwards, looking back, the days that followed were vague, chaotic. Only two things stood out clear: one was the sound of a man's despairing scream always ringing in her ears, and the other was the horrible manœuvring to keep newspapers from Dick.

She never glanced at one herself.

II.

THE people in Fordingham said it was terribly sad that young Mrs. Penrose was so delicate. Others said she was sickly, and yet others that there was something wrong somewhere, and that the marriage was turning out very badly. Most of them had known Dick from the day of his birth, all could witness to his high spirits, his gaiety before his marriage, and now all shook their heads over the alteration in him. It was obvious he was worried

"YOU! IT'S YOU! OH, THANK HEAVEN!"

and unhappy over his wife's delicacy, or over whatever it was that was wrong with her.

Enid, moving amongst all these old friends of Dick's, realized again and again that she could never tell him what she had done that day on their honeymoon. At times the sick longing to unburden her soul, to pull away the curtain that had dropped between them, became so strong that she almost risked his grief and scorn and told him the truth. There were times when she felt that she could bear anything better than this shadow that had fallen between their souls, this burden of hypocrisy. But she never told him; living in the midst of stories of his valour and the valour of his forefathers, she could not do it. Friends, old servants, old country-folk, would tell her stories of Master Dick's pluck; to her proud yet shrinking mind there seemed no end to them. He would despise her. His women-folk had been as brave as the men of his family; they had sent their men to the wars with smiling faces; had borne their losses with a beautiful courage. Wandering amongst portraits of lovely women with clear, brave eyes up in the old gallery, Enid shrank appalled at the thought of confession. The gallery possessed a morbid sort of attraction for her. She spent a good deal of her time there; sometimes Dick would find her there and tell her stories of the men and women. He found her there one cold day in February; he sought her with more of his old expression in his face than he usually wore, and she responded to it eagerly. "What is it, Dick?"

"That Socialist chap—you know, Barker—has come down here to try and force his rotten doctrines down my people's throats." He gave a little laugh. "I don't fancy he'll get a particularly warm reception."

"No," she said. She waved her hand towards the portraits. "There are too many memories of them down here." They were silent a while. Suddenly she shivered.

"It is cold; let us go down to the library."

"I should like to see that man—Barker," she said, a little later.

"That's easy enough," he laughed. "He'll make enough row and show himself enough. He won't stay in modest retreat."

She saw him that same afternoon. She was alone, walking through the woods; the air was crisp and exhilarating, the woods wonderfully beautiful. Something of their quiet beauty, their peace and gentleness, sank into her spirit and soothed it. Then she heard a step approaching over the dead beech leaves, and, turning her head, surprised, she saw a man drawing near. He was still a long way off—a short, thick-set figure, his head in shadow, his clumsy, stockinged legs outlined brightly against the glowing bracken. Enid waited, her heart suffocating her with its rapid beating, and when he drew near her eyes leapt upward and she saw the face that haunted her night and day—the face that once she had laughingly declared was like a Dutch doll. She had known she would see that face; known it directly she caught sight of the legs with the calves that looked as if they were put on back to front. Her lips parted to speak, but no words came. She stood there, white, breathless, and, in his eyes, imperious. He twitched his shoulders uneasily, blinked his little dark eyes, and remarked, insolently:—

"I suppose you mean I've got no right to be here? I refuse to acknowledge that. I've got just as much right as you, just as much right as the man who thinks he owns this place, and the souls and bodies of the country people round here——"

She did not heed him. Her breath was coming back now. She gave a little cry:—

"You! It's you! Oh, thank Heaven!"

Amazement spread over his broad, flat face; he stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"You are alive!" she breathed. "You were not drowned!"

Recognition dawned in his eyes.

"Oh, I remember you now!" he said.

He paused abruptly, peering at her inquiringly.

She was trembling with the shock and relief of his sudden appearance.

Suddenly a nasty sneer lifted his thick lip.

"No, I wasn't drowned," he said, in a bullying voice. "But it was no thanks to you, or your brave husband either!"

"Oh, hush, hush! He was asleep. It was I! I!"

"You were sitting on the rocks. I remember you now. I'd seen you before, swaggering around as if you owned the world! No, I wasn't drowned, but I was knocked about pretty badly. Why didn't you wake your husband—eh?"

She shrank away. All her usual pride had deserted her. She glanced fearfully around, and he watched her, his eyes growing cunning.

"I—didn't want him—to be drowned," she said, in a low, shamed voice.

"Oh, that was it, was it? You didn't care about me! Well, that'll be a pretty story to tell some of these fools down here. That'll choke some of their infernal hero-worship out of 'em. A nice little story it'll make,

"SHE SAW HIM SHAKE HIM AS IF HE WERE A RAT, THEN DRAG HIM BACK TO HER."

told in suitable language! How the wife——"

"Be quiet!"

For a moment, and in spite of himself, her voice stayed his tongue. Even when he resumed his tone and words were different. "I'll do it all the same," he said, with sulky obstinacy. "You can't put me off by looking at me as if I'm the dirt beneath your feet! I suppose that's why you would

have let me drown, eh? I wasn't worth risking anything for——"

"Oh, hush! Someone will hear."

There was a pause. His sharp little eyes never left her shrinking face. When he next spoke he came a step nearer, and his voice was lower.

"I'll give it up if you make it worth my while," he said.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"I want money. Do you understand? Give me fifty pounds and I'll hold my tongue."

She went home light-footed, eager-eyed. She was not a murderer—the man was alive! Surely now she could throw it from her! She could not tell Dick, but need it be a horrible shadow between them any longer? The man had gone; she had stipulated for that. She was to send the money to an address in London. She lifted her head and drew in great, glad breaths of the clean, sharp air. That man—the little man with the face like a Dutch doll—was alive! Alive, and well, and repulsive! If she had wakened Dick he could not be more alive, and Dick would be—— Her footsteps quickened into a run. She ran to him. When she found him her bright eyes questioned his face remorsefully. How she had worried and grieved him! She twined her arms about him, pressed her cold cheek to his, till the worried lines in his face seemed to smooth out, and he kissed her again and again passionately.

It was a fortnight later that she received a letter from Barker asking for a further ten pounds. And then she began to realize into what she had let herself be led. Shivering at the thought of the deceit that would be necessary, the methods she would have to practise to obtain the money this man would demand, she wrote to him in reply that she could send him no more money, and that she had decided to tell her husband everything. The letter she received from him in answer to that gave her a terrible shock, and she realized with shrinking horror that she had a scoundrel to deal with. For he said that unless he received the ten pounds within two days he would publish the story, down to the very traffic she had had with him; and, further, that he would so tell it that her husband should figure as a coward sheltering behind his wife's skirts. He concluded with the remark that he thought the story would do good to his side, so far as Fordingham was concerned, and harm to theirs, so that he was quite prepared to forfeit the money for that. She sent him the ten pounds. And a month later a further twenty. She knew that she was only getting deeper and deeper into the mire this man had brought into her life, and the knowledge made her physically ill. There very soon came a time when, at bay, she refused to send him what he asked. She had not got it, and she would not tell the lie to Dick that would have easily procured it.

Barker came down to Fordingham and waylaid her; he lurked about in the woods till he met her. And suddenly she let it all go—ill, utterly unnerved, she stood, making no sign, while he insolently demanded the money. She knew that Dick was just behind her, that he had paused to speak to a keeper, and would be with her at any moment. She stood quite still, dully waiting, making no movement when she heard Dick's footsteps drawing near. She saw the man with the face like a Dutch doll turn and run, saw Dick start in pursuit and catch him by the collar of his coat, saw him shake him as if he were a rat, then drag him back to her.

"I heard his voice. What was he saying to you, Enid?"

She spoke in a curious, listless way, conscious chiefly of a wish that she could find somewhere dry to sit down.

"He is the man with the face like a Dutch doll, who was climbing on the top of the high rock, and when you were asleep he fell into the sea, and I didn't wake you because I didn't want you to be drowned——"

So she went on, listlessly, to the end. Then there was a pause. Glancing up, she looked into Dick's white face, and her listlessness was pierced into sharp life.

"Don't—don't look like that!" she cried.

"Hush, Enid!" He turned to the man he still held.

"Give up any letter you have!"

The man hesitated, muttering something insolent about making the story public.

Dick laughed.

"You know it's no use trying that game on me. I'd have you up for blackmail, you cur! You'd cut a nice figure, wouldn't you? Enid, how many letters have you written to him?"

"Two."

"Give them up, you blackguard!"

"I haven't got them with me."

"We'll soon see."

Dick raised his stick, then glanced over his shoulder at Enid.

"You go home," he said, gently.

"I—oh, Dick, don't——"

"Please go, Enid."

She went.

She waited up in the little white room that

had been prepared so tenderly for her, and where she had spent so many bad hours. She was chiefly conscious of just a great longing for Dick, and for his forgiveness.

When he came at last she did not go to him, she stood hesitating.

"Dick," she whispered. "Oh, try not to —to despise me—too—much——"

He took her into his arms with a cry.

"My love, my love, I saw him fall, too!

It was not for a long while that she questioned him. She just lay in his arms with a great sense of wonderful peace. But at last her mind began to work, and she was puzzled.

"But you were asleep," she murmured.

"No, I was not quite asleep. I thought you were." He passed his hand over his eyes. "I can't realize it quite yet," he said. "Barker, that man! And you—saw him fall. All these months—you, too—oh, my poor little girl!"

Presently she whispered. "Tell me, Dick." Then, as he hesitated, she said, with an infinite tenderness, "Does it hurt too much?"

"Heavens, child, how I have longed to tell you! But it seemed to me that it would be cowardly—that the only reparation I could make was never to let you know what you—what I had done——"

"What I had made you do," she corrected, softly.

"Sometimes I nearly told you; but you thought so much of courage—you were always in the picture gallery—I used to tell you stories of their pluck and watch your face. I thought it would break your heart to know——"

"Go on," she said.

"That morning—you were leaning back against the rock, and I thought you had fallen asleep—I was drowsy—I didn't see him fall—I heard him calling out——"

She shivered, and he drew her closer.

"Enid, I don't know what came over me. I can't explain. I just lay there, your words about leaving you alone chasing through my brain. It seemed in those few seconds that it would be foul treachery to leave you while you slept—your hand in mine. Dear, you know how they say a drowning man sees all his past life spread out before him? In those seconds I saw—not mine, but yours—every incident and sorrow you have told me of your life I saw—I saw your unhappiness, and—it sounds pretty stupid, but I'd got some notion in my head that I was sort of making up—showing at last how much I loved you—making some big sacrifice. I suppose really I funked," he added, heavily.

She looked up into his face, her eyes shining through tears.

"You!" she said.

That was all, but his face lightened wonderfully.

"After—when it was too late—I went up over the cliff to see if I could find out anything, but there was no sign or sound. You couldn't get anywhere near——"

"How was he saved?"

"He only fell a little way—on to some ledge—and climbed up again when he'd got his wind. I can't think how I missed him."

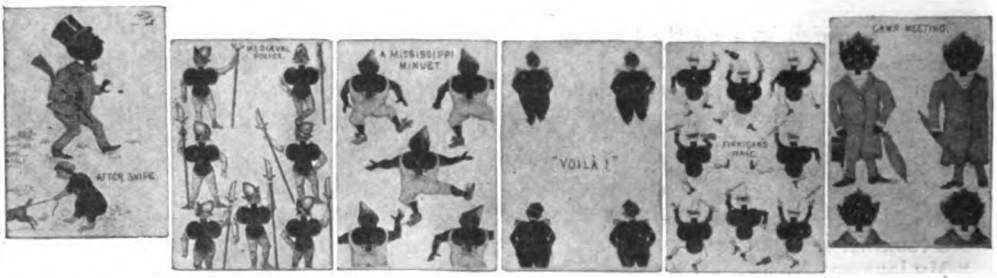
It was a little later, after she had told him all her sorrow, that he said, very gently:—

"Dear, if I should ever be given another chance, you—you——"

She lifted her head bravely.

"I would not grudge you again," she said. "You have done enough. Next time it should be I."

"SHE LOOKED UP INTO HIS FACE, HER EYES SHINING THROUGH TEARS."



CARD-SQUIGGLES.

By "STRAND" READERS.

THANKS to THE STRAND, the art of "squiggling" is making great progress amongst His Majesty's lieges, if one may judge by the liberal abundance of specimens which continue to pour in upon us, *viâ* His Majesty's mails from all parts of the kingdom. As regards playing-card squiggles, one might venture to think they are beginning to rival card-playing, even of bridge itself, as a popular pastime.

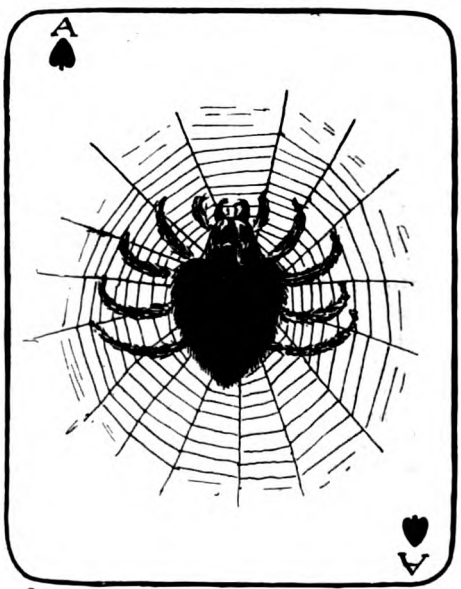
It is interesting to know that there is in existence at least one entire pack of "squiggled" playing-cards—each one, from the king of hearts, "the Emperor of the pack," to the humble deuce of clubs, lending itself to the production of something which never entered the mind either of the original designer of playing-cards or of his successors through several centuries.

Six cards from one of these packs are reproduced at the head of this article. For the use of these we are indebted to Mr. W. Sapte, of Ashford, Middlesex.

For examples of sheer ingenuity the squiggles herewith presented are hard to beat. To begin with, there is the election orator, who has hardly begun to address his audience before three ballot-boxes are hurled at him, one catching him in the jaw, a second hurling away his hat; his stool is upset, while one of the unrepentant audience waves a miniature flag, and in this manner is the five of diamonds correctly utilized.

The ace of spades forms the ground-

1.



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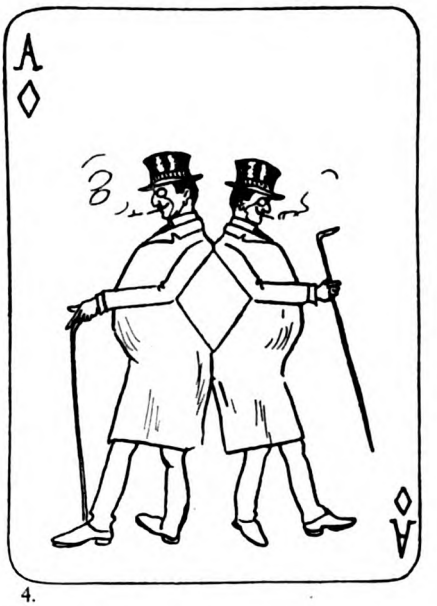


4.

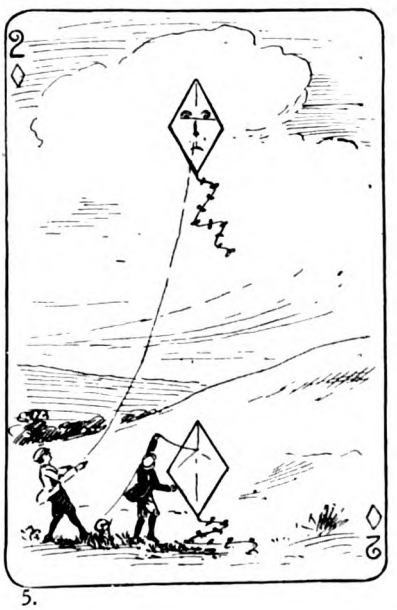
work of several magnificent spiders, one of the best of which is shown.

That the ace of clubs should have suggested to many the three balls of the pawnbroker is most natural, but there are not many who would have treated the idea so ingeniously, and one may add so humorously, as this. The marginal *consigne* does duty as the trefoil apex of a Gothic spire. And observe that the prospective patron of the establishment is no squalid *strugforlifeur*, for all that he is familiar with the sign of the swinging club. A single club is suspended above him, but he carries a set of clubs under his arm, and he probably belongs to a club, unless he, too, is suspended.

That the interval of space between two men of fashion should take the shape of an ace of diamonds would not readily occur to everyone, and one suspects that the stay-maker must have something to do with such a result. Yet this is not, one reflects, the first time that a diamond has separated two friends.

It is not a little curious that so few card-squigglers should have thought of kite-flying in connection with diamonds. A really capital design is that given below of the two of diamonds figuring as red kites, one launched and the other on the point of being so.

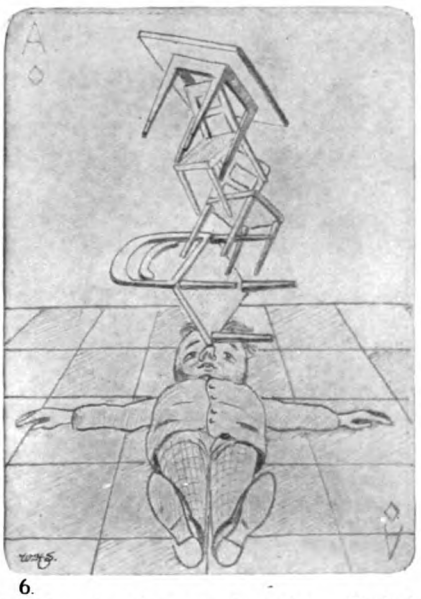
As for the ace of the same suit, a most complicated picture shows it as part of the central object, the bottom of a chair poised on a juggler's nose. One feels that this is a considerable waste of effort on a single pip, although, as we hinted before, it is not uncommon for a man to stake a good deal on a diamond.



5.

The next squiggle is reminiscent of the pantomime season. We have already seen the club suggesting the familiar—alas! too-familiar — trisphere of the impecunious; here that idea is combined with the eccentric head-dress of a clown. And if you turn this card upside down you will perceive that pantaloon's nose has something to do with the numeral of the *consigne* in the corner.

A very graceful drawing is that of two peacocks with upraised plumage, the background between their curving necks, combined with the whole

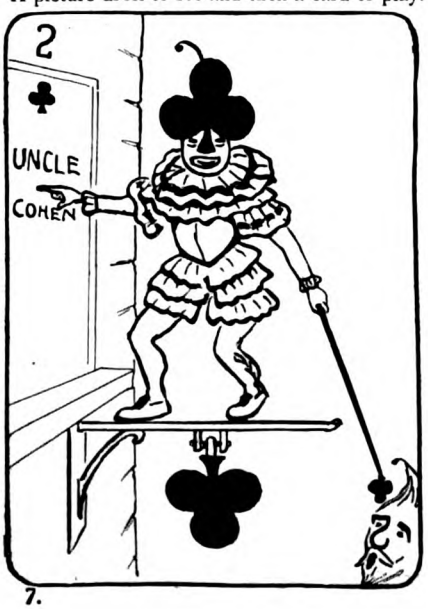


6.

design, forming the ace of spades. Probably, were the birds to be pausing before the mouth of a dark cavern, the background would be sufficiently black to make a similar impression on a beholder. Another striking conception is that of a pair of serpents engaged in mortal combat, their heads being the two of spades.

The deuce of diamonds would appear to be a favourite with those fashioners of objects which, to adopt the language of the poet,

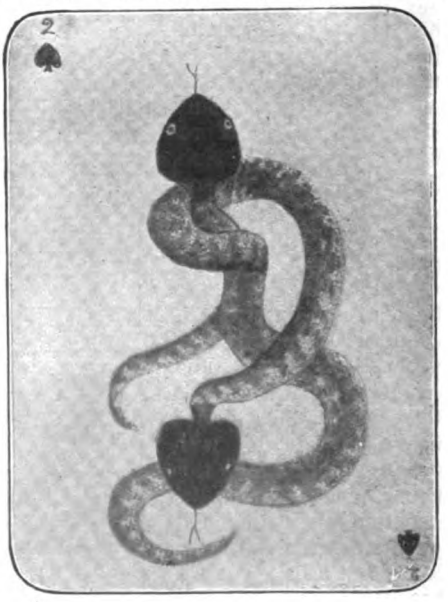
Contrive a double debt to pay,
A picture droll to see and then a card to play.

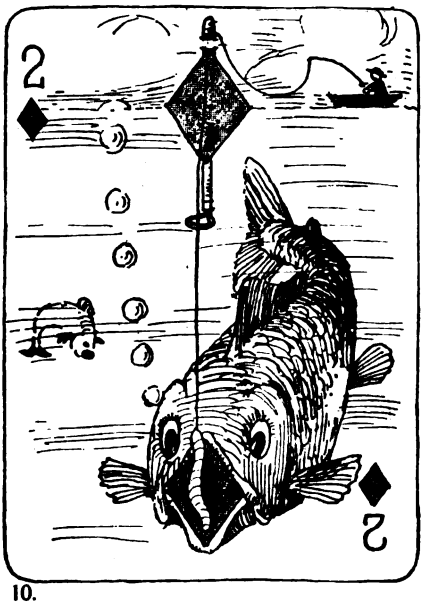


7.

8.

For in another example we are presented to a most voracious fish (" finny monster of the deep," as the youthful reporter would say) about to swallow a worm suspended from a float, the latter and the fish's gaping mouth forming the two of diamonds. The angler overhead, although of microscopic proportions, appears in his punt happy and alert. The three of spades is the basis of a composition in which a characteristic scene on our English roads is pleasantly delineated. A motorist, surmounted by that eccentric





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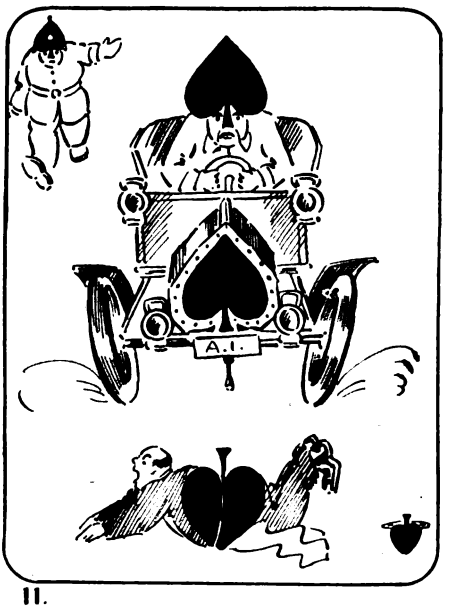
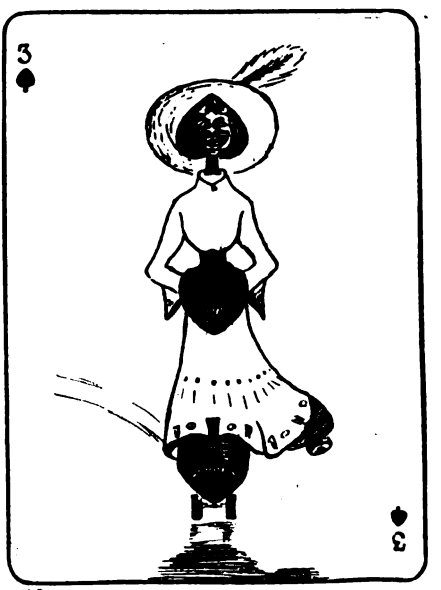


11.

variety of headgear without which much of the delights of motoring must be foregone, is bearing down upon the recumbent figure of his victim, who would appear to have previously received the attentions of another motor, for he is nailed to the earth and covered with gore. Not the least amusing detail of the sketch is the utilization of the helmet to indicate the suit, which is a touch of observation, too, in the artist, for in real life the hat is often an indication of the suit. The same three of spades is taken by another draughtsman for his comic delineation of a sable belle, who is revelling in the joys of rinking. Her face is the top spot, the middle spot is the lady's muff, while the third spot is comfortably occupied by her right foot, which is of generous proportions, but doubtless, in reality, no larger than her left, partly concealed by her skirt's draperies.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the many combinations, even of the smaller denominations of a pack of cards, which ought to occur to everyone, but which are somehow reserved for a few clever ones. Looking at the figure of a boy scout on the next page signalling with flags, one might suppose hundreds would think of this; but it seems to have escaped all but two or three. Although of great simplicity, it is yet one of the very best.

We find ourselves at the end of our space and yet with hundreds of excellent squiggles which we should like to mention. We must be content, however, to reproduce just a very few of them and on a much reduced scale.



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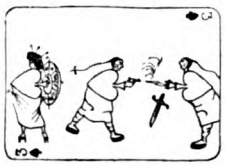
A most ingenious use of a three-spot shows a performing elephant balancing his huge bulk on the middle one of three box-stools. The three of spades is made to take on the character of two Chinese duellists and the lady who is the object of their joint affections, while the two of hearts is next used to show another Chinaman running off with a bag he has just snatched from an indignant old lady. In No. 16 the three of spades is used in a very graceful design, which might well be taken for a poster of "The Blue

13.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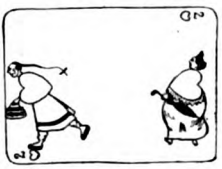
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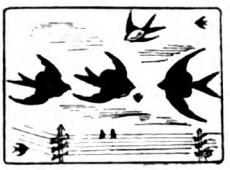
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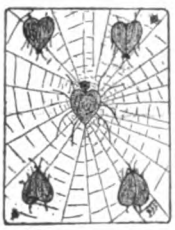
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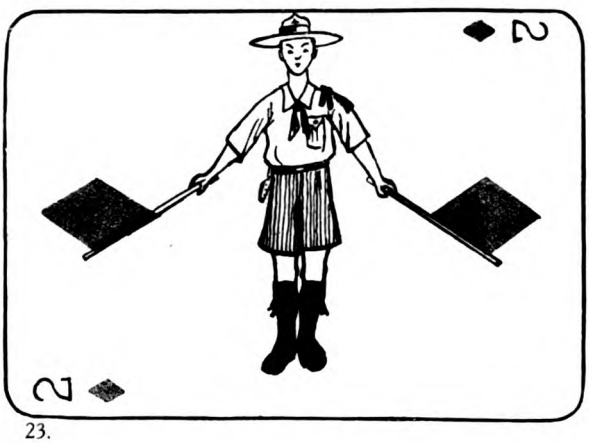
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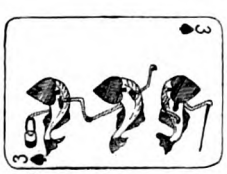
24.

Bird." The spider as a spade we have already seen, but in the next example he figures as a heart, while four other hearts represent four flies, his victims. The ace of clubs appears in another as the trifoliate window of a church, and in the next the two of clubs is introduced most cleverly into the sketch of an owl. A solitary damsel, posing as the ace of clubs, follows, and the next is a familiar type of squiggle which utilizes the three of a suit for hat, trunk, and object to be stood upon. Another squiggler saw the portrait of Mr. Hall Caine in the ace of hearts, while surely the hobbled skirt was never constrained within such proportions as is shown in the next treatment of the ace of spades. The three of that suit is used in another squiggle to portray three fishes enacting a little human as well as piscatorial drama, "Two's company, three's none"; while in the last, an old woman blows the bellows before a fire, the implement being the ace of hearts.


25.

26.

On the whole, the practice of seeing squiggles in playing-cards is a pastime with a good deal to recommend it as a test of skill combined with imagination.

The following list gives the names and addresses of the senders of the Squiggles published in the article, the numbers corresponding to those under each reproduction. No. 1, Mr. Harry J. McInnes, 11, Highburgh Road, Dowanhill, Glasgow; Nos. 2 and 21, Mr. Eric Cant, 5, Mill Lane, Cambridge; No. 3, Mr. G. R. Whitehead, Trimdon, Trimdon Grange, S.O., Durham; Nos. 4, 14, and 15, Mr. Stephen H. Critten, 15, Reginald Road, Forest Gate, E.; No. 5, Mr. T. R. Wallace, West Woodburn, Newcastle-on-Tyne; No. 6, Mr. W. H. Soar, 138, Old Heath Road, Colchester; Nos. 8 and 19, Mr. F. A. Williams, 83, Hammersmith Road, W.; Nos. 7, 20, and 23, Mr. Thomas Hobson, 25, Bursar Street, Cleethorpes; No. 9, Miss H. B. Killby, 12, Newnham Terrace, Pembridge; Nos. 10 and 26, Mr. Eustace Luton, 11, Argyle Terrace, Twerton, Bath; No. 11, Mr. Arthur Booth, 34, Belgrave Square, Rathmines, Dublin; No. 12 M.. J. Talman, 99, Queensborough Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow; Nos. 13, 16, and 17, Mr. H. F. Peet, 39, Outram Street, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham; No. 18, Miss Daisy Hunt, 148, Claremont Road, Forest Gate; No. 22, Mr. G. W. Cooper, Quarrington, Sleaford, Lincs; No. 24, Mr. R. J. Roberts, Dharur, Llandudno; No. 25, Mr. W. J. Vinson, 26, Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone.

Absent Treatment.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

I WANT to tell you all about dear old Bobbie Cardew. It's a most interesting story. I can't put in any literary style and all that; but I don't have to, don't you know, because it goes on its Moral Lesson. If you're a man you mustn't miss it, because it'll be a warning to you; and if you're a woman you won't want to, because it's all about how a girl made a man feel pretty well fed up with things.

If you're a recent acquaintance of Bobbie's, you'll probably be surprised to hear that there was a time when he was more remarkable for the weakness of his memory than anything else. Dozens of fellows, who have only met Bobbie since the change took place, have been surprised when I told them that. Yet it's true. Believe *me*.

In the days when I first knew him Bobbie Cardew was about the most pronounced young rotter inside the four-mile radius. People have called me a silly ass, but I was never in the same class with Bobbie. When it came to being a silly ass, he was a plus four man, while my handicap was about six. Why, if I wanted him to dine with me, I used to post him a letter at the beginning of the week, and then the day before send him a telegram and a 'phone-call on the day itself, and—half an hour before the time we'd fixed—a messenger in a taxi, whose business it was to see that he got in and that the chauffeur had the address all correct. By doing that I generally managed to get him, unless he had left town before my messenger arrived.

The funny thing was that he wasn't altogether a fool in other ways. Deep down in him there was a kind of stratum of sense. I had known him, once or twice, show an almost human intelligence. But to reach that stratum, mind you, you needed dynamite.

At least, that's what I thought. But there was another way which hadn't occurred to me. Marriage, I mean. Marriage, the dynamite of the soul; that was what hit Bobbie. He married. Have you ever seen a bull-pup chasing a bee? The pup sees the bee. It looks good to him. But he doesn't know what's at the end of it till he gets there. It was like that with Bobbie. He fell in love, got married—with a sort of whoop, as if it were the greatest fun in the world—and then began to find out things.

She wasn't the sort of girl you would have expected Bobbie to rave about. And yet, I don't know. What I mean is, she worked for her living; and to a fellow who has never done a hand's turn in his life there's undoubtedly a sort of fascination, a kind of romance, about a girl who works for her living.

Her name was Anthony. Mary Anthony. She was about five feet six; she had a ton and a half of red-gold hair, grey eyes, and one of those determined chins. She was a hospital nurse. When Bobbie smashed himself up at polo, she was told off by the authorities to smooth his brow and rally round with cooling unguents and all that; and the old boy hadn't been up and about again for more than a week before they popped off to the registrar's and fixed it up. Quite the romance.

Bobbie broke the news to me at the club one evening, and next day he introduced me to her. I admired her. I've never worked myself—my name's Pepper, by the way. Almost forgot to mention it. Reggie Pepper. My uncle Edward was Pepper, Wells, and Co., the colliery people. He left me a sizable chunk of bullion—I say I've never worked myself, but I admire anyone who earns a living under difficulties, especially a girl. And this girl had had a rather unusually tough time of it, being an orphan and all that, and having had to do everything off her own bat for years.

Mary and I got along together splendidly. We don't now, but we'll come to that later. I'm speaking of the past. She seemed to think Bobbie the greatest thing on earth,

judging by the way she looked at him when she thought I wasn't noticing. And Bobbie seemed to think the same about her. So that I came to the conclusion that, if only dear old Bobbie didn't forget to go to the wedding, they had a sporting chance of being quite happy.

Well, let's brisk up a bit here, and jump a year. The story doesn't really start till then.

They took a flat and settled down. I was in and out of the place quite a good deal. I kept my eyes open, and everything seemed to me to be running along as smoothly as you could want. If this was marriage, I thought, I couldn't see why fellows were so frightened of it. There were a lot of worse things that could happen to a man.

"HE GOT MARRIED."

But we now come to the incident of the Quiet Dinner, and it's just here that love's young dream hits a snag, and things begin to occur.

I happened to meet Bobbie in Piccadilly, and he asked me to come back to dinner at the flat. And, like a fool, instead of bolting

and putting myself under police protection. I went.

When we got to the flat, there was Mrs. Bobbie looking—well, I tell you, it staggered me. Her gold hair was all piled up in waves and crinkles and things, with a what-d'-you-call-it of diamonds in it. And she was wearing the most perfectly ripping dress. I couldn't begin to describe it. I can only say it was the limit. It struck me that if this was how she was in the habit of looking every night when they were dining quietly at home together, it was no wonder that Bobbie liked domesticity.

"Here's old Reggie, dear," said Bobbie. "I've brought him home to have a bit of dinner. I'll 'phone down to the kitchen and ask them to send it up now—what?"

She stared at him as if she had never seen him before. Then she turned scarlet. Then she turned as white as a sheet. Then she gave a little laugh. It was most interesting to watch. Made me wish I was up a tree about eight hundred miles away. Then she recovered herself.

"I am so glad you were able to come, Mr. Pepper," she said, smiling at me.

And after that she was all right. At least, you would have said so. She talked a lot at dinner, and chaffed Bobbie, and played us rag-time on the piano afterwards, as if she hadn't a care in the world. Quite a jolly little party it was—not. I'm no lynx-eyed sleuth, and all that sort of thing, but I had seen her face at the beginning, and I knew that she was working the whole time, and working hard, to keep herself in hand, and that she would have given that diamond what's-its-name in her hair and everything else she possessed to have one good scream—just one. I've sat through some pretty thick evenings in my time, but that one had the rest beaten in a canter. At the very earliest moment I grabbed my hat and got away.

Having seen what I did, I wasn't particularly surprised to meet Bobbie at the club next day looking about as merry and bright as a lonely gum-drop at an Eskimo tea-party.

He started in straightaway. He seemed glad to have someone to talk to about it.

"Do you know how long I've been married?" he said.

I didn't exactly.

"About a year, isn't it?"

"Not *about* a year," he said, sadly. "Exactly a year—yesterday!"

Then I understood. I saw light—a regular flash of light.

"Yesterday was——?"

"The anniversary of the wedding. I'd arranged to take Mary to the Savoy, and on to Covent Garden. She particularly wanted to hear Caruso. I had the ticket for the box in my pocket. Do you know, all through dinner I had a kind of rummy idea that there was something I'd forgotten, but I couldn't think what?"

"Till your wife mentioned it?"

He nodded.

"She—mentioned it," he said, thoughtfully.

I didn't ask for details. Women with hair and chins like Mary's may be angels most of the time, but, when they take off their wings for a bit, they aren't half-hearted about it.

"To be absolutely frank, old top," said poor old Bobbie, in a broken sort of way, "my stock's pretty low at home."

There didn't seem much to be done. I just lit a cigarette and sat there. He didn't want to talk. Presently he went out. I stood at the window of our upper smoking-room, which looks out on to Piccadilly, and watched him. He walked slowly along for a few yards, stopped, then walked on again, and finally turned into a jeweller's. Which was an instance of what I meant when I said that deep down in him there was a certain stratum of sense.

It was from now on that I began to be really interested in this problem of Bobbie's married life. Of course, one's always mildly interested in one's friends' marriages, hoping they'll turn out well and all that; but this was different. The average man isn't like Bobbie, and the average girl isn't like Mary. It was that old business of the immovable mass and the irresistible force. There was Bobbie, ambling gently through life, a dear old chap in a hundred ways, but undoubtedly a chump of the first water.

And there was Mary, determined that he shouldn't be a chump. And Nature, mind you, on Bobbie's side. When Nature makes a chump like dear old Bobbie, she's proud of him, and doesn't want her handiwork disturbed. She gives him a sort of natural armour to protect him against outside interference. And that armour is shortness of memory. Shortness of memory keeps a man a chump, when, but for it, he might cease to be one. Take my case, for instance. I'm a chump. Well, if I had remembered half the things people have tried to teach me during my life, my size in hats would be about

number nine. But I didn't. I forgot them. And it was just the same with Bobbie.

For about a week, perhaps a bit more, the recollection of that quiet little domestic evening bucked him up like a tonic. Elephants, I read somewhere, are champions at the memory business, but they were fools to Bobbie during that week. But, bless you, the shock wasn't nearly big enough.

"'HERE'S OLD REGGIE, DEAR,' SAID BOBBIE. 'I'VE BROUGHT HIM HOME TO HAVE A BIT OF DINNER.'"

It had dinted the armour, but it hadn't made a hole in it. Pretty soon he was back at the old game.

It was pathetic, don't you know. The poor girl loved him, and she was frightened. It was the thin end of the wedge, you see, and she knew it. A man who forgets what day he was married, when he's been married one year, will forget, at about the end of the fourth, that he's married at all. If she meant to get him in hand at all, she had got to do it now, before he began to drift away.

I saw that clearly enough, and I tried to make Bobbie see it, when he was by way of pouring out his troubles to me one afternoon. I can't remember what it was that he had forgotten the day before, but it was something she had asked him to bring home for her—it may have been a book.

"It's such a little thing to make a fuss about," said Bobbie. "And she knows that it's simply because I've got such an infernal memory about everything. I can't remember anything. Never could."

He talked on for a while, and, just as he was going, he pulled out a couple of sovereigns.

"Oh, by the way," he said.

"What's this for?" I asked, though I knew.

"I owe it you."

"How's that?" I said.

"Why, that bet on Tuesday. In the billiard-room. Murray and Brown were playing a hundred up, and I gave you two to one that Brown would win, and Murray beat him by twenty odd."

"So you do remember some things?" I said.

He got quite excited. Said that if I thought he was the sort of rotter who forgot to pay when he lost a bet, it was pretty rotten of me after knowing him all these years, and a lot more like that.

"Subside, laddie," I said.

Then I spoke to him like a father.

"What you've got to do, my old college chum," I said, "is to pull yourself together, and jolly quick, too. As things are shaping, you're due for a nasty knock before you know what's hit you. You've got to make an effort. Don't say you can't. This two quid business shows that, even if your memory is rocky, you can remember some things. What you've got to do is to see that wedding anniversaries and so on are included in the list. It may be a brain-strain, but you can't get out of it."

"I suppose you're right," said Bobbie. "But it beats me why she thinks such a lot of these rotten little dates. What's it matter if I forget what day we were married on or what day she was born on or what day the cat had the measles? She knows I love her just as much as if I were a memorizing freak at the halls."

"That's not enough for a woman," I said. "They want to be shown. Bear that in mind, and you're all right. Forget it, and there'll be trouble."

He chewed the knob of his stick.

"Women are frightfully rummy," he said, gloomily.

"You should have thought of that before you married one," I said.

I don't see that I could have done any more. I had put the whole thing in a nutshell for him. You would have thought he'd have seen the point, and that it would have made him brace up and get a hold on himself. But, no. Off he went again in the same old way. I gave up arguing with him. I had a good deal of time on my hands, but not enough to amount to anything when it was a question of reforming dear old Bobbie by argument. If you see a man asking for trouble, and insisting on getting it, the only thing to do is to stand by and wait till it comes to him. After that you may get a chance. But till then there's nothing to be done. But I thought a lot about him.

Bobbie didn't get into the soup all at once. Weeks went by, and months, and still nothing happened. Now and then he'd come into the club with a kind of cloud on his shining morning face, and I'd know that there had been doings in the home; but it wasn't till well on in the spring that he got the thunderbolt just where he had been asking for it—in the thorax.

I was smoking a quiet cigarette one morning in the window looking out over Piccadilly, and watching the buses and motors going up one way and down the other—most interesting it is; I often do it—when in rushed Bobbie, with his eyes bulging and his face the colour of an oyster, waving a piece of paper in his hand.

"Reggie," he said. "Reggie, old top, she's gone!"

"Gone!" I said. "Who?"

"Mary, of course! Gone! Left me! Gone!"

"Where?" I said.

Silly question? Perhaps you're right. Anyhow, dear old Bobbie nearly foamed at the mouth.

"Where? How should I know where? Here, read this."

He pushed the paper into my hand. It was a letter.

"Go on," said Bobbie. "Read it."

So I did. It certainly was quite a letter There was not much of it, but it was all to the point.

This is what it said:—

"My dear Bobbie,—I am going away. When you care enough about me to remember to wish me many happy returns on my birthday, I will come back. My address will be Box 341, *London Morning News*."

I read it twice, then I said, "Well, why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?"

"Why don't you wish her many happy returns? It doesn't seem much to ask."

"But she says on her birthday."

"Well, when is her birthday?"

"Can't you understand?" said Bobbie. "I've forgotten."

"Forgotten!" I said.

"Yes," said Bobbie. "Forgotten."

"How do you mean, forgotten?" I said. "Forgotten whether it's the twentieth or the twenty-first, or what? How near do you get to it?"

"I know it came somewhere between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. That's how near I get to it."

"Think."

"Think? What's the use of saying 'Think'? Think I haven't thought? I've been knocking sparks out of my brain ever since I opened that letter."

"And you can't remember?"

"No."

I rang the bell and ordered restoratives.

"Well, Bobbie," I said, "it's a pretty hard case to spring on an untrained amateur like me. Suppose someone had come to Sherlock Holmes and said, 'Mr. Holmes, here's a case for you. When is my wife's birthday?' Wouldn't that have given Sherlock a jolt? However, I know enough about the game to understand that a fellow can't shoot off his deductive theories unless you start him with a clue, so rouse yourself out of that pop-eyed trance and come across with two or three. For instance, can't you remember the last time she had a birthday? What sort of weather was it? That might fix the month."

Bobbie shook his head.

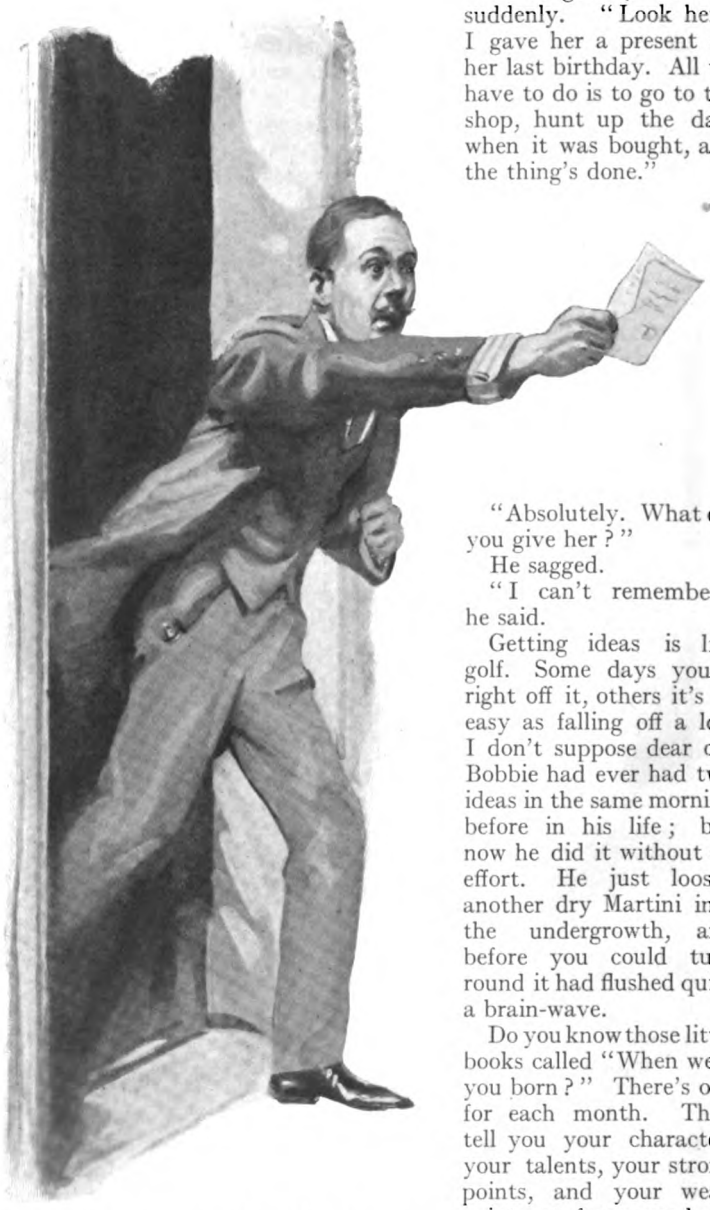
"It was just ordinary weather, as near as I can recollect."

"Warm?"

"Warmish."

"Or cold?"

"Well, fairly cold, perhaps. I can't remember."



"IN RUSHED BOBBIE, WITH HIS EYES BULGING AND HIS FACE THE COLOUR OF AN OYSTER, WAVING A PIECE OF PAPER IN HIS HAND."

I ordered two more of the same. They seemed indicated in the Young Detective's Manual. "You're a great help, Bobbie," I said. "An invaluable assistant. One of those indispensable adjuncts without which no home is complete."

Bobbie seemed to be thinking.

"I've got it," he said suddenly. "Look here. I gave her a present on her last birthday. All we have to do is to go to the shop, hunt up the date when it was bought, and the thing's done."

"Absolutely. What did you give her?"

He sagged.

"I can't remember," he said.

Getting ideas is like golf. Some days you're right off it, others it's as easy as falling off a log. I don't suppose dear old Bobbie had ever had two ideas in the same morning before in his life; but now he did it without an effort. He just loosed another dry Martini into the undergrowth, and before you could turn round it had flushed quite a brain-wave.

Do you know those little books called "When were you born?" There's one for each month. They tell you your character, your talents, your strong points, and your weak points at fourpence-halfpenny a go. Bobbie's idea was to buy the whole twelve, and go through them till we found out which month hit off Mary's character. That would give us the month, and narrow it down a whole lot.

A pretty hot idea for a non-thinker like dear old Bobbie. We sallied out at once. He took half and I took half, and we settled

down to work. As I say, it sounded good. But when we came to go into the thing, we saw that there was a flaw. There was plenty of information all right, but there wasn't a single month that didn't have something that exactly hit off Mary. For instance, in the December book it said, "December people are apt to keep their own secrets. They are extensive travellers." Well, Mary had certainly kept her secret, and she had travelled quite extensively enough for Bobbie's needs. Then, October people were "born with original ideas" and "loved moving." You couldn't have summed up Mary's little jaunt more neatly. February people had "wonderful memories"—Mary's speciality.

We took a bit of a rest, then had another go at the thing.

Bobbie was all for May, because the book said that women born in that month were "inclined to be capricious, which is always a barrier to a happy married life"; but I plumped for February, because February women "are unusually determined to have their own way, are very earnest, and expect a full return in their companions or mates." Which he owned was about as like Mary as anything could be.

In the end he tore the books up, stamped on them, burnt them, and went home.

It was wonderful what a change the next few days made in dear old Bobbie. Have you ever seen that picture, "The Soul's Awakening"? It represents a flapper of sorts gazing in a startled sort of way into the middle distance with a look in her eyes that seems to say, "Surely that is George's step I hear on the mat! Can this be love?" Well, Bobbie had a soul's awakening too. I don't suppose he had ever troubled to think in his life before—not really *think*. But now he was wearing his brain to the bone. It was painful in a way, of course, to see a fellow human being so thoroughly in the soup, but I felt strongly that it was all for the best. I could see as plainly as possible that all these brain-storms were improving Bobbie out of knowledge. When it was all over he might possibly become a rotter again of a sort, but it would only be a pale reflection of the rotter he had been. It bore out the idea I had always had that what he needed was a real good jolt.

I saw a great deal of him these days. I was his best friend, and he came to me for sympathy. I gave it him, too, with both hands, but I never failed to hand him the Moral Lesson when I had him weak.

One day he came to me as I was sitting in the club, and I could see that he had had an idea. He looked happier than he had done in weeks.

"Reggie," he said, "I'm on the trail. This time I'm convinced that I shall pull it off. I've remembered something of vital importance."

"Yes?" I said.

"I remember distinctly," he said, "that on Mary's last birthday we went together to the Coliseum. How does that hit you?"

"It's a fine bit of memorizing," I said; "but how does it help?"

"Why, they change the programme every week there."

"Ah!" I said. "Now you are talking."

"And the week we went one of the turns was Professor Someone's Terpsichorean Cats. I recollect them distinctly. Now, are we narrowing it down, or aren't we? Reggie, I'm going round to the Coliseum this minute, and I'm going to dig the date of those Terpsichorean Cats out of them, if I have to use a crowbar."

So that got him within six days; for the management treated us like brothers; brought out the archives, and ran agile fingers over the pages till they treed the cats in the middle of May.

"I told you it was May," said Bobbie. "Maybe you'll listen to me another time."

"If you've any sense," I said, "there won't be another time."

And Bobbie said that there wouldn't.

Once you get your memory on the run, it parts as if it enjoyed doing it. I had just got off to sleep that night when my telephone-bell rang. It was Bobbie, of course. He didn't apologize.

"Reggie," he said, "I've got it now for certain. It's just come to me. We saw those Terpsichorean Cats at a *matinée*, old man."

"Yes?" I said.

"Well, don't you see that that brings it down to two days? It must have been either Wednesday the seventh or Saturday the tenth."

"Yes," I said, "if they didn't have daily *matinées* at the Coliseum."

I heard him give a sort of howl.

"Bobbie," I said. My feet were freezing, but I was fond of him.

"Well?"

"I've remembered something too. It's this. The day you went to the Coliseum I lunched with you both at the Ritz. You had

forgotten to bring any money with you, so you wrote a cheque."

"But I'm always writing cheques."

"You are. But this was for a tenner, and made out to the hotel. Hunt up your cheque-book and see how many cheques for ten pounds payable to the Ritz Hotel you wrote out between May the fifth and May the tenth."

He gave a kind of gulp.

"Reggie," he said, "you're a genius. I've always said so. I believe you've got it. Hold the line.'

Presently he came back again.

"Halloa!" he said.

"I'm here," I said.

"It was the eighth. Reggie, old man, I——"

"Topping," I said. "Good night."

It was working along into the small hours now, but I thought I might as well make a night of it and finish the thing up, so I rang up an hotel near the Strand.

"Put me through to Mrs. Cardew," I said.

"It's late," said the man at the other end.

"And getting later every minute," I said. "Buck along, laddie."

I waited patiently. I had missed my beauty-sleep, and my feet had frozen hard, but I was past regrets.

"What is the matter?" said Mary's voice.

"My feet are cold," I said. "But I didn't call you up to tell you that particularly. I've just been chatting with Bobbie, Mrs. Cardew."

"'WHAT IS THE MATTER?' SAID MARY'S VOICE."

"Oh! is that Mr. Pepper?"

"Yes. He's remembered it, Mrs. Cardew."

She gave a sort of scream. I've often thought how interesting it must be to be one of those Exchange girls. The things they must hear, don't you know. Bobbie's howl and gulp and Mrs. Bobbie's scream and all about my feet and all that. Most interesting it must be.

"He's remembered it!" she gasped. "Did you tell him?"

"No."

Well, I hadn't.

"Mr. Pepper."

"Yes?"

"Was he—has he been—was he very worried?"

I chuckled. This was where I was billed to be the life and soul of the party.

"Worried! He was about the most worried man between here and Edinburgh. He has been worrying as if he was paid to do it by the nation. He has started out to worry after breakfast, and——"

Oh, well, you can never tell with women. My idea was that we should pass the rest of the night slapping each other on the back across the wire, and telling each other what bally brainy conspirators we were, don't you know, and all that. But I'd got just as far as this, when she bit at me. Absolutely! I heard the snap. And then she said "Oh!" in that choked kind of way. And when a woman says "Oh!" like that, it means all the bad words she'd love to say if she only knew them.

And then she began.

"What brutes men are! What horrid brutes! How you could stand by and see poor dear Bobbie worrying himself into a fever, when a word from you would have put everything right, I can't——"

"But——"

"And you call yourself his friend! His friend!" (Metallic laugh, most unpleasant.) "It shows how one can be deceived. I used to think you a kind-hearted man."

"But, I say, when I suggested the thing, you thought it perfectly——"

"I thought it hateful, abominable."

"But you said it was absolutely top——"

"I said nothing of the kind. And if I did, I didn't mean it. I don't wish to be unjust, Mr. Pepper, but I must say that to me there seems to be something positively fiendish in a man who can go out of his way

"OH! IS THAT MR. PEPPER?"

to separate a husband from his wife, simply in order to amuse himself by gloating over his agony——"

"But——!"

"When one single word would have——"

"But you made me promise not to——" I bleated.

"And if I did, do you suppose I didn't expect you to have the sense to break your promise?"

I had finished. I had no further observations to make. I hung up the receiver, and crawled into bed.

I still see Bobbie when he comes to the club, but I do not visit the old homestead. He is friendly, but he stops short of issuing invitations. I ran across Mary at the Academy last week, and her eyes went through me like a couple of bullets through a pat of butter. And as they came out the other side, and I limped off to piece myself together again, there occurred to me the simple epitaph which, when I am no more, I intend to have inscribed on my tombstone. It was this: "He was a man who acted from the best motives. There is one born every minute."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

WILLIAM HESKETH LEVER.

LOOK well at the portrait on the next page. Even if you did not at once identify it as that of Mr. William Hesketh Lever, you would at any rate take it to be that of a man of determination, of one who knows his own mind and acts accordingly. And you would be right, for the world-famous founder of Port Sunlight is a man of character, a man of ideas, and a man accustomed to carrying his ideas into effect. He is a captain of industry in the best sense of that somewhat misused phrase. If his success in business has been great, has he not earned it by foresight and organizing ability beyond the ordinary?

He comes of a Lancashire family, and was born in 1851 in Wood Street, Bolton, in which street his father had first seen the light. He may be said to have been cradled in commerce, for his grandfather was a manufacturer, while his father's trade was that of wholesale grocer. After receiving a good education at Bolton, at the age of sixteen he began business life in his father's office, but he had not reached twenty-six when he determined to make a venture on his own account. Wigan was selected as his scene of operations, and here he started a grocery business in 1877, and, though he still continued to live at Bolton, every morning found him at Wigan by seven o'clock, or soon after.

His venture prospered, and its success enabled him in 1886 to sell it for a large sum and thus obtain the capital required to further a new enterprise on which he had embarked in the previous year. This was the acquisition of a small soap factory at Warrington. Here was Mr. Lever's opportunity, and he seized it in no uncertain manner. His object was to place a new soap on the market, and at the same time to give it a name which would appeal to the purchasing public. It has been said that he carried with him for several weeks a list of about a dozen names which had been suggested to him by Mr. W. P. Thompson, trade mark agent of Liverpool, looking at it frequently, and the more he looked the more "Sunlight" shone out on the list as the name which could most easily be made a household word. He selected "Sunlight," which has proved an "Open Sesame" to his prosperity.

He now initiated an advertising campaign which soon became the talk of the country, and as a result quickly reaped his reward. The works at Warrington were extended, but still the business continued to grow so rapidly that in September, 1889, a move was made to larger premises at Port Sunlight; as the new place was happily named.

AGE 5½.
From a Daguerreotype.

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by R. Knott.

MR. W. H. LEVER—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Medrington, Ltd.

AGE 22.
From a Photograph.

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Kay & Son.

Port Sunlight, with its well-kept gardens and tree-lined streets, is one of the sights of industrial England. Its houses, with their quaint Old-English style, red-tiled roofs, latticed windows, and walls covered with creepers, give it an air of picturesqueness all its own. Mr. Lever takes a personal interest in his employés, and "one of his ambitions in life," as he stated to an interviewer some time ago, "has been to find what he can do better than other people and to do it, and to ascertain what other people can do better than himself and help them to do it."

The same determination and grit which have marked Mr. Lever's business life were shown in his repeated attempts to enter Parliament. Four times he was unsuccessful —three times in Birkenhead and once in the Wirral Division of Cheshire — before he renewed his assault on the latter seat and won it in 1906.

AGE 49.
From a Photo. by Medrington, Ltd.

Though Mr. Lever has entered on his sixtieth year, it is hard to believe that this energetic, keen-eyed, and singularly healthy-looking man of medium height is within ten years of his actual age. Possibly he would attribute this to the good health he enjoys and to his hobbies, which include the collection of pictures, furniture, and china. Architecture and building have always possessed a fascination for him, a fact to which much of the beauty of his model village is due. Several tours round the world gave him material for an interesting series of letters entitled "Following the Flag"; and he has also written largely on the Land and Housing questions and many other subjects.

"TOOTATOO."

A REALLY NEW CARD GAME.

THE capacities of a pack of cards seem to be practically inexhaustible, every year or two bringing forward something new in the way of a game. During recent years most of the new games have been simply changes in method, the bidding element being the chief feature. But here is a game which is absolutely new in principle and requires an entirely new theory of play, although it has points in common with both bridge and whist, and skill in those games will tell greatly in favour of a player. The inventor calls it Tootatoo, which he assures his friends is very correct French for "all trumps." The game has been made known to the American public by the *New York Sun*, and, by the courtesy of the proprietors of that paper, we are enabled to give the first account of it in this country.

The fundamental principle of the game is that the four suits are trumps, but that they come into their own one after the other in the same order as the rank of the suits at bridge, hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades.

In the beginning hearts are the only trumps, but the moment the last heart is played the diamonds become the trumps. As the last diamond disappears from the board clubs jump into first place, and any club will win any spade, so that no spade trick is sure until every other suit is gone.

The game is for four players, and is played with the full pack. Thirteen cards are given to each player, one at a time, no trump being turned and no declaration of any kind being made by the dealer or his partner.

The player to the left of the dealer leads for the first trick any card he pleases, and the dealer's partner then lays his thirteen cards face up on the table and becomes the dummy for that deal.

The original lead in tootatoo is made more or less in the dark, of course, but the player's object is usually to establish for himself as quickly as possible a commanding position in the suit which will be of the greatest advantage to him when it shall become the trump. Sometimes his object is to disarm the adversary by getting out of his way at least a round or two of the suit that will block his winning cards in the black suits before they come into their own.

An illustration of a hand from actual play will probably make clearer than anything else could do the manner in which the suits interweave in the play. Here is the distribution of the cards :—

	Y Hearts—10, 6, 3, 2. Clubs—Ace, 9, 8, 2. Diamonds—4. Spades—Ace, king, 10, 6.	
Hearts—Knave, 8. Clubs—King, knave, 7. Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 5. Spades—Queen, knave, 7, 2.	A B	Hearts—Ace, king, queen. Clubs—10, 6, 3. Diamonds—Ace, king, 6, 3. Spades—9, 5, 3.
	Z Hearts—9, 7, 5, 4. Clubs—Queen, 5, 4. Diamonds—9, 8, 7, 2. Spades—8, 4.	

Z has dealt the hand and it is A's lead, hearts being the present trump, as that suit is always trump at the start. With his weakness in hearts A hopes to get the next suit, diamonds, out of the way of his good cards in the black suits, or at least to remain with the commanding trump when diamonds shall become trumps, so he leads the queen of diamonds.

His partner, B, realizing that A must be leading from queen, knave, ten, and others, perhaps five in suit, and having four diamonds himself, overtakes the first trick and immediately proceeds to get rid of as many hearts as possible, so as to hasten the advent of the diamond suit as trumps.

On the third round of hearts A discards a club, hoping to make two tricks in spades, and trusting that the club suit may never attain to the rank of a trump, which it cannot do if A and B can hold the last diamond between them. After the third round of hearts B leads the ace of diamonds, which Y trumps.

The dealer sees that if he now leads three rounds of spades, trumping the third with the last heart, he promotes the diamond suit to be trumps ; but as long as he does not play his thirteenth heart diamonds are not trumps,

and he can manage the black suits as if the hand were a no-trumper, if there is any advantage in so doing. This position frequently arises in actual play, and many hands may be practically turned into no-trumpers by holding up the thirteenth card of a suit that is still trumps.

But in this case the dealer has nothing to gain by following such a course, and his best plan seems to be to knock out the diamonds together and promote the clubs to be trumps, especially as he has seven of them and one has been discarded; so he leads three rounds of spades and trumps the third.

This exhausts the heart suit and promotes the diamonds, and by leading the nine of diamonds he takes out two of them together and still has a trump left, in case spades are played before clubs become trumps.

A now has a nice little problem before him for the odd trick, and the situation is a fair example of the skill required in the management of one's cards in the new game.

The problem before A is this: Z is apparently marked with the eight of diamonds or no more. If Z has no more A can make a trick with the spade queen. If Z has another diamond and it is not the eight B can shut him out by trumping the spade queen, but it is hardly likely that B would see it to be his duty to do so.

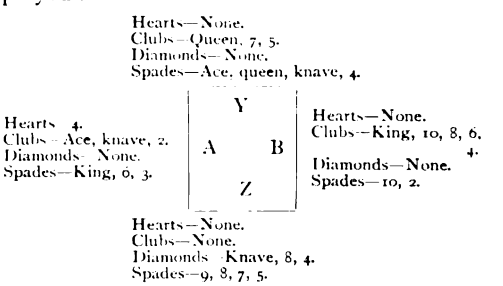
If A leads the diamond in order to catch Z's last trump he takes out B's little trump as well, and he does not thereby protect his queen of spades, because in exhausting the diamonds, if B and Z each have one, A promotes the club suit to the rank of trumps, and Z can trump the spade queen with a club, of which he must have three.

Another chance that A might take would be to slip the club knave through the ace, hoping that B held the queen. But if B holds that card two club tricks are certain at any time, no matter how the rest of the hand goes.

In the actual game A figured it out that the worst thing that could happen to him would be to have a round of trumps, which would promote the clubs a trick too soon and cost A and B the odd, so he led the king of clubs, forcing Y into the lead with the ace. This effectually prevented Z from leading another diamond and exhausting that suit. Y had nothing left but clubs, having discarded the spade, which he did not foresee the value of, and Z had to win the club trick with the queen.

It is useless for Z to lead the diamond now, because it only makes the ten of clubs good for a trick, and the only chance is that A will make the mistake of trumping a third round of clubs. But A, seeing his only hope, passed the club up to his partner, discarding the queen of spades and making the last trick and the odd with his knave of diamonds, which is still a trump at the end.

This is a game in which a person's ability to count thirteen is sometimes put to a severe test, especially when it gets down to counting the trumps in a suit that may have been discarded from before it had shown any signs of being the trump. As an example of the extraordinary difference in the result that sometimes arises from such a trifling error as miscounting a suit, take this position, which is from the ending of a game recently played:—



Z has forgotten that B did not follow suit to one round of hearts, and that there is therefore still a heart to come. After having dexterously got all the diamonds but his own out of the way he arrives at the position shown above. He now leads a spade from his own hand and takes the finesse. On finding the king on his left he promptly announces that he will win all the rest of the tricks by trumping the clubs and leading the spades through A until the king falls.

A, who immediately comprehends Z's error, blandly expresses some doubt as to the king falling, and remarks that under the rules he can ask Z to place the remainder of his cards on the table. But, being very sharp, A feared that if he did so B would perceive that Z had not the thirteenth heart, and would remind Z that it was still in play, which would warn Z to make his ace of spades at once, so A simply told Z to go ahead and try to catch the king of spades.

When Z led the club from Y's hand and put a diamond on it A played the knave of clubs and took in the trick, advising Z that diamonds were not yet trumps. A then returned the club lead, ace first, and after his partner had made three club tricks A trumped the spade at the end, which was a rather curious reversal of the result expected by

the dealer, who could have forced the last heart with his diamonds when he was in, making diamonds trumps and losing only one trick instead of six.

The scoring for this game is by tricks and honours, and they do not differ in value, ten points being a game. To the tricks are added as a bonus the honours, which are always the three aces; but instead of counting them to the side to which they were dealt, they always go to the side that wins them. The ace of hearts is never reckoned, as it must go to the holders; but each of the other aces may be taken into camp by a trump in a higher suit. It is thus possible to go game in one hand by making a grand slam, which must include the capture of all three aces.

The playing of rubbers is a matter of agreement, as is the value of rubber points, if any.

The laws that are used to govern the new game are essentially those of bridge, except that all rules relating to declarations and doubling are unnecessary.

Should anyone renounce to a suit and play a card which he imagines to be a trump when it is not there is no penalty against him except to take the trick from him and to treat the card played as if it were a discard. But should a player renounce to a suit and take back the card he cannot substitute a trump if the card first played was not a trump.

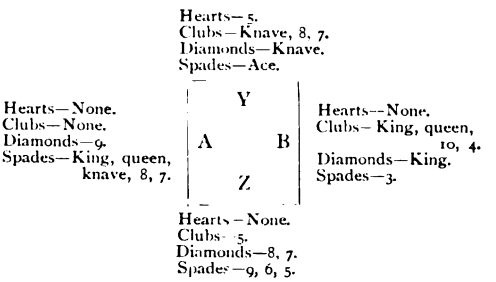
Should a player not only take in a trick through an error in his conception of the trump suit, but lead for the next trick, or should his partner lead under such circumstances, he is liable to the usual penalty for a lead out of turn.

No player is allowed to give any information as to which suit is now the trump, nor as to how many trumps are still in play, under penalty of having his whole hand exposed and the cards in it liable to be called.

The penalty for a revoke is to take three actual tricks from the side in error, if they have so many.

Tootatoo has several virtues which probably will recommend it to a large number of persons who are always ready for something new in the way of a game of cards. Not the least of these virtues is that you can teach anyone how to play it in less than five minutes—to play at it, that is. How much there is in the game probably will not dawn on one until he has played it for a year at least.

As an illustration of some of the variations take the following problem, which is by Mr. Frank Roy, of New York:—

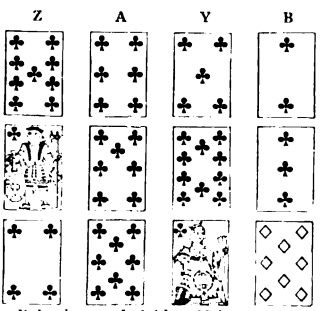


Z in the lead. Y-Z want four tricks.

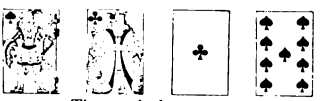
Hearts are still trumps because the five of hearts has not been played.

We shall publish the solution next month.

Solution of Bridge Problem No. 2 in the February number.

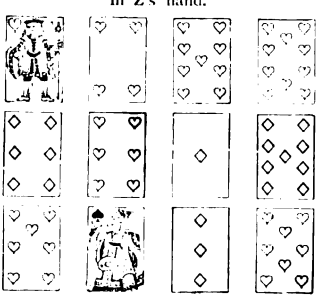


B begins to find himself in trouble.



The spade has to go.

The queen of diamonds is led to preserve a diamond in Z's hand.



A Man's Opportunity.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

HESKETH put her into the brougham very carefully, his clean-shaven, strong young face showing a tenderness pleasant to see.

She was driving the short distance alone. From beneath the folds of her evening cloak Nan's bare left hand stole out and touched his own. In the midst of the light and noise and movement they seemed to be absolutely alone.

He smiled down at her, then stood back on the pavement.

"To-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow," she replied, as the carriage moved on to make way for the next in the long line. "To-morrow."

There was little space between the two houses, and the electric brougham soon slowed down again before Marshall Balamaine's big house. A flood of light flashed out across the pavement. Nan, who in the few minutes' drive had never stirred, gathered her cloak about her and passed slowly up the steps.

In the hall she paused, one little satin shoe upon the stair. The light shone down on her uncovered fair head and the young beauty of her face. She passed up another stair, the shimmering length of her cloak flowing behind her, then she hesitated again.

"I can't talk about it to-night," she said to herself, tremulous with the wonder of it all; "and yet——"

She turned to question the man-servant, and at the same moment saw her father coming along the side hall from his study.

"Still up?" she asked, leaning over the balustrade. "It is so late that I imagined even you might be tired of waiting."

He smiled, the keen, hard lines of his face softening as they never failed to soften at the sight of her.

"Come along and tell me all about it," he said, preparing to lead the way to the study.

For an instant she hesitated, looking down at him as if about to refuse. From beneath his heavy brows he shot a look at her, realizing in her a barely-perceptible difference.

His heart contracted sharply as he looked, warning him that something had come into her life in which he had no part.

She caught his glance and coloured softly, but she followed him into his own room and passed over to the hearth, her cloak slipping from her shoulders as she went. He picked it up and threw it across a chair. She was all in white to-night, like a bride, with a string of pearls round her throat and a creamy rose in the lace at her breast. A little slender thing, inexpressibly dear to him—his one ewe lamb, whom, father and mother both, he had guarded jealously for nineteen years.

For some reason he now thought of the night she had come to him, and how in the shabby little parlour of those days he had waited alone with arms outflung across the table, his fingers stopping his ears. The Lord had both given and taken away that night. . .

He came back to his surroundings to find Nan's hand through his arm, her cheek pressed close to his shoulder. His eyes were dark with memories as he looked down at her. She was extraordinarily like the mother she had never known, as he had first seen her—in a little cotton frock, her fair head framed in the pink and white apple-blossom of the orchard.

The clock on the mantelshelf chimed softly, then struck two sonorous strokes.

"You must get to bed, Nan. It is later than I thought."

She stood on tip-toe to kiss him, and moved towards the door. Then suddenly she turned and came back again to where he stood watching her.

"Father, there's something I want to tell you, and it's so *difficult* to tell——"

"Not really, Nan?"

She nodded, staring into the heart of the fire as if she saw fairy visions there.

"It won't make any difference between us," she said, in a moment.

"What could make any difference?" queried Balamaine, his doubts becoming certainties. Then, as she still hesitated, he framed her face in his big hands and held her so, searching it with eyes in which jealousy struggled with tenderness.

She grew very pale and her eyes darkened, but she looked back at him steadfastly, without a trace of doubt.

"It's Neil Hesketh, father, and I can hardly talk about it yet, even to you. But I pro-

"FOR AN INSTANT SHE HESITATED, LOOKING DOWN AT HIM AS IF ABOUT TO REFUSE."

mised—when I really cared—to tell you. It is all so different. Those others who wanted to marry me——" She waved her hand, smiling mistily up into his face.

"Two of them were good men," Balamaine said. "Hard workers, steady-going; the third—thank God you never gave him a thought!"

"Not one of them was *Neil*," said Nan, that happy note still in her voice. "It never could have been anybody but Neil. He is going to the office to-morrow morning, father, just to settle things with you."

"To settle things with me?" Balamaine's lips took on a firmer line.

Nan, absorbed in her happiness, did not notice the grimness of his tone. She nodded, and put up her face to be kissed.

"I'm so perfectly wideawake and happy that it's hardly worth while going to bed," she said. Then, struck through all her self-absorption by something in his eyes, she clung to him a moment.

"Father, you will like Neil? You're glad?"

"I haven't met him yet, Nan, and how can I be glad? But the man you love has got to prove himself worth while—just because of that — just because you love him and will have to spend your life with him. I'll be

quite reasonable, my dear; trust your old father."

"I do." Nan spoke wistfully. "Of course I do, just as I trust Neil from the bottom of my heart, though a week ago I hadn't met him. He's the one man I could ever love like that."

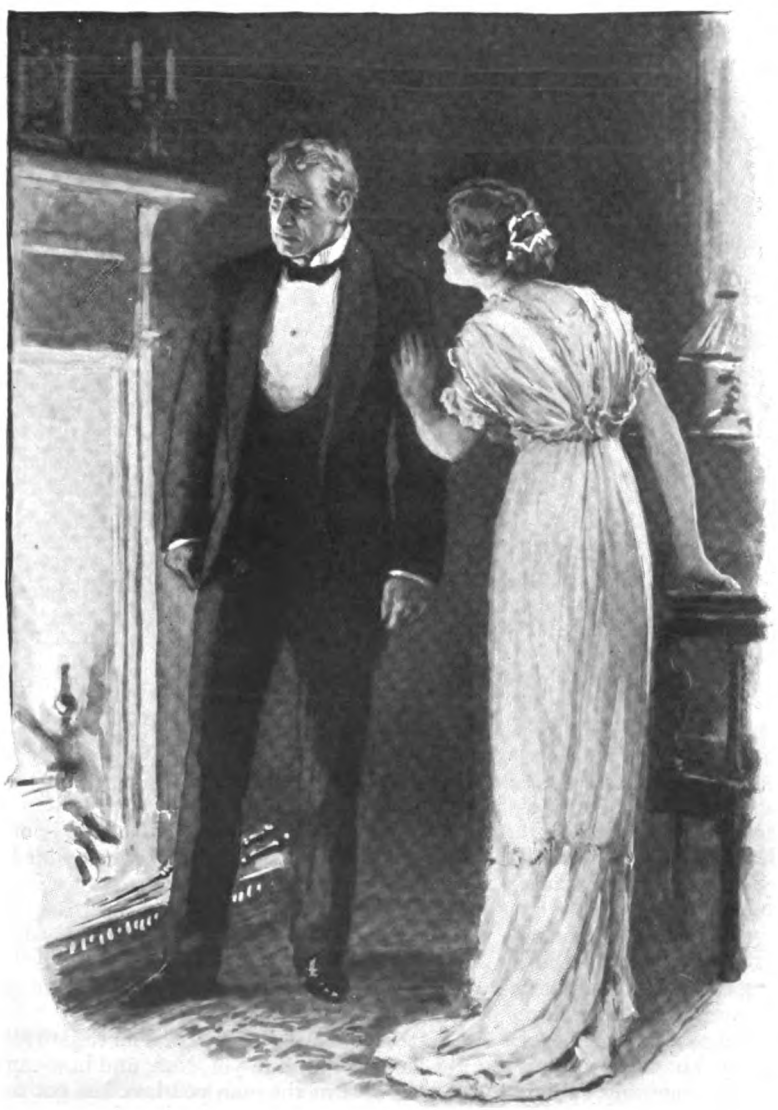
She reached the door and there turned, her cloak a shimmering heap in her arms. Throwing it away from her, she ran impulsively back again, putting a hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Father, you're not one of those ridiculous people who imagine love can't come quickly? That just a short time isn't enough to make one care for always? Looking back, I see now that with Neil and myself love came at once—in a flash."

"I fell in love with your mother at sight," said Balamaine, quietly, staring into the fire. "It was with us no thing of days or weeks or months, Nan; and therefore I am not likely to make matters too hard for you and Hesketh. I have no doubt he will readily prove himself."

"He will do anything in reason," said Nan; "just as I will, father."

There was another sound in her voice—a trace of apprehension.



"'I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOUR MOTHER AT SIGHT,' SAID BALAMAINE, QUIETLY, STARING INTO THE FIRE."

Balamaine watched her pick up her cloak and pass slowly through the doorway. He dropped into his chair, and there sat with tightly-clenched hands until the last red embers faded into grey and dawn framed the windows.

He looked about him drearily, and, stooping, picked up the rose she had dropped a few hours before. For a moment he stood with it in his hand, then walked across the room to his writing-table. There he unlocked a drawer in which were the few birthday letters she had written to him in childhood, and one or two trifles that had belonged to his girl-wife. He dropped the rose in with them and locked the drawer again.

"It's bound to make a difference," he said, slowly, and went up to his room.

After one of the few sleepless nights of his healthy young existence Hesketh sat waiting, his eye on the clock.

He was not troubled with any doubts of his acceptance as a son-in-law by the self-made man who controlled so many business interests and whose life-story differed so enormously from his own. Nan loved him—nothing else mattered.

He fell into a reverie now, as he thought of her face last night, of the wonder of her beauty, the warmth of her lips as his own touched them for a moment behind the friendly shade of a palm in the conservatory. She loved him, and he loved her. From the first moment he had seen her love had come to him with a force, an ecstasy, a maze of feeling that left him very humble and very glad. He had endured a torture of doubt where she was concerned, but he had none at all about her father. He was glad to be rich, that he need not be accused of fortune-hunting—glad that his family was unimpeachable enough to stand with the best—glad that in all his eight-and-twenty years he had kept himself free of entanglements with other women.

In no way a vain man, his life had conspired to give him assurance and a sane belief in himself. He was young, rich, strong, popular with a large circle of friends. The more serious side of life had only lately come his way. He contributed to deserving charities when asked; he flung largesse to a tramp if he encountered one. He was good-natured, easy-going, and, since his college days, when his abilities had enabled him to take a good place in spite of himself, he had travelled, gone in for sport and amusement with a zest worthy, perhaps, of a better cause.

There was an eagerness now in his eyes and upon his tanned face with its clean-cut lips that Nan would have liked to see.

He presently sprang to his feet and shook his clenched hand at the clock.

"Hurry, can't you? If I hadn't my watch to confirm you I'd swear you were working backwards! Eleven o'clock, she said, as then his letters would be read and his secretaries seen, and there would be a few minutes' breathing-space to bestow on me before other affairs claimed his attention."

He walked over to a table that was littered with papers and took up a magazine. When he came to the page he sought he propped it open and thoughtfully considered the somewhat harsh lineaments of the ironmaster.

Marshall Balamaine's life-story often figured in the Press. People apparently never tired of hearing how the great man had made his money. It pleased the multitude of workers to know that once he was in a more humble position even than themselves; that some day, by a stroke of the magician's wand, they, too, might be millionaires.

Balamaine's offices were in town, away from the great works he owned, but not so far that from the topmost windows could be seen the huge chimneys that sent forth flames and smoke and noisome smells.

Balamaine went there nearly every day of his life. The works were his pride—next to his daughter, the most desirable thing in existence. It was a thousand pities, people said, that he had no son to follow in his steps.

Arrived at the offices, Hesketh sent in his card. Balamaine kept him waiting hardly a moment. But during that moment the clerks behind their desks had time to dart envious glances at him. Tall, wiry, and brown, a young giant, immaculately dressed, he brought to mind the fashionable world where sport and enjoyment seemed the only business worth while.

In his turn Hesketh looked about him with a frank interest, as was natural, considering this was the environment of *her* father. There was no shadow of doubt in his eyes as he followed the clerk into Marshall Balamaine's private room, but only a desire to be free to go to Nan as her lover and future husband.

The door closed behind him. He found himself confronting the man he had come to ask for his daughter.

It was a grim face that he saw, set in hard, inflexible lines—Balamaine's business face. For the first time a tinge of doubt, so faint as to be hardly perceptible, crossed the younger man's mind. Balamaine had risen, and now stood facing him. Both were tall men, almost of a height, and as they measured glances the doubt in Hesketh's mind gave way to another sensation—a tingling of the nerves that meant effort, *fight*, a something that braced the mental faculties as the ring of crossed steel tautens the muscles of a swordsman.

As Balamaine's eyes swept over the visitor his expression changed. He held out his hand and Hesketh grasped it, then sat down in the chair placed for him opposite the window.

Balamaine spoke slowly, ponderously.

"You wished to see me?"

Before replying, Hesketh very deliberately placed his hat and stick on an adjacent chair. A close observer might have found characteristics oddly alike in the two men. Then he looked full at Balamaine.

"I have come on no business matter, Mr. Balamaine, but on a personal one. I love Nan, and she, thank God, loves me." He spoke with an undercurrent of fervour. "May I conclude that you will not withhold your consent to our marriage?"

It was hardly a query. The quiet self-confidence of the words brought Balamaine's heavy brows together in a frown. Upon the writing-table stood a small bronze statuette of a workman leaning on his pickaxe. He lifted the thing up and put it down again, as if weighing it in his hand. Then he gave his attention again to Hesketh.

"You seem very certain of my consent," he remarked, dryly.

The young man's tanned face took on a degree more colour.

"Why not?" he said. "Nan loves me; there is nothing in my life to my discredit. You will want to put me through my facings, and you naturally want to know the kind of man your daughter is marrying. She has told me all that you are and have been to one another, and, of course——"

He broke off, some of his self-confidence torn away by the older man's expression. He half rose, but Balamaine's great hand waved him back.

"Come, that's better," he said. "I like you to be frank with me. I'm not the man to beat about the bush myself. You're outspoken with me; I'm going to speak my mind to you, and if you get a few hard knocks, well—I guess my little girl's worth 'em."

He rose and took a leisurely turn round the room, then came back to his chair and, leaning forward, faced Hesketh.

"Nan seems to have taken a fancy to you, and you seem to think you've fallen in love with Nan. No, wait—don't begin interrupting me; you shall have your say later. You've known each other for a week, she tells me, and last night at a ball matters came to a head."

It was all hideously commonplace, put that way. Fortunately, Hesketh's sense of humour came to his aid. He folded his arms, set his lips firmly, and made no comment. Marshall Balamaine, fidgeting again with the bronze statuette, nodded to himself.

"And where did you meet before that? At another ball, she told me. And before that? At the opera. And before that——" He paused. Hesketh, imperturbable, again made no sign. "At another ball."

Hesketh's eyes came back to him from the bronze figure.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but you evidently like to be accurate. It was at a theatre supper given by the Crawleys."

Balamaine waved his hand in acknowledgment of the correction.

"What I want to point out is the fact that never once have you and she met when either was at a disadvantage. You have both been on your very best behaviour, well dressed, pleased with your company, surrounded by all the glamour of wealth and beauty. What can you know of my daughter? She, apparently, has the most exalted notions of *your* worth." He glanced across at Hesketh. His last words had brought a glow to the young man's eyes. But still he made no comment.

"Balls, theatres, suppers, dinners, concerts"—each word touched upon gained a firmer note of scorn—"all very well for women, perhaps, but as a *man's* chief object in life—*bah!*"

He pushed away the bronze, then grasped it again, using it as an object-lesson with which to point his words. "I'll give my girl to no wastrel of life. No man shall have her who can't do an honest day's work, whatever it may be—mental or physical. Amusements are all very well, but as the chief aim of existence they lead to nothing but disaster. There are too many of your kind going, Mr. Hesketh."

He thrust between himself and his listener the bronze figure of the man with the pick-axe. The light fell clearly on the seamed face and hard, sinewy hands. The speaker's own features, in the passionate earnestness of his protest, took on the same hard-worked tension. He, too, had known what it was to toil with his hands, to earn a pittance by the sweat of his brow.

Hesketh made no movement. He sat with folded arms, his eyes alternately on the bronze figure that personified labour and on its living exponent opposite. There was a dominating magnetism about Balamaine that attracted him. He had never met a man in the least like him, and some undeveloped force in his own nature responded to that which Balamaine exemplified. The latter had risen now and was pacing the floor in slow, ponderous strides.

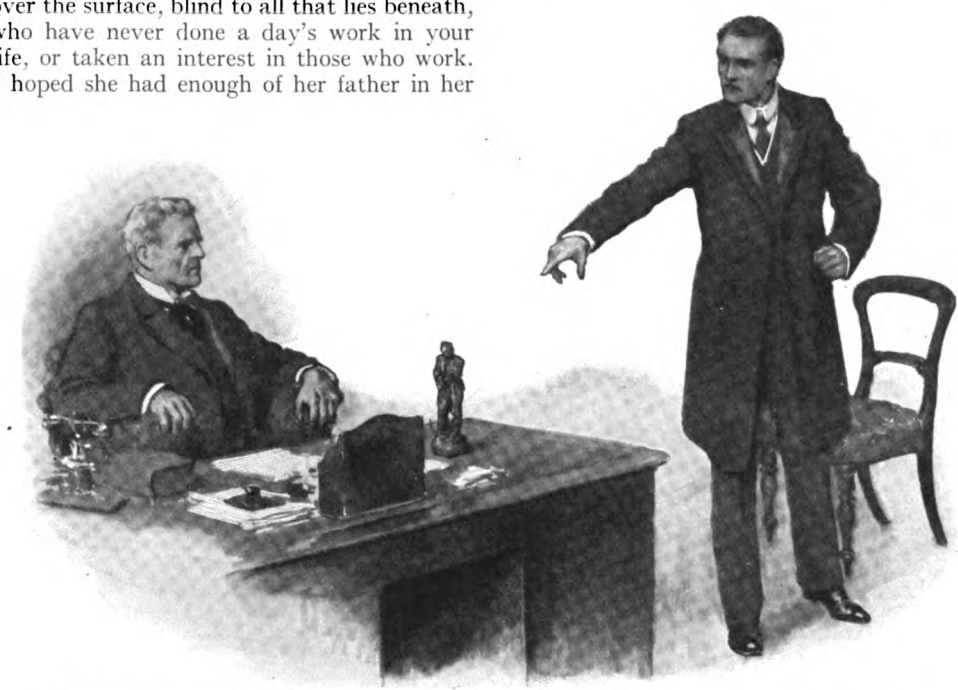
A marble presentation clock on the mantelshelf ticked off the moments, and from the street outside came the dull roar of traffic. All his life the ironmaster had worked in a turmoil. When he spoke again his voice held another note. The jarring strife of it had died out.

"After seven days' acquaintance, Mr.

Hesketh, you come easily enough to ask me for my only child. I have watched over her and guarded her for nineteen years. We have hardly ever been separated. Her birth cost me my wife, and at first I refused to see the child. I went away from it all with a burning sense of resentment to mourn my loss sullenly alone. And one night"—his voice grew hoarse—"across the awful loneliness, I seemed to hear the baby—hers and mine—crying to me, and I came back. We have been all in all to each other for nineteen years until"—his strongly-marked features contracted and hardened again—"until you came — you who haven't a notion of what life really means—who have just skated airily over the surface, blind to all that lies beneath, who have never done a day's work in your life, or taken an interest in those who work. I hoped she had enough of her father in her to care for a man with some ideas beyond sport and entertainments." He pulled up short in front of Hesketh and eyed him up and down with grudging glance. "And the pity of it is that you're strong, well-built, manly, with the looks that women set store by. And you're nothing but a well-bred loafer after all."

Hesketh had reached the end of his tether. He sprang up, passionately angry, his control flying to the winds.

"You have had your say, in all conscience, and for Nan's sake I've borne it. Now it is my turn. I knew you to be a hard man — it's the outcome, I suppose, of your life. But I looked for some kind of tolerance at least from one who has an army of men under him. But, no; you are narrow, like many of your kind. You've risen to power by trampling on other people. You have set up Labour as a god, and those who won't fall down and worship with you, you have no call for. You had the great incentive *Need* to spur you on — there's nothing like it for nerving a man; he's got to work, or he's got to go under. If you'd been a rich man's son, you might have been different—probably much pleasanter to deal with. You grind your people; you interfere with the existence of those under you. You want to spoil the happiness of the daughter you profess to love. She takes a secondary place. *This*"—with a passionate forefinger he indicated the bronze figure—"this is your fetish—not Nan." Taken out of himself, Hesketh walked over to the hearth. He had momentarily forgotten his errand. Now the face of the girl he loved rose before him and checked his words—her eyes, the soft curve of the lips his own had touched last night. He had failed her. Balamaine was not the man to



"WITH A PASSIONATE FOREFINGER HE INDICATED THE BRONZE FIGURE—'THIS IS YOUR FETISH—NOT NAN.'"

forgive such plain speaking. He ought to have tried diplomatic means. He stood erect and went over to the chair that held his hat and stick. His face looked suddenly older, more determined. He hated the inflexible adversary with whom he had just measured steel. He would have Nan in spite of him.

Balamaine, from his big leather revolving chair, watched him. Suddenly he leaned nearer, his eyes gleaming under shaggy brows.

"That's the plainest speaking I've heard for many a day," he remarked, and there was that in his deep voice which made Hesketh pause. "You've a temper of your own, young man, that's certain. Now you've worked it off you're probably ready to apologize."

Hesketh gave a short laugh. "Apologize? Why should I? There's not a word of it I want to take back. In spite of your whole-hearted denunciation you don't know me yet."

He turned on his heel again. At that moment before Marshall Balamaine's eyes rose Nan's face, pleading, tremulous, happy. He, too, in the joy of fight had forgotten Nan. He brought his great fist upon the table with an energy that made the contents rattle. Then suddenly it shot out towards Hesketh.

"Shake," he said, abruptly. "I like your spirit, young man, and your worst enemy couldn't accuse you of inconsistency. If you'd taken all I said *lying down*, just to curry favour on account of my little girl, I wouldn't have wanted to exchange another word with you. So shake, and sit down. We must have the thing right out, here and now."

And after a momentary pause Hesketh shook hands.

Balamaine drew a long breath. Nan, after all, occupied a wide territory in his heart, and Nan would have been hard to face if Hesketh there and then had walked out of the office. Instead, he sat down again.

Balamaine had always wished for a son. His glance rested on the younger man, and then he ruminatively shook his head.

"The pity of it," he said, half aloud. "You'll have to prove your mettle for work before you marry my little girl. You've got your good points, I allow, but no wastrel of time shall have Nan."

Hesketh squared his shoulders and his mouth twitched.

"You seem mightily determined that I *am* a wastrel. Why, I wonder? Because I am careful in matters of dress? So are you, in spite of your sledge-hammer theories on labour. Because I go to an occasional ball, or concert, or theatre? And because in my travels I have brought down my share of big game?" Then, as Balamaine made no reply, he went on with apparent irrelevance. "Do you recollect that some time ago Verrameed's bank stopped payment? It was a one-man show, if you remember, and the high rate of interest paid had attracted a number of small depositors. Those of us with more to lose are warier."

Balamaine nodded. His attention was arrested by something in the speaker's bearing. Hesketh's face had altered; he looked suddenly a man with a purpose.

"After the announcement, and the panic that ensued, the depositors were told that they would be paid in full."

He paused. Balamaine nodded again, and filled up the pause.

"Many of my workmen had money in Verrameed's. Interest was too high. Some misguided fool came to the rescue, they say, and took over the whole of the liabilities. They were discharged sure enough, to the tune of considerably over a million, and, what's more, the depositors had the fatuous folly to put their money back into Verrameed's, instead of thanking their stars at a lucky escape from ruin."

Hesketh shrugged his shoulders.

"After all, the misguided fool stood to lose very little. He knew Verrameed. It was all a chapter of accidents—a run on the bank, money tied up, no cheating of any kind. The misguided fool happened to hear some pathetic tales of the depositors, poor devils, men and women mad with grief at losing the few hundreds they had spent a lifetime in scraping together—hundreds that represented the good times they might have had, and hadn't. The misguided fool went into affairs with Verrameed, and knew what he was about, and anyhow, it was worth while risking something to send those poor creatures to bed with easy minds. The fool stood to lose very little. He had been looking about him for an opportunity and he got it—at Verrameed's. He put his back into the business, and found he was not half such a fool as he and his friends took him for. Verrameed's is going stronger than ever, and, though the interest is not so high, there will be greater security. Verrameed's has a good, hard-working staff, too, and they're not likely to swell the ranks of the unemployed. It was just that misguided fool's opportunity, and he hung on to it for all he was worth."

Hesketh ceased speaking, and reached over for his hat and stick again. Then as he turned to go he met the older man's glance.

"It was misguided," Balamaine's voice was slower than usual, "but it was a fine thing to do. Quixotic, I grant you, but fine."

Hesketh shrugged his shoulders again.

"It was nothing of the kind. The fool wanted to do something practical. He was a bit tired of mooning round without a definite object in life. He ran no risks; he just found himself and his own possibilities—at Verrameed's. Bank hours, fortunately, are not long, though at Verrameed's, as in other places, we occasionally work overtime."

He glanced at the clock and then at Balamaine, who stood motionless beside the table, the little bronze figure overturned near his hand.

"Nan has been waiting a long time," Hesketh said in a moment. "I promised to go to her when I had seen you, Mr. Balamaine. May I tell her that I—that you——" In his eyes was an anxiety that had not been there on his entrance.

Balamaine strode forward and held out his hand. This time it was the close grip of men standing on an even plane.

"Tell her," he began, and his deep voice was a degree hoarse, "tell her——" He broke off abruptly and gave a short laugh. "Why, tell her just what every woman likes best to hear from the man she loves."

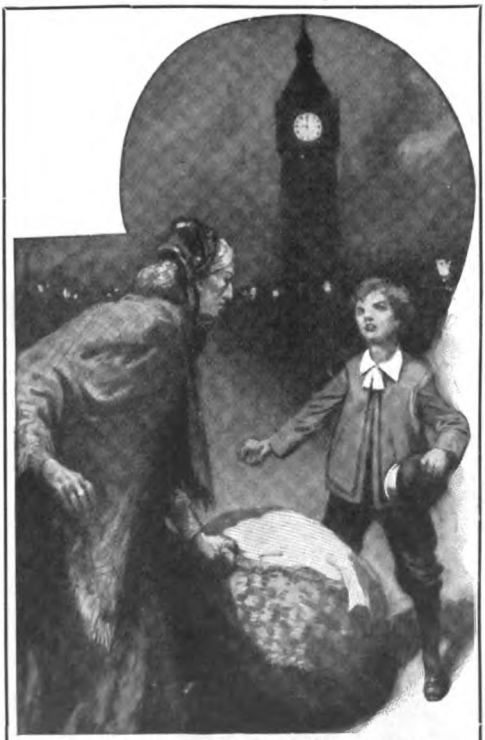
"BALAMAINE STOOD MOTIONLESS BESIDE THE TABLE, THE LITTLE BRONZE FIGURE OVERTURNED NEAR HIS HAND."

CAREERS IN PICTURES.

I.—The Right Hon. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

BIRTHPLACE.

No. 19 (once No. 7) Simpson Street, Vauxhall, London, where John Burns was born in 1858 is the house marked with a X. His father and mother were both Scotch, and it was only a short time before his birth that they came to London.



A REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

A well-known story of Burns's childhood is here illustrated. He was helping his mother to carry a basket of washing, and as they stopped a moment on Westminster Bridge to rest he exclaimed: "Mother, if I've health and strength, no other mother shall have to work as hard as you have to, and no child do what I have to do."

FACTORY LIFE.

At the early age of ten John Burns went to work in Price's candle factory at Battersea (here shown), where he stayed for two years, during which time his mother wisely saw to it that his schooling was not neglected. He left the candle factory to become a page-boy, as the increased wages would the sooner enable him to apprentice himself to an engineer. He did not, however, continue for long as a boy in buttons, as he found more congenial work as a rivet-lad in Wilson's engineering works at Vauxhall, where he went at the age of thirteen. He was now not only maintaining himself, but also helping toward the household expenses as well as augmenting his fund for the purpose of apprenticing himself as an engineer at Thorn's, Millbank, near the spot where the Tate Gallery now stands. All this time he had a passion for acquiring knowledge, often going without food in order to buy some coveted book. Nor were many of his books such as would have appealed to the average boy, for at an early age he had read much of John Stuart Mill, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and William Cobbett, and, what is more, had profited by his reading.

IN WEST AFRICA.

His apprenticeship completed, at the age of nineteen he went out to West Africa as foreman engineer, and one of his companions has recorded an incident of those days. They were returning from Brass River through a shark-infested creek, when the propeller of their steam-launch fell off. His friend proposed diving for it, but Burns would not hear of it. "No," he said, "you are married and I am single; if either of us risks his life, I'm the man." And he stripped, plunged in, and after a long search recovered one of the two blades.

FIRST STANDS FOR PARLIAMENT.

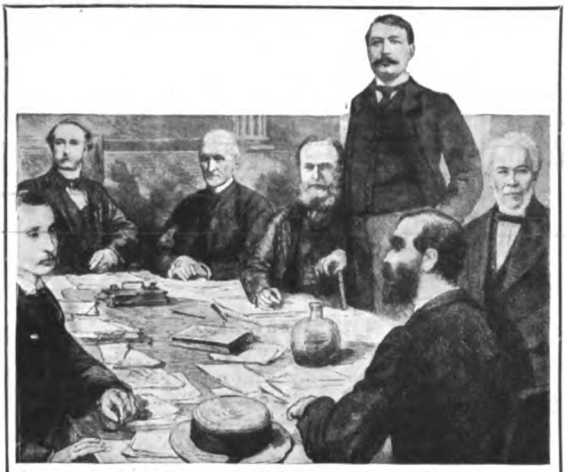
John Burns in 1885, in which year he first stood for Parliament as Socialist candidate for West Nottingham, and received 598 votes out of a total poll of 11,064.

THE WEST-END RIOTS.

As a sequel to the West-end riots of 1886, John Burns, in company with other Socialist leaders, found himself in the dock at Bow Street, but the subsequent trial resulted in his acquittal, and, incidentally, "made" him as a Labour leader. In the above picture the figure of John Burns will be recognized standing beside a policeman. His next appearance in the dock, however, ended in a sentence of three months' imprisonment for his share in the vindication of public meeting in Trafalgar Square. This experience of prison life was not without its uses, for, as he once remarked, "There are no such schools for training a public man as Pentonville and the County Council."

THE GREAT LONDON DOCK STRIKE.

John Burns addressing the Dockers on Tower Hill at the time of the great Dock Strike of 1889. His influence with the strikers was all-powerful, and to this must be attributed the fact that the strike was conducted with such comparative quietness and order.



IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

During the Dock Strike John Burns took part in the Conciliation Conference at the Mansion House, amongst the other members being the late Cardinal Manning, Sir John Lubbock, and other well-known public men. The figure standing is Mr. (now Sir) William Soulsby, then as now, the Lord Mayor's Secretary.

AS AN OUTDOOR MAN.

John Burns never seems so happy and in his element as when he is opening some new institution or playing ground for the benefit of Londoners and treating his audience to one of his racy speeches, full of observation and home truths. This picture, taken on the occasion of the opening of a new recreation ground at Ealing, also shows him in another favourite *rôle*—that of cricketer. All his life he has been an enthusiastic cricketer and lover of outdoor sports, and for many years his has been a familiar figure on the commons and playing grounds round London, especially on Saturday afternoons.

EARLY DAYS ON THE L.C.C.

Voting at the London County Council in its early days under Lord Rosebery's chairmanship. John Burns, who at this time (1890) was one of Battersea's representatives on the Council though not yet in Parliament, is seen leaning on his desk facing Lord Rosebery. He was the only working man in the first Council, and in consequence had a large share in framing its labour policy. He put in an immense amount of work on various Committees and fully earned the title of "The Statesman of Labour."

ELECTIONEERING.

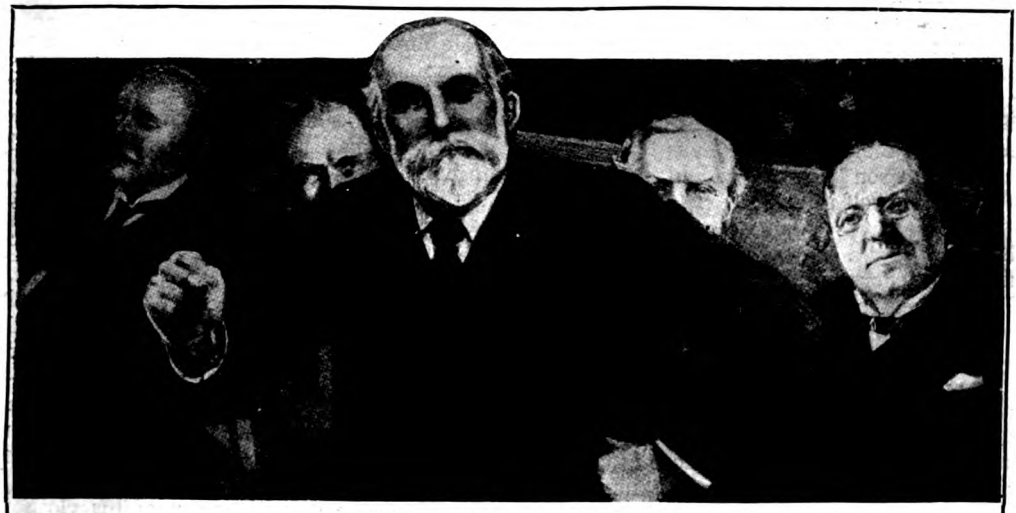
In 1892 John Burns first became M.P. for Battersea, and the bond between constituents and member has increased with years. The photograph shows a typical scene in Battersea during Election time.

AS CABINET MINISTER.

John Burns in Levée dress was at first a strange sight to Londoners who had for so long been accustomed to his blue reefer suit, but it is one with which they are now becoming familiar.

PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

The fine block of buildings in Whitehall which is the home of the Local Government Board, to the Presidency of which John Burns was appointed in 1905. When, at the age of forty-seven, he became a member of the Cabinet he was one of the youngest members of the Government, and the first working man to attain Cabinet rank. At the time of his appointment the salary attaching to the position was £2,000 a year, but that has recently been raised to £5,000 in view of the increasing importance of the post, and the enormous development of the work of the Local Government Board consequent on the rapid growth of London.



IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

John Burns speaking from the Treasury Bench on one of his favourite subjects—Unemployment and its Remedy. "The causes of unemployment are numerous; they strike deep; they are social, economic, personal, and political. They are the accumulation of ages, and no single Act would be able to remove them."

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Central News, Topical, W. S. Campbell, and R. Haines.

A Prisoner of Providence.

By FRANK E. VERNEY.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

IT was exactly eight o'clock in the evening when Hannaford Fielding walked into his flat near the Buckingham Palace Road. That the great special correspondent of the *Tribune* should prefer Belgravia's precincts for his *pied-à-terre* had at times caused remark among his friends and the staff of the paper, the view-point being that, for a man whose disinclination for Society was as great as his fondness for his profession, a dwelling between the Strand and Fleet Street would have been more fitting. Beyond that there was no reason why he should not live in Park Lane itself if he desired.

But Fielding's wants were a quiet neighbourhood and a railway-centre, so during the few and short periods of his presence in London he wrote and slept in a great panelled room equi-distant from Buckingham Palace and Victoria Station.

One of these intervals had just arrived at an end. Five days ago he had come into Charing Cross from a trip across Siberia; to-night he was leaving Victoria to join a tropical expedition that was sailing from Hamburg the next night.

He had dined with friends at a specially early hour, returning home to change his clothes and to obtain his despatch-case, with ample time to stroll to Victoria and catch the 8.35 Continental express.

Inside his room Fielding lit a cigarette, and sat down at his writing-table to check the contents of his case. This done, he looked at his watch, then pushed away his chair and walked across to an old-fashioned wardrobe of considerable dimensions, a ponderous piece of furniture with a capacious hanging cupboard at one side, the full-length mirrored door of which reached practically to the floor.

He threw off his light overcoat, flung it on a near couch, and put out his hand to the knob of the cupboard.

As he did so the heavy door swung violently open and smashed against his outstretched fingers.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, and he sprang back a pace.

"I guess, Mr. Fielding," said a charming feminine voice with a slight transatlantic drawl, "that one of my countrymen would have been more polite"; and there stepped out of the wardrobe a figure which matched the voice, and Fielding, in speechless amazement, looked from the serviceable revolver which a white, diamond-ringed hand held in businesslike alignment with his head to the slender figure in an evening dress of old rose, framed in the dark doorway of his clothes cupboard.

If the intruder had been a man—an ordinary burglar—Fielding would have closed with him at the instant of appearance, arms or no arms · but a girl—and an exceptionally

attractive one, too—the phenomenon was too bewildering.

"The devil!" he said again.

"Put up your hands," commanded the girl, firmly.

Fielding's trade tended to induce in him a quick and nonchalant acceptance of extra-

"'PUT UP YOUR HANDS,' COMMANDED THE GIRL, FIRMLY."

ordinary situations, so he quietly and tactfully elevated his hands before trying to discover the meaning of the astonishing adventure.

"Thank you," said the girl, slight relief in her tones. "I was afraid you might have been troublesome, instead of just standing and repeating an unoriginal invocation, like any ordinary person."

"If it is not a rude question," said Fielding, politely, "may I ask what you are doing here? You might even honour me with an inkling as to your identity."

The girl laughed a trifle discomposedly. "That's real delicious," she said; and Fielding, with the observantly-trained eye of the descriptive writer, noted that the details of his "guest's" appearance fitted his first momentary impression.

He could not see her eyes on account of the black velvet half-mask she wore, but he was pleased with the fine lines of her arms and neck and the slight tan of her complexion.

"In the meantime," he said, "I am wondering if you realize that the modern revolver has a hair trigger, and that an unsteady finger might mean——"

"Depriving the *Tribune* of its chief correspondent," she interrupted. "Truly," she confessed, "my hand is rather trembly, but I daren't take my finger away; you might—besides, I used to shoot rather well on Poppa's ranch."

Fielding caught a glimpse of himself in one of the side mirrors of the wardrobe, and could not help smiling.

"I am sure," he commented, with an indicative glance at his evening clothes, "that your estimable parent never taught you to 'hold up' the hands of an obviously unarmed man."

"Will you promise to be sensible and not ring the bell, or anything like that?" she demanded.

"You appear to command the circumstances," he remarked. "Further, if it is any comfort to you, there is no bell to ring."

"Of course," she reminded him, "this revolver might go off if you did anything to startle me."

"There is that possibility, of course," he admitted. "We will call it a truce for five minutes. I can barely spare that time, but you seem desirous of—er—securing my attention."

"Five minutes? I guess that will do to go on with," she agreed. She pointed to the chair ten feet away. "You sit in that," she ordered.

"But you——" he demurred, courteously.

"I shall occupy the table opposite," she stated; and Fielding's eyes twinkled as he walked to the chair and sat down, while his surprising "guest" levered herself into a sitting position on the table.

"That's better," she exclaimed. "I've been in that horrid old cupboard half an hour, and, pouf!—it smells horribly of stale tobacco"—she complained.

"Unfortunately," observed Fielding, suggestively, "I had not sufficient notice that you would require its shelter, otherwise I might have given up smoking for a month or two—I might even have perfumed the interior with your special perfume," he added, ironically, as he inhaled a faint odour of violets.

"I guess your sense of smell is keener than your sense of humour," she replied, with a flush which betrayed a woman-like disrelish for observations of a sarcastic nature.

"That's real delicious!" commented Fielding, with a grin, repeating her own earlier phrase.

He was beginning to enjoy the unusual situation. Naturally he had a taste for the out-of-the-way. He was, of course, completely puzzled, but already he was sorry that time would not permit him to prolong the incident. The revolver! Well, he did not bother about that.

The girl smiled in return with quickly-recovered *sang-froid*.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" she asked, and, laying her revolver on her lap, she opened a thin gold case, monogrammed in brilliants, which hung with an assortment of articles from a waist-chain.

Fielding watched her as she coolly struck a match on the side of his match-vase. He noticed that the feet, which had for the moment ceased to swing while the dainty desperado obtained her light, were shod in bronze, and he admired the glittering design on the toes.

She seemed in no hurry to enter into explanations — to state her business with him.

"Pardon my persistent curiosity," he said, "but as I am unfortunate enough to have only a few minutes to spare, suppose you explain the object of this original call?"

The girl watched him as she blew out a conical stream of smoke in practised manner.

"It may be a practical joke," he continued, "but then I might be able to recognize you, which I don't."

"Go on," she coolly invited.

He obliged her. "Again, your appearance does not favour the assumption that you are a—er—Press girl, and this a novel—might I say, American way, of securing an interview."

"I guess that's a mixed compliment," she interrupted.

"And," Fielding concluded, "as I do not happen to be a Cabinet Minister, the conceivable hypothesis of this being an instance of Suffragette resource is not feasible either."

She rippled with laughter at his choice of words as much as his line of reasoning.

"And," she suggested, "I presume I do not resemble a Bowery girl, and I am quite certain I do not want your plate"; and she glanced round the room, which was bare of even a silver photo-frame.

"It suits me excellently," he said, following her glance, "during my brief spells in town. I find it convenient to entertain my *invited* guests at a restaurant." He pointedly emphasized the word.

"Ah," she answered, "you underestimate yourself, Mr. Fielding; it is your company *I* want, not your meals."

He looked a little impatient.

"What time is it?" she asked quickly, and

she examined her bracelet. "These things are very stupid."

Fielding took out his watch. "Five minutes past eight," he informed her, "and," he added, "the truce is nearly up, and I am afraid I have no further time to place at your disposal."

"I suppose," the girl inquired, "in your profession it is a great thing to be able to walk out of your door with no servants or anything to bother about, and just walk in again when you care to return?"

Fielding lost patience. He had an objection to being played with, and this finished trespasser seemed determined on maintaining the mystery of her presence.

"I have just remarked," he said, "that I must go. What is it you want of me?"

The girl for answer lit another cigarette.

"For the last time," repeated Fielding, with exasperation, "will you be kind enough to tell me who you are?"

"Yes," she said, with provoking procrastination, "I will tell you who I am. I am Providence."

"Providence—whom?" he queried.

"Providence," the girl repeated — "just Providence — the smoother of steps — the opportunity-monger."

For a second Fielding stared. Surely a fascinating creature like that was not a lunatic? No! It was a huge joke.

He was frankly annoyed.

"I must request you to leave," he said. "I have to change and catch a train at eight-thirty-five."

"Stop!" she commanded as he attained his feet, and she brandished the revolver.

"SHE SEEMED IN NO HURRY TO ENTER INTO EXPLANATIONS—TO STATE HER BUSINESS WITH HIM."

Fielding was forced to smile at the picture of this unknown girl, in an evening frock, seated on his writing-table smoking a cigarette and flourishing a cumbersome fire-arm in intimidation of his own movements.

"Sit down again," she said. "I will hurry."

Thinking it quickest to humour her, he complied. He could afford more time really. It would only take five minutes to change, and another five to reach Victoria. He could change on the journey for that matter, if necessary.

"You were starting to-night for Hamburg?" she questioned.

"I am," he corrected.

"I want you," she continued, "not to go."

"What!" repeated Fielding in amazement; "you want me not to go?"

The girl nodded. "The expedition will not suffer," she said, coolly, "if you stay behind."

Fielding was quite befogged by this development.

"My dear girl, the fact that you know me and my business should make it superfluous for me to assure you that I cannot comply with such a request. It is out of the question."

"Would nothing induce you?" she pleaded.

"Not my dearest friend."

"But 'Providence'?" she said. "It would make no difference to the success of the expedition," she urged again. "You are only going to write it up."

"I do not see why I should discuss that point with you," he said; "but though it may not affect the expedition itself it might affect my paper."

"But there are others," she persisted, "who could write it as well—others on the *Tribune*. There is one brilliant writer on that very country, Mr. Ware."

"Ware?" said Fielding, surprised.

"Yes, Charles Ware; is he not equally capable?" she insisted.

"So far as that goes," he answered, "yes!"

"Was he not chosen to go until you happened to return from Teheran?" she demanded.

"I believe so," assented Fielding, gravely submitting to the cross-examination.

"Was he not selected once before, when you also upset the arrangement?"

"Possibly," he agreed.

"Would it not be a good thing for him, while being of little consequence to you?"

"Yes, Portia!" Fielding smiled in comprehension.

"Then why not let him go?" she demanded.

"Fortunate Bassanio—I mean Ware!" smiled Fielding, and somehow he felt that he meant it. "My dear lady, I am sorry, but, as you suggested, I am the *Tribune's* correspondent, not its editor or proprietor."

"But," she argued, "it is in your hands really. It would not affect you to telephone now and say you could not go. Unlike Charles Ware, you have a name that is a power."

"Mr. Ware," said Fielding, "is probably deserving enough. I believe I have seen his stuff; but," he paused, "I do not know him, and," he added, dryly, "it is not a custom in the world, especially the newspaper one, for a man to deliberately take his hands off the ladder to lift someone he does not know. One's own footing is so apt to be unstable. I have always found," he concluded, "that opportunity is the gift of Providence, not the present of a competitor."

"I guess you are right," she said. "It must be Providence."

"Well," said Fielding, in a final tone, but with another smile, "you have been more successful in hiding your identity than in attaining your object," and he made to rise again.

Swift as thought the girl slipped from the table, and before the man had realized her intention she pointed the pistol and fired point-blank into his face. There was a faint report, and Fielding spluttered and dropped back in the chair. Instantly the girl rushed to the other side of the room and, with held breath, watched her victim.

Fielding tried to rise, but dropped back like an excessively drunken man.

The girl was trembling violently, but with excitement more than fear. With an effort she recovered herself, went to the room door, bolted it, and then ran to the wall telephone.

She panted a number to the exchange and was put through almost immediately to the offices of the *Tribune*.

"Is that the *Tribune?*" she inquired. "I want to speak to the Foreign Editor, instantly. Name? Mr. Hannaford Fielding." There was a little delay in getting into communication with that important person, and the girl, with her back to the instrument and receiver to ear, gazed from her wrist-watch to her victim, as she listened with a strained eagerness. Had the editor arrived at the office or not? she wondered. She thought he ought surely to be there. She started with relief as a man's voice suddenly vibrated in her ear.

"Is that the Foreign Editor?" she demanded.

"Yes," came the reply.

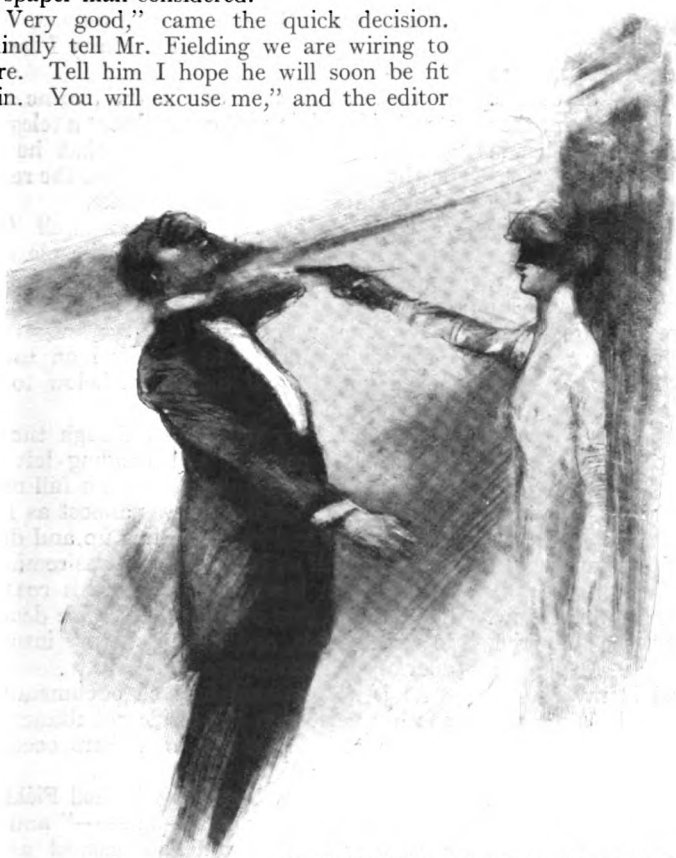
"This is Mr. Fielding's flat," spoke the girl, rapidly. "He has been taken ill suddenly and cannot catch the eight-thirty-five for the Hamburg expedition."

"Oh!" answered the man, alertly; "that's awkward."

"He says," continued the girl, truthfully, "that Ware would be the best substitute."

There was silence for a moment, while the newspaper man considered.

"Very good," came the quick decision. "Kindly tell Mr. Fielding we are wiring to Ware. Tell him I hope he will soon be fit again. You will excuse me," and the editor rang off, and the girl slammed the receiver on to its rest.



"SHE POINTED THE PISTOL AND FIRED POINT-BLANK INTO HIS FACE."

With a hurried glance at the unconscious Fielding, she rushed to the wardrobe and dragged out her own fur motoring-coat. She struggled into it, and then went to the writing-table and wrote a brief note:—

DEAR MR. FIELDING,—I guess you will be frightfully wild with me for making you miss your train, but I simply had to give Mr. Ware the second opportunity, as you robbed him of the first.

I have telephoned to the *Tribune* and told them what you said about Mr. Ware, and the editor said he hoped you would soon be better (which you will, as the pistol is one of the vapour ones which we make across the water, and the advertisement says the weapon is quite harmless, but with it burglars can be made insensible for at least half an hour—while the police are fetched), and that Mr. Ware will join the expedition at Hamburg.

Poppa says that success makes opportunities. *You* say Providence. I do not know which to sign myself.

N.B.—I leave the key outside the door. You can telephone to someone to come and let you out.

She threw down the pen, pushed the writing-table nearer Fielding, and put the note on it. She fetched a carafe of water and glass from a side-table, and placed it near to hand. She first drank some herself, and, as the large room was rather full of stupefying fumes, she flung open the window.

Fastening her coat, she drew the soft hood over her head. She stood for barely five seconds and gazed at Fielding's face. Then she quietly left the room, taking with her to a waiting taxi-cab an indelible mental picture of a resolute tanned face, with half-closed eyes looking down towards a closely-clipped sun-bleached moustache.

The rasp of the taxi's clutch in the street below had just died away when Fielding awoke, with the breeze from the open window fanning away the fog from his senses. For a moment he stared sleepily at the writing-table. He turned his head and looked at the open door of the great wardrobe. In a flash the events of the evening came back to him.

He saw the water-bottle and the note lying on the table, and near the match-holder was his despatch-case. It was characteristic of Fielding that he did not do any of the excitable things he might have been naturally expected to do on realizing the

position. First he calmly stretched out his arm and filled a tumbler of water and drank it.

"That's better," was his first remark. He picked up the unfolded note from the table and read it slowly.

"The minx!" he exploded, and then he did what nine men out of ten do on finding themselves completely at a loss for words or action. He took out his watch. "Stopped," he said, and he raised it to his ear. The act galvanized him. The watch was going.

"Twenty-four minutes past eight." He might catch his train after all, if he could get out of the room in time. He sprang to the door and shook it—locked, of course. Why hadn't he a bell-push in his room, that he might communicate with the caretaker in the basement?

The telephone—no, too long. Smash the door—impracticable. The window—impossible. Coolly and quickly he thought.

Suddenly he went to the open window. Several people were passing on the pavement below. The light of a street-lamp glinted on a policeman's helmet.

"Constable!" he shouted. In the buzz of moving traffic the man did not hear.

Fielding grabbed his china match-stand and flung it down at the officer's feet. That did it.

The man looked up angrily. "What are you doing there?" he demanded.

Fielding made a funnel of his hands. "I want you," he yelled.

The officer strode directly under the window. "What's the matter, sir?" he inquired, quickly.

"I am accidentally locked in my room," shouted Fielding. "Come and fetch half a sovereign. Up the stairs, first floor, first on the right," he directed.

The constable needed no second invitation.

Fielding put on his coat and hat, picked up his case, and was waiting at the door with a coin in his hand as the key rattled in the lock.

He thrust the money into the policeman's hand, and was downstairs before the man had decided that the circumstances were suspicious.

It was not far to the station, and Fielding did the distance on his legs quicker than he had ever done it before by cab.

He leaped into a first-class smoker of the Continental express just as the guard blew his whistle.

"Whew!" he said to himself. "If that policeman had hesitated I should never have caught it."

He now had leisure to review the events of the evening. He had never had a more surprising experience. How marvellous the girl was! What was her name? he again wondered. She was an American, of course, and undeniably attractive. He wished he could have seen her face. This infernal Ware was a fortunate beggar to have the affections of a girl like that. It was as plucky and resourceful a thing as he had ever known a girl do.

By the time the express steamed into Queenborough Station Fielding puzzled himself by saying, "I believe I am sorry I caught the train after all."

However, as soon as the train came to a standstill Fielding got out and sent a telegram to the *Tribune* office, stating that he was on the way to Hamburg, and that the report of his indisposition was a mistake.

The guard, whom he knew well from frequent journeys, met him on the platform with the pleasing information that his luggage, which he had sent down early in the evening to Victoria, was on the train.

He superintended its bestowal on to the Flushing boat, and then went below to get some refreshment.

It was a very fine night, though the sea was a little choppy, and Fielding left the saloon and went on deck. With a full moon and a dry atmosphere it was almost as light as day. He had been strolling up and down for about half an hour when he was reminded by the keen breeze that under his coat he had on only thin evening dress. He decided to remedy this, and turned sharply into the door of the main companion-way.

As is not unusual in such circumstances, another person on the inside simultaneously attempted to come out, and there occurred the natural collision.

"I am awfully sorry," apologized Fielding.

"I guess it's my fault—oh!——" and the girl in the fur coat and hood gasped as she saw his face—the face of the man she had left unconscious in a room in London.

Fielding stared into a pair of blue-grey eyes as the voice which had been ringing in his ears throughout the journey bit into his understanding. He did not speak, but he drew her across to one of the electric lights by her sleeve, of which he still retained his saving grasp. This meeting—on the Flushing boat—and a rush of recollection had flashed complete enlightenment upon Fielding. He could now recollect a paragraph he had casually read in a Society paper:—

"Miss Dolly Dexter, the American heiress, besides being a charming personality, is a

traveller and writer under the name of Charles Ware. She is particularly knowledgeable upon West Africa, and only the accident of her sex prevented her accompanying the last ethnological expedition as the representative of a great newspaper."

"You will detest me," she said. "I did not do it for a *fiancé*, as you thought, but for myself. I am Charles Ware," she announced, desperately.

"I know," he said.

"You knew?" she cried.

"'I AM CHARLES WARE,' SHE ANNOUNCED, DESPERATELY."

She herself was "Charles Ware." The knowledge gave him unaccountable pleasure.

"However did you get here?" questioned the girl.

He was smiling now. "Providence and an open window," he answered.

"You can't know or you would not smile," she said, dolefully.

"On the contrary," he said, "I do know, and I cannot cry."

"Only just," he said; "but there is another thing——"

At the intensity of his tone she looked up at him.

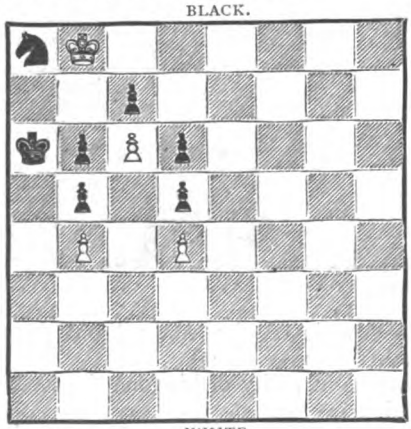
"I want to answer another question of yours—one you left on the table. You may sign yourself 'Providence,'" he announced, gravely, "and," he concluded, with a half-smile into her eyes, "Providence, no man can do without."

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

34.—THE WASSAIL BOWL.

ONE Christmas Eve three Weary Willies came into possession of what was to them a veritable wassail bowl, in the form of a small barrel, containing exactly six quarts of fine ale. One of the men possessed a five-pint jug and another a three-pint jug, and the problem for them was to divide the liquor equally amongst them without waste. Of course, they are not to use any other vessels or measures. If you can show how it was to be done at all, then try to find the way that requires the fewest possible manipulations, every separate pouring from one vessel to another, or down a man's throat, counting as a manipulation.



BLACK.

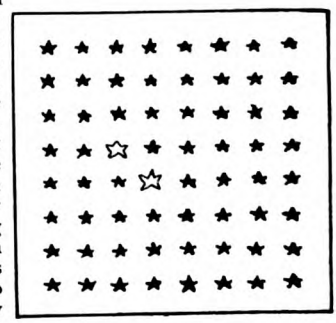
WHITE.

35.—A QUAINT CHESS ENDING.

As an example of humour in chess, I give a funny ending by G. Reichhelm, the well-known American composer. Black has at present no move, and if White, whose turn it is to play, captures the poor imprisoned knight he stalemates Black and the game is drawn. But White can win it, and therefore must obviously come out of the corner and down the board, when the Black king immediately follows and tries to escape from prison. The resultant play is very comic. White can mate eventually, and when once you have hit on the idea of the thing the mere number of moves constitutes no difficulty whatever. All is quite easy.

36.—THE STAR PUZZLE.

HERE is a little puzzle that everybody can understand, but which everybody cannot do in five minutes. Put the point of your pencil on one of the white stars and (without ever lifting your pencil from the paper) strike out all the stars in fourteen straight strokes, ending at the second white star. Your straight strokes may be in any direction you like, only every turning must be made on a star. There is no objection to striking out any star more than once. You may find it quite easy to do in sixteen strokes, and you may succeed in doing it in fifteen, but can you do it in as few as fourteen strokes?



Solutions to last month's Puzzles.

31.—THE THREE QUEENS.

PLAY the three queens as follows. There is no necessity to give the moves of the Black king, as they are all forced. 1. Q—K sq. (just a waste move), 2. Q—K R sq. 3. Q (K R sq.)—K Kt sq. 4. Q (K Kt sq.)—K B sq. 5. Q (Q B sq.)—K sq. 6. Q (Q Kt sq.)—Q R sq. (ch.). 7. Q (K sq.)—Q Kt sq. (mate).

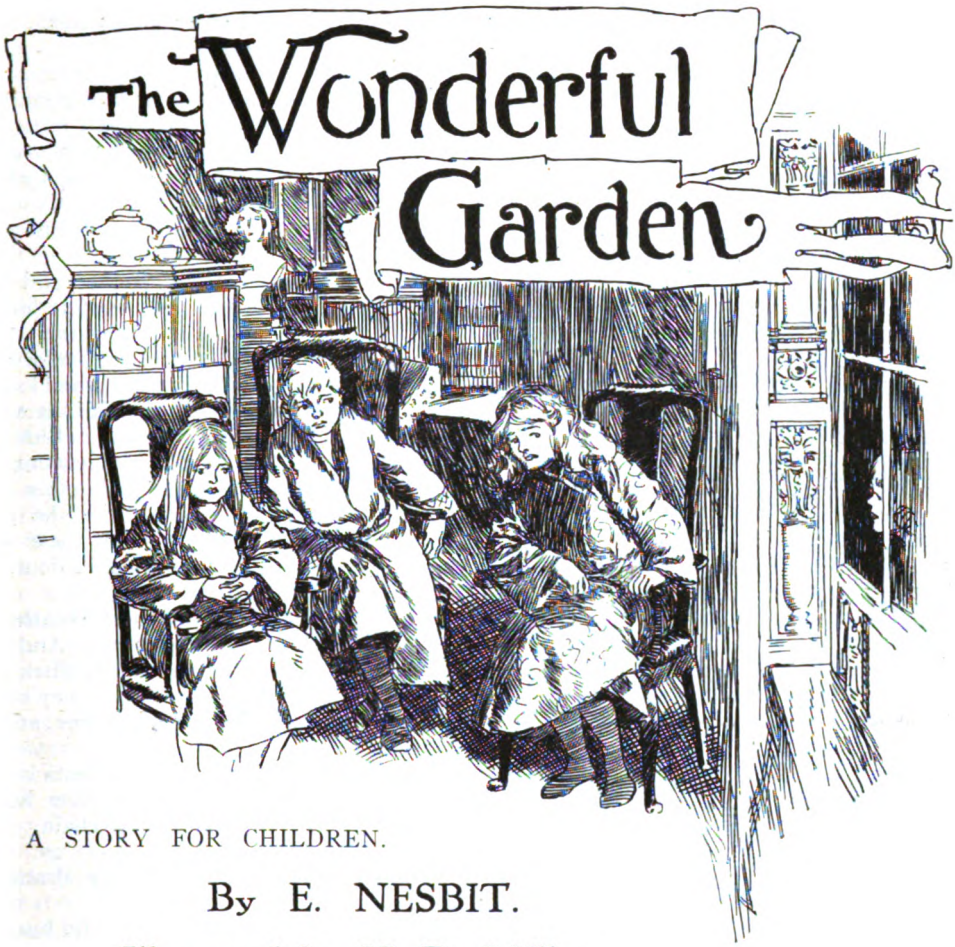
32.—THE FARMER'S PUZZLE.

THE three places form the points of a triangle with sides thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen miles long. Call fourteen the base, and the height will be twelve miles. Multiply the three sides together and we get 2,730. Divide this by twice the product of the base and height ($2 \times 12 \times 14 = 336$) and we get the answer—eight miles and one-eighth, the distance from any one of the three stations.

33.—THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

THE smallest possible number of men is seven. They could be accounted for in three different ways. 1. Two with both arms sound, one with broken right arm, four with both arms broken. 2. One with both arms sound, one with broken left arm, two with broken right arm, three with both arms broken. 3. Two with left arm broken, three with right arm broken, two with both arms broken. But if every man was injured, the last case is the only one that would apply.

The Wonderful Garden



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

THE three children had made poultices of chewed ferns, and had laid these upon their eyes, because, so said the Latin book, "The seed of the fern, if pounded and laid upon the eyes at the twelfth hour last before the Feast of St. John, shall give to the eyes thus treated the power to see that which is not to be seen." And he who translated the Latin for them had said that this meant that crushed fern-seed put on the eyes would enable folk to see things invisible to others. And as they couldn't get the seeds off the ferns the children had champed up fern and seed together.

And when they took away the little warm wads of chewed fern from their eyes they saw something which had certainly been invisible when those wads were put on: a white face staring through the window which, just before, had been only a vague oblong of framed night; and, on the other side of the window's glass, a hand which seemed to belong to the face raised itself as though to knock at the window.

Now, the fern-seed was only warranted to show the invisible, not to make the unhearable heard. If there should be no sound when that raised hand tapped at the window, then the children would know that the fern-seed was doing what it was warranted to do by the Latin book. If, on the other hand, the hand tapped and made, in tapping, the usual noise produced by a common tapper, then one of two things might be true. Either the fern-seed was stronger than the Latin book bargained for, and was able to make people hear the unhearable even if they did not cover their

ears with the charm that had covered their eyes, or else the fern-seed spell was all nonsense and the face outside the window was a real person's face and the hand was a real person's hand.

But when the hand tapped at the window and a sound came to the children within, they, though startled, no longer felt any doubt.

"It's that Rupert chap we saw in the train," said Charlotte.

Everyone breathed much more freely, and they all smiled and nodded towards the window; and the face nodded back, but it did not smile.

"He must have run away," said Charles, "like I told him to."

"It wasn't you; it was me," said Charlotte, promptly.

"I like this much better than its being invisible people," said Charles, changing the subject a little. "This is something *like* an adventure."

The face outside moved its lips. It was saying something, but they could not hear what it said.

"It *is* that Rupert boy," Caroline insisted; "and he's run away to *us*. What larks!"

"He can't get in here," Charlotte said; and, indeed, to have moved that table on which the fern-filled bell-glass stood surrounded by unhappy-looking little ferns in little dry pots, with bits of old tumbler arched protectively over them, would have been dangerous, and probably noisy.

"The morning-room is next door. Mrs. Wilmington called it that," said Caroline. "It's a French window. She said so. It opens all right. I know how the fastenings go."

"Why French?" asked Charlotte, eager for information even at that exciting moment, while Caroline was trying to explain to the face by signs that if it would just go along till it came to a French window it would find someone ready to let it in. "Why French?"

"Because it's like a door," said Charles.

"Hush!" whispered Caroline. "Tread softly, and don't tumble over the wolf-skins."

Candle-bearing, the little procession passed along to the morning-room. The face had understood the signs. At any rate, there it was, framed in glass panes, and when the French window, which was, indeed, just like a door, was opened, there was the face, as well as the hands, arms, legs, body, and feet, of Rupert, the platform boy, or somebody exactly like him.

"Come in," said Caroline, holding the door open. And Charlotte added: "Fear nothing! We will baffle your pursuers. We are yours to the death."

He came in, a drooping, dusty figure, and the French window, which had permitted itself to be opened with the most gentle and noiseless submission, now, in closing, uttered what was little less than a tactless squawk.

"Fly!" whispered Caroline, swiftly turning the handle that fastened it. "But your boots will betray us."

Flight was the only thing, you see, and they had to risk the boots. Yet Rupert in his flight was noiseless as the others, who were all bath-slippered, and therefore shod with—if you were only reasonably careful and looked where you were going—the shoes of silence.

When the whole party was safe in Charles's room, with the door shut, they blew out the candles and stood holding each other and their breaths as they listened in the dark for what they fully expected to hear—the opening creak of Mrs. Wilmington's door.

But all was still.

The four fugitives let their breaths go cautiously, and again held them. And still the silence wrapped them round, thick and unbroken as the darkness in which they stood.

"It's all right," whispered Caroline, at last. "Light up."

Fortunately, each silver candlestick had its box of safety-matches in a silver holder fastened to its handle by a silver chain. The candles were lighted.

"We are saved," said Charlotte, dramatically.

"You came up like a mouse," said Caroline to Rupert. "A quiet mouse."

It was then seen that Rupert's boots were not on his feet but in his hand, very muddy, and tied together by frayed boot-laces.

"I took them off," he explained, "when I got into your park. My feet hurt so, and the grass was so soft and jolly. Oh, I am so tired—and hungry!" His voice broke a little, and if he had not been a boy I think he would have cried.

"Get on to the bed," said Charlotte, with eager friendliness, "and lie down. You be a wounded warrior and we'll be an Arab oasis that you've come to. That's the tent of the sheikh," she added, as Charles gave the weary Rupert a "leg up" and landed him among the billows of the vast feather-bed.

"There are lots of biscuits in the sideboard in the dining-room," said Caroline. "I'll stay with the wounded—or else you can stay and I'll go with whichever doesn't."

Though it was the middle of the night no one even thought of being sleepy. Perhaps

it was the excitement of this most real adventure, or perhaps the seeds of the fern have an awakening effect.

Charlotte and Charles set off, important and tip-toeing, on a biscuit-hunt, and Caroline, like a good little nurse, fetched a basin and sponge and washed the face of the stranger, taking no notice of his objections that he was not a baby, and earnestly hoping that in her long dressing-gown she looked at least a little like an Arab maiden ministering to a Feringhee warrior.

"Now I'm going to wash your weary feet, if you will stick them out over the side of the bed," she said. "They always do in Saracen countries, and if you think it's like a baby I'll call it dressing your wounds."

She brought a chair and a basin of water very carefully, and a big sponge, and then she peeled off Rupert's stockings and bathed his tired, swollen feet with great care and gentleness.

"That's jolly," said the wounded knight, graciously.

When the others came back from their hunting, with a good "bag" (it was a tin, really) of biscuits, the Saracen maiden greeted them with:—

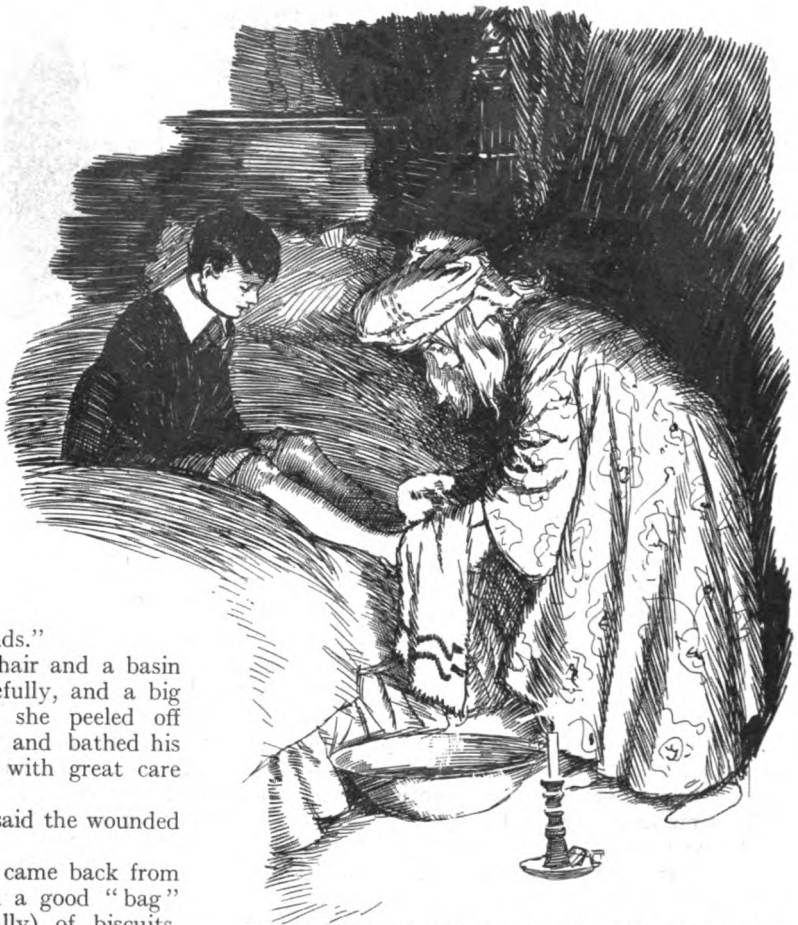
"Hist! The stranger sleeps. Let's pretend he's fainted, and we'll rouse him with a skin of wine. Get some water in the tooth-mug. And where are the biscuits?"

"We might as well have turbans," said Charlotte, hastily twining a bath-towel round her head. "All really Arab maidens are turbaned Turks."

"Let's make it more tent-like before we wake him," Charles suggested, drawing the curtains round two sides of the four-poster; "and we might put the candles out of sight and pretend they're Arabian knights' lanterns."

When all was arranged, the three towel-turbaned children climbed into the tent and looked at the wounded knight, who lay asleep.

"Let him sleep a little longer," said Caroline, "ere we rouse him to eat of the flesh of the deer which my brothers have brought to the wigwam for the benefit of the poor pale-face."

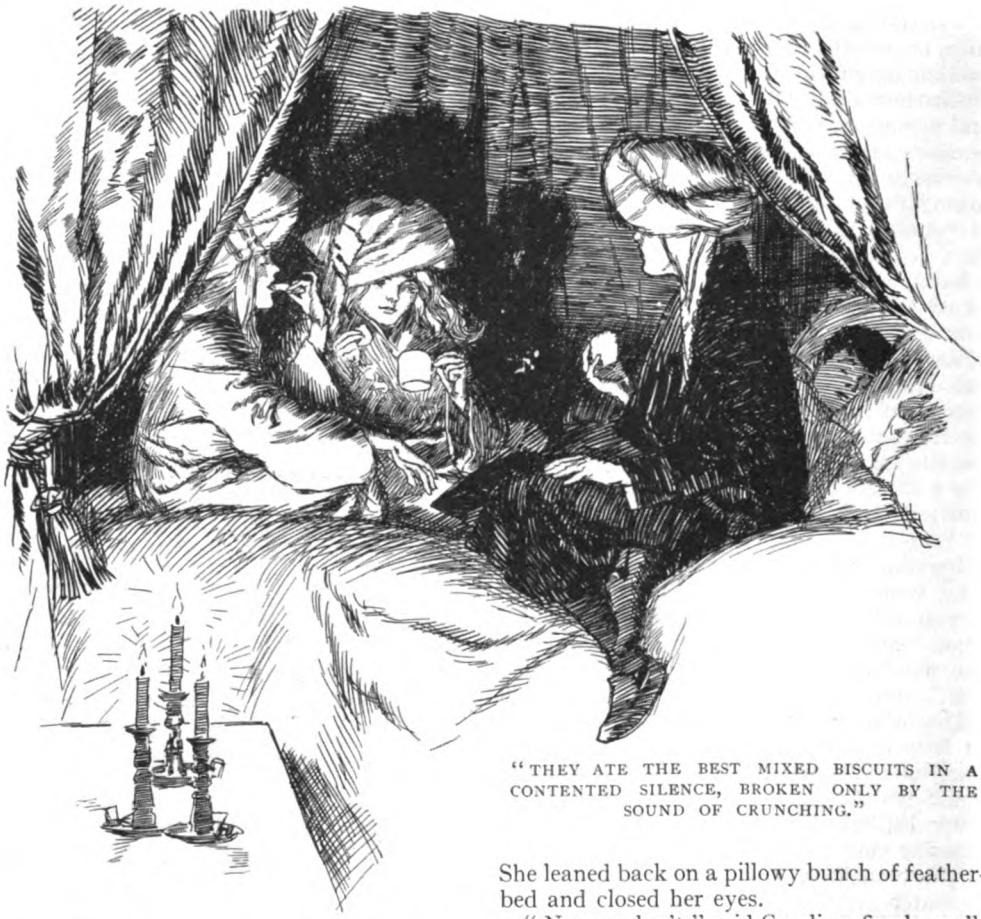


"SHE BATHED HIS TIRED, SWOLLEN FEET WITH GREAT CARE AND GENTLENESS."

"We're not Indians, silly," said Charlotte. "We're Arabs, and I could do with a bit of the flesh of the deer myself, if you come to that."

"So could I," said Charles, his turban over one eye. "It's jolly not being asleep. They say you get sleepy and cross if they let you sit up—but look at us."

"Yes, look at us," the others agreed, and ate the best mixed biscuits in a contented silence, broken only by the sound of crunching.



"THEY ATE THE BEST MIXED BISCUITS IN A CONTENTED SILENCE, BROKEN ONLY BY THE SOUND OF CRUNCHING."

The adventures of the night, which had seemed, as they happened, not so very wonderful, now began to appear more surprising, and at the same time more real.

"Do you know," said Caroline, at last—"pass the mug, please—do you know, I don't at all know what we're going to do with him."

"*I* was just thinking that," said Charlotte.

"So was I," said Charles.

"But I've been thinking——"

"So have I," said the other two together.

"What?" asked Caroline, stopping short.

"What you have," said Charlotte, and Charles repeated her words.

"Then I needn't tell you what I thought," said Caroline, briefly.

I think they were all getting, perhaps, a little sleepy—or the effect of the fern-seed was wearing off.

"Oh, don't be crabby," Charlotte said. "We only meant we didn't see what on earth we could do with him. I suppose he must sleep with Charles. There's lots of room." She leaned back on a pillowy bunch of feather-bed and closed her eyes.

"No you don't," said Caroline, firmly, pulling her sister up again into a sitting position by a limp arm. "I could go to sleep myself if it comes to that. Take your turban off. It'll cool your sleepiness."

"I said"—Charlotte spoke very slowly and distinctly, as people do when they are so sleepy they aren't quite sure whether they can speak at all—"I said, 'Let him sleep with Charles.'"

"Oh, yes!" said Caroline. "And be found in the morning when they call us, and taken alive and delivered back to the Murdstone man. No. We must hide him, and wake him before they call us. I can always wake up if I bang my head the right number of times on the pillow before I go to sleep."

Charlotte was nodding happily.

"Get up!" said Caroline, exasperated. "Get up! Get down! Get off the bed and stand on your feet. Now, then, Charles!"

But Charles was deeply slumbering, with his mouth very much more open than it ought to have been.

"That's it!" said Caroline, as Charlotte responded to her pull. "That's it. It's just you and me! Women always have to do the work of the world! Aunt Emmeline said so once. She said it's not 'Men must work and women must weep'; it's 'Men must talk and women must work.' Come on and give me a hand."

"All right. I'm awake now," said Charlotte, cheerfully. "I've been biting my tongue all that awful time you've been talking. What's the idea?"

"We'll make him an upper berth, like in ships," Caroline explained, "and then we'll wake him up and water him and biscuit him and explain things, and get Charles into bed and all traces concealed. It'll be just you and me that did it. That's glory, you know."

"Oh, *do* stop talking," said Charlotte. "I'll do anything you like, only stop talking."

There was a great mahogany wardrobe in the room, with a mahogany hanging-cupboard at each side, and between the mahogany cupboards a space with mahogany drawers below and mahogany shelves above. And the shelves were like shallow drawers or deep trays, and you could pull them in and out. There was nothing on the shelves but clean white paper, and on each shelf a little bag made of white muslin and filled with dried lavender, which smelt very sweet through the fine mesh of the muslin.

The girls took out two of the trays and hid them under the bed. This left as much space above the lowest tray and the highest as they leave you on a steamer between the upper and lower berths. The girls made up a shake-down bed with blankets and pillows, and when all was ready they woke the boys gently and firmly by a damp sponge on the forehead and a hand over the mouth in case the sleeper should wake up yelling.

But both boys woke quietly. Charles had just enough wakefulness to submit to being got out of his overcoat and slippers and bundled into bed, but Rupert was thoroughly awake—ate biscuit, drank water, and understood exactly where and how he was to spend what was left of the night, as well as why he was to spend it there and thus.

He got into the wardrobe by means of a chair. The girls took away the chair and almost shut the doors of the wardrobe.

"We'll have a grand council to-morrow," said Charlotte. "Don't be anxious. Just remember we're yours to the death, like I told you on the platform."

"It was *me* said that," said Charles, almost in his sleep.

"And don't move out of here, whatever you do," said Caroline. "I shall come quite early, and we'll hide you somewhere. I expect I shall think of something in my sleep. I often do. Good night."

"Good night," said Rupert, in the wardrobe. "I say! You are bricks — and you won't let them catch me?"

"Of course not," said the three C.'s, confidently. (Charles said it quite in his sleep.)

Five minutes later the others were sleeping as soundly as Charles, and out Tonbridge way the Murdstone man and his groom and his gardener and the local police were still looking for Rupert with anxious feelings, with lanterns that flickered yellow in the pale grey of dawn.

CHAPTER V.

HUNTED.

I DON'T know exactly how it happened. Perhaps Caroline was too sleepy to bump her head seven times on the pillow before she went to sleep. Or perhaps that excellent spell cannot always be relied upon to work. At any rate, none of the children woke till Jane came to draw up the blinds and let the half-past seven sunshine into their rooms.

Then Caroline woke quite thoroughly, looked at her little watch, and leaped out of bed.

"What's the hurry, miss?" asked Jane, as Caroline stood, a little unsteady, in the middle of the room, rubbing her eyes and yawning. "It hasn't but just gone the half-hour."

"I was dreaming," said Caroline; and when Jane was gone she shook Charlotte and said, "I say! *Did* anything happen last night?"

"No," said Charlotte, behaving like a dormouse.

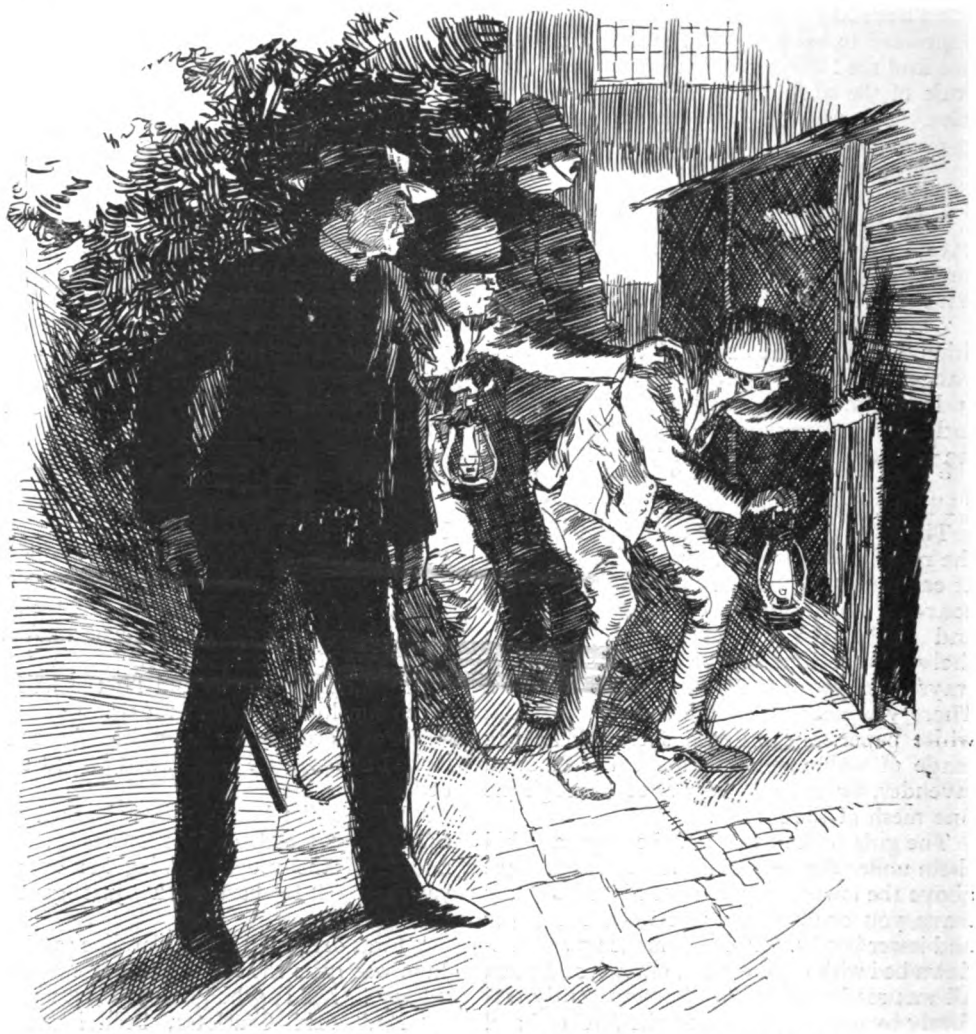
Caroline caught up her dressing-gown and crept along to Charles's room. He was sitting up in bed, looking wildly at the wardrobe. Its doors were open, and there was nothing on the shelves (which were all in their proper places) except clean paper and little bags of lavender that smell sweet through their white muslin veils.

"Whatever's happened?" asked Caroline, fearing the worst.

"Oh, nothing," said Charles, rather crossly. "Only I had a silly dream, and when I woke up I thought it was true, and of course it wasn't."

"*I* thought it was a dream, too, when I first woke. And Charlotte says nothing happened last night. What did you dream?"

He told her a little.



"THE MURDSTONE MAN AND HIS GROOM AND HIS GARDENER AND THE LOCAL POLICE WERE STILL LOOKING FOR RUPERT."

"But I dreamed all that, too," said Caroline, anxiously. "About the fern-seed and Rupert, and our playing Arab Saracens and hunting the biscuits. We *couldn't* both dream the same thing. Where did you put the biscuits in your dream—what was left of them?"

"I put them on the dressing-table."

"Well, they aren't there now," said she.

"Then it *was* a dream," said he; "and we both dreamed it."

The two looked at each other blankly.

"I dreamed I dressed his wounds—sponged his feet, I mean," she added, after a pause full of doubt. "The mud was thick—if it wasn't a dream it'll be in the basin."

But Jane knew her duty too well for there to be anything in the basin except a bright brass can of hot water with a clean towel laid neatly across it.

"Well, the fern-seed did something, anyhow, if it only made us dream like that," said Caroline. But Charles wanted to know how she knew they hadn't dreamed the fern-seed as well.

"Oh, you get dressed," said his sister, shortly, and went to her own dressing.

Charlotte, when really roused, owned that she remembered Rupert's coming. But, if he had come, he had gone and left no trace. And it is rare for boys to do that.

The children agreed that it must have been

a dream, after the eating of the fern-seed, for all of them, for some reason that I can't understand, agreed that the fern-seed eating, at any rate, was real.

Breakfast seemed less interesting than usual, and when, after the meal, Mrs. Wilmington minced a request to them to go out for the morning, "the same as you were requested to do yesterday," they went with slow footsteps and boots strangely heavy.

"Let's get out of sight of the house," said Charlotte, heavily.

They went away beyond the shrubbery, to a wood where there were oak trees and hazels and dog-wood and silver birches and here and there a black yew, with open bracken-feathered glades between. Here they found a little glade between a honeysuckle and a sweet chestnut and a hazel thicket, flattened the bracken, and sat down amid the sweet scent of it.

"To hold a council about the wonderful dream we've all of us had," said Caroline, slowly.

But the council, if it could be called one, was brief and languid.

"I'd rather think first," said Caroline. And the others said so would they.

"I could think better with my head on your lap, Caro," Charles said. And Charlotte murmured, "Bunch the fern up closer under my back, Caro." And when the sun came over the top of the sweet chestnut it fell upon a warm and comfortable heap of children asleep.

You really can't stay up all night, or even dream that you sit up, and then hold important councils next day just as though nothing had happened.

When the children awoke, because the sun had crept up over the sweet chestnut and was shining straight into their eyes, everything looked different and much more interesting.

"I tell you what," said Charlotte. "Let's do fern-seed again."

"It's only on the eve of——" Charles began, but Charlotte interrupted.

"The seed goes on when once you've planted it—chewed it, I mean. I'm certain it does. If we don't *see* anything, we may *dream* something more."

"There wouldn't be time for a really thick dream before dinner," Charles objected.

"Never mind! Let's try. If we are late for dinner we'd tell the truth and say that we fell asleep in the woods. There's such heaps of fern here it would be simply silly not to try."

There was something in this. Fern-seed was chewed once more. Bracken, I have heard really well-educated people say, is not a fern at all, but it seemed a fern to them. And it certainly did its best to act up to what was expected of it. For when the three removed the little green damp pads from their eyes and blinked at the green leaves, there in the thick of them was Rupert, looking at them between the hazel thicket and the honeysuckle—a real live Rupert, and no dream-nonsense about him.

"*Was* it a dream last night?" they all asked him, in an eager chorus. "When you came to the window?"

"Of course it wasn't," he said, flatly. "Only I was so afraid of being nabbed. So I got out early and put the shelves back and the pillows on the bed, and I took the biscuits; I thought you wouldn't mind——"

"Not a bit. Rather not"—chorus of polite hospitality.

"And I got out of your dressing-room window and down the ivy; it was quite easy. And I cut across the grass and in under those fancy sort of fir trees, the ones that drag their branches—you know—in the avenue. And I saw you come out, but the place was all thick with gardeners and people. So I waited till their dinner-bell rang, and then I crept out here, and I was just going to say 'Hi!' when you stuck that green stuff on your eyes. It looks nasty. What did you do it for?"

They told him.

"That's rummy," he said, sitting among them quite at his ease, with one hand in his pocket. "Because I knew fern-seed *made* you invisible, and I ate a bit coming along, just on the chance it might be some good—so that no one should see me, you know. And nobody *did* till you did. So," he went on more slowly, "perhaps I was *really* invisible until you put the fern-seed on your eyes."

"What a perfectly splendid idea!" cried Charlotte. "Because that makes it all true. We were most awfully ill when we thought it had only just made us dream. I say! Do, now, do tell us how you ran away and why—and what you're going to do, and everything."

"I thought," Rupert answered, carelessly, "of running away to sea. But it's a long way to the coast. I would much rather stop here with you. Couldn't you hide me in a log-hut or something, like a runaway slave? Just till they stopped looking for me. And I could write to my father in India and ask him to let me stay here instead of with old Mug's brother. Couldn't you hide me till the answer came?"

"We could try," said Charles, a little doubt-

fully. But Charlotte said, "Of course we can —we will! Only, why are you so different? You seem miles older than you were when we saw you on the platform."

"*You'd* look miles older if you'd locked your master in his study and then done a bunk—and been running and hiding for half a day and a night," said Rupert, a little crossly.

"But what did he *do* to you?" they asked.

"Well, you saw what he was like in the train."

"But you seemed so frightened of him. I wonder you dared to run away."

"That wasn't funk—in the train. That was just suppressed fury," Rupert explained, tranquilly. "I was wondering where I should run to if I had to run. And then I did have to run—like Billy-ho! And when I saw the name on a signpost I remembered what you'd said about 'true to the death'—and I kept behind the hedges, because I wasn't sure about the fern-seed being any good, and I got up a tree and I saw you go by, and when you came back with the parson I just followed on quietly till I got to outside your house. I hoped you'd come out, but you didn't. And I hid under one of those fancy firs, and then, I suppose, I went to sleep, and when I woke up there was a light in a window, and I went towards it, stupid, like a bird. You know how sparrows come out of the ivy if you show a light?"

They didn't.

"Well, they do. And then I saw you monkeying about. I *was* glad, I tell you. And I tapped on the window, and — you know the rest," he ended, like a hero in a book.

"But what did the Murdstone man *do* to you?" Charlotte insisted on knowing.

"He was playing up for a row from the very first," said Rupert; "and when we got to his beastly house that night"—Rupert lowered his voice and spoke in a tone of deep disgust and bitterness—"he gave me bread and milk to eat. Bread and milk—with a teaspoon! And when I said I'd rather not, he said I must learn to eat what was set before me. And he talked about discipline and showed me a cane. He said he was glad there were no other little boys there—little boys!—because he could devote himself entirely to breaking me in."

"Beast!" said Charlotte.

"He thought I was a muff of a white rabbit," said Rupert; "but he knows the difference now."

I hope you will not think base scorn of Charles and Caroline when I own that they were both feeling a little uncomfortable in the presence of this young desperado. Fern-seed is all very well, and so is the idea of running away from school, but that any master should really be so piglike as to make running away necessary—this came too near to the really terrible for them to feel quite easy about it.

"He must be like the Spanish Inquisition," said Charlotte, indignantly. "Why isn't he put in prison now there are proper laws?"

But Charles and Caroline still felt that it was less likely that the Murdstone man should be so hateful than that Rupert should be drawing long-bows to excuse his running away. If he had been timid and miserable they would have believed him more. As it was, he was easy when he wasn't defiant.

You know that feeling—when you are not quite sure of someone you want to be kind to—when you can't be quite certain that if you believe what they say you won't be being unjust to somebody else. It is a hateful feeling. There is nothing more miserable than not being able to trust someone you want to trust. You know, perhaps, what that sensation is? Rupert, at any rate, must have known it, and must have known that the others were feeling it, for he suddenly pulled his hand out from his pocket.

"Look here, then," he said. "I didn't want to whine. But — no, I don't blame you. I know it's not the sort of thing you'd expect to be true. Yes. He did it. The firs night. About the bread and milk. Came and did it after I was in bed. With a ruler."

"It" was a blue bruise and a slight red graze across the back of the hand that, till now, had been hidden.

"*I* believed you — without that," said Charlotte, with hot cheeks. "*I* know there are people like that. Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"We do believe you," said Caroline, earnestly. "Who said we didn't?"

And Charles said: "Of course we do—what nonsense! We'll bring you a paper and pencil and an envelope, and you can write to your father. And we *will* conceal you."

"Right-o!" said Rupert. "Hush!"

They hushed, and, Rupert pointing through the blue gap between the oak and the honeysuckle, their eyes followed the pointing of his finger. A figure was coming up the drive—a figure in blue.

"Go and see what it is," whispered Rupert, "but don't let on."

"I'll go," said Charlotte, jumping up.

"But what'll you say if they ask you what you've come in for?" Charles asked

"I shall say I've come in to fetch you a pocket-handkerchief," said Charlotte, witheringly, "because you wanted one so badly. You always do."

She went.

"Look here," said Caroline, once more thrilling to the part of the protecting Saracen maiden. "Suppose they're after you? Let's cover you up with leaves and bracken, so that your tweediness won't show through the trees if they look—and bracken over your head. Creep through the bracken; don't crush it more than you can help."

Rupert was entirely hidden when Charlotte returned, very much out of breath, from an unexpected part of the wood.

"I came round," she whispered, "to put them off the scent."

"Who?" asked Rupert, under the leaves.

"The police," said Charlotte, with calm frankness and a full sense of the tremendous news she was bringing. "They're inquiring after you. They've traced you to Hadlow."

"What did they say at the house?"

"They hadn't seen you, but the police might search the grounds."

"What did you say?"

"'I CAME ROUND,' SHE WHISPERED, 'TO PUT THEM OFF THE SCENT.'"

"I wasn't asked," said Charlotte, demurely. "But I'll tell you what I did say. You lie mouse-still, Rupert; it's all right. I'm glad you're buried, though."

"What *did* you say?"

"I said," Charlotte answered, glowing with the pride of a successful strategist—"I said we'd help them to search! Come on, the three C.'s. Round the back way! *We'll* help them to search for their runaway boy—so we will! And when they've gone we'll bring you something to eat—something really nice—not just biscuits. Don't you worry. The three C.'s *are* yours to the death."

(*To be continued.*)

Some Novel Picture Puzzles.

By SIDNEY J. MILLER.

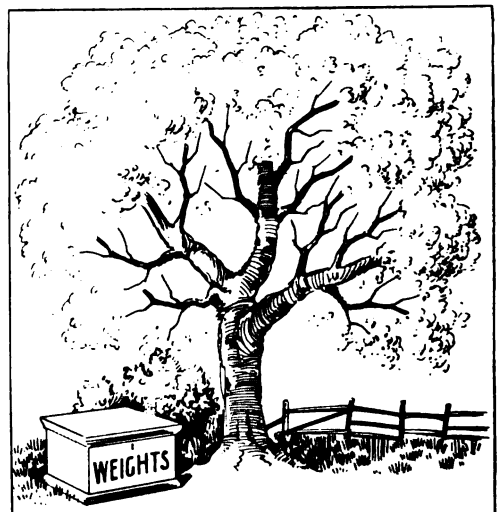
READERS will find on this page a further selection of puzzles presented in a somewhat original style, the solutions of which will be published next month.

Ye Ring-boarde Matche.

Six "Idlers" played six "Yokels." Each one played his opponent for the best of 18 rings . . The games resulted in three and three, but the "Idlers" won on the aggregate by 36 . . . In the return match the "Yokels" won in precisely the same way. But it was curious that in both matches each pair made exactly 78 between them, though every player's own score was unique there being no two numbers . . alike in all the scoring . .

What were the scores?

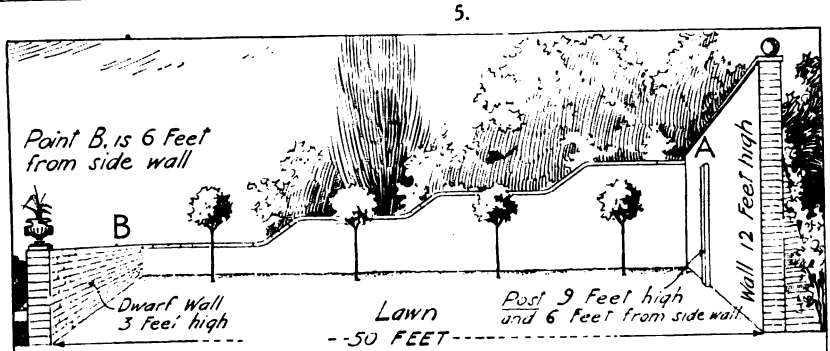
4.



THE KEY IS IN THE TREE.

• A MAN HAD A 40 LB. WEIGHT• • WHICH HE BROKE INTO 4 PIECES• IN SUCH A WAY THAT WITH THEM• HE COULD WEIGH ANY NUMBER• • OF LBS. FROM 1 TO 40 • • • • • WHAT DID THE PIECES SEVERALLY WEIGH ?

5.



"The Grey Mare is the better Horse"

A Snail and his wife started from the top of the post A bound for the point B They both went the same pace 1 foot per minute, but did not travel together. The old snail went straight down the post and across the Lawn reaching the point B in 62 minutes after travelling 62 feet. But the Lady-snail arrived a good minute before him

How did she do it ?

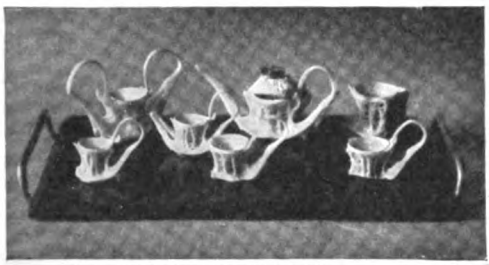
6.

SOLUTIONS OF LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

1. Nine seconds. 2. The snail. 3. The length of the railway is two hundred and fifty yards.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



AN UNCOMMON TEA-SET.

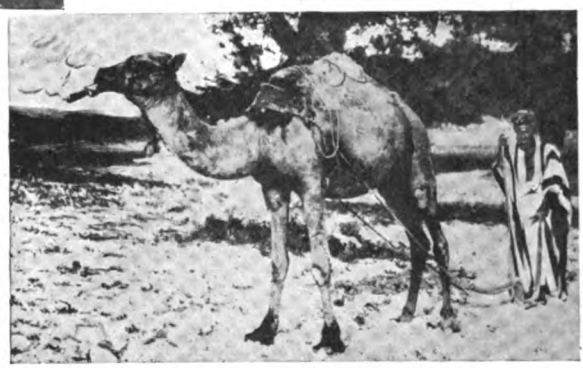
ALL the pieces of this pretty little tea-set were made from the vertebræ of a codfish. I wonder if any of your readers possess a set made from any such curious material?—Miss Florence Meigh, Ash Hall, Stoke-on-Trent.

A CLOCK OF ODDS AND ENDS.

THIS curious clock, designed and made entirely by myself, has taken me the spare moments of about seven years to complete. In addition to showing the time of day and the seconds, as in an ordinary clock, it also shows the days of the week, days of the month, months of the year, and the phases of the moon, besides striking the hours and half-hours. The wheels were all originally of wood, but last summer I changed some of them for others made with sheet brass. The axles are all skewers, and the bearings are the eyes cut from brass hinges and let into the wooden frame. Bootmakers' brads are used in making divisions in the days of the week, etc.; the hammer it strikes with is part of a beer tap; and the pendulum, cut from an old chest of drawers, swings on a steel spring obtained from a lady's corset. The dates themselves are taken from an almanac. The large hands and Roman figures are carved oak, and the minutes round the dial pieces of matches. The case is made of oak with the exception of the panels, which are walnut. I bought it in the rough plank, and worked it with the few tools I got for the purpose. I am a butler, and have been in service all my life, and know nothing of clock or cabinet making, so you can realize what an enormous amount of patience and perseverance has been required. The clock is a most perfect timekeeper, and everything is in thorough working order.—Mr. James Gibbs, 40, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

WHERE CAMELS SMOKE.

A CURIOUS fact is described in the paper *Il Tabacco* regarding the taming of wild camels by the natives of Morocco. A three-cornered piece of wood, through which a hole is drilled, is placed in the mouth of the camel, and a lighted cigar, very large and loosely rolled, is then inserted in the hole. As soon as the animal starts to draw it becomes very tame, and continues to inhale the smoke and to emit it through its nose. As soon as the first cigar is finished a new one must be put in its place, otherwise the camel becomes furious and very stubborn, fixes its legs in the ground, and cannot be made to move until the cigar smokes again.—The Record Press, 29, Fetter Lane, E.C.



THE "PEPPER-POT" BRIDGE OF NANKIN.

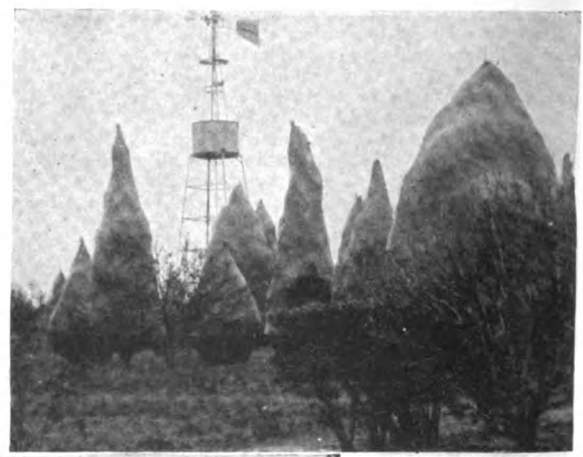
THESE "pepper-pots" are remarkable on account of the intense veneration of the Chinese for their parents. They were erected for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen who so far forgot themselves as to "remove" their fathers or mothers and then got found out. The towers were built around the living criminals, who were thus executed in a peculiarly unpleasant manner.—Mr. H. Giles, Barnfield, Gillingham, Kent.

A DICKENS KNOCKER.

THE collection of door-knockers has long been a hobby with the few, and to them the Dickens knocker here shown will probably be no novelty. But there are doubtless many who have no idea of the existence of such a memento of the great novelist, and to them these illustrations will have all the appeal of a new discovery. It will be seen that the knocker is embellished not only with a good likeness of Charles Dickens, but also with figures of Pickwick, Micawber, and Little Dorrit, and a representation of Dickens's birthplace at Portsmouth.

A MOUNTAIN OF OYSTER SHELLS.

THIS picture, of seemingly useless oyster shells, represents what is probably the largest shell "mountain" in the world, containing as it does millions of shells and hundreds of thousands of bushels. It is the property of the H. C. Rowe Company, of New Haven, the largest wholesale oyster firm in the world, their beds covering some seventy thousand acres of salt-water bottoms. Such shells are far from being useless, however, for they are one of the most important adjuncts of the oyster industry, and without them the business would dwindle to tiny proportions. Unless the spawn of the oyster has some clean, smooth surface upon which to attach themselves they die, for they are very delicate in the first few days of their existence, and require beds as clean and sweet as do the most delicate human babies. It is while the shells are piled up in these great mountains that they are cleaned and freed from everything in the way of dirt and bits of adhering oyster eyes, by the air, rain, and sunshine. When the cleaning process is finished they are loaded upon great steam dredges and scows, and then are towed out to the beds and carefully spread over the bottom ready for the "set," as the fixing of the spawn to their surfaces is called. After they have served their purpose for one season's crop they are taken up and brought back to be again piled and cleaned. — Mr. S. Cummings - Huet, Box 773, Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A.



TO DEFEAT THE LOCUSTS.

THE curious-looking objects shown above are trees carefully done up in sacking to preserve them from the locusts. The photograph was taken in the Argentine, and will doubtless prove of interest to readers in England, where, happily, there is no necessity for such precautions.—Miss E. Whitmore, 11, Albany Road, Bedford.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

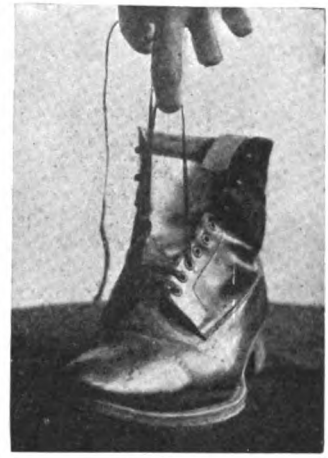


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

LACING A BOOT WITHOUT A BOW.

In describing in our December number a method of lacing a shoe without a bow, we mentioned that some years ago we had also described a means of lacing a *boot* without a bow or knot. This has led to so many applications for the number in question, which is now out of print, that we have decided to reprint the page.

Look carefully at the lace of this boot (Fig. 1). The closest scrutiny will not enable you to detect any join or breach of continuity of the lace, and if you should inspect the boot itself tied in this manner you would find it every whit as difficult to understand. After reading and mastering the problem, try it on a friend and see how he will be perplexed.

How, then, is it done? First of all let us cut a few inches off the lace—the exact amount can easily be found out by experiment—tie a knot at one end, and thread through the lowest hole at the outer surface of the boot (as shown in Fig. 2); pull until the knot stops further progress, then pass the end of the lace downwards into the corresponding hole on the inner side: thread from within the boot outwards, bringing the lace out of the hole on the outer side of the boot, as depicted in Fig. 3. Continue in this manner until all the holes are filled excepting one, then matters will be as in Fig. 4. It will be seen, on looking at this last photograph, that the lace is about to be threaded in the last hole exactly as before, but it is not to be drawn tight, but only a distance of a few inches, thus making a loop, which is caught up by the fingers of the left hand. The size of this loop, which must be sufficient to go round the hooks on the boot, can readily be adjusted at the second trial, if not actually at the first. Fig 5 shows the exact position of affairs.

The loop is shown drawn out by the second finger of the left hand; the remaining loose piece of lace—the end—is shown extending upwards, and it is obvious that, by drawing on this free end, the size of the loop is controlled. Having adjusted the loop to what appears to be the correct size, or a little larger, we pass the portion of the lace forming the loop alternately over the hooks as in Fig. 6, which shows the lace over all the hooks but one. We slip it over the last hook, pull the free end of the lace to ensure all being tight, tuck the loose free end inside the boot, and the thing is done.

DOING BUSINESS WHILE ON THE MOVE.

AS the result of a fight for the location of the county offices, the town of Lamro, South Dakota, was bodily removed to the town of Winner, some miles away. Lamro was the larger town, but Winner won at the election, and it became necessary to remove the county buildings to Winner. About the same time a railroad built a line into Winner, while Lamro was without rail connection. For these reasons the entire town of Lamro moved over to Winner. Both towns are on the Sioux Indian Reservation, where the ground is flat prairie, as level as a floor. Two big traction engines, the largest ever constructed, moved the court-house. Seventy-two teams of horses were hitched to the Lamro Hotel and carried the building rapidly overland. Between the horses and the traction engines, the work of moving the town was quickly completed. During the "flight" of the court-house business was not suspended within the building. Banks, while *en route* across the country, continued accepting deposits and cashing cheques, and stores continued business as usual, although on the "wing."—Mr. T. R. Porter, Omaha, Neb.

A MATCH PUZZLE.

TAKE fifteen matches and place them as shown in the diagram, then take away three, change the position of one, and the result will be the word

showing what matches are made of.—Mr. T. E. Maw, Public Library, Luton.

A Problem.

To the Editor of the "Courant."

SIR,—I found the following so interesting that the thought struck me that it would afford as much pleasure to others among your readers:—

"A —— sat in his —— gray,
Watching the moonbeams —— play,
On a keg that in the bushes lay.
And the leaves with their —— took up the song,
Thou —— the brave, thou —— the strong.
To thee doth —— of great battles belong,
John Barley corn, my King."

The dashes represent words of seven letters, and the same seven letters occur in each word, naturally in a different order each time.—Yours, etc.,

PUZZLE.

CAN ANY READER SOLVE THIS?

THE above letter to the *Courant*, of Ladybrand, South Africa, presents a problem which, so far as I am aware, has never been solved, and I am naturally anxious to know if there *is* a solution.—Mrs. W. E. Robinson, Ladybrand, O.F.S., South Africa.

[There is a fairly easy solution in *six* letters.—ED.]

HOW THE HINDUS OBTAIN FIRE.

I SEND you a photograph showing how fire is obtained for the important Hindu ceremony of "Yanga," a fire obtained by matches not being considered holy. The priest holding the two ends of a piece of cord coiled round a vertical rod, the lower end of which fits into a groove cut out in the block of wood on which the rod rests, by a churning motion causes it to rotate very rapidly, it being meanwhile kept in position by the second priest by means of a horizontal handle with a hole in which the rod turns. The friction between the rod and the lower block of wood after a short time sets fire to the latter. This fire, by timely nourishment, is developed into a glorious flame. The instrument is considered very sacred by the orthodox Hindus. They, of course, kept grumbling all the while.—Mr. Jitendra Nath Mitra, 71, Miserpokhra, Benares City, U.P., India.

EATING MILLIONAIRES.

The Sun Fruits of Ontario.

By J. V. BLACKSTONE.

A FAMOUS African traveller, James Bruce, came home from the Blue Nile with wonderful tales of the natives. When they hunted an elephant, he said, they would steal up behind it and hamstring it with their swords. When they wanted a beefsteak they would cut it off a live ox.

The critics were mightily offended—not with the natives for what they had done, but with the explorer for saying they had done it. "Shame on you," they cried, "for palming off old wives' fables on the poor, innocent, unsuspecting British public." So the British public ceased to be unsuspecting, and honest Bruce never got over the suspicion of being a liar, though later travellers have proved the truth of his statements up to the hilt.

We are so terribly afraid of being taken in that we refuse to believe quite accurate and useful information—because it seems strange and unlikely to our limited experience. What I have to tell is no story of live steaks and hamstrung elephants—it is only an account of purple grapes and golden peaches ripening in the open air of Canada—yet there are people still so ignorant of our greatest Dominion that they can hardly credit the facts.

"Whew!" said a Canadian friend of mine, mopping his face as he sank into an easy-chair on his vine-trellised, shady veranda. "Hadn't you better take off your coat? The ladies will excuse you." He had neither coat nor waistcoat on himself; and I followed his example, with great increase of comfort. The ladies, being clad in muslin, were comfortable already.

"I wouldn't have believed it myself, when I lived in England," said the lady of the house; "and when I write home about our peach crop, old Aunt Jane sarcastically says I must have a great gift for making up fairy tales. I'm going to send her a box of peaches from those trees you see over there, and when she gets her teeth into them perhaps she'll believe they exist."

"Better ask the old lady out here on a visit," put in my friend. "If she arrives on a day like this she won't be surprised we grow peaches—she'll wonder why we don't grow bananas and pineapples, and mangoes and oranges."

After tea, served on the veranda in dainty porcelain and wedding-present silver, Mr. English (that is not his name, but it is his description) and I took baskets and strolled out among the trees. Suddenly he said, "Would you like to taste a millionaire?"

"It's a good thing your Aunt Jane is not

here," I said, " or she'd think you had turned cannibal, like the Indians that used to live hereabouts."

" Ah, the cannibals never got the chance of tasting a millionaire, my dear fellow—only a lean fur-trader or missionary. Nowadays they might capture real live millionaires by the score if they raided Montreal or Toronto. But the millionaire I'm going to give you is a peach ; and we sell them by the bushel, by the car-load if you like, though you could live and die a " fruitarian " without the least sense of deprivation.

Though reckoned rightly as a delicate fruit, the peach grows so hardily in that favoured zone that the fruit-growers speak of their crop as " a certainty." Nor is the fruit too delicate to travel, now that the cold storage system has been scientifically perfected. You find these Niagara peaches selling freely in the far West after a journey of 1,600 miles ; boxes of them have been

THE GARDEN OF AN " APPLE VILLA " AT BURLINGTON.

in England your real millionaires would be snapping them up at a shilling apiece. Come along and see."

I went, I saw, and was conquered. A millionaire like that would captivate an anarchist. A great globe of luscious gold that melts in the mouth and leaves an exquisite flavour clinging to the palate. This is only one of many fine varieties of peach luxuriating in the magnificent orchards between the City of Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

Vineyards, too ! Thousands of acres of them. Stroll down the long rows of trellised vines loaded with heavy bunches of great purple grapes—then take another turn in the orchard, eating your fill of the irresistible peaches, and you feel that there, at any rate, delivered in prime condition even over the sea in England, and this year Covent Garden is promised large consignments of them.

As for apples, they grow to perfection over an enormous area of this great Province of Ontario. The proof of the profitable character of this fruit industry is to be seen at once in the thousands of acres of new orchards being planted with peaches and apples by men of long experience. The men who do best, of course, are the men who not only plant well-tested varieties but cultivate them in the most thorough and scientific way. Even in an " off " season, when the apple crop of the Province as a whole was only " light to medium," I have known careful cultivators getting splendid results from their labour. One man in such a season

gathered 2,000 barrels off his twenty acres. "I could sell the whole crop as it stands," he said, "for $4,000 (£833, or 8s. 4d. a barrel) to a dealer. But by taking the buyer's risk and profit myself I am going to get $2 35c. (9s. 9½d.) a barrel," or £979.

A still more remarkable result was achieved by Mr. Joseph Tweddle, as quoted by the President of the Provincial Fruit-Growers' Association, Mr. E. D. Smith—and there is no higher authority—in their annual report

A CONSIGNMENT OF BETWEEN 3,000 AND 4,000 BARRELS OF APPLES READY FOR SHIPMENT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

for 1910. Mr. Tweddle gathered from twelve acres over 3,200 barrels of the Northern Spy, which is one of the most deservedly popular apples on the market. "These apples, at the modest price of $3 (12s. 6d.) per barrel for such choice stock, brought a gross return of $800 (£166) per acre"—or £1,992 for the twelve acres—"from land that is only worth $100 (£21) per acre in the Township of Binbrook where they were grown."

Even without such a heavy crop, the profits are extremely good. A member of the Norfolk County Fruit-Growers' Association—a district which prides itself on the high character of its cultivation—raised from eight acres 948 barrels of apples. After deducting £81 for the cost of barrels, £6 for the material used in spraying the trees to keep down insects and fungi, and £38 for commissions on sales, he made a profit of £394 on that one year's crop from his little eight-acre orchard.

Cherries, plums, and pears also give handsome rewards to men who have bestowed diligent care upon them, though they cannot rival the supremacy of the apple. Small fruits of almost every kind are grown with ease and profit, not only between the apple trees when the orchards are young, but as field crops. I have known a farmer making a specialty of strawberries, and raising grand crops of them year after year, in a part of the Province certainly never reckoned among the fruit districts; his roomy and tasteful house tells its own tale of the financial result. In another district, a man who planted cherries, plums, strawberries, and raspberries in a four-acre orchard, while the apple trees were in their infancy, gathered £630 worth of fruit in four years, and made a profit of £333, even after paying the cost of the non-bearing trees and their cultivation. The little strawberry headed the list, an acre and a half producing in one year 12,000 boxes, and a box contains nearly a quart.

Melons of the finest quality respond gratefully to the wooing of the Canadian sun. There is a man down in Essex County, near the west end of Lake Erie, and the "farthest south" of the Dominion, who took 2,000 bushels of melons off his land in 1909. That, by the way, is a county noted also for its tobacco; and I have known a grower harvest 22,000 pounds of this seductive weed off his eleven acres and sell it for £530.

The brilliant tomato flourishes amazingly. An acre's crop of 500 bushels, sold at 25c.

SHIPPING FRUIT FROM SARNIA, ONTARIO

(1s. 0½d.) a bushel, yields a profit of about £12. Many farmers do not get anything like that quantity; but they might get vastly more, for a yield of 1,000 bushels an acre has been obtained by careful experiments. The tomato crop is largely bought by the "canneries"; and so is the "sweet corn," a variety of maize which forms one of the most popular and nourishing vegetables on Canadian and American dinner-tables, and ought to be much better known here. Apples, berries, and other fruit, especially when they are not of good enough quality to fetch high prices fresh, find a market in the same way,

being packed in tins and sent to the ends of the earth—though the Canadians themselves also eat great quantities of these "canned goods." Still another outlet for the poorer orchard crops exists in the "evaporators," where "dried apples" are produced. The very small apples, and the peelings and cores of the larger fruit received at the canneries are cut up and compressed and sent over in masses of dry "chop" to France, where it is used for cider-making, and to Germany.

The nursery and market garden industry is rapidly growing in importance. You naturally find men specializing in flowers and early vegetables around the big towns—many thousands of roses are grown for the City of Toronto—but you find them also much farther afield. The fruit and vegetable industry owes much of its improvement not only to the experimental farms and agricultural colleges of the Federal and Provincial Governments, but to the enterprise of individual citizens—such as Mr. H. H. Groff, a banker at Simcoe, who specializes in the gladiolus and grows an almost incredible number of varieties of that stately flower. He has also turned his attention to sweet corn, and has greatly increased its productiveness by cross-fertilization.

Where pickle factories have been started the farmers are raising large quantities of cauliflower, cabbage, onions, and cucumbers to supply them. A farmer near Simcoe last spring made a contract to supply the local pickle factory with cauliflower at £6 5s. a ton. He grew on seventeen acres as much as 127 tons, for which he received £794; and probably not more than £100 would have to be deducted from that to arrive at the net profit.

Results like these cannot be got without skill and intelligence; but skill can be acquired, intelligence can be developed. Both qualities have to be applied to the business with ungrudging energy; but if any man dislikes exertion and "jibs" at hard work he cannot hope to make a brilliant success of anything, whether it is fruit-growing or quill-driving, either in Ontario or in England.

I have not been writing down the mere impressions of a visitor. I had known and lived in Canada and gathered the fruit off my own trees many years before my Niagara friend introduced me to his millionaires. I speak of what I know.

A RECEIVING PLATFORM AT AN APPLE FACTORY.

Why you should read Advertisements

IT has probably never occurred to many of the hundreds of thousands of readers of the STRAND MAGAZINE deliberately to ask themselves the question: Why should we read the advertisements? People do or do not read the advertisements, as the case may be, but they rarely regard the announcements they see in the papers with the same critical faculty they bestow on the literary or news contents of their journals.

People preserve the attitude to advertisements which they show to automatic machines. Both are highly useful when you want them, and when you do want them useful things can be got out of them. But when you do not want them, you wonder why people put their advertisements or their automatic machines about at all.

Perhaps you have not seriously thought about the interest of an advertisement, for it has interest from many points of view. There are people who say advertisements are as interesting as paragraphs in newspapers, and they would not willingly miss them. Such people have learnt a valuable lesson, and are looking at the aim of the advertisement in the right light. After all, the sole aim of the advertisement is to interest the reader. If it does not achieve this end it fails, and much money is thereby wasted.

Suppose you were any kind of trader. You might be on the Stock Exchange, an investor, a dealer in cotton, a bookseller, a grocer, or an ironmonger. If you were in trade you would buy and sell various things. And there is one other important point to you as a trader: your success in buying and selling things depends upon what you know of the things you are selling.

Buying and selling things, it is your business to learn all there is to know about the goods you handle. Thus, you read the market reports, listen to what people are saying, watch the prices and arrivals of the goods you buy, and learn as much as you can of the probable demand amongst the people who are likely to purchase your stock. There is nothing remarkable about this. Every business man's routine is made up of getting to know. If a business man does not know, he will be one of two things — a partial success or a hopeless failure. To be successful he has to know.

Has it ever occurred to you to consider that in private life the position, slightly simpler, is the same? You are a clergyman or a doctor, a schoolmaster, a private secretary, a lawyer, a cashier, a secretary, a civil servant, or a clerk. Or you are the wife or daughter of such workers; or, again, you are an independent woman worker, in one of a hundred fields.

Have you ever thought you are a business in yourself, following the same laws that govern the daily actions of business men, buying and selling, watching the market closely for information on prices and indications of demand?

You are. Your business is your life, your health and strength, on which rests your personal ability, the thing you sell. Your ability is your power to give advice as a solicitor or a doctor, to take charge of an office, or to teach in a school. Your ability is what you sell.

Ability rests on your health, and your health rests on the way you live. The way you live depends on the protection you get from the things you buy, your house and its conveniences and luxuries, your clothes and the protection they give, the food you eat to maintain your strength, the books you read for information, the

pleasures you get during recreation, the aids and remedies you apply when you are ailing. These things represent your stock-in-trade; they go to make up your health, which carries with it the ability you have to sell.

That is why you should read advertisements; they are to life what Stock Exchange intelligence is to the dealer in stocks and shares. On the one side you buy many things which maintain your health and strength; on the other side you sell your health and strength, your efficiency and your ability. Looking on life in this way, you will see at a glance that it is as important to you to buy wisely and to ensure the maintenance of your health and strength as it is to sell your abilities for the highest salary, or fee, in the world's market place for muscles and brains.

Taking this view you will then be particular about what you buy. You should, therefore, do as you would in business—watch carefully the things that are for sale. Thus, you would desire to know of goods that will help you, never brought to your knowledge or attention before; you would seek to learn the different uses to which articles can be put; you would attempt to find out how many articles are in a certain group—as instance the different kinds of cocoas—and test them for quality; and last, you would seek to know values, so that in buying you pay exactly what a thing is worth and no more.

This last question of value is important to you. Suppose you earn a sovereign a day. A day of your life is worth £1. A sovereign is not a meaningless counter, a symbol you jingle in your pocket. It is a frank for a day of your life.

It is important that you should know this—this value of your life. If a man asked you to work a day for him for nothing, unless he had some personal claim on you, you would not do it. You would consider you were wasting a sovereign.

But if you buy an article necessary to your health or comfort, paying ten shillings for it, and if it is being sold elsewhere for five shillings, or is only worth five shillings, you have given a quarter of a day of your life for nothing. If you do this often, you waste a great deal of your valuable time in the course of a year. The question of value is important to you.

That is why you should read advertisements. They are part of the business equipment of life. They represent the carefully planned attempts of reputable traders to keep you in touch with what is being made and sold, things that you need as part of your stock in trade.

An advertisement should not be shunned because you may not desire to buy. It should be read against the occasion when you may want to buy. It should be read as an indication of the kind of goods which are being offered; as an addition to your knowledge of varieties, qualities and prices. It should be read so that you may know, when the time comes, just where to go for what you want at the price you are prepared to pay. If you look upon advertisements from this point of view, you will find in them much to interest you, much that is educational and more that is of value to you.

Every advertisement in the STRAND MAGAZINE—and there are many—is an honest trader's sincere effort to put before you information about the goods he sells which may be useful knowledge to you.

It is this desire to tell all that should be known about goods for sale which prompts the advertiser to take advertising space in the STRAND MAGAZINE. He pays a big price for the privilege of doing this, and takes endless pains to make his advertisements interesting, so that you may easily be able to gather his trading story.

Advertisements are really the news of the shops, constructed so that you may know what is for sale, the purpose it serves, and the price of the article, and as actual practical knowledge this is valuable to you in your daily life.

Such information means that when you have a need you can fill it; when you are puzzled about qualities, you have tests and standards which enable you to judge: when you are doubtful about price you have several prices to compare, and a knowledge of standard values.

It is surely worth your while, therefore, to read advertisements. When a woman buys a new hat she visits all the available shops and compares what she sees. When you read advertisements you visit many more shops with the same purpose in your mind, and when you have to buy, you then know what you are buying.

March, 1911.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EvE."

FIG. 1.

WITH preparations for the Coronation agog on every hand, the British woman cannot help giving her attention to the patriotic scheme of clothing herself this Spring in all - British - made garments. Our manufacturers have woke up on every side to supply these needs, and it rests with the British woman herself to decide and to insist on getting the products of her own country. Now that it is proved that British-made cloths, silks, velveteens, laces, trimmings, and the thousand and one etceteras of dress can not only be had, but are quite equal to, if not better than, the foreign-made goods, women will surely see that they get them, since we are not slow in appreciating *value*. Even though, in some cases, the British-made article may be found to be a little dearer, the patriotic spirit of this Coronation year will keep us firm in buying only these goods, since, with the greater demand, increased supplies will naturally effect cheaper prices in the near future.

The width of the *jupe* does not afford that amplitude to which for so many months we became accustomed; though appearing as if giving far more freedom than of yore, there is a certain elusiveness of expansion which comes somewhat as a surprise in actual wear. For which reason there is still no great alteration or special display of underskirts

FIG. 2.

THE NEW WAISTCOAT STYLE

SMART AND SIMPLE FOR MORNING WEAR

One manufacturer, indeed, recently attributed his bankruptcy solely to Fashion's fickle disregard of fancy top petticoats of late. Soft satin is quite the preferable fabricating medium for this garment, which demands a perfectly plain fit round the hips, and a pretty twelve or fifteen inch gauged flounce.

The indoor gown once more takes back some of its lost dignity in the addition of a little train, cut square at the ends. It falls from a rather high waist-line, increasing in width towards the deep hem, where it hangs in natural folds, or it is gathered in some eighteen inches from the hem under an embroidered or passementerie band to match the dress trimming. This style, of course, applies only to soft materials, such as satin, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, voile, etc.

Since style in dressing depends upon the right way of adjusting one's clothes, grace of carriage, and the best quality materials, it follows that simplicity of design naturally ensures the most favourable exhibition of these points; hence it is that the woman of good taste invariably leans towards the striped yoke shirt and plain gored skirt for morning wear, and to ensure that she can be supplied with her requirements a paper pattern of such blouse or skirt (Fig. 3) can be obtained from these offices, in small, medium, and large sizes, for 1s. 0½d. each, post free.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 1. — A PRETTY MOTOR HOOD, composed of flowered or Paisley silk gathered into a full crown over an Espatra shape. The broad brim, upturned slightly at the back, is of silk in one of the lighter shades of the Paisley design, bordered by a narrow fur edging. A little cluster of Neapolitan violets or button rosebuds nestles above the left ear.

FIG. 2. — A COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING, showing one of the newest waistcoat fronts in check silk, bound with satin. It has the tiniest of embroidered roll-over collars and satin-covered buttons with silk braid loops. In royal blue serge with a note of black and red in the embroidery, this would be at once smart and practical; while in dove-colour grey, with the check in dark blue lines and a hint of orange in the embroidery, this would be dressy in the extreme.

FIG. 3.—This skirt is suitable for heather mixture tweeds, plain face cloth, broadcloth, homespun, or navy serge, while for the blouse there is a wide choice of

materials, such as viyella, Scotch wincey, specially shrunk blouse flannel, and all-British striped lustre silk.

FIG. 4.—No better opportunity could be afforded of setting off one of our lovely British-made satins than this gown, the somewhat high waist allowing the skirt to fall in especially graceful lines beloved of this material. For demi-evening wear, too, this style allows of the bodice part being worn over a dainty little half slip of tucked ninon, having a collar and long sleeves to the wrist. There is no excuse not to be all-British, even in the trimming of this gown, since the loveliest of English silk-worked embroideries can now be had, provided they are insisted on by the buyer.

FIG. 4.

FOR BRITISH MADE SATIN

FIG. 5.—This most charming shape in tea-wrappers will be welcomed as a boon by the tired shopper, who will at once recognize in it the acme of comfort, when she returns to discard her dress and indulge in the revivifying influence of tea and rest before the evening's recital of her day's doings. The pattern is in one piece which can be obtained from this office for 1s. 0½d., post free.

FIG. 6.—For those to whom the waistcoat type of costume does not appeal, the new suit designs are very accommodating, those with closed fronts, fastening at the sides, being very noticeable. They have, besides, much to recommend them in point of protection from the March winds, when the bright days insist on the casting off of furs and the indulgence instead of a pretty neck finish of pleated net. Of these latter the shops are now showing a bewildering variety, and they not only look fresh and dainty, but give the wearer a feeling of at-oneness with the season of new leaf and blossom.

Talking of Nature recalls me to the wonderful imitations of buds and flowers now to be seen in the millinery departments of all the big shops—each year sees the greater perfection to which these are brought — but here, again, a word of warning to the would-be all-British-clothed woman is necessary. Probably one of the biggest industries that have gradually slipped away from us in competition is this making of artificial flowers, now so largely carried on by French firms. That it can be done here and very profitably I know, and that almost extinct English flower-makers have been plucking up heart these last few weeks, and once more entering the market with new-born enthusiasm. But since the winter is the time of the flower-makers greatest activity, there are

bound to be large consignments of the French-made goods needing to be cleared off, and the British shopping-woman must be wary to avoid these.

Clusters of violets, anemones, forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley, mimosa, snowdrops, primroses, primulas, and polyanthus are being shown for flower-covered toques with ribbon bows, while the new straws, in all shades of mauve, green, blue, and brown, have appropriate flower-trimmings, combined with velvet or dull silk. Large flowers fashioned of lace are one of the latest novelties, white lace poppies, with coloured silk centres, being particular favourites.

A Silk Negligée

FIG. 5.

STYLES THAT WILL PLEASE

FIG. 6.

Dainty white lace caps, at first introduced to show the edge under a hat or toque, form now quite the latest addition to an evening toilette. With a full lace crown gathered into a fine lace insertion band fastened by a buckle at the back, they make a very attractive head-dress, and do away with much of the attention necessary to building up an elaborate coiffure.

A WORD AS TO CORSETS.—Brocade, silk, silk batiste, and coutille are all obtainable made by British firms, if one takes the trouble to ask for them, and not only are they more durable, but are every whit as smart and up-to-date in cut as any that France or Belgium can produce. Insist on having them boned with real whalebone. In many high-priced corsets of Continental make metal bones are so disguised that it is only in actual wear that the fraud is discovered.

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does not only describe the strengthening and delicious properties and the different ways of using the Frame-Food Preparations, but explains in a lucid, scientific manner the serious deficiencies in our modern articles of food and in our diet which the Frame-Food Preparations make good, thus securing health to body and mind.

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Rosy-Cheeked Willie!

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FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd..
Standen Road, Southfields, London, S.W.

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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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¶ All children love BIRD'S Custard and having once tasted its delicious creaminess, they refuse queer musty-tasting low-priced substitutes.

¶ Instinct leads the child — reason guides the thoughtful mother, who selects only BIRD'S, knowing it to be pure and wholesome.

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H. A. VACHELL. ARTHUR MORRISON. BARRY PAIN.

Fry's—
The COCOA you never tire of.
See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

April, 1911.

SIXPENCE.

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SIX PENCE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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EDWARD COOK & CO., Ltd. The Soap and Disinfectant Specialists
BOW, LONDON, E.

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Result of the Dickens Prize Competition

IN OUR JANUARY NUMBER.

THE order of popularity in which the twenty Dickens characters have been placed by the votes of competitors is as follows: -

1. Pickwick	8. Pecksniff	15. Silas Wegg
2. Sam Weller	9. Barnaby Rudge	16. Quilp
3. Micawber	10. The Fat Boy	17. Krook
4. Sydney Carton	11. Mantalini	18. Riderhood
5. Captain Cuttle	12. Scrooge	19. Fagin
6. Tony Weller	13. Bumble	20. Dick Swiveller
7. Tom Pinch	14. Bill Sikes	

The First Prize of £25 is divided between

MISS G. ABBOTT, Alandale, Loughton, Essex,
and
MRS. J. SKILLICORN, High Street, Port St. Mary, Isle of Man,

each of whom placed nine of the characters in their correct order.

The Second and Third Prizes have been added together and the £15 equally divided between the following five competitors, who will receive £3 each. Eight of the characters were correctly placed by these winners:—

MISS BROOKS, "Mon Abri," Longdown Road, Epsom.
MR. J. BURNETT, 31, Galveston Road, Putney, S.W.
MISS FRANCES E. GLASSPOOLE, 41, Glebe Road, Hornsey, N.
MR. E. B. HAYGARTH, Siddington Manor, Cirencester.
MR. HENRY WILLIS, 162, Lyndhurst Road, Bowes Park, N.

The Ten Prizes of £1 each are awarded to the following, each of whom placed seven of the characters in their proper order:—

MR. M. BALDWIN, Cannon House, Watford.
MR. DAVID BRYCE, 23, Barttelot Road, Horsham, Sussex.
MRS. DAWSON, 94, Lowther Road, Bournemouth.
MISS HUMFRAY, 18, Beauchamp Place, Pont Street, S.W.
MR. EVERARD HYDES, 6, Manfull Street, Lenton, Nottingham.
MRS. R. W. LOCKE, 18, Buckingham Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
MRS. LOUISA PHILLIPS, 87, Glengarry Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
MR. CHARLES WATT, Dale, Costa, Evie, Orkney, N.B.
MRS. EMILY WENHAM, 76, Waddon Road, Croydon.
And one other (no name and address given).

The result of the February Competition will be announced in our next number.

"PLAY WAS STOPPED UNTIL MORE MONEY WAS FETCHED."

(*See page* 395.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. No. 244.
APRIL, 1911.

THE DASHER.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by René Bull.

I.

DICK MORNE got the name at Eton, and it stuck to him afterwards with good reason, for he dashed at everything —always excepting the work which is paid for—with that disregard for consequence which endears brave men to fair women. In the Boer War he had dashed at the enemy lying snug and invisible, and of course he had been potted, shot in half-a-dozen places, and incapacitated for further service in his regiment. Thanks to a glorious constitution, he pulled through, and a couple of winters later might have been seen dashing at the biggest fences in Leicestershire, riding his own horses and the horses of timorous friends, who needed a bit of handling.

Then he dashed at matrimony, and took what he described as a "toss." Having piloted little Dorothy Eyton-Browne across the stiffest bit of country near Melton, he asked her, as they rode home together, to accept him as a pilot for life, and was rapturously accepted. The interview between Mr. Eyton-Browne and Dick must be recorded. Dorothy's father had concentrated abilities of a dogged rather than a brilliant quality upon making money, and he had made a great deal. Absorbed in his business, he regarded with contempt and distrust every man who had failed where he had succeeded. When Dick modestly stated his errand, Mr. Eyton-Browne glared at him and asked brutally, in the tone which made clerks tremble :—

"What, sir, have you got to offer my daughter ? "

"Six hundred a year," said Dick, "and prospects."

"Um ! The six hundred a year was left to you, so I've been told, by your late father, and I understand that you can't touch the capital till you're forty."

"Quite true," said Dick.

"Obviously Lord Morne had no confidence in you as a man of business."

Copyright, 1911, by Horace Annesley Vachell.

"None," Dick admitted, with a disarming smile. "He tied it up tight as wax."

"And your prospects?"

"My Aunt Rosetta once told my mother that I should inherit her fortune, such as it is," he added.

"I'm going to deal with you with entire frankness. I have no use for young men of your sort. My daughter has been silly enough to fall in love with you; and, from my knowledge of her character, I make no doubt that she is prepared to marry you without my permission. She is capable of trying to face life with you on six hundred a year!" He laughed grimly. "And for two years she has spent more than that on dress alone. Now, if she marries you against my expressed wish, I sha'n't bluster and threaten and then come round with my blessing and a settlement. I shall be perfectly calm, but not a penny of mine will ever go to her. Have I made myself quite plain?"

"Perfectly," said Dick, politely. "You object to me as a son-in-law, and you use your money as a weapon to keep Dorothy and me apart. That's plain enough. What is not quite so plain, perhaps, is why you do object so violently to—me."

"Have you ever earned anything?"

"A few shillings a day, when I was in the Service."

"Anything else?"

"A shilling a week as a small boy for not biting my nails."

"Do you think you could earn anything to-day?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Exactly; there is nothing more to be said. You thought, probably, that I should come down handsomely, because you are the younger brother of an impecunious peer?"

"I hoped you would. Dorothy will tell you that her happiness is dependent upon marrying me."

"So she thinks now," said Mr. Eyton-Browne, viciously. "I'm trying to prevent this marriage because I love the child. I'd sooner give her to one of my clerks, if he had any grit in him, than to you. Yes, by Heaven, if she loved a capable clerk I'd let him marry her, and push him on to fortune. I can't do that for you."

"I shall be equally frank with you," said Dick, imperturbably. "I understand you, sir, but you don't understand me. Your father, and his father before him, had to work hard for a living."

"Very hard."

"What an asset, this inherited instinct to work! I inherited an instinct as strong to shoot and ride to hounds. I know heaps of things which are darkest mystery to you. You sit silent at the head of your dinner-table, because you don't know how to talk pleasantly about pictures, or music, or sport, or games. You know absolutely nothing about the most interesting subject on earth—woman."

"This is too much!"

"I'm speaking as you did, with entire frankness. I submit respectfully that a marriage between your daughter and a man after your own heart, a money-grubber, would result disastrously for your grandchildren. They would be little Gradgrinds before they were short-coated. On the other hand, the blessed pledges of a union between Dorothy and myself would be the happy mean between the useful and the ornamental. It's worth consideration."

Mr. Eyton-Browne smiled grimly. But it pleased him that Dick had shown fight. And once, from the top of a wagonette, he had seen the Dasher ride over a six-barred gate instead of through it. He said, not unpleasantly:—

"There has been some plain talk on both sides. Now—for the last word. I would rather not give my daughter to one of the idle rich, but I refuse absolutely to entrust her to one of the idle poor. If you want to win her with my consent, you must earn her."

"Earn her?"

"Earn her. Make four thousand pounds, and I'll add another four thousand to it. That will give a working capital of eight thousand pounds. Indeed, whatever you make I'll double. Also, I'll settle on her six hundred a year."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Dick, and with that he took his leave.

II.

LATER the lovers put their heads together—not for the first time—and after the usual preliminaries Dick repeated the magnate's ultimatum. Dorothy said, simply:—

"Of course you must make the four thousand."

"Of course," said Dick. "And, although one hates to talk about it, there is Aunt Rosetta."

"Do you go to see Lady Rosetta, dearest?"

"Not very often," Dick confessed.

"But—oughtn't you?"

"That's it. Mother rubs it into me that I ought, but it looks like sucking-up. I never cared for the poor old dear. She waggles her

leg, which drives me wild, and she jaws me as if I were a naughty child."

"Still, she has twenty-five thousand pounds, and—and other nephews."

"I'll weigh-in some day next week."

But somehow he didn't, for reasons more creditable to his heart than his head. And she had a sense of humour! If I'd guessed it I'd have weighed-in."

Presently he received a cheque for four hundred pounds, which he rightly regarded as a talent to be turned presently into ten talents. Once more Dorothy and he put their heads together, but nothing came of

"IF YOU WANT TO WIN HER WITH MY CONSENT, YOU MUST EARN HER."

then, with startling suddenness, Lady Rosetta succumbed to pneumonia, and Dick was duly informed by the family lawyer that his aunt had left four hundred pounds, free of legacy duty, "*to my nephew Richard, if he is alive.*"

Dick's comment was rather characteristic. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Never knew it worth recording. And then Dick said, hopefully:—

"I think I shall talk to Binkie."

Binker was Dick's servant, once his soldier servant, who had been with him in South Africa, and ever since. He was tall, thin, and monumentally impassive, a machine rather

than a man, with an expression described by Mrs. Eyton-Browne as Mephistophelian, and he was said to resemble the rather notorious Lord Harborough. It was affirmed that he abetted his young master in ways popularly supposed to decline towards the bottomless pit. Dick always spoke of him with enthusiasm as the best servant and loader in the kingdom.

"What do you advise, Binkie?" asked Dick.

Binkie handed his master a glass of barley-water, which the young man drained thirstily. When the glass was quite empty Dick said:—

"How about racin'?"

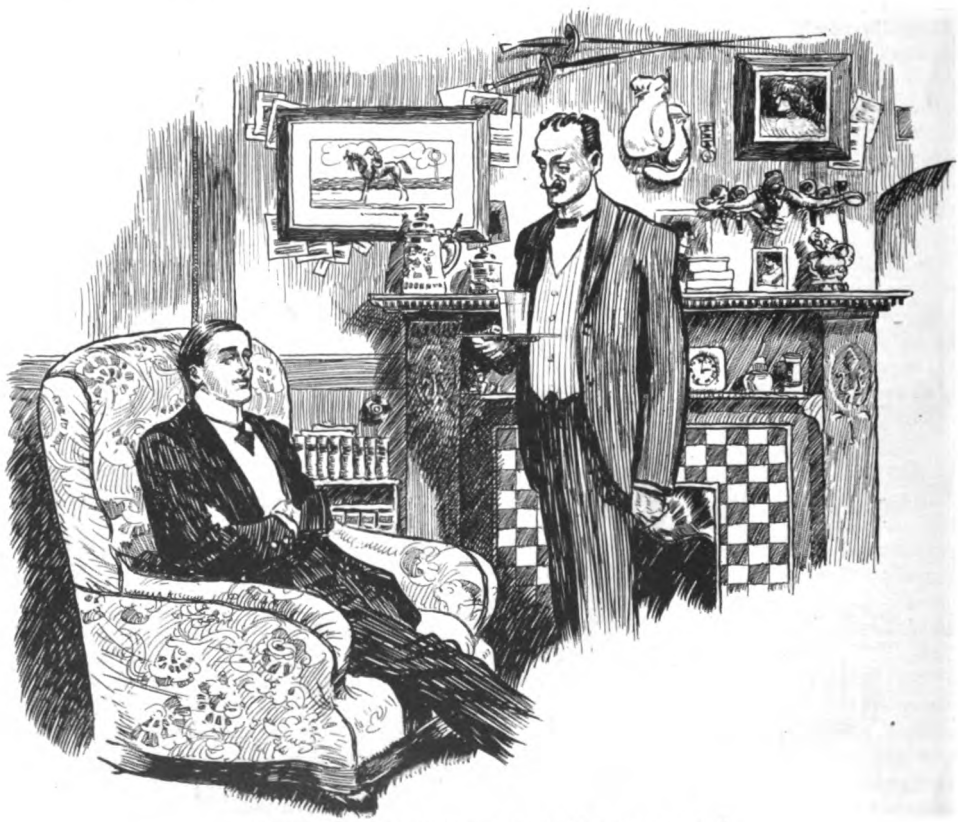
"Monte Carlo."

"You're priceless," said Dick. "Yes, by Jove, it can be pulled off at Monte Carlo! Secure my sleeping-berth for the day after to-morrow."

When Binkie nodded the young man clutched his arm and said, authoritatively:—

"Mum's the word. This little expedition mustn't be made public. Must consider other people's feelings, eh? I shall tell 'em that I'm leaving England on business—what? Excite a leetle curiosity, you old graven image!"

The graven image nodded, as he refilled Dick's glass with the barley-water.



"'WHAT DO YOU ADVISE, BINKIE?' ASKED DICK."

Binkie frowned.

"Stock Exchange?"

"Skin you alive, sir," he muttered.

"Pot o' money to be made in Canada—so they tell me."

"Not by you, sir."

"Dash it all, can't you suggest something?"

Binkie replied, impassively:—

Next day Dick took leave of the Eyton-Brownes, after raising expectation and curiosity to boiling-point.

"I'm leaving England," he said, modestly. "And you can guess the reason why. I'm on the make—an opportunity abroad, you know. Not at liberty to give details, but good biz with any decent luck. In fact, the only way out of the wood."

"We shall miss you," said Mrs. Eyton-Browne, graciously.

"But where are you going, Dicky?" demanded Dorothy.

"That's a secret. Isn't it enough that I'm leaving England, Home"—he glanced at the mid-Victorian furniture—"and Beauty"—he kissed his fingers to Dorothy—"in the quest of fortune?"

"When will you come back?" murmured Mrs. Eyton-Browne.

"Perhaps—never!"

"Good gracious!"

The good lady glanced from the valiant Dick to her daughter, whose eyes were not quite free from moisture. Beneath the Dasher's gay and reckless manner rang out a note of determination. Dorothy gasped out:—

"I believe he's off to Klondike!"

"The magnetic North," murmured her mother.

"Are you going alone?" demanded Dorothy.

"I shall take Binkie, of course."

Mrs. Eyton-Browne frowned.

"I dislike that man of yours," she said, after a pause.

"Why?"

"I am quite sure that he is not to be trusted."

"Because his eyebrows turn up at the corners?"

"He is so like that wicked Lord Harborough."

"You can't require the services of a valet in Klondike," said Dorothy.

"I never said I was going to Klondike, but if I were I should take Binkie. My trust in him is impregnable. Till I met dear Dorothy I regarded him as my guardian angel."

Mrs. Eyton-Browne closed her lips. She had been heard to say that she never argued with men, because she deemed her time of value. Then she rose with majesty, leaving the young people together. Hardly had the door closed behind her ample back when Dorothy said, eagerly:—

"Of course you will tell me where you're off to?"

"Darling, of course I won't. It would spoil everything. And you know perfectly well that your father and mother would worm the truth out of you in a jiffy."

"They wouldn't."

"Believe me, dearest, that silence is best. This will be the great adventure, or misadventure, of my life. If I succeed, you shall be the first to hear of it."

"All right; but if you fail, I must be the first to hear of that also."

"So be it," Dick replied.

III.

THE DASHER and his man arrived at Monte Carlo and took rooms at the Hotel de Paris. While Binkie was unpacking his things Dick asked a few questions.

"Been here before, Binkie?"

"Yes, sir."

But the man had hesitated, and his face, usually so impassive, had been twisted by an expression which rather puzzled his master.

"How often?"

"Twice, sir."

"With whom, Binkie?"

"With Mr. Reginald Fermoy, sir, and Captain Parkinson."

"I supposed they played—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dash you, Binkie; you are exasperatingly monosyllabic. Let us hear all about Mr. Reginald Fermoy and Captain Parkinson. The name Parkinson seems to be familiar."

"*It* happened here."

"What happened?"

"The captain shot himself in the gardens."

In a dreary voice the imperturbable Binker recited the lamentable details. Captain Parkinson, it seemed, was heavily in debt, not only to his tradesmen, which didn't matter, but to his particular pals, which did. He had come to Monte Carlo to retrieve his fortunes. At this point Binkie paused.

"And he lost?" said Dick, who had lit a cigarette.

"No, sir; he won. He broke the bank."

"Stout fellow! What does that mean exactly?"

"It means, sir, that the table loses just so much money. I think it is about four thousand four hundred pounds, and then play stops for a few minutes till they get some more money."

"I see. Then Captain Parkinson won nearly five thousand pounds. Wasn't that enough?"

"More than enough, sir. He ought to have left by the next train, but he didn't. They never do. He stayed on and on till he'd lost his winnings and all the money he brought with him. That night he shot himself."

"Br-r-r-r-r!" said Dick, with a shiver.

"Mr. Reginald Fermoy, sir, was wiser. Very impecunious gentleman, too, but fond of yachting."

"Impecunious and fond of yachting?"

"In other gentlemen's yachts, sir. He told me that he meant to risk just fifty pounds and then shut up. The very first night he struck a run on red. He made five hundred pounds, sir, and bought next day a small cutter for four hundred pounds, which was worth double the money, and sailed her back to Cowes. Very sensible gentleman! Then he became secretary of a yacht club, and married a rich American lady."

"Virtue rewarded," said Dick; "and the moral is obvious."

"Yes, sir."

Dick got into clean clothes and had a look round. Later he dined in the restaurant of the hotel, and found at the next table a pal who knew the ropes and had invented a system. The system was laid before the Dasher while two long cigars were conscientiously smoked. Dick was slightly contemptuous, recalling an article in one of the magazines which had blown all systems bang out of the Mediterranean. He annoyed his pal by saying, smartly:—

"There's only one thing that beats 'em—some bias in the wheel. And I'm told they adjust 'em every blessed day. My system knocks spots out of yours."

"You have a system, Dasher?"

"I believe in lucky numbers. My lucky numbers are eleven, twenty-one, and thirty-three. I was born on the eleventh of November, which is the eleventh month. I became engaged to Dorothy on the twenty-first of last November, and a gipsy once predicted that my big slice of all-right would come when I was thirty-three. I am thirty-three. To-night I shall plank my stuff on eleven, twenty-one, and thirty-three."

His friend seemed to be impressed.

"Ever played here before?" he asked.

"Never."

"I believe in beginner's luck. Anyhow, you haven't capital enough to test my system, and nor have I. In fact, I'm looking out for a cove with cash, who will make up with me a nice little pool of ten thousand pounds. If I find him, my system shall be tested."

"I think your system is, frankly, rot."

"Possibly. As a matter of fact, you've put your finger upon the little secret. There *is* a bias to every machine. I've been watching the tables here, and noting down the results. To-night you propose to back twenty-one and thirty-three. Good. According to my calculations, the numbers on one of the roulette tables which are more likely to turn up than others happen to include twenty-one and thirty-three. You can play, and I'll watch."

"Come on," said the Dasher.

The rooms were filling rapidly with the usual crowd when they entered the Casino. Dick's pal indicated the celebrities and notorieties. One of the Russian Grand Dukes had been extraordinarily unlucky; on the other hand, an American millionaire with more dollars than he could count had won enormously. He had no system, apparently, and gambled at random, piling on the notes up to the last moment, much to the annoyance of the women who tried to follow him. Four ladies, wearing the maximum in hats and the minimum in skirts, hung over this son of Fortune, chattering like monkeys. The man of dollars ignored them absolutely. He sat in his chair, fingering the piles of notes and muttering inarticulate words. Presently an old French woman just opposite, who had been losing a number of five-franc pieces, got up, exclaiming violently:—

"I am too old to have any luck—I am too old." She caught Dick's eye, and added, excitedly, "You sit down. You will have luck; I know it." As Dick accepted the invitation with his pleasant smile, she whispered, "You have played before—*hein?*"

"*Jamais de la vie*," Dick replied, in his best French.

"*C'est très bien, mon ami. Allez carrément!*"

Dick, thus encouraged, backed his numbers and *Impair*. The old woman followed his lead, muttering to herself. At the first coup he won with *Impair*, but lost on the numbers. He left what he had won on *Impair*, and backed the numbers again, with the same result.

"*Tapez sur la veine*," whispered the old woman.

Once more Dick left his winnings on *Impair* and replaced the original stake on the numbers. The ball rolled into twenty-one.

"I knew it!" exclaimed the old woman. Then, pinching Dick's arm, she said, with ridiculous agitation, "You are smoking your cigar much too quickly. Without doubt, my friend, it's a lucky cigar. Smoke it slowly, I beseech you."

"Right," said Dick, doubling his stake on the numbers, and shifting what he had won on twenty-one to the series which included it. A murmur ran round the table as twenty-one turned up again.

"Beginner's luck, and no mistake," said Dick's pal. Dick began to count his gains, but was stopped by his friend.

"For the Lord's sake don't do that!" he growled.

Dick, smiling coolly, left his winnings on the series and on *Impair*, and puffed gently at his cigar. In appearance the American and he were the most imperturbable players at the table. He was now standing to win an immense stake, and nobody was surprised when he won it.

"My night out," he remarked.

"Take down some of your winnings," suggested his friend.

"No use to me," replied Dick, laconically. "It's a case of neck or nothing."

At this coup he lost on the numbers, but won with the series and *Impair*. A crowd began to collect, and Dick heard himself and his methods very freely criticized.

"Look you," said one onlooker, "he has a mole just below his left ear. *C'est une petite note qui chante, ça!*"

His next move was to "plaster" twenty-one. He put the maximum on *Impair* and the colour, backed the number "*en plein*" and "*à cheval*," backed the series which included it, and the second dozen.

Twenty-one turned up, and play was stopped until more money was fetched. To the surprise of everybody Dick collected his winnings and announced his intention of

"I THINK YOUR SYSTEM IS, FRANKLY, ROT."

Everybody gasped when thirty-three turned up, and, by the luck of things, Dick had shifted his winnings upon the series which included twenty-one to the series which included thirty-three. This impressed even the croupier, and in making the change Dick had once more doubled the stake on the numbers.

playing no more. The old Frenchwoman nearly embraced him as he left the room.

Dick deposited his loot with the manager of the hotel, and saw it locked up in a huge safe.

"You can put it into the bank to-morrow," said his friend.

"To-morrow," said Dick, "I return to England, Home, and Beauty."

"You're not serious?"

"Absolutely so."

They supped together, and during supper the friend discoursed at length and with intimate knowledge of famous *coups*, mentioning the man who backed red for the maximum eighteen times in succession, and another hero who carried away two hundred thousand pounds. He concluded with emphasis:—

"Five thou is nothing at all—a mere bagatelle."

"Quite," said Dick. "All the same, old chap, I'm off to-morrow."

When he woke the next morning Binker was drawing the curtains. Through the windows Dick could see an azure sky, and he did not need Binker's solemn assurance that the day was very fine indeed. Dick laughed, and told Binker what had happened.

"Everybody knows it," said Binker.

"You can pack my traps, Binkie. We'll get out of this at once."

"At once, sir?"

"After luncheon. I want to visit Nice. Jewellers' shops in Nice, Binkie. Twig?"

Binker smiled discreetly.

The rolls and coffee were perfectly delicious, and while he was consuming them Dick remembered that he had left London enveloped in fog. And then, quite suddenly, with an enticement which he described afterwards as irresistible, the lust for more play seized him. He lit a cigarette with a hand that trembled. At this he laughed, and then frowned. For at least five minutes he sat smoking, absorbed in thought. Presently his face cleared.

"Good idea," he muttered.

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Binker, who was packing.

"Binkie," said Dick, seriously, "I'm possessed of a devil. If I stay here I shall play, and if I play my instinct tells me that I shall lose every bob."

Binker nodded.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Binkie, I've made up my mind what to do. I can't trust myself, but thank Heaven! I can trust you. If I leave this money where it is I shall play with it. If I put it into a bank here I shall draw it out. If I send it home I can still get hold of it. And that being so I'm going to give it to you, Binkie."

"To me, sir?"

"To you, my Binks, to keep for me. You're a bigger man than me, Binkie, and I instruct you solemnly not to give that money back to me till we're safe in England again."

"Very good, sir."

"I'm going to get it now. We'll take it to the bank, and get one hundred and twenty-five notes of a thousand francs each. I shall keep what is over. Likely as not, I may ask you to hand over the notes this very afternoon, but here and now you must swear by the Holy Poker that you'll hold tight on to 'em, whatever I may say or do."

"Very good, sir. What a pity Captain Parkinson didn't think of this!"

IV.

AT Nice that morning Dick bought a pendant for his Dorothy, and stood his pal a *déjeuner de gala* at a restaurant where you can get the best food and drink in the world. Both men were hungry and reasonably thirsty. The cigars, it may be added, were quite worthy of the occasion. Dick sipped his coffee and blew many rings of fragrant smoke. He smiled contentedly, at peace with all the world, thinking not of the devil that had possessed him, but of the angel who had driven forth the fiend.

"Dasher," said his friend, "let's go partners! With ten thousand pounds my system is a cert."

"Bother your system," said Dick, lazily.

"The play last night fortified me in my conviction that there is a bias in that roulette wheel. Now, look here, you have taken me into your confidence about your future, and to me it don't look so rosy as you fancy it. I can see it with the detachment of a man who has just finished the best breakfast on earth. You propose to marry on twelve hundred a year, and what you can make from a capital of eight thousand pounds. The odds are six to four that you'll lose that eight thou."

"Ten."

"You told me eight, Dasher."

"The old man doubles whatever I make. I've made five."

"He doubles whatever you make! That ought to settle it. He's rather scored off you. Now's your chance to score off him."

"Lord! What larks that would be!"

"Beat him at his own money-grubbing game. I tell you we can do it. If you saw my calculations——"

"I shouldn't make head or tail of 'em."

"I'm not a fool. I was a Wrangler at Cambridge. I tell you this is the chance of a lifetime."

Dick wriggled uneasily, as once more the devil entered into full possession.

"Let's look at your calculations. Gad! I should like to ask old Eyton-Browne to double twenty thousand pounds."

"It might be more than that, and then your missus and you would be comfy for ever and ever. Can't see you piggin' it with twelve hundred a year."

Half an hour passed, and then Dick remembered Binkie and his instructions to that admirable servant. By this time his friend and he were in such a desperate hurry to begin the campaign that every minute away from the field of battle seemed interminable.

"I made my man swear that he wouldn't give the stuff up to me."

"There are two of us. Besides, he'll hand it over right enough when he sees that you mean biz."

The pal had a motor, and together they returned to the Hotel de Paris at top speed. Dick went to his bedroom and rang the bell. But it was not answered by Binkie, and within a very few minutes he learned to his astonishment that Binkie had vanished, how and when and where remained questions to be asked but not answered.

The pal said, curtly:—

"Beggar's bolted with the swag."

Later, this appeared to be the conviction of the *chef de police*, who murmured, reassuringly:—

"We shall catch him. It is not easy to escape from—us." He expanded his chest and smiled blandly.

Nevertheless, after twelve hours had passed, the conviction that Binkie could not escape the vigilance of the police underwent shrinkage. The *chef de police* still murmured, "Monsieur, it is impossible. He cannot escape, look you."

"But he has," said Dick, with a grim laugh.

At every station along the line to Paris men were waiting to arrest Binkie. They went on waiting for another twelve hours. Monte Carlo could talk of nothing else. Had Binkie popped into Italy? Or nipped across the Mediterranean? A famous medium offered her services as clairvoyante.

"I see him," she exclaimed. "He is travelling fast and far, and in his pocket are the bank-notes of monsieur."

"Where is he now?"

"Alas, all is misty. I see the man"—she described him with accuracy—"going—and going."

"Gone," added Dick.

That night the pal made a suggestion.

"If I were you, Dasher, I'd put this into English hands."

"Quite sound," said Dicky. "I will."

He travelled back to London as fast as steam could take him, and, of course, the farther he found himself from Monte Carlo the better he was able to measure the extent of his folly. Oddly enough, the loss of the actual money hardly distressed him. He was ravaged by the thought of losing Dorothy and also by the shock of finding his confidence in a faithful servant absolutely shattered. He crossed in the night boat, had bath and breakfast at the Lord Warden in Dover, and arrived in London about twelve. He drove straight to Mr. Eyton-Browne's superb mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens.

"Must get it off my chest," he muttered.

He had wired to Dorothy that he was coming, and he found her alone in the vast drawing-room with its appalling red velvet pile carpet, its glittering cornices, its blue silk curtains, and general air of "In this regal style, complete, at one thousand guineas."

To Dick's surprise Dorothy rushed into his arms, exclaiming:—

"Oh, Dicky, darling, how clever you have been!"

"Eh? What?"

"We read in the papers this morning that you had broken the bank at Monte Carlo. Dear father was not quite nice about it."

"What did he say?"

"He's rather outspoken."

"He's very outspoken."

"He said he didn't mind your gambling, because life was nothing but a gamble; but he predicted that you would be foolish enough to stay at Monte Carlo till you had lost every farthing."

"Wonderful judge of character, your dear father!"

"I said," she kissed him tenderly, "that you would come back to me at once. And you have! I'm so glad. I never felt so glad in all my life."

"Hold hard. You do press on so. Take a good look at me, and behold the apex of the world's pyramid of mugs."

"Dicky, what do you mean?"

Then he told his tale.

"Now," he concluded, "I'm off to Scotland Yard, but I know how clever and resourceful Binkie is. Depend upon it, he's made a bee line for Tangier, or some other beastly hole with which we have no extradition treaty.

The money is gone, but I shall make some more. I've tasted blood."

"You are not going back to Monte Carlo?"

"No."

Dorothy looked at him with a maternal expression. She adored Dick, and she was comfortably aware that he adored her. But she knew also that he was in sore need of a woman's wise care. Dick was so reckless; such a thruster! And so ridiculously guileless. At this moment he was smiling the smile of impassioned optimism, as he whispered softly, "You will see me again, if——"

"If?"

"If things go right."

"And if they go wrong——! Dicky, promise me this: If things go wrong, you will come back to me, and I'll try to comfort you, and when I'm twenty-one I'll——"

"Yes?"

Blushingly she whispered, "I'll marry you anyhow."

Dick was sitting beside her, holding her hand. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and she saw that he was quite pale, and when he spoke his voice trembled and his hands shook with emotion.

"You're the right sort," he spluttered out. "Yes, if things go wrong I'll come back to tell you that I'll try again and again till I have earned the right to say to your father, 'I *am* fit to take care of her.'"

"We could be quite happy on six hundred a year."

Then Dick saw deep into the soul of her, and enshrined there beheld himself—somewhat attenuated.

"You don't think that things will go right. You share your father's opinion that I can't 'get there.'"

She smiled bravely, although she was too honest to lie to him.

"You have got here," she touched her bosom, "whether you get there or not."

At that he kissed her hungrily, straining her to him, and then staring into her tender eyes. As he so held her words came to him torrentially, but he stopped their flow, because he felt in his bones that things might not go right.

V.

DRIVING to his rooms in Curzon Street he realized, for the first time in his life, that strength of will is a man's best capital, the supreme talent which he had hid in the hunting field. Once a magnate from the Argentine had offered him a billet upon a big horse-breeding ranch, but Dick had laughed at the idea of exile. Now he told himself that he must take what pigs he had to the best market, regardless of distance and everything else.

If only he had held on tight to that five thousand pounds, a capital of ten thousand would have bought a junior partnership in some sound Argentine horse-ranch. Perhaps his brother would help him. He might raise a bit on a life insurance.

He let himself into his rooms with a latch-key, and paused upon the threshold, petrified with astonishment, for Binker in the flesh was confronting him.

"You?" he gasped.

Binker smiled.

"I beg pardon, sir," he murmured, suavely, "but that Captain Parkinson business was too much for me. I knew you'd want the money back, so I brought it home. I had to dodge the police, but that was easy. You've noticed my likeness to the Earl of Harborough, sir. Well, I booked through in his lordship's name by the *train de luxe* from Nice. The notes are here, sir."

"Binkie," said Dick, fervently, "if you were a few years younger and of the opposite sex I should hug you!"

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES)—III.

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

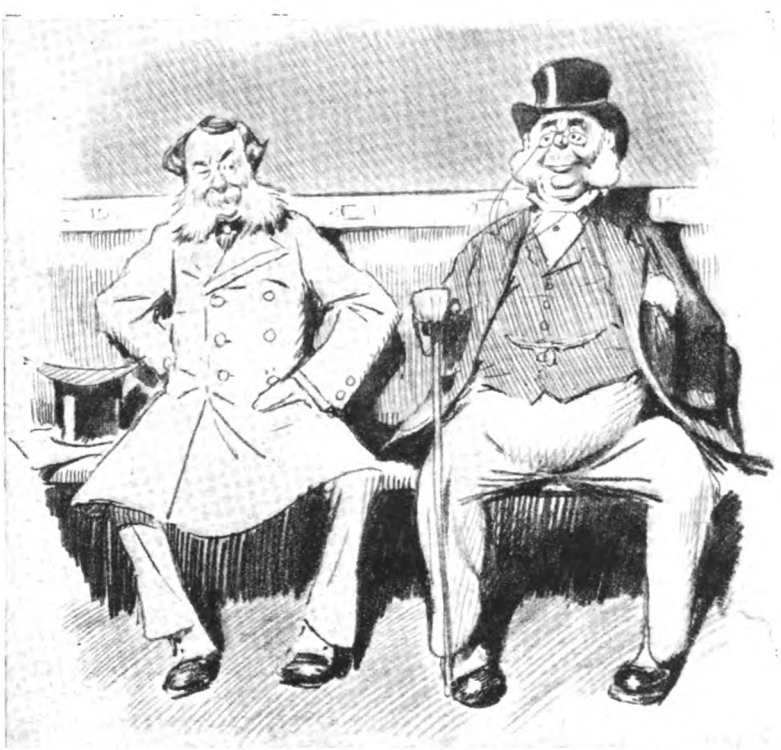
INITIAL DIFFICULTIES.

LOOKING round the new House of Commons, one observes how comparatively small is the leaven of new members. Out of six hundred and seventy it is less than one hundred—ninety-eight being, according to my counting, the exact figure ; of these less than one-half are quite new to their surroundings. By contrast with what followed on the political landslip of 1906 this is a mere trifle. Embarrassment for those directly concerned with official duty is lessened by the circumstance that many old members temporarily shunted by the fickleness of their constituents have returned to the old familiar scene. The assembling of a new Parliament creates difficulties that do not appear in the report of its proceedings. There is an outside cordon of police who must needs make themselves acquainted with the identity of members. There are the doorkeepers in the inner Lobby, and there are the Speaker and the Chairman of Ways and Means. It is part of the duty of the last two to call by name upon the member they select to succeed in debate. But, to vary the poser addressed by one of the watch to Dogberry, "What if he do not know the name ?"

Mr. Lowther told me that, confronted by the serried rows of unfamiliar faces that peopled the benches at the opening of the Parliament of 1906, he began to study it in compartments. As we find an ordnance map cut into sections, so the Speaker drew an imaginary line enclosing squares of the benches, and made himself acquainted with the individuality of all new members within the boundary, passing on to another square till he had encompassed the area of the House.

As for the doorkeepers, they supply themselves with volumes of the various illustrated papers which give more or less faithful portraits of members returned to the new Parliament. Neglecting Addison, with these they spend their days and nights, and in course of incredibly short time become as familiar with the personality of new members as they were with the old.

Pending full achievement of the task it would not be difficult for an enterprising



"THEY SEATED THEMSELVES AT THE LOWER END OF ONE OF THE BENCHES ON THE OPPOSITION SIDE."

stranger to make his way to the inner Lobby and so pass into the sanctuary of the House itself. Certainly the conditions of the opening day invite adventure. The police, always polite, are only too anxious to show a new member, supposititious or actual, his way about. Having reached the Lobby, nothing would be easier than to fall in with the crowd streaming into the House, pass the doorkeepers, and so through the glass door by which last year a triumphant Suffragette burst upon the pained attention of a crowded House. The stranger had better avoid either of the two front benches above the Gangway where Ministers and ex-Ministers foregather. Any other seat he might drop into without apprehension of challenge, and, being there, would take a humble and obscure (perhaps the more obscure the better) part in the election of the Speaker.

I remember an occasion when, in its mid-career, at a period when duly-elected members were well known to the police and to the doorkeepers, two strangers seated themselves within the Bar and enjoyed for a period extending to something like an hour the opportunity of comfortably hearing debate.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

The subject before the House was a Bill dealing with the licensing of public-houses. Two members of the trade, introduced by a friendly member, were accommodated with seats on the floor of the House under the Gallery. This was well enough. But before them, half empty, stretched rows of benches, offering much more convenient positions for hearing the debate. All that separated them from this inviting quarter was the back of a bench upon which they leaned their elbows. Lightly stepping over this they, unobserved, crossed the Gangway and seated themselves at the lower end of one of the benches on the Opposition side, almost at the very elbow of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

"THE SPEAKER TAKES HIS SEAT ON THE BENCH IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THAT ON WHICH THE LEADERS OF HIS POLITICAL PARTY CLUSTER."

There they sat unnoticed and unknowing, and there they might have remained till the Speaker left the Chair, but for the accident of a division taking place. The strangers' bewilderment betrayed them, and they were hurriedly led forth before they could make up their minds whether, in obedience to the Speaker's injunction, they should go with "Ayes to the right," or should follow "Noes to the left." If time had been given them to discuss and decide upon the most appropriate proceeding, they would probably have paired.

ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

It is one of the unwritten laws that guide procedure in the House of Commons that the member nominated as Speaker of a new Parliament shall, on entering the Chamber, take his seat on the bench immediately behind that on which the leaders of his political party cluster. In view of the ceremony that follows on election, when the Speaker is led forth by the hand by his proposer and seconder, it would seem more convenient that he should select the end seat of the bench giving direct access to the Gangway. By a finesse of etiquette whose meaning is lost in the mists of antiquity the Speaker-nominate is always discovered on the second seat of the bench, and when his escort come for him they must needs drag him out across the body of the member in the corner seat. What would happen if he dropped into the corner seat "Heaven only knows," as a Speaker of the past century said when asked what would follow upon accomplishment of his threat to "name" a member. Presumably his election would be invalid.

"MR. EUGENE WASON—A SORT OF PARLIAMENTARY 'THUNDERER.'"

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Another quaint item in the ancient ceremony invariably leads to an anxious moment. When the election of the Speaker is completed, his proposer and seconder advance to conduct him to the Chair. Hand in hand with his escort, the right hon. gentleman approaches the passage between the Table and the Treasury Bench leading to the Chair. The procession was all very well crossing the floor. But at this point a difficulty, apparently insuperable, presents itself. On an historic occasion John Bright made the obvious remark that "you cannot drive six horses abreast through Temple Bar." It is equally true that three members cannot walk abreast between the Treasury Bench and the Table, more especially when one is Mr. Eugene Wason, to whose "weightiness" the Speaker-elect, returning thanks for the honour done him, paid graceful tribute.

Difficulty was overcome by a little manœuvre which, if it had not been rehearsed, was cleverly executed. Still holding hands, after the manner of boys and girls going round the mulberry bush, the triplet got into line, Mr. Eugene Wason, a sort of Parliamentary *Thunderer*, towing the Speaker, while Lord Claud Hamilton, a trim wherry, holding on to the Speaker's other hand as a boat makes fast its painter to the stern of a ship, brought up the rear. Thus, amid evidences of subdued excitement on the part of a crowded and keenly-observant House, the perilous passage was achieved.

Still another incident in the procession of a new Speaker to the Chair enforced by the etiquette of ages. It would naturally be

supposed that the right hon. gentleman, having been brought up to the Chair, and having let go the painter fore and aft, would gratefully seat himself within its capacious cushioned arms. That would never do.

PUTTING HIS LEFT FOOT FORWARD.

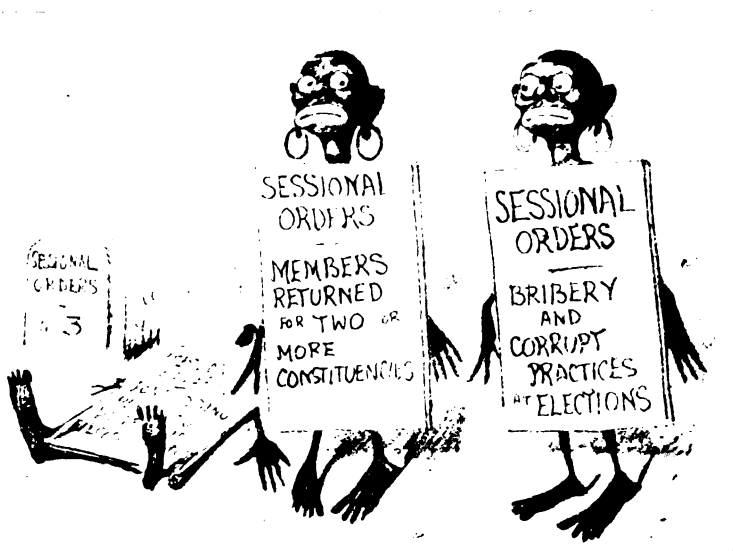
In some far-off day, probably in Stuart times, a Speaker, conducted with due ceremony to the Chair, paused on the steps and, turning to the House, besought their consideration and indulgence in the difficult office to which he had been called. He did not stand with two feet on a single step. Whilst he spoke his left foot was raised by a step in the action of ascending the Chair. His successor closely followed the procedure, which has been handed down through broadly brightening centuries till to-day it has become a part of the British Constitution that no Speaker-elect would dream of violating to the extent of standing heel to heel on a level step whilst he preferred his petition.

SESSIONAL ORDERS.

It is significant of the temperament of the new House of Commons that on the first day of its meeting for the dispatch of business it almost casually repealed a Sessional Order passed more than three hundred years ago for the protection of its privileges. At the opening of each Session the Speaker solemnly reads the text of a series of Sessional Orders, and formally puts to the vote the question of their retention. They were originally four in number, relating (*a*) to the case of members returned for two or more places in any part of the United Kingdom; (*b*) forbidding peers to vote in the election of members to serve in Parliament; (*c*) proclaiming it high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of the United Kingdom for any Lord of Parliament to concern himself in the election of its members; (*d*) pledging the House to proceed with the utmost severity against all persons wilfully concerned in bribery, or other corrupt practice in connection with a Parliamentary election. The fate of these ancient monuments of legislative purity grows akin to that of the ten little niggers of familiar song. At the opening of the last Parliament there were four. One was straightway repealed, and then there were three. At the opening of this Session another was exterminated, and now there are two.

RECKLESS REFORM.

It was the late ever-lamented "Jemmy" Lowther who brought about the abrogation of the Sessional Order prohibiting peers to concern themselves in Parliamentary elections. Year after year, when the Speaker read it out, the right hon "Jemmy" solemnly rose and, arguing that the Order was a mere *brutum fulmen*, protested against the solemn farce of re-enacting it. He met the fate of many early reformers. What in his hands became an annual motion was regarded as a bit of his fun. Members ironically cheered his rising, and if he carried the joke to what was regarded as the absurd length of a division, they yawned and went out to defeat his proposal by overwhelming majorities.



"ANOTHER WAS EXTERMINATED AND NOW THERE ARE TWO."

The last time he set lance in rest on this crusade was on the opening day of the Session of 1904. He made his customary motion without supporting it by speech or challenging a division. He told me this departure from custom was not due to failing faith in the righteousness of his cause. But he felt so weak that he doubted his

power to perform the duty of a teller. This was his last appearance on the stage whereon he had filled many parts, including those of Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. Before the Session sped its course he was dead. Like Joshua, he was not permitted to enter the Promised Land, to whose confines he had led the Parliamentary tribes. But his works lived after him, the House elected in January of last year making short work of the Sessional Order.

Its hoary brother forbidding peers to vote was last February cut off with almost exhilarating rapidity. It came under notice of the House accidentally in connection with the action of an Irish peer who, after succeeding to the earldom, went to the poll and voted in his former personality as a commoner. A question of privilege was raised. Mr. Asquith, whilst not resisting the motion, observed by way of parentheses that perhaps the best thing to be done was to get rid of the Sessional Order altogether. A crowded House jumped at this audacious suggestion, and before the Mace quite knew where it was the Order was dead and on its way to burial.

"AN IRISH PEER WHO, AFTER SUCCEEDING TO THE EARLDOM, VOTED IN HIS FORMER PERSONALITY AS A COMMONER."

THE WOOLSACK.

At the time of the appointment of Mr. Rufus Isaacs to the office of Solicitor-General it was somewhere written that here was the first occasion on which a member of the Jewish faith had been made a Law Officer of the Crown. This, of course, is not accurate. Towards the close of the memorable Parliament elected in 1868, Mr. Gladstone called to the office now held by Sir Rufus Mr. Jessel, afterwards Master of the Rolls, an eminent jurist, whose family name figures on the roll of the present Parliament signed by his son, the member for South St. Pancras. It is, however, true that Sir Rufus is the first Jew who has ever been Attorney-General. The post providing a not unaccustomed pathway to the Woolsack, further question arises —Can a Jew legally become Lord Chancellor? It seems settled in the negative by an Act of Parliament passed half a century ago providing "for the relief of Her Majesty's (Queen Victoria) subjects professing the Jewish religion." The office of Lord Chancellor, together with that of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and High Commissioner for the

SIR RUFUS ISAACS, K.C., THE FIRST JEWISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was specially exempted from the operation of the Act. According to some high legal authorities, this debarring statute was repealed by the Promissory Oaths Act passed in 1871.

Similar uncertainty hangs over the cognate question whether a Roman Catholic is eligible for the position of Lord Chancellor. The Catholic Emancipation Act specifically forbade the appointment. There are, however, eminent lawyers prepared to argue that supplementary legislation has superseded the particular section of the Act in question. That this view was not taken by Mr. Gladstone's legal advisers in his last Administration is obvious from the fact that a Bill was introduced in the House of Commons designed to pave the way for the appointment of Sir Charles Russell to the Woolsack. The Bill was not persevered with, and the question remains as it confronted the Ministry of that day.

DINING AT THE HOUSE.

Thanks largely to the enterprise and artistic taste of Mr. "Loulu" Harcourt, exercised whilst still First Commissioner of Works, the House of Commons has during the past five years had its precincts endowed with a rare collection of engraved portraits of Parliamentary personages. They are displayed on the walls of the corridor leading to the private entrance that gives access behind the Speaker's Chair. Others adorn the wall of the new dining-room, which will carry forward through the ages the honoured name of Harcourt.

Before "Loulu" came into office at the Board of Works the dining arrangements of the House of Commons were miserably inadequate. There was the members' old dining-room, safe from intrusion of the public even when represented by the insinuating and energetic Suffragette. Need was felt for a banqueting-hall where members with hospitable instincts might dine their wives and daughters; also other people's. There was in existence a stuffy room downstairs where, if a member were lucky, he might secure a table. This was supplemented by a range of small rooms on the Terrace level, built

on the plan of a prison cell, which with due notice might be engaged for small dinner-parties, including strangers. But they were few in number and limited in accommodation. A dozen years ago the great prize of Amphitryon, M.P., was to secure the private room of the manager of the Commissariat Department. Being larger than the adjoining cells, with their low roofs and small windows—apparently designed to prevent escape of the host should his guests, angered by a disappointing meal, threaten to turn and rend him—it was in great request, and happy the member who secured it

The Harcourt dining-room is a spacious, well-lit, admirably-appointed hall, where through the Session nightly gather groups of strangers, proud of the privilege of "dining at the House." But perfection never, or hardly ever, descends upon this sublunary sphere. The acoustic properties of the room are fatal to comfort. Conversation carried on at a score of tables, pitched on whatsoever decorous note, rises roofward in curious, almost uncanny, volume. Naturally, inevitably, as the thunder increases, guests uplift their voices till the noise becomes almost deafening. Various efforts have been made to correct the deficiency. Among other contrivances, lines of wire, reminiscent of those connecting telegraph posts at busy centres of communication, were hopefully rigged up. But the unknown, unwelcome evil spirit remains master of the situation.

CAPTAIN H. M. JESSEL, THE MEMBER FOR SOUTH ST. PANCRAS.

"PICTURES IN PARLIAMENT."

The collection of portraits of personages, ancient and modern, connected with Parliamentary work has long been the fashion in the House of Commons. It began at Speaker's House, where the walls of the dining-room are hung with a priceless, unique collection of portraits of past Speakers, going back to the time of Sir Thomas More, whose Speakership of the House of Commons in the time of Henry VIII. was made memorable by his successful plea of privilege directed against the action of Cardinal Wolsey in 1523. It has been the custom for many years for the retiring Speaker to present to the collection a copy of his portrait. Orchardson was fond of telling the story of how he was accommodated with a seat at the House of Commons what time he painted Mr. Speaker Peel, seated in state in the Chair, the House otherwise empty.

The portrait of Sir Thomas More found a place in the gallery only within the last ten years. Discovery of the treasure was accidentally made by the late Lord Selby during his Speakership. He came upon it in a lumber-room of Speaker's House, and had it carefully cleaned and set up on high in the dining-room.

Another less imposing but exceedingly interesting collection of engravings is to be found in the room of the Speaker's private secretary. It includes engraved portraits of eminent House of Commons men.

AN HISTORIC SCENE.

I have knowledge of a print which would be better bestowed under the roof of the Palace at Westminster than where it rests, obscure in the print-room of the British Museum. It depicts the scene in the House of Lords where King James received the Commons presenting to His Majesty their newly-elected Speaker. By the side of the Throne is a chair set apart for the King of Scotland before he came in person to the Throne of the United Kingdom. On the other side is the Prince of Wales's chair, behind which stands the Lord Treasurer. The Lord Chancellor stands at the right hand of the King. The Commons crowd the Bar. The robed peers are seated on their accustomed benches. From a railed-off space at either side of the Throne their eldest sons look on.

Few people, I fancy, have happed upon this historical treasure-trove. A place of honour would be readily found for it in the Harcourt dining-room at the House of Commons.

The Great Food Question.

By MAX RITTENBERG.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

I.—THE WAY OUT.

MR. CALTHROP of North Close owed his popularity as a house-master to three positive virtues. He was a shrewd disciplinarian, which means a great deal more than a strict disciplinarian; he was careful not to shirk attendance at any house match—the unforgivable sin; and he provided the best table of any house in the school.

Need one add that every boy at North Close grumbled at the food *inside* the house, but outside it was a source of pride and taunt at the expense of the rest of the school? If a School House or Morton Hall or Hill Drive boy pointed exultingly to the sporting record of his house, there came the clinching retort: "Yes, that's all very fine, but at North Close we get the best grub in the school!"

No repartee had been discovered that would adequately meet this.

Mr. Calthrop was therefore deservedly popular, and when at the close of the Christmas term he made his momentous announcement at the house concert: "Boys, I have news for you. I am to be married during the holidays," there was a loud chorus of "Hooray!"

If he had announced that he had decided never to marry, there would have been a similar chorus of "Hooray!" It was equivalent to an unreserved vote of confidence.

The captain of the house, Cazenove, arose and made an impromptu little speech that did him credit. He said:—

"On behalf of North Close, sir, I wish to offer you our heartiest congratulations. We all feel sure that you have chosen wisely, and that the future Mrs. Calthrop will prove in every way a credit to the house and to the school. (Cheers.) We all know that North Close is the finest house in the school—it has the best house-master (cheers), it turns out the best sportsmen (loud cheers), and it has the best grub (frantic cheering). Now, you chaps, all together, 'For he's a jolly good fel—low!'"

Next morning Cazenove made a whip round—in IOU's, of course, because at the end of term "money is very tight," as they say in Lombard Street—and a substantial sum was collected for the wedding present. Then a conference was called to decide on the nature of the gift—Cazenove in the chair.

"I vote for a bat," said Carter, a keen sportsman; "a thundering good bat with a 'Jessop splice' and a silver presentation plate on it."

"You silly ass," retorted Rogers, a Middle Fifth boy; "a wedding present is always made to the bride. Everyone knows that."

"But we don't know her," returned Carter, "so how can we guess her tastes?"

"All women have the same tastes," replied Rogers, with assurance. He had once saved up his pocket-money for a full-dress dinner at Gatti's, and had established a man-of-the-world reputation for himself.

"What's your suggestion, then?"

"A cookery book, silver curling-tongs, and a pocket mirror."

"Nonsense," said Cazenove, with decision; "one can't give anything useful as a wedding present—it's not considered good form."

"When my sister was married," put in a small boy, "my uncle, who's a bishop, gave her a set of his sermons."

His suggestion was ignored, and he subsided, blushing violently.

"Is she a sportswoman, d'you think?" asked Carter, coming back to his King Charles's head.

"Why else would old Beefy want to marry her?" returned Rogers.

"I have read," said the judicial Tomlinson, "that men always marry women of opposite temperaments."

"Order!" said Cazenove; "we are getting off the line. Has anyone any further suggestions to make?"

"All our portraits put into a big frame."

"A picnic basket."

"An ice-cream machine."

"A new roller for the tennis lawn, with a silver presentation plate"—this from Carter. "It's badly wanted."

"No," said Cazenove, "none of those will do. We *must* give something that's good form. A set of 'English Men of Letters' would be right."

And so it was agreed.

The bride, as she appeared to the boys at the beginning of the Easter term, was a woeful disappointment. "Brides always are," as Rogers commented sagely.

Naturally they had expected their house-master to choose for them a young lady from a country town—preferably a public school country town or a cathedral city—of an athletic upbringing and of a normal, conventional, therefore sane outlook on life. That would have been the correct thing on Mr. Calthrop's part, undoubtedly.

But he had chosen a woman with "views," decided "views." Before she married she had felt that the life of a house-mistress would give her the opportunity of moulding the minds of the future rulers of English thought—she had determined that North Close was to be a hothouse for literary genius.

Loyal to a man to Mr. Calthrop, the boys strove to conceal from the school in general what manner of strange, unnatural woman had been brought into their midst.

"Halloa, Rogers!" said Ironsides, a Morton Hall boy. "I hear that the new Mrs. Beefy is serving you out 'Maeterlinck on the Bee' on Sunday evenings."

"Yes, it's fine!" answered Rogers, lying valiantly. "Maeterlinck is a rare old sport; I believe he rowed stroke in a Belgian eight at Henley one year."

"I never heard that!" replied the other, disconcerted.

"Well, that's not the fault of your ears—they're big enough. When you flap them in chapel they send a draught down our necks like the Piccadilly Tube.

To give practice in poetic technique and to stimulate tidiness in her boys, Mrs. Calthrop conceived the barbarous idea of confiscating all Sunday straw hats that were found lying about the house, and exacting as ransom for each a verse of poetry. Now it was quite easy to start off with—

I have lost my Sunday straw,
I shall never see it more;

that rolled glibly enough off the pen, but how was a fellow to proceed with the verse?

If I get it back again,
I shall never lose the same,

sounded a fair contribution to English literature, evolved after half an hour's strenuous thinking, but Mrs. Calthrop refused to accept it. According to her arbitrary ruling, it was not technically perfect. And yet the verse had six words to each line, and the lines rhymed—what more could she want?

To be set to work on English poetry was decidedly lowering to the dignity of North Close, yet worse was to follow. Mrs. Calthrop insisted on a performance by the house of an Elizabethan morality play. The chief part she took herself; the rest were allotted to the boys.

"Did you ever hear such rank rotten piffle in all your life?" said Rogers to Cazenove. "I'm to play a Mr. Smugface, if you please, and old Pondersby is cast for Miss Maiden Modesty! Miss Maiden Modesty!"

"Yes, I know it's rot," answered the captain of the house; "but we've got to keep our end up against the school over the affair."

"Trust me for that!" said Rogers.

In school a few days later Ironsides remarked to him: "Halloa, Rogers! How's Mrs. Smugface and all the little Smugfaces?"

"How's Mrs. Elephant-Ears and all the little Elephant-Ears?" countered Rogers.

"Morton Hall would never stand such a babbling, baby-food play in the house, I can assure you."

"I suppose you don't even know who wrote it?"

"And don't want to!"

"Shakespeare—under another name, of course. I suppose Shakespeare's not good enough for you fellows? And, what's more, when it was acted in London, C. B. Fry took my part!"

"I never saw that in the papers," said the other, taken aback.

"Well, it's not the fault of your eyes; they're goggly enough. They bulge out so that when you walk down town every flapper in the place is jeering at them!"

It was very difficult to remain loyal to the new house-mistress under such trying conditions, and the breaking-point came when Mrs. Calthrop began to experiment with the boys' diet. She held theories about diet, and they leaned to the vegetarian.

This was sheer sacrilege. It was tampering with the supremacy of North Close. It was pulling at the pillars of the temple. From time immemorial they had had tongue for

Sunday night's supper—a tremendous score over the fellows in other houses—and for this was substituted some absurd cereal food, manufactured, so the boys alleged, from the refuse of a mongrel-dog-biscuit factory. At other meals, too, strange vegetable dishes appeared, and they were even invited to take nut-butter as an alternative to the normal article.

It was making North Close a laughing-stock in the eyes of the school.

"Halloa, Rogers!" said Ironsides. "I hear that North Close are going to have their dining-room up in the tree-tops in the summer term."

It was symptomatic that Rogers had no biting retort in answer to this. He merely said: "Oh, stop rotting! I'm not keen on the Nebuchadnezzar business either. You can treat me to a decent blow-out at the tucker, if you like."

Inside the house were open mutterings and protests, and Mr. Calthrop was not slow in gauging the feeling of his boys and in realizing the gravity of the situation. In the privacy of his study he was pacing up and down the room one evening, pipe in mouth, a frown on his forehead, until Mrs. Calthrop felt compelled to ask him to stop.

"Really, Dick," said she, "this pacing up and down is getting on my nerves. I do wish you'd stop. What's the matter?"

Mr. Calthrop re-lit his pipe over the lamp-chimney before replying. Then he said slowly. "The boys are getting restive over the new diet."

"Why, you wouldn't have me give in to the boys' absurd prejudices?" questioned his wife.

"No; but they don't like it at all. The other boys in the school are laughing at them."

Mrs. Calthrop flushed hotly. It was the first breeze of their married life. "I thought you had more strength of character," she said. "And it will do them good to be laughed at."

The house-master realized that his wife did not understand. She did not know the terrific power of ridicule amongst boys. She did not recognize that boys are not to be ruled

"'REALLY, DICK,' SAID SHE, 'THIS PACING UP AND DOWN IS GETTING ON MY NERVES. WHAT'S THE MATTER?'"

by mere dictation. She had not been brought up in the peculiar mental atmosphere of a public school. And so he was silent.

"I suppose you are going to place your boys before me?" added his wife.

"No, dear, you know that's untrue. But I must try and think of a way out of the difficulty. It's not easy."

Mrs. Calthrop closed her book sharply and went out of the room.

The result of Mr. Calthrop's meditations appeared a few days later. A distinguished guest came to North Close on a short visit—an old college chum of the house-master's, a famous athlete who had made a further reputation for himself as an acknowledged expert in health matters. He took breakfast and the noon meal with the boys, sitting at the right hand of the house-master, and before him was placed a special dietary even more revolutionary than Mrs. Calthrop's.

The boys noted it in polite silence, feeling that it was a matter no gentleman should seem to be aware of, still less comment on, any more than one would allow a hunchback to feel that one was noticing his infirmity. But apparently Mr. Grahame-Scott was not in the least ashamed of his outrageous tastes, for he helped himself generously and brazenly from a dish of lentils while he discussed with the boys near him the prospects of the coming school sports.

Carter was explaining that they had a chance for the hundred yards, and perhaps for the quarter-mile, as Cazenove had a good turn of speed, but for the longer races they had not a stayer in the house.

"Ah!" said the famous athlete. "You fellows ought to go in for real scientific training."

"We do train already," answered Carter, and detailed the abstinence from potatoes and other traditional observances of the Lent term.

"Good as far as it goes," said the authority, decisively; "but if the fellows in other houses are on the same tack, how can you hope to beat them?"

"Well, I don't see what we can do beyond that," replied Carter.

There was a pause. Mr. Grahame-Scott returned to his dietary. Then, as though a sudden brilliant idea had occurred to him, the house-master turned to the athlete. "Would it be fair to ask you to give us a better scheme of training?"

"I *could* do that," was the guarded answer.

"But *will* you?"

The athlete laid down his fork. "I could give North Close a scheme of training that would clip ten seconds off the mile——"

"If you would, sir!" put in Carter, eagerly.

"But my training scheme would be extremely strict."

"We shouldn't mind that," answered two or three voices.

"Wait till you hear my conditions. I should demand implicit obedience to my instructions, and I should require you to keep those instructions secret. Absolutely secret, mind you!"

A secret! He had touched the most accessible spot in the schoolboy. Eager faces were around him.

"Now talk it over between yourselves, and let me know this afternoon if you want my help. If you want it, and agree to my conditions, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Halloa, Rogers!" said Ironsides a few days later. "I hear you've got a bally professional trainer to help you crawl round the track at the sports."

Rogers smiled at him in a highly superior and aggravating manner, but answered never a word.

"They tell me you've actually given up eating meat and taken to living on the smell of a boiled cabbage," pursued the other. "I suppose Mrs. Beefy is superintending your training and tucking you into bed at eight o'clock every evening?"

Rogers smiled again and answered nothing.

"Hang it all, you can answer a chap, can't you?"

"Wait until after sports day, and then I'll tell you," replied Rogers, with an air of ineffable mystery.

"What's the secret?"

"Ah!"

"Oh, you can trust me. Come and have a blow-out at the tucker at my expense."

"No, thanks!"

"I say, what's the secret?"

"I'll tell you this much," answered Rogers; "you know of H. R. Grahame-Scott?"

"Ra-*ther!*"

"Well—no; after all, I don't feel I ought to tell you anything more. It's a dead secret you see."

"I'm hanged if *I'd* breakfast off grass-cutlets, and dine off dandelion soup, and tea off potted mangel-wurzels. And any fellow who does do so is a pretty middling fool. Everyone in the school is jeering at you!"

"Let them jeer till they jeer their heads off," replied Rogers, unmoved. "*My dear*

good ass, has it never struck you that we of North Close are on the inside track and that *you're* pounding round the outer ropes? What do *you* know about relative proteid values and nitrogenous albuminoids? I suppose you've never even heard of katalytic metabolism?"

This last was a mental upper-cut right on the point of the jaw. The Morton Hall boy staggered visibly.

"Well, if that's the case," he answered, jealously, "I dare say we can find out a thing or two about training ourselves!"

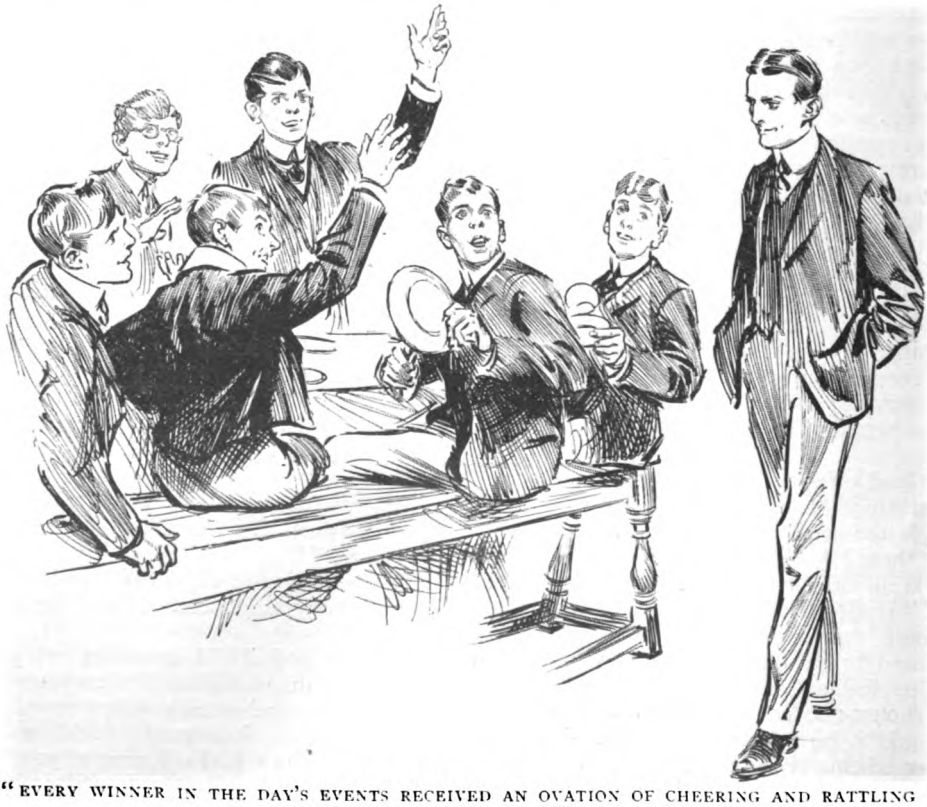
Mr. Calthrop's little scheme succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. A craze for dietetic reform sprang up all over the school, and a schoolboy craze shoots up with a swiftness that would make a mushroom blink. At all the other houses deputations waited on the house-masters asking that "vegetable albuminoids" should be supplied to those in training in lieu of meat. Even the toothsome sausage was eyed askance by the perfervid disciples of reform food. And the boy in training who purchased a tin of potted meat for use at tea was jeered at as little better than a lunatic. How could he hope to win an event against North Close with the all-powerful H. R. Grahame-Scott training them like professional pugilists?

The school butcher went about rennet-faced.

With the moral support of being "insiders," "in the know," and trained on secret exercises, North Close went into the school sports "on their toes." They were tuned up to win, and they were going out to win. They felt confident and they looked confident; and when the day of the sports was over they had placed North Close in a prouder position than it had ever held before.

Tea that evening at North Close was a pandemonium of noise. Every winner in the day's events and every boy "placed" received an ovation of cheering and rattling of plates and cups. The prefects made no attempt to quell the noise.

Nor did Mr. Calthrop, in his study just above the dining-room. He turned, smiling, to his wife. "We've found the way out, dear, haven't we?"



"EVERY WINNER IN THE DAY'S EVENTS RECEIVED AN OVATION OF CHEERING AND RATTLING OF PLATES AND CUPS."

II.—POETIC JUSTICE.

PONDERSBY ORGANIZES A NIGHT WITH LUCULLUS.

PONDERSBY burst into the prep-room with a breathless "Heard the news?"

A dozen boys instantly clustered round him.

"Old Beefy's going to town for some Classical Masters' Conference. Going for two days, my hearties! Won't we have a gorgeous time?"

"Who'll be in charge—one of the junior masters?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. Our Mrs. Beefy is going to try and keep all us dear little boys in order. Is it what-ho, my hearties?"

"What-ho it is!" chorused the particular cronies of Pondersby, this being the school catch-word of the moment.

Cazenove, captain of the house, sauntered out of his study. He had no love for Pondersby, who was too big to cuff, too fat and greedy to respect, and altogether a disturbing element in the maintenance of proper house discipline.

"What d'you propose to do?" asked Cazenove, fixing Pondersby with his eye.

"What's that to you?"

"There are limits. I give you fair warning that if you go too far——"

"Have you been made a bally ush?"

Cazenove reddened. "I'm captain of the house," said he, stiffly.

Pondersby addressed his reply to the chandelier: "Once upon a time they made prefects out of fellows who were good sports and did credit to a house, but nowadays they seem to pick on any sort of competition-wallah who swots himself into the Upper Sixth."

This hit Cazenove in his most tender spot, as it was designed to do. He answered with some heat: "D'you call it sportsmanlike to rag a woman?"

"Who said we were going to rag Mrs. Beefy?"

"You!"

"Never said anything of the kind!"

"You implied it."

Pondersby turned to his admiring circle of cronies: "Notice the way our respected senior prefect models himself on our friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes. But he's not quite perfect yet. His sense of smell is not yet educated up to his usual lofty standard. He smells rats in an eau-de-Cologne bottle. He has still something to learn. Perhaps"—with a sudden inspiration—"perhaps he's in a funk of getting ragged himself, now that old Beefy is away?"

But here Cazenove was on firmer ground. It might be a delicate matter to protect the house-mistress from annoyance without overstepping the limits of authority tacitly allowed to a prefect by his house-mates, but he had unquestioned power to deal summarily and forcibly with any overt act of rebellion towards himself personally.

"If you try *that* on," replied Cazenove, significantly, "you'll find it more comfortable to eat your meals off the mantelpiece for a week or so afterwards."

"In the first place," said Pondersby to his room-mates of the Pink Dormitory, "ab initio, a priori, and ab ovum, not to mention prima facie—in the first place we are going to guard the lines of communication."

"Scouts, you mean?" suggested "Dolly" Cleeve.

"You're a dull doll," was Pondersby's reply. "Dull, not to say dense. Dense, not to say fat-headed. Not alive to the resources of twentieth-century science."

"You always think yourself so beastly brilliant. If you had as much inside your head as you daub on your hair——"

"Silence in the penny seats!" interrupted Pondersby. "Listen and hark to my words of wisdom, and, as far as your understanding will permit, absorb and digest them. Try and be a man, you maggot."

"Shut up!" translated the other boys, for Dolly's benefit.

"In the first place," continued Pondersby, "to warn us of the approach of the enemy towards our dormy, we will enlist the services of the magician electricity."

"How?"

"Leave that to your wise chief Pondo. In the second place we will hold in the Pink Dormy to-morrow night an orchestral concert, to be followed by a grand banquet, and to conclude with a triumphal nap tournament at a penny a dozen. Is it what-ho, my hearties?"

"What-ho it is!" chorused the dormitory, and then added, individually:—

"That's great!"

"Good old Pondo!"

"That's a ripping fine idea!"

"Pondo's got his nut screwed on right!"

"Won't we all go down the Strand!"

"Mrs. Beefy will be mad!"

"Let us hope not," said Pondersby, piously,

in regard to the last remark. "We shall do nothing unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, but if Mrs. Beefy *will* insist on trying to exert authority, no doubt she is doomed to disappointment. But to proceed. A grand spread needs cash. Here's my cap, and here I place one-and-six, coin of the realm, in it. You note, gentlemen, that there is no deception. Now I pass the cap round."

There was a goodly collection of silver in the cap, and Pondersby, the self-constituted treasurer, smacked his lips at the thought of the "spread" it would furnish.

"We'll have ham and tongue, and ices——"

"And hot sausages!" interrupted Haines, eagerly.

"And strawberry jam and clotted cream!" added Cleeve.

"And chocolate walnuts!"

"And pickles!"

"And pineapple!"

"And pâté de foie gras!"

"And toasted cheese!"

"And meringues!"

"And chutney!"

"And champagne!"

"Hold on!" cried Pondersby. "Who's the blighter who expects me to buy him champagne out of his miserable threepence-ha'penny? Is he sure he wouldn't like bird's-nest soup for first course and peacocks' tongues as an entrée? Who's the puppy Lucullus?"

There was no reply, and Pondersby, after a suitably impressive pause, proceeded to the next important point: "Now we'll plan the concert. Since Mrs. Beefy is always imploring us to study music, we'll take her advice for once in a way."

It was ten o'clock the next evening—"lights out" time—and the house was wrapped in darkness except for the servants' quarters and the house-master's study, where Mrs. Calthrop sat alone, reading an article in the *Fortnightly* on "Strauss, Master of Discord."

Suddenly through the open window burst in the strains of "Let's All Go Down the Strand"! They came obviously from some dormitory, and Mrs. Calthrop's sensitive ear picked out from the accompaniment the distinctive timbre of the penny whistle, the mouth-comb, the tooth-glass, the tea-tray, and the double fives-bats.

She waited impatiently for some prefect to subdue this outburst of Straussianism, but as no relief came and the scoring altered to *crescendo*, she left the study and hastened towards the passage leading to the dormitories. As her foot touched the mat that stood at the beginning of the corridor carpet the noise ceased magically, and a glance in at a few of the dormitories, including the Pink, showed that her boys were all dropping off innocently into slumber.

So Mrs. Calthrop returned to the study and the *Fortnightly*, and soon the joyous strains of "Waiting at the Church" told her that some dormitory was laughing at her expense. Again she hastened to the corridor, and again her advent stilled the sounds instantly—telepathy could not have given a quicker warning.

A third time the horrible cacophany broke out, and this time Mrs. Calthrop went straight to Cazenove's bedroom.

"Cazenove," said she, angrily, "what do you mean by allowing this dreadful noise to go on? Are you senior prefect or are you not?"

Now this was grossly unfair to Cazenove, because the unwritten rules of the house gave to the prefect only the duty of keeping order at night-time in his own dormitory. Outside that, it was the house-master's province. However, the captain of the house chivalrously waived the point.

"Very well, Mrs. Calthrop," he answered. "I'll see if I can find out where it comes from and give them a warning."

"I want you to punish them all severely," said the house-mistress.

Cazenove did not reply to this, because everyone knew—Mrs. Calthrop ought to have known—that it was outside the rigid limits of his authority.

When the house-mistress was back in the study, Cazenove went straight to the Pink Dormitory and called up Pondersby.

"Mrs. Calthrop wants this row stopped."

"Then let her stop it."

"*I* want it stopped."

"Are you going to come the bally ush over us?"

Cazenove bit his lip. "Oh, try and be a sportsman!" said he, angrily.

"I suppose you're going to sneak on us?" suggested Pondersby, and having scored a hit changed his tactics. "We can afford to be generous, so we're going to be generous. The orchestral concert having given us a keen edge to our appetite, we propose to pass on to the second part of our entertainment, the grand banquet. This will be quiet and peaceful. Sure you won't join us, Cazenove? It'll be a magnificent spread."

Such a banquet was clear against house rules, but not a matter for prefect's interference. So Cazenove went away, angry at the invidious position into which he had been forced by the house-mistress. Outside in the corridor, however, an idea struck him. Knowing the ways of his house-mates, he lifted the corridor carpet, and under it he found two electric wires. These he followed to the mat at the end of the corridor, where he discovered that they connected with a couple of bell-pushes, thereby explaining the security of the Pink Dormitory.

Cazenove quickly disconnected one of the wires. "That will put Mrs. Calthrop on even terms with Pondersby, at all events," he reflected, and returned to his own bedroom.

So it happened that Mrs. Calthrop, patrolling the corridor a little later, heard the sound of a popping cork in the Pink Dormitory, and entered, to find the moonlight flooding a Lucullian banquet of the most mouth-watering nature. She promptly annexed the entire outfit, and promised them fitting punishment the next morning.

"SHE ENTERED, TO FIND THE MOONLIGHT FLOODING A LUCULLIAN BANQUET OF THE MOST MOUTH-WATERING NATURE."

In the preparation hour before breakfast, Mrs. Calthrop called the captain of the house to her.

"Cazenove," said she, "I discovered the

Pink Dormitory about to make pigs of themselves last night with a lot of tongue and clotted cream and chutney and cheese—a most horrible mixture."

Cazenove endeavoured to look surprised.

"So I propose to punish them severely. I think five hundred lines apiece, and of course the eatables will be destroyed."

Cazenove considered this for a moment in the light of his experience. Such a drastic course would only make the house-mistress unpopular without adding to her authority. "If I may make a suggestion, Mrs. Calthrop, I think there would be a more effective punishment for them—I think it is what Mr. Calthrop himself would advise."

"What do you think he would do?"

"I think he would call the house together before the breakfast-gong goes and talk to them in his quiet, ironic way."

"Is that all?"

"Well, not quite all." Cazenove smilingly added a few further suggestions.

"Good!" said Mrs. Calthrop, emphatically. "Tell them all to come to the drawing-room directly after preparation."

They trooped in as ordered, and ranged themselves, standing, before Mrs. Calthrop, who was seated in an arm-chair with a book in her hand. When stillness came the house-mistress spoke to them quietly and evenly:—

"There was an attempt at music in one of the dormitories last night. You know I am always glad to encourage musical aspirations, so if I hear singing or orchestral playing again to-night I shall take it that the house is expressing a desire to have a musical afternoon next half-holiday."

The house shuddered, and looked angrily towards the Pink Dormitory boys.

"There is also the matter of a midnight banquet which I chanced to interrupt last night in the Pink Dormitory. You know I always like you to have plenty to eat and the best of everything, and I am sorry to think that any boy goes to bed hungry. Please let me know if you want anything further at night-time."

There was a general murmur of appreciation. Mrs. Calthrop had enlisted the house on her side.

"The delicacies which Pondersby and the rest of the Pink Dormitory bought to cover the deficiencies of my table will not be confiscated or destroyed," continued the house-mistress, quietly. "They will be found on the breakfast-table before their owners' respective places."

Pondersby chuckled inwardly. "Well, she *is* a softy," he thought to himself, and sent a wink to Haines and Cleeve.

"You may go now." The boys began to troop out. "One moment, though — I should like to say just a word to the Pink Dormitory."

While the other boys jostled in to breakfast with schoolboy appetites, Pondersby and Co. stayed behind.

Mrs. Calthrop took up her book and remarked, quietly, "There's just a passage or two from this essay on 'The Art of Dining' which I should like you to hear. Please be seated."

They sat down, and Mrs. Calthrop began.

Minute after minute passed, and Pondersby and his fellows looked uncomfortably at one another. Was this confounded essay never going to end? And all those good things waiting on the breakfast-table for them! Horrible thought—suppose some of the other fellows were to bag their tongue and clotted cream and things?

They coughed, and yawned, and fidgeted, but Mrs. Calthrop read on, serenely unconscious of any impatience on their part.

The Pink Dormitory began with one accord to concentrate angry looks on Pondersby. "Make a bolt for it!" they whispered to him. But Pondersby had lost his nerve. He did not dare. Instead he turned slowly to a sickly green colour. The others began to whisper threats of dire vengeance on him.

For a full quarter of an hour Mrs. Calthrop continued, and when she had finished she dismissed them with the kindly remark that she hoped they had enjoyed it, and would still further enjoy their breakfast delicacies.

When Pondersby and Co. entered the dining-hall their costly delicacies were on the plates and inside the anatomies of their house-mates. Shouts of derisive laughter greeted them.

"Why on earth didn't you come before?"

"That strawberry jam and clotted cream is simply prime!"

"What ripping tastes you Pink Dormy fellows have got!"

"Thanks so much, dear Pondo!"

Pondersby scowled at the house, and particularly at Cazenove, who seemed unconscious of anything happening out of the normal run. "I call it a beastly, mean, low-down, dirty trick!" said Pondersby, angrily.

"Is it what-ho, my hearties?" called out one of the boys, exhibiting a pocketful of chocolate walnuts.

"What-ho it is!" thundered the house.

WHERE JOHN BULL LEADS

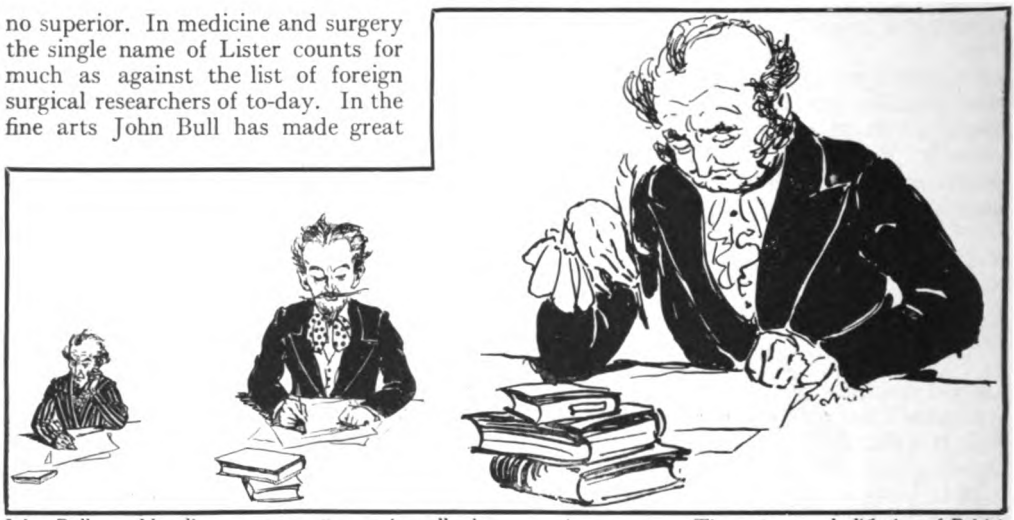
[The following article, which has been specially compiled from official figures furnished by the Board of Trade, the London Chamber of Commerce, and other trade bodies, reveals almost at a glance in what respects Great Britain still holds the field against the world.]

IN these days we hear so much about John Bull's decadence, of how one craft, one industry, one market after another is slipping away from the old fellow whose skill and prowess were once the wonder of the world, that it is a shock of surprise to John himself to learn from foreign rivals that in at least a score of departments of effort he is still " cock of the walk." Not that his supremacy is unchallenged or unthreatened—for there is no nation under the sun that is not ready to steal a march upon Bull or to profit by his generosity, his lethargy, or his example. Everything he does is closely watched by an envious universe, not an action or a product that is not imitated, from a pin-head to a steel suspension bridge. He is the great initiator—all nations, even the Americans, acknowledge that—although he has the vice of letting the fruits of his inventive genius drop into other hands, there to be developed and often carried to a pitch of commercial perfection.

The British have always been a good all-round people—turning their hand to anything and everything, and yet rarely succeeding in lines which they have not originated themselves. On the other hand, the Germans and the Japanese are great copyists and exploiters of British ideas. Once John Bull has taken up anything with his whole heart—like Bibles, or cricket, or beer—he is very thorough, and his thoroughness ensures him supremacy for a long time. He was great at athletic sports, and so long as he gave his whole mind to games he was unrivalled. He was the best walker, runner, jumper, cricketer, oarsman, footballer, golfer, horse-rider, billiard-player, pugilist, and wrestler in the world; and although the blue ribbon has been wrested from him in many of these things, the success of his rivals has been chiefly individual, and the vast aim of national excellence has probably not been impaired.

Let us now turn to John Bull as a thinker and as a professional man. As a schoolmaster, especially for the very young, he has

no superior. In medicine and surgery the single name of Lister counts for much as against the list of foreign surgical researchers of to-day. In the fine arts John Bull has made great



John Bull as a Novelist penetrates more universally than any other country. The export and diffusion of British works of fiction in 1910 was four times as great as that of France and six times that of America.

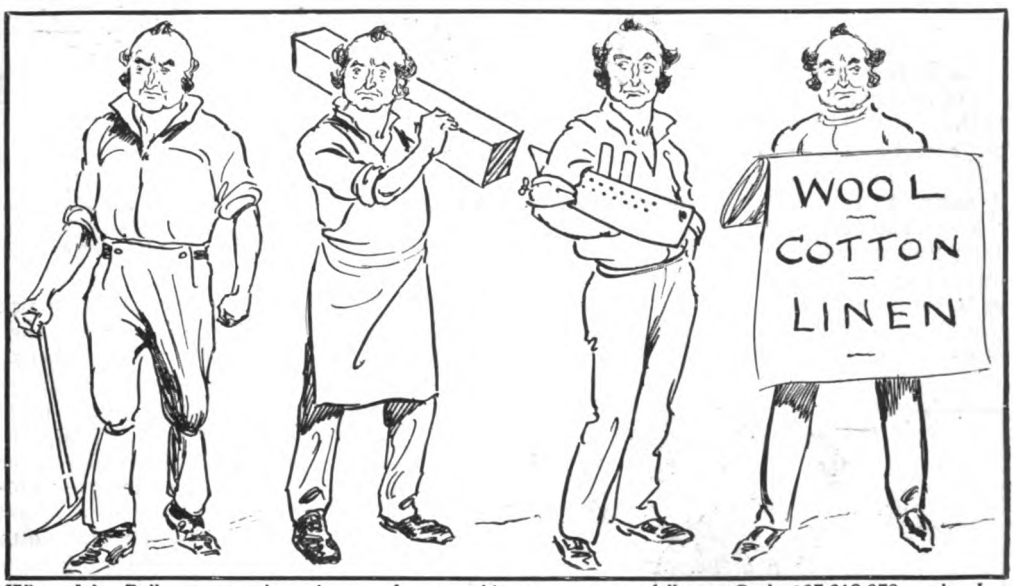
progress, and he has no rival in water-colour painting. In novels and plays the greatest contemporary name is not that of a Briton —M. Maeterlinck; but Mr. Kipling, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Barrie, and Sir Arthur Pinero are more than equal to any five that France, Germany, or America can show. So that, as the productions of his romancers are more widely popular than those of any other country, John Bull leads as a novelist.

In law John Bull is probably the greatest lawyer in the world. In the disentanglement of the intricacies of litigation and the dispensation of equity even the Americans yield him the palm, although the acumen of their jurists

John Bull as a Civil Engineer. The above diagram shows the extent to which John Bull engages in Civil Engineering undertakings throughout the globe in comparison with his rivals.

is very great. But there is no lawyer on their Supreme Court Bench the equal of Lord Alverstone. As a journalist, if he is more restrained in his methods, John Bull can still boast the greatest newspaper in the universe—the *Times;* and in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" he publishes the greatest book in the world.

We now come to commerce and industry, where Great Britain has been fighting a strenuous battle against heavy odds. One no Frenchman, German, or American will show his face. As a civil engineer, in spite of the enormous efforts now being put forward by Uncle Sam, his supremacy is still untouched. He is also esteemed the greatest railway builder in the world—not, of course, in mileage, but in the character of his roads at home and abroad. Moreover, as the Board of Trade Commissioner recently showed, all nations come to him for lessons in railway management. John Bull in the year 1910



Where John Bull surpasses the universe. Last year his exports were as follows: Coal, £37,319,070 worth; Iron and Steel, £38,610,000; Wool, £30,000,000; Cotton, £95,000,000; Linen, £8,000,000.

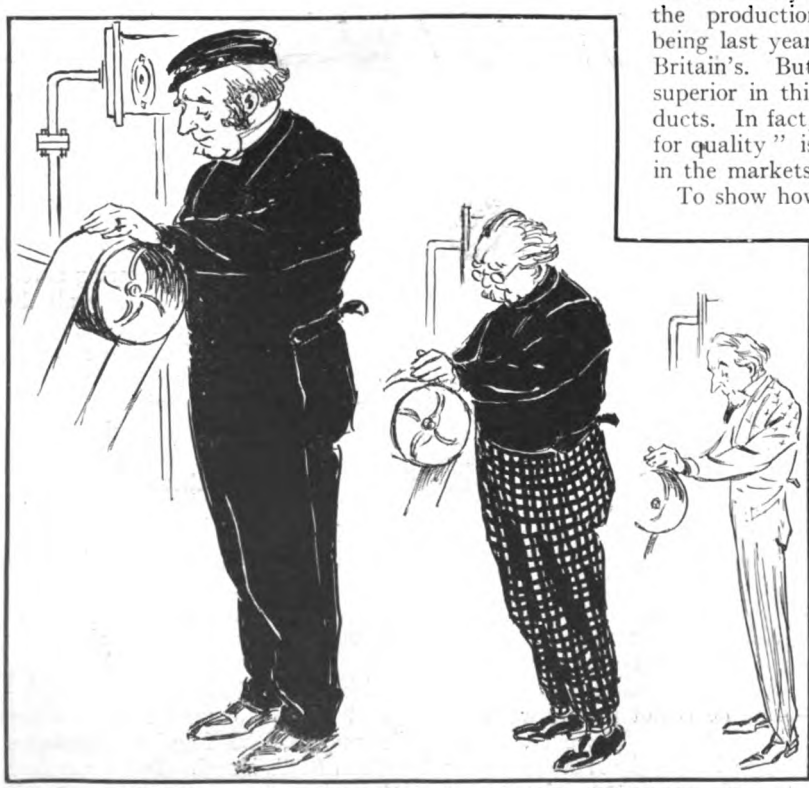
of his assets, with which even his enemies credit him and which he does not manufacture himself, but which is manufactured for him, is character. This gives him in all his enterprises at home and abroad a signal advantage. "He is ready," in the language of the secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce, "to adventure boldly; to take risks which men of other nations would not take; to work honestly, and to rely upon himself." The reward of all this, to begin with, is that John Bull is far and away the greatest capitalist in the world. Not content with financing his home industries, his finger is in every foreign pie. His investments put a girdle round the globe, and all mankind who own mines or railways or mills or plantations pay John Bull tribute. But he is not merely a money-lender; being the greatest traveller, pioneer, and colonizer, he is also the greatest prospector, manager, engineer, and builder on the face of the earth. He will go where took part in more foreign engineering enterprises, including road-building, than all the other nations of the globe put together.

Great Britain is the emporium of the world's fleet, and John Bull is the greatest shipbuilder. He has not only got a navy twice as large as any other, but his mercantile marine vastly exceeds that of all his rivals combined. As a shipbuilder he continues, therefore, supreme. He is also the best and largest builder of railway wagons in the world. As he was the first to build a railway, so he secured a long start in the manufacture of rolling-stock, of which he is the largest exporter in the world.

Many favouring circumstances, of course, combined to give him this advantage, not the least of which was, as in iron and steel shipbuilding and the maintenance of a great mercantile marine, the infinite abundance of coal in John Bull's island. To have lacked it would have been a serious, if not a fatal, handicap. Forty years ago the United King-

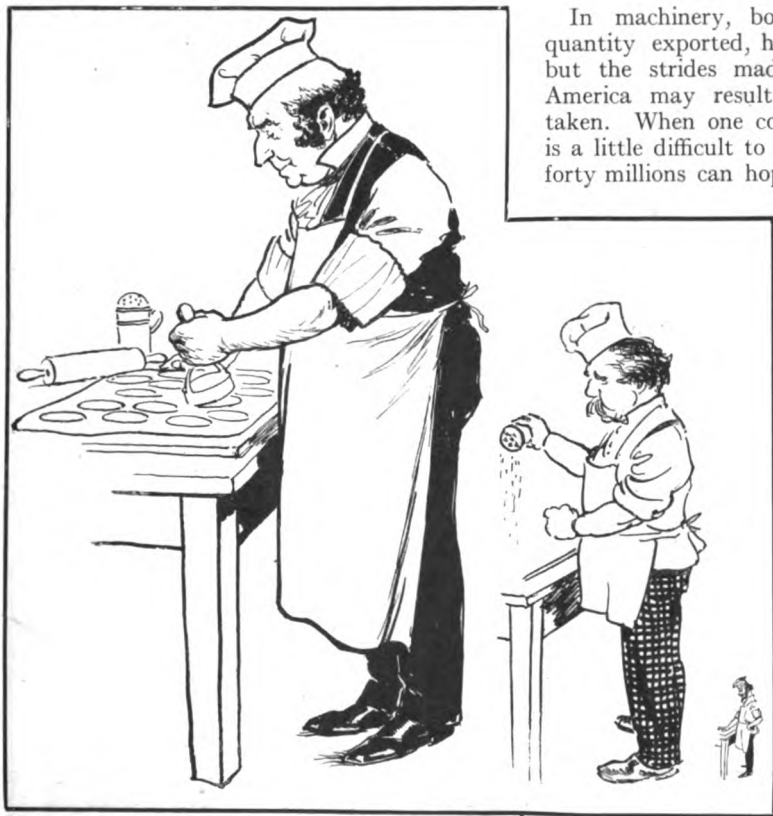
dom produced half of the entire world's coal supply. It now yields half the supply of Europe. John Bull as a coal-miner exports three times as much coal as any other country. Nor, considering the area of the country, can it be expected that the United Kingdom would continue to boast the largest output of iron and steel. In the export of both of these he is still supreme. And when it comes to certain steel manufactures John Bull still takes first place. To begin with, he is, in 1911, as he was in 1811, the world's master cutler, and the products of Sheffield are marked A 1 in the world's markets. In value, bulk, and quality America comes second and the German factories third. He still controls the cycle trade, although here Germany is close at his heels, the production of cycle parts being last year about as large as Britain's. But the quality is far superior in this, as in other products. In fact, "Go to John Bull for quality" is still a safe motto in the markets of the world.

British Cutlery exports aggregate nearly three times as much as American. France, £120,000; Germany, £1,000,000; America, £1,900,000; Great Britain, £5,412,000.



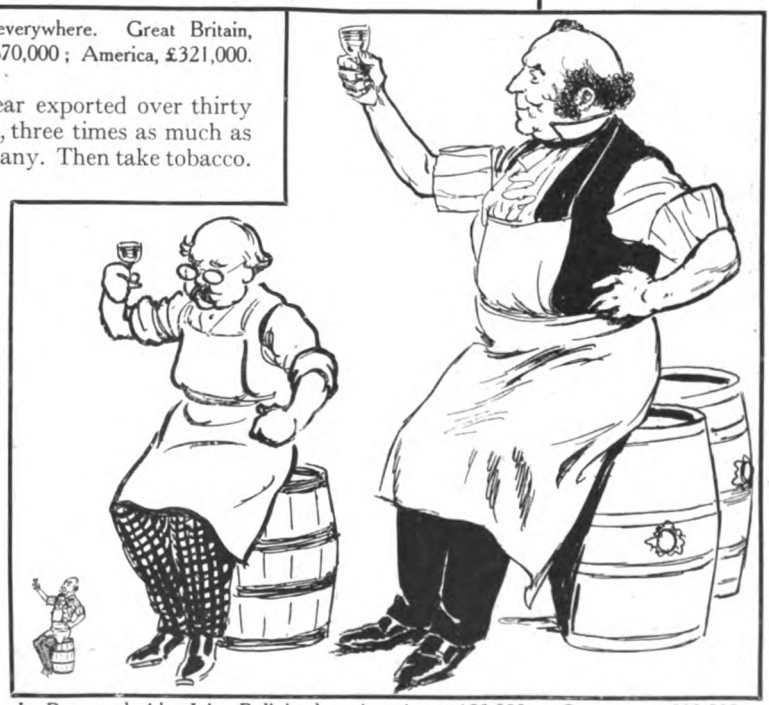
In Exports of Machinery John Bull leads. Great Britain, £28,000,000; Germany, £20,000,000; America, £17,000,000.

To show how easily the British are still the world's greatest cotton-spinners we have only to take the figures of the exports of cotton goods. John Bull, after supplying himself liberally, sends out ninety-five million pounds' worth to market. Germany sells thirteen million pounds' worth, France eleven million, and America seven and a half million. As regards woollen manufactures he is far



John Bull's Biscuits go everywhere. Great Britain, £1,079,000; Germany, £670,000; America, £321,000.

In machinery, both for quality and quantity exported, he is still easily first, but the strides made by Germany and America may result in his being overtaken. When one considers population, it is a little difficult to see how a country of forty millions can hope to surpass in production one of eighty millions. Yet the statistics of the world's trade show that in the market of the universe he makes more locomotives, railway wagons, and electrical apparatus than his rivals. John Bull, if not the greatest baker on earth, is at least the largest biscuit - baker. Neither France nor Germany, nor Austria or America, sells nearly so many biscuits. Britain's biscuits greater, for he last year exported over thirty million pounds' worth, three times as much as his nearest rival, Germany. Then take tobacco. America grows it, but who has the art of manufacturing it to approach John Bull? He exports one million six hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth annually to Uncle Sam's one million pounds' worth. Or tin: but here, again, this is Bull's speciality. Or herrings, haddocks, and bloaters — nearly four millions' worth of these being eagerly bought by other countries, five times as many as any other rival sells.



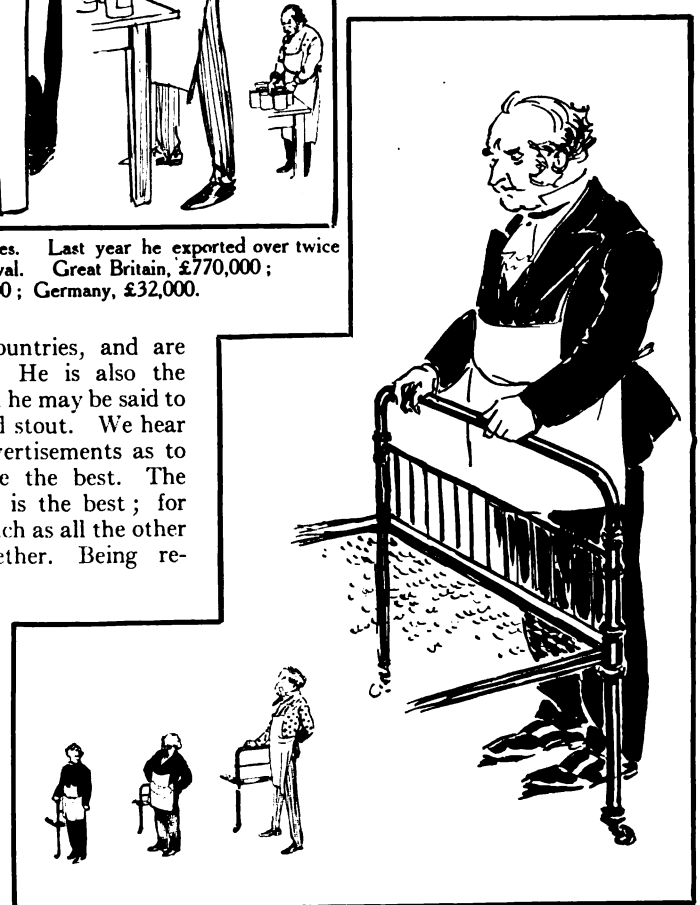
In Beer and Ale John Bull leads. America, £125,000; Germany, £800,000; Great Britain, £1,742,000.

John Bull leads in Jams and Pickles. Last year he exported over twice as much as his nearest rival. Great Britain, £770,000; America, £290,000; Germany, £32,000.

penetrate into all these countries, and are esteemed second to none. He is also the greatest whisky distiller, and he may be said to have a monopoly of ales and stout. We hear claims put forth in the advertisements as to whose jam and pickles are the best. The answer is John Bull's jam is the best; for he exports eight times as much as all the other countries of Europe together. Being reputedly the cleanest race in Europe, it is not surprising to learn that he sells twice as much soap as France and three times as much as Germany or America.

In pharmaceutical preparations Germany is his nearest rival, but he is easily first for quality. So he is as a manufacturer and exporter of leather goods, especially boots and shoes. Although America is at his well-shod heels, John Bull in 1910 sent away twenty-six million pairs of boots over and above what he required for his own feet. In saddles and harness he is unapproached. The fact that John has been accounted somnolent may explain his excellence in bedsteads, of which no other country exports half so many. Hats of British origin retain their pre-eminence over the world. In lace curtains, formerly his monopoly, he now runs neck and neck with France.

When it comes to woollens and the manufacture of fine cloths he is indisputably not



John Bull's Bedsteads. His bedsteads are his speciality and are exported all over the earth. France, £70,000; Germany, £100,000; America, £150,000; Great Britain, £900,000.

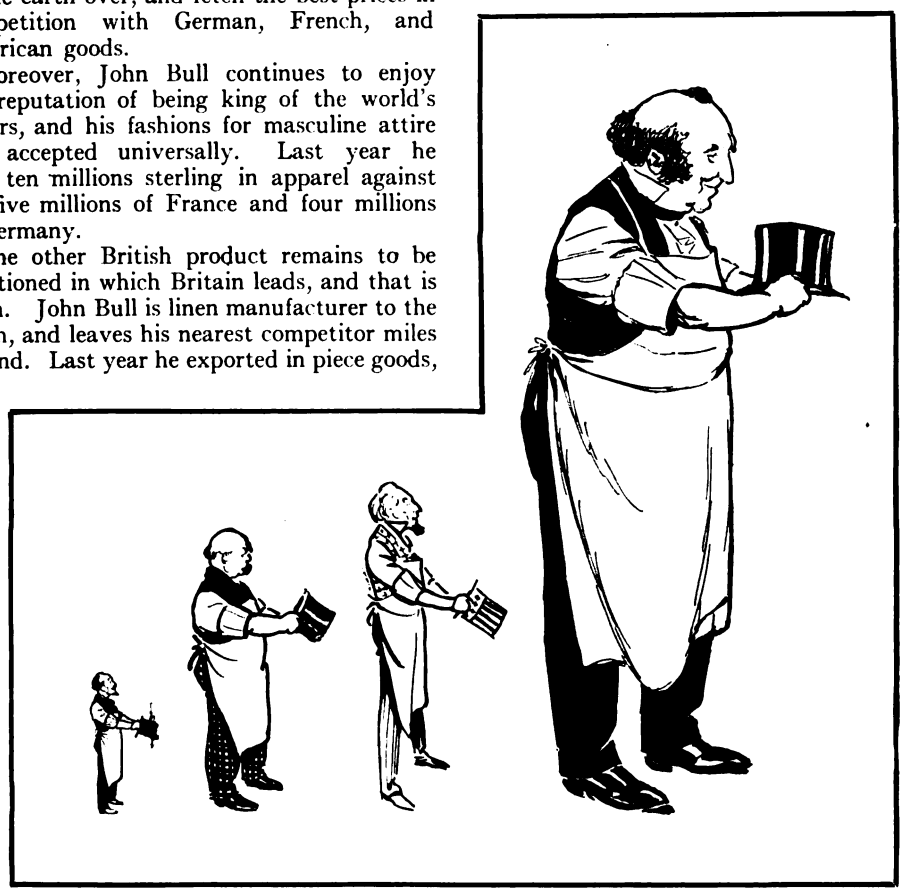
merely the first weaver in Europe, but the first in the world. English Cheviots, Meltons, and kerseymeres are sought by tailors the whole earth over, and fetch the best prices in competition with German, French, and American goods.

Moreover, John Bull continues to enjoy the reputation of being king of the world's tailors, and his fashions for masculine attire are accepted universally. Last year he sold ten millions sterling in apparel against the five millions of France and four millions of Germany.

One other British product remains to be mentioned in which Britain leads, and that is linen. John Bull is linen manufacturer to the earth, and leaves his nearest competitor miles behind. Last year he exported in piece goods, yarns, damasks, and sail-cloths, two hundred million yards, valued at upwards of eight million pounds sterling. France exported a third of this amount. America exported, because she manufactured, none.

Thus we have briefly and impartially presented to the British reader—that is to say, John Bull himself—a statement of his present position intellectually, commercially, and industrially amongst his neighbours. Because he is so unfortunately addicted to the habit of self-depreciation he does not often stop to look on the golden side of his shield. Britain's foreign trade is about four hundred millions per annum in value, against Germany's two hundred and fifty millions, France's two hundred millions, and America's three hundred and fifty millions; and, so long as there are a score of things in which he far surpasses the German, the Frenchman, and the American, not to mention moral qualities for which the whole world gives him credit, he need not in this present year of grace be unduly despondent, or fear that—

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.



John Bull, Universal Hatter. France, £100,000; Germany, £150,000; America, £500,000; Great Britain, £1,600,000.

A SERIES OF "IMPROMPTU-PICTURES" DRAWN

"SEKIGWA":

Japanese "Impromptu-Pictures."

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

THE "lightning artist" in his music-hall "turn" has been known for some time among us. But with us the practice is recent, and even now only occasional, whereas in Japan the painting of improvised pictures has been a form of social amusement pursued for many hundreds of years, and at any convivial gathering where a painter may be present he is as frequently called on to paint *sekigwa*, as such sketches are called, as in our own country a talented vocalist or instrumentalist is asked to "oblige" in like circumstances.

Rapidity of execution is sought in these pictures, and many Japanese painters have attained an altogether extraordinary degree of speed combined with scientific certainty of effect. Half-a-dozen pictures in colour, each of two square feet or more in area, in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour is a very ordinary — even mediocre — performance. There are many Japanese painters, capable technically, but of no particular originality, who perform surprising feats of rapid and pleasing execution; though as a fact it will usually be found that a painter of this class has a certain set repertoire of compositions which he repeats again and again, as our own funny man repeats his stories. His performance is a wonderful exhibition of dexterity, but little more. It must not be supposed, however, that all *sekigwa* are produced in this mechanical fashion. Painters of high standing would regard it a point of honour to invent, as well as to execute, each composition on the spur of the moment, and *sekigwa* exist, from the hands of great painters, which rank as valuable and serious works of art, though the spirit and intention are always more or less playful. Very remarkable resource and quickness of invention have been shown by many eminent painters in the production of impromptu pictures.

The sole implement used, of course, is the brush, and as a rule the painter of *sekigwa* will use only one, or at most two, both held in the hand together, but used separately as may be required. A fine hair-line or a broad wash will be produced with equal facility by means of the same brush, and two brushes will rarely be brought into play except in cases where a rapid succession of touches in alternate colours is called for. An able painter will sometimes challenge the onlookers to guess from the early touches what his intended subject is, and in the event of anybody guessing aright will change his plan and adapt the work already done to something altogether different.

Probably the readiest and ablest painter of *sekigwa* of recent times was the famous Kawanabé Kyosai, who died in 1889. He was a man of considerable genius as a serious painter, but he was a cheerful soul, best regarded in his own time and since for his humour and his dashing force and dexterity of execution. His caricatures enlivened the life of Tokio through the 'seventies and 'eighties, and at the time of the revolution and afterward his incurable habit of poking political fun brought him into jail more than once.

Kyosai, notwithstanding his Bohemian habits and ready humour, was proud of spirit, and it was only among intimate friends that he would exhibit his powers of impromptu picture-making, and not always even among them. Dodges had sometimes to be resorted

BY THE CELEBRATED JAPANESE ARTIST KYOSAI ON A ROLL OF PAPER.

to, and *saké*—the Japanese rice-wine—was always necessary. His weakness for *saké* was well known, and he confessed it in a self-imposed nickname with which he often signed his humorous pictures—Shojo Kyosai—best rendered, perhaps, as "the drunken monkey Kyosai." The shojo is, in fact, an imaginary, humanized development of the orang-outang, which is fabled to drink *saké* perpetually from enormous bowls.

Among the pictures by Kyosai in my collection there are several *sekigwa*, and an interesting and typical specimen is reproduced to illustrate this article. It is a *maki-mono*, or roll, in which one has a succession of pictures, *beginning at the right and working toward the end at the left;* as fast as it is unrolled toward the left during inspection it is rolled up from the right, and the same plan was pursued in the execution of the work.

The *sekigwa* was produced on a most hilarious evening, when the *saké* had circulated with even more freedom than usual. It was judged that the time had arrived when Kyosai might be persuaded to sketch; but Kyosai was proof against all blandishments. He would not draw. Persuasion was useless, so ostensible preparations were made for an amateur to perform; ink, brush, and colours were set out, and it was casually mentioned that Kyosai could not be expected to paint, not being sufficiently sober. That was effectual. Kyosai drew the materials toward him and accepted the implied challenge. A long strip of paper had been artfully made ready, ten feet and a half in length, ten inches and a half wide. The end was unrolled on the floor-mats—all Japanese pictures are painted on the floor—and Kyosai flung himself on it and began to sketch at a furious rate. The roll as he finally completed it has been reproduced at the head of the first two pages of this article; each individual sketch is shown in the other illustrations.

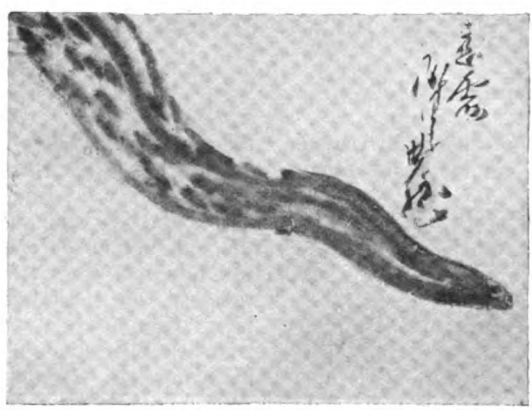


FIG. 1. — THE TAIL OF A SNAKE. THE ARTIST'S SIGNATURE IS SEEN TO THE RIGHT.

To begin, with brush gripped near the top and held vertically, in the Japanese fashion, he flung on the paper what at first seemed likely to turn into a rolling hillside, but which in the next few seconds was seen to be the tail of a snake. (Fig. 1.) The reptile's body vanished, as needs it must, on reaching the edge of the paper at the top, and Kyosai, ignoring it, called aloud for somebody to suggest a subject to test his sobriety, as though he was only now beginning. At once came a call for the Tama, the sacred jewel. This symbol consists of a legendary pearl with a luminous exhalation, part of the prehistoric regalia of Japan. It symbolizes good fortune, and it is drawn in a purely conventional manner—a manner which nevertheless affords a great test of a steady and firm hand. A circle is drawn with a full brush of ink, and the line is continued in a spiral of graduated breadth, ending in a black spot. The drawing of this figure, in fact, was one of the first exercises of the art pupils of the old days, and steady and persevering drill in its formation took an important part in the training of the young artist's hand.

Instantly at the word Kyosai bent, and with a steady, unhesitating swing carried his brush through the series of modulated circles with triumphant result. Then, thinning the ink in his brush, he rapidly painted a tassel of strips of *noshi*, on which the Tama was seen to rest (Fig. 2).

It is one of the most interesting features

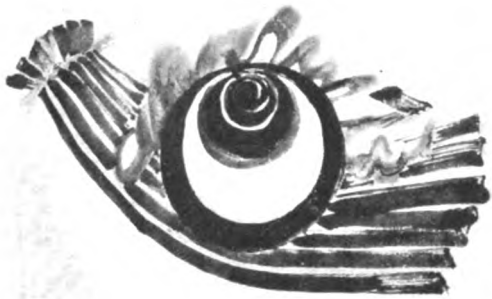


FIG. 2.—THE TAMA JEWEL, THE SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK.

of Japanese art that almost every object in a design carries its symbolic meaning, thoroughly understood, and quite beyond the obvious meaning as part of the design. Now this tassel of *noshi* consists of strips of a large dried shell-fish, having rather the appearance of seaweed. *Noshi* symbolizes, however, all good fortune and good wishes; every present has a small piece of *noshi* attached to convey this meaning. So that when Kyosai placed the Tama jewel, itself an emblem of good fortune, on the strips of *noshi*, he silently expressed his wishes for good luck to the company. A touch of colour to the string tying the tassel, and the artist, with no more prompting, passed to his next sketch.

This comically fat-faced, small-eyed woman (Fig. 3), with her hair done in Court style, is no other than Uzumé, goddess or genius of happiness and mirth.

FIG. 3.—UZUMÉ, THE GODDESS OF HAPPINESS.

Her story goes back to the age of the gods in Japanese mythology, to the time when the whole world was plunged in darkness and gloom because Amaterasu, goddess of the sun, had hidden herself in a cave and there was no more light. Then came Uzumé and danced so gay and strangely joyous a dance before the cave that all the gods laughed in chorus, and Amaterasu came forth again to brighten the world for ever after. In a score or two of brush-strokes and a few touches of colour Kyosai completed the quaint head, and carried his symbolic message a step farther. Already, pictorially, he had wished his friends good fortune; but now they are reminded that good fortune does not necessarily bring happiness; so a second wish is added to the first—happiness in addition to good fortune.

But even good fortune and happiness together may be but short-lived; and with this truth in mind Kyosai plunged straightway into his next sketch, the emblem of long life. This is the Minogamé, the ancient tortoise, with a dragon's head and a flowing hairy tail—the tail that grows only after the tortoise is five hundred years old. It is suggested, by the way, that the fable of the hairy tail may have arisen from observation of growths of water-weed trailing behind certain tortoises in swimming. Here, at any rate, Kyosai sketched the hairy-tailed Minogamé of the legend, with the sacred jewel—usually three are depicted—borne on its back (Fig. 4), and in the three sketches had wished the company good fortune and happiness and long life to enjoy them.

FIG. 4.—MINOGAMÉ, THE DRAGON-HEADED TORTOISE, BEARING THE SACRED JEWEL.

A few sweeps of the artist's brush along by the top edge of the paper at first puzzled the company and then drew a burst of laughter;

FIG. 5. — PART OF THE SNAKE REAPPEARS ON THE RIGHT; TO THE LEFT A GROUP SUGGESTING THE YEAR OF THE HARE.

for it was seen to be a small glimpse of the snake's body (Fig. 5), the tail of which had been the first thing the painter had thrown on the paper. The paper was rolled, the tail was out of sight, and everybody had forgotten it but Kyosai, who now flung down this sly hint that he was at least as sober as his challengers. It was but a matter of three or four seconds, and again the snake was out of the picture.

Just beyond the glimpse of snake the artist began a fanciful group, suggested by the denomination of the current year—the year of the Hare (Fig. 5). There are at least three systems of chronology in use in Japan, though nowadays for practical purposes one is found sufficient. In one of these systems the years are named in successions of twelve, after the animals of the Japanese Zodiac—the Rat, the Ox, the Tiger, the Hare, the Dragon, the Snake, the Horse, the Goat, the Ape, the Cock, the Dog, and the Boar. This year, for instance, is the year of the Boar, 1910 was the year of the Dog, and 1912 will be the year of the Rat. It is customary to introduce the creature of the year into all sorts of ornamental designs, on greeting cards, almanacs, periodicals, and so forth, and here Kyosai made a fanciful allusion to the year just beginning by sketching a group consisting of Kintoki, the wild boy, acting as umpire to a wrestling bout of two white hares.

Legend, myth, and story cluster about every motive used in Japanese art, and a volume might be written on the subjects used in this hurriedly-sketched strip of paper, and still something would be left to say. Kintoki, a child lost in the woods, was found by a Yamauba—a wild woman of the mountains—and by her brought up in wild places, where he grew fabulously strong, inured to all hardships, and the master and leader of all wild creatures. When he attained manhood he became squire to the famous hero Raiko. He is shown in pictures and carvings wrestling with bears, catching wild boars with his hands, and often in familiar converse with a hare, a monkey, and a deer, his constant companions. As for the hare, he is the hero of a thousand tales in Japanese folk-lore. He has the secret of the elixir of life, lives to a thousand years of age, and at five hundred becomes white. Here Kintoki has set two of these elderly quadrupeds to wrestle, while he, fan in hand, encourages them and judges the contest, exactly as did the umpire in the wrestling hall at the Japan Exhibition last year.

Properly to appreciate the interest felt in this amusement of quick sketching, it must be remembered that all these legends and fancies, and a thousand more, are fully in the minds of the spectators, who are quick to detect the subtlest allusion or interplay of ideas. Here the power and influence of Kintoki over the animals about him are expressed anew by this fancy of his setting the ancient, wise, and wizard-like hares to wrestle for his boyish amusement.

The paper seemed near its end, and Kyosai hastened to complete his performance. With powerful drives of his brush he brought in

FIG. 6.—THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE.

from the outer void the head of the great snake, fierce and devouring, as though to swallow Kintoki, the hares, and all the rest of the sketches together (Fig. 6). So the snake was dealt with in three instalments, the convoluted length of the reptile beyond the bounds of the paper being merely suggested and left to the imaginations of the company. And in this, too, their ready minds would perceive an allusion to the giant snake which is fabled to have attacked the strong man Tsuneyori. For this snake also appeared in three parts to the hero. First, as he rested beside a river, he saw its tail emerging from the water; next he was suddenly seized by a turn of the enormous body round his legs; and at last, when he had successfully resisted with all his strength the snake's efforts to drag him into the river, so that the creature was torn in twain, the head was found on the opposite bank, with the fore part of the body coiled twice round a tree. So that this snake of Kyosai's, after fulfilling its function of giving unity to his scattered sketches and repelling the chaff of his friends, was seen to have its own independent meaning also.

But the painter had been a little "previous" after all, for what he had supposed to be a mere inch or two more of paper unrolled into more than two feet, and amid more banter Kyosai proceeded to fill the space with a fully-composed picture of many figures, one which well illustrates his forcible drawing and power of suggesting life and motion by a few touches. For here we have Hotei, the fat and jolly genius of contentment, playing at "Fox and Geese" with a string of Chinese children (Fig. 7). The game is precisely the same as that played by children in England, with the exception of its title—*Kotaro kotaro*—and the fact that the "fox" is called the "demon" and the leader of the line is called the "father."

The merry, fat old Hotei, almost invariably depicted with an immense bag, commonly playing with children, and always smiling, is the most popular of what are usually called the seven gods of good fortune. With his broad laugh, his rolling corpulence, his ragged old robe, and the mysterious bag which conceals the Precious Things—such as the Tama and the Inexhaustible Purse—Hotei is a perpetual symbol of the joys of contentment, and certainly the commonest subject of humorous art in Japan. In this picture perhaps the most striking quality is the variety of character and action shown among the ten children—a quality especially notable in so rapid a sketch, made with no thought or preparation.

A seal at each end—the Japanese seal is simply a hand-stamp served with red ink—and a certainly most intemperate-looking signature—completed the diversion. The signature reads, "O-jiu, Shojo Kyosai" ("By request, the tipsy monkey Kyosai)," and one may imagine the sly chuckle with which the merry painter gave this last touch to his vindication of himself. But it was the host who scored, for the sketches remained his.

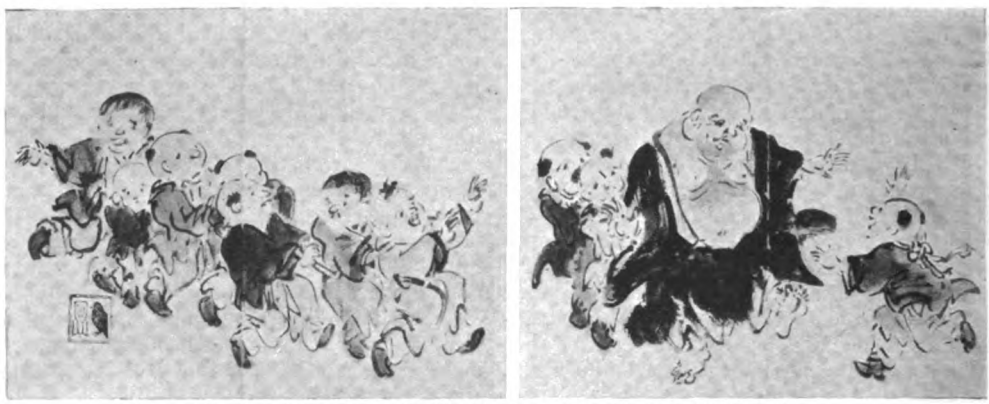


FIG. 7.—HOTEI PLAYING "FOX AND GEESE" WITH CHILDREN.

It is not at all unusual for two artists, or even more, to collaborate on a *sekigwa*. Two examples are illustrated. In the first (Fig. 8) we have a picture of a man carrying on his back a performing monkey, while a puppy runs barking at his feet. It seems difficult to believe that this can be the composition of more than one hand, yet as a fact the monkey was painted by the great Mori Sosen, the figure of the man by his son

FIG. 8.—A THREEFOLD "IMPROMPTU-PICTURE." THE MAN, THE MONKEY, AND THE PUPPY ARE BY THREE DIFFERENT ARTISTS.

Yusen, and the puppy in a dash or two of the brush by Tessan, Sosen's nephew. This picture, too—it is a little over four feet high—was made impromptu at a gathering of friends, with no preliminary sketching. Sosen, the most famous purely animal painter of Japan, was born in 1747 and died in 1821. He spent years of his life living in the woods, studying and painting monkeys, the subject in which he chiefly excelled.

The last example—that of the squirrel eating peas (Fig. 9)—was executed in the course of a few minutes by Miss Utagawa, a lady, and Professor Unno, a famous artist in metal, as well as a painter; not in Japan, but in my own house—and not a century ago, but the month before last. Mr. Unno painted the busy little prick-eared squirrel, and Miss Utagawa, descendant of a line of celebrated colour-print artists, lightly dropped—one could scarcely say painted—the peas, leaves, and twigs on the paper from a brush charged with green, brown, grey, and black. Her signature and seal appear above, Mr. Unno's below.

Sometimes this collaboration is carried out as a round game of puzzles, and much fun results. One artist will fling a few strokes on the paper and stop, leaving it for the next to interpret the first touches as best he may and add to them. Then follows the turn of the third artist, and the fourth—if so many be present. So it comes back to the first artist again, wholly unlike what he intended. He must make the best of it, and carry the work a stage farther without obliterating any of the work of his predecessors; the object of each artist being to carry a logical design a step farther, and yet puzzle his successor. So the composition may go through a dozen ingenious transformations before the inevitable completion becomes obvious.

[It has occurred to us that it would be interesting to see this game played by English artists, and we have arranged with several well-known draughtsmen to produce such a "bit-by-bit" picture, each man sending it to the next by post. We shall publish the result—a most amusing one—in our next number.]

FIG. 9.—A DOUBLE "IMPROMPTU," BY PROFESSOR UNNO AND MISS UTAGAWA.

A REMINISCENCE OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES.

The Adventure of the Red Circle.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

PART II.

S we walked rapidly down Howe Street I glanced back at the building which we had left. There, dimly outlined at the top window, I could see the shadow of a head, a woman's head, gazing tensely, rigidly, out into the night, waiting with breathless suspense for the renewal of that interrupted message. At the doorway of the Howe Street flats a man, muffled in a cravat and great-coat, was leaning against the railing. He started as the hall-light fell upon our faces.

"Holmes!" he cried.

"Why, Gregson!" said my companion, as he shook hands with the Scotland Yard detective. "Journeys end with lovers' meetings. What brings you here?"

"The same reasons that bring you, I expect," said Gregson. "How you got on to it I can't imagine."

"Different threads, but leading up to the same tangle. I've been taking the signals."

"Signals?"

"Yes, from that window. They broke off in the middle. We came over to see the reason. But since it is safe in your hands I see no object in continuing the business."

"Wait a bit!" cried Gregson, eagerly. "I'll do you this justice, Mr. Holmes, that I was never in a case yet that I didn't feel stronger for having you on my side. There's only the one exit to these flats, so we have him safe."

"Who is he?"

"Well, well, we score over you for once, Mr. Holmes. You must give us best this time." He struck his stick sharply upon the ground, on which a cabman, his whip in his hand, sauntered over from a four-wheeler which stood on the far side of the street. "May I introduce you to Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" he said to the cabman. "This is Mr. Leverton, of Pinkerton's American Agency."

"The hero of the Long Island Cave mystery?" said Holmes. "Sir, I am pleased to meet you."

The American, a quiet, businesslike young man, with a clean-shaven, hatchet face, flushed up at the words of commendation. "I am on the trail of my life now, Mr. Holmes," said he. "If I can get Gorgiano——"

"What! Gorgiano of the Red Circle?"

"Oh, he has a European fame, has he? Well, we've learned all about him in America. We *know* he is at the bottom of fifty murders, and yet we have nothing positive we can take him on. I tracked him over from New York, and I've been close to him for a week in London, waiting some excuse to get my hand on his collar. Mr. Gregson and I ran him to ground in that big tenement house, and there's only the one door, so he can't slip us. There's three folk come out since he went in, but I'll swear he wasn't one of them."

"Mr. Holmes talks of signals," said Gregson. "I expect, as usual, he knows a good deal that we don't."

In a few clear words Holmes explained the situation as it had appeared to us. The American struck his hands together with vexation.

"He's on to us!" he cried.

"Why do you think so?"

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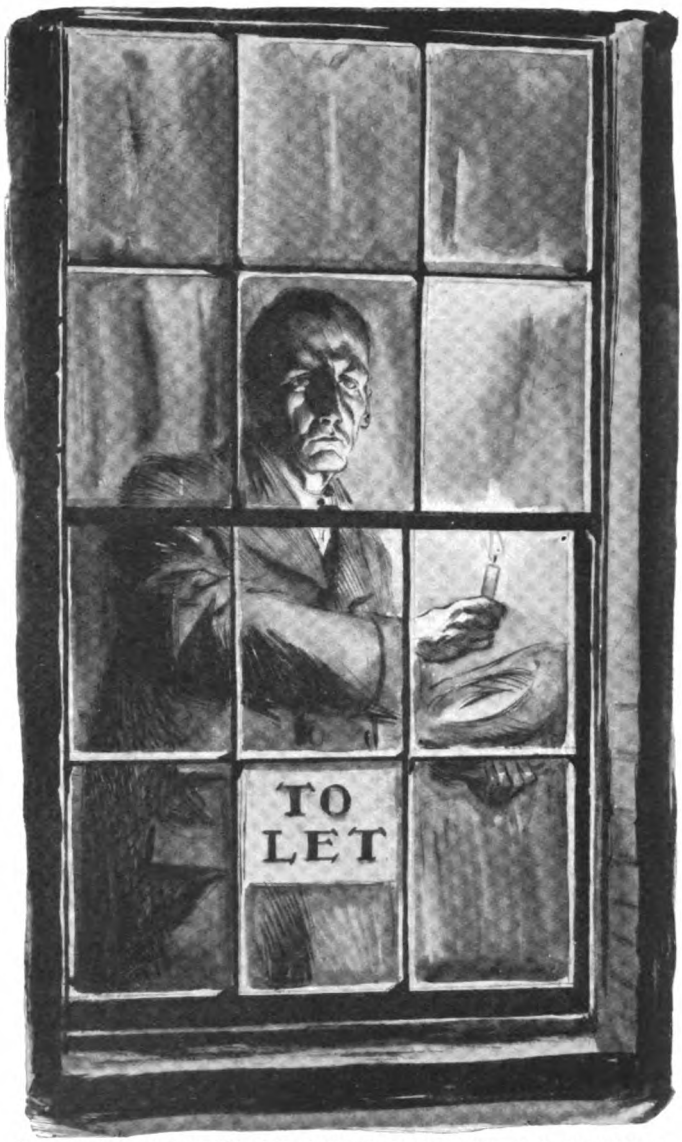
"Well, it figures out that way, does it not? Here he is, sending out messages to an accomplice — there are several of his gang in London. Then suddenly, just as by your own account he was telling them that there was danger, he broke short off. What could it mean except that from the window he had suddenly either caught sight of us in the street, or in some way come to understand how close the danger was, and that he must act right away if he was to avoid it? What do you suggest, Mr. Holmes?"

"That we go up at once and see for ourselves."

"But we have no warrant for his arrest."

"He is in unoccupied premises under suspicious circumstances," said Gregson. "That is good enough for the moment. When we have him by the heels we can see if New York can't help us to keep him. I'll take the responsibility of arresting him now."

Our official detectives may blunder in the matter of intelligence, but never in that of courage. Gregson climbed the stair to arrest this desperate murderer with the same absolutely quiet and businesslike bearing with which he would have ascended the official staircase of Scotland Yard. The Pinkerton man had tried to push past him, but Gregson had firmly elbowed him back. London dangers were the privilege of the London force.



"HOLMES WAS PASSING THE CANDLE BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS ACROSS THE WINDOW-PANES."

The door of the left-hand flat upon the third landing was standing ajar. Gregson pushed it open. Within all was absolute silence and darkness. I struck a match, and lit the detective's lantern. As I did so, and as the flicker steadied into a flame, we all gave a gasp of surprise. On the deal boards of the carpetless floor there was outlined a fresh track of blood. The red steps pointed towards us, and led away from an inner room, the door of which was closed. Gregson flung it open and held his light full blaze in front of him, whilst we all peered eagerly over his shoulders.

In the middle of the floor of the empty room was huddled the figure of an enormous man, his clean-shaven, swarthy face grotesquely horrible in its contortion, and his head encircled by a ghastly crimson halo of blood, lying in a broad wet circle upon the white woodwork. His knees were drawn up, his hands thrown out in agony, and from the centre of his broad, brown, upturned throat there projected the white haft of a knife

driven blade-deep into his body. Giant as he was, the man must have gone down like a pole-axed ox before that terrific blow. Beside his right hand a most formidable horn-handled, two-edged dagger lay upon the floor, and near it a black kid glove.

"By George! it's Black Gorgiano himself!" cried the American detective. "Someone has got ahead of us this time."

"Here is the candle in the window, Mr. Holmes," said Gregson. "Why, whatever are you doing?"

Holmes had stepped across, had lit the candle, and was passing it backwards and forwards across the window-panes. Then he peered into the darkness, blew the candle out, and threw it on the floor,

"I rather think that will be helpful," said he. He came over and stood in deep thought, while the two professionals were examining the body. "You say that three people came out from the flat while you were waiting downstairs," said he, at last. "Did you observe them closely?"

"Yes, I did."

"Was there a fellow about thirty, black-bearded, dark, of middle size?"

"Yes; he was the last to pass me."

"That is your man, I fancy. I can give you his description, and we have a very excellent outline of his footmark. That should be enough for you."

"Not much, Mr. Holmes, among the millions of London."

"Perhaps not. That is why I thought it best to summon this lady to your aid."

We all turned round at the words. There, framed in the doorway, was a tall and beautiful woman—the mysterious lodger of Bloomsbury. Slowly she advanced, her face pale and drawn with a frightful apprehension, her eyes fixed and staring, her terrified gaze riveted upon the dark figure on the floor.

"You have killed him!" she muttered. "Oh, *Dio mio*, you have killed him!" Then I heard a sudden sharp intake of her breath, and she sprang into the air with a cry of joy. Round and round the room she danced, her hands clapping, her dark eyes gleaming with delighted wonder, and a thousand pretty Italian exclamations pouring from her lips. It was terrible and amazing to see such a woman so convulsed with joy at such a sight. Suddenly she stopped and gazed at us all with a questioning stare.

"But you! You are police, are you not? You have killed Giuseppe Gorgiano. Is it not so?"

"We are police, madam."

She looked round into the shadows of the room.

"But where, then, is Gennaro?" she asked. "He is my husband, Gennaro Lucca. I am Emilia Lucca, and we are both from New York. Where is Gennaro? He called me this moment from this window, and I ran with all my speed."

"It was I who called," said Holmes.

"You! How could you call?"

"Your cipher was not difficult, madam. Your presence here was desirable. I knew that I had only to flash '*Vieni*' and you would surely come."

The beautiful Italian looked with awe at my companion.

"I do not understand how you know these things," she said. "Giuseppe Gorgiano—how did he——" She paused, and then suddenly her face lit up with pride and delight. "Now I see it! My Gennaro! My splendid, beautiful Gennaro, who has guarded me safe from all harm, he did it, with his own strong hand he killed the monster! Oh, Gennaro, how wonderful you are! What woman could ever be worthy of such a man?"

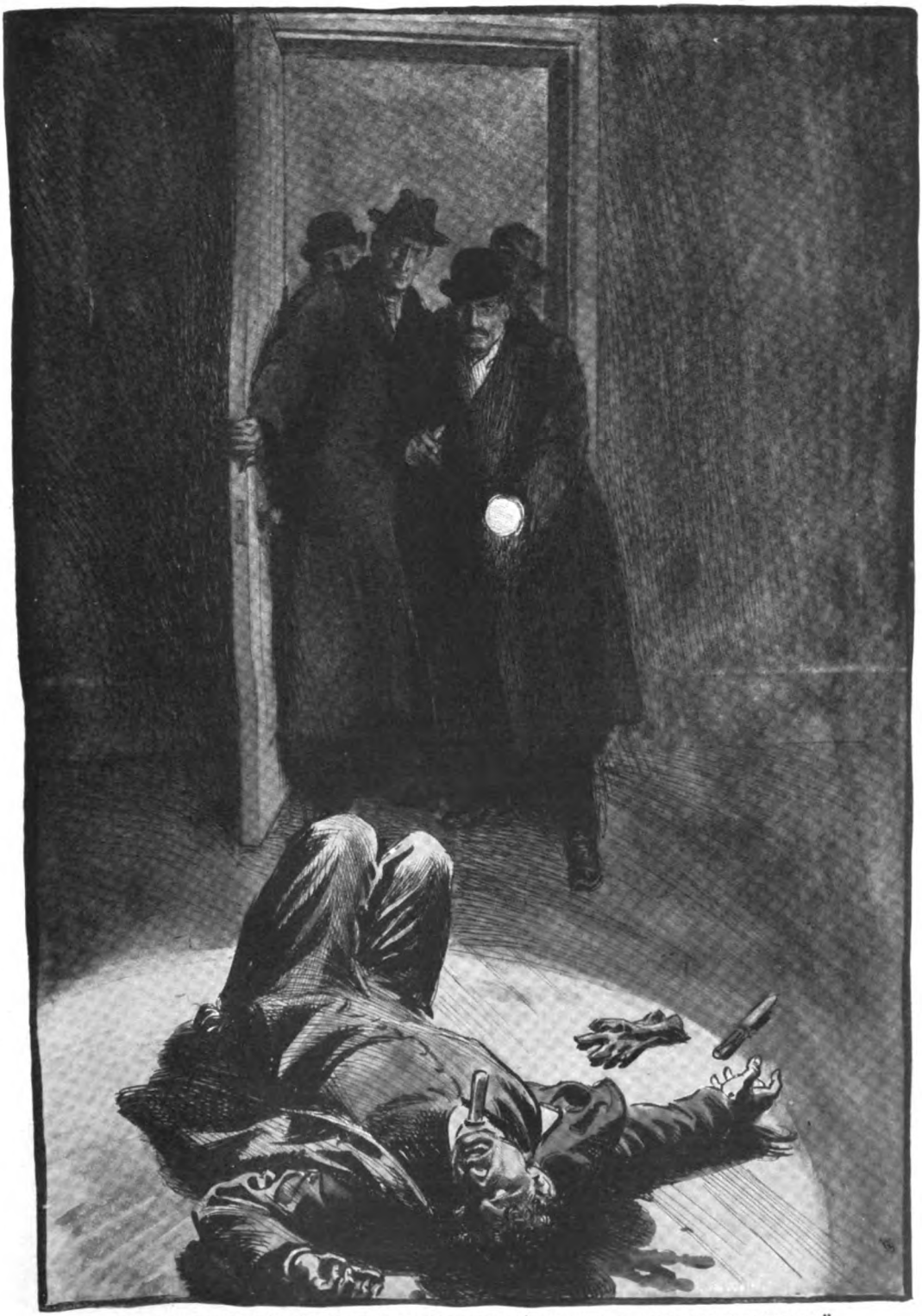
"Well, Mrs. Lucca," said the prosaic Gregson, laying his hand upon the lady's sleeve with as little sentiment as if she were a Notting Hill hooligan, "I am not very clear yet who you are or what you are; but you've said enough to make it very clear that we shall want you at the Yard."

"One moment, Gregson," said Holmes. "I rather fancy that this lady may be as anxious to give us information as we can be to get it. You understand, madam, that your husband will be arrested and tried for the death of the man who lies before us? What you say may be used in evidence. But if you think that he has acted from motives which are not criminal, and which he would wish to have known, then you cannot serve him better than by telling us the whole story."

"Now that Gorgiano is dead we fear nothing," said the lady. "He was a devil and a monster, and there can be no judge in the world who would punish my husband for having killed him."

"In that case," said Holmes, "my suggestion is that we lock this door, leave things as we found them, go with this lady to her room, and form our opinion after we have heard what it is that she has to say to us."

Half an hour later we were seated, all four, in the small sitting-room of Signora Lucca, listening to her remarkable narrative of those sinister events, the ending of which we had



"'BY GEORGE! IT'S BLACK GORGIANO HIMSELF!' CRIED THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE."

chanced to witness. She spoke in rapid and fluent but very unconventional English, which, for the sake of clearness, I will make grammatical.

"I was born in Posilippo, near Naples," said she, "and was the daughter of Augusto Barelli, who was the chief lawyer and once the deputy of that part. Gennaro was in my father's employment, and I came to love him, as any woman must. He had neither money nor position—nothing but his beauty and strength and energy—so my father forbade the match. We fled together, were married at Bari, and sold my jewels to gain the money which would take us to America. This was four years ago, and we have been in New York ever since.

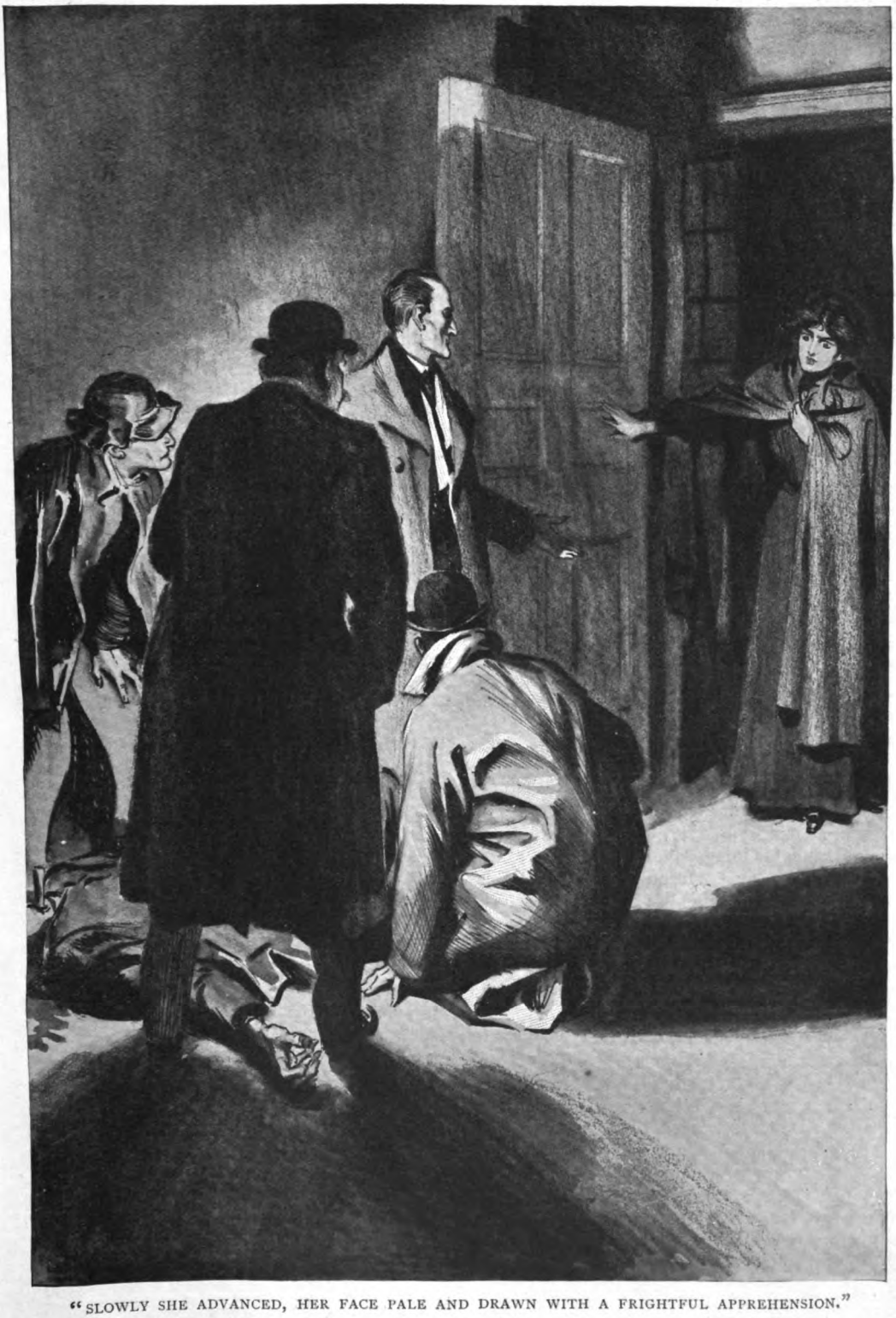
"Fortune was very good to us at first. Gennaro was able to do a service to an Italian gentleman—he saved him from some ruffians in the place called the Bowery, and so made a powerful friend. His name was Tito Castalotte, and he was the senior partner of the great firm of Castalotte and Zamba, who are the chief fruit importers of New York. Signor Zamba is an invalid, and our new friend Castalotte has all power within the firm, which employs more than three hundred men. He took my husband into his employment, made him head of a department, and showed his goodwill towards him in every way. Signor Castalotte was a bachelor, and I believe that he felt as if Gennaro was his son, and both my husband and I loved him as if he were our father. We had taken and furnished a little house in Brooklyn, and our whole future seemed assured, when that black cloud appeared which was soon to overspread our sky.

"One night, when Gennaro returned from his work, he brought a fellow-countryman back with him. His name was Gorgiano, and he had come also from Posilippo. He was a huge man, as you can testify, for you have looked upon his corpse. Not only was his body that of a giant, but everything about him was grotesque, gigantic, and terrifying. His voice was like thunder in our little house. There was scarce room for the whirl of his great arms as he talked. His thoughts, his emotions, his passions, all were exaggerated and monstrous. He talked, or rather roared, with such energy that others could but sit and listen, cowed with the mighty stream of words. His eyes blazed at you and held you at his mercy. He was a terrible and wonderful man. I thank God that he is dead!

"He came again and again. Yet I was aware that Gennaro was no more happy than I was in his presence. My poor husband would sit pale and listless, listening to the endless ravings upon politics and upon social questions which made up our visitor's conversation. Gennaro said nothing, but I who knew him so well could read in his face some emotion which I had never seen there before. At first I thought that it was dislike. And then, gradually, I understood that it was more than dislike. It was fear—a deep, secret, shrinking fear. That night—the night that I read his terror—I put my arms round him and I implored him by his love for me and by all that he held dear to hold nothing from me, and to tell me why this huge man overshadowed him so.

"He told me, and my own heart grew cold as ice as I listened. My poor Gennaro, in his wild and fiery days, when all the world seemed against him and his mind was driven half mad by the injustices of life, had joined a Neapolitan society, the Red Circle, which was allied to the old Carbonari. The oaths and secrets of this brotherhood were frightful; but once within its rule no escape was possible. When we had fled to America Gennaro thought that he had cast it all off for ever. What was his horror one evening to meet in the streets the very man who had initiated him in Naples, the giant Gorgiano, a man who had earned the name of 'Death' in the South of Italy, for he was red to the elbow in murder! He had come to New York to avoid the Italian police, and he had already planted a branch of this dreadful society in his new home. All this Gennaro told me, and showed me a summons which he had received that very day, a Red Circle drawn upon the head of it, telling him that a lodge would be held upon a certain date, and that his presence at it was required and ordered.

"That was bad enough, but worse was to come. I had noticed for some time that when Gorgiano came to us, as he constantly did, in the evening, he spoke much to me; and even when his words were to my husband those terrible, glaring, wild-beast eyes of his were always turned upon me. One night his secret came out. I had awakened what he called 'love' within him—the love of a brute—a savage. Gennaro had not yet returned when he came. He pushed his way in, seized me in his mighty arms, hugged me in his bear's embrace, covered me with kisses, and implored me to come away with him. I was struggling and screaming when Gennaro entered and attacked him. He struck Gennaro senseless and fled from the house which he was never more to enter. It was a deadly enemy that we made that night.



"SLOWLY SHE ADVANCED, HER FACE PALE AND DRAWN WITH A FRIGHTFUL APPREHENSION."

"A few days later came the meeting. Gennaro returned from it with a face which told me that something dreadful had occurred. It was worse than we could have imagined possible. The funds of the society were raised by blackmailing rich Italians and threatening them with violence should they refuse the money. It seems that Castalotte, our dear friend and benefactor, had been approached. He had refused to yield to threats, and he had handed the notices to the police. It was resolved now that such an example should be made of him as would prevent any other victim from rebelling. At the meeting it was arranged that he and his house should be blown up with dynamite. There was a drawing of lots as to who should carry out the deed. Gennaro saw our enemy's cruel face smiling at him as he dipped his hand in the bag. No doubt it had been prearranged in some fashion, for it was the fatal disc with the Red Circle upon it, the mandate for murder, which lay upon his palm. He was to kill his best friend, or he was to expose himself and me to the vengeance of his comrades. It was part of their fiendish system to punish those whom they feared or hated by injuring not only their own persons, but those whom they loved, and it was the knowledge of this which hung as a terror over my poor Gennaro's head and drove him nearly crazy with apprehension.

"All that night we sat together, our arms round each other, each strengthening each for the troubles that lay before us. The very next evening had been fixed for the attempt. By midday my husband and I were on our way to London, but not before he had given our benefactor full warning of his danger, and had also left such information for the police as would safeguard his life for the future.

"The rest, gentlemen, you know for yourselves. We were sure that our enemies would be behind us like our own shadows. Gorgiano had his private reasons for vengeance, but in any case we knew how ruthless, cunning, and untiring he could be. Both Italy and America are full of stories of his dreadful powers. If ever they were exerted it would be now. My darling made use of the few clear days which our start had given us in arranging for a refuge for me in such a fashion that no possible danger could reach me. For his own part, he wished to be free that he might communicate both with the American and with the Italian police. I do not myself know where he lived, or how. All that I learned was through the columns of a newspaper. But once, as I looked through my window, I saw two Italians watching the house, and I understood that in some way Gorgiano had found out our retreat. Finally Gennaro told me, through the paper, that he would signal to me from a certain window, but when the signals came they were nothing but warnings, which were suddenly interrupted. It is very clear to me now that he knew Gorgiano to be close upon him, and that, thank God! he was ready for him when he came. And now, gentlemen, I would ask you whether we have anything to fear from the Law, or whether any judge upon earth would condemn my Gennaro for what he has done?"

"Well, Mr. Gregson," said the American, looking across at the official, "I don't know what your British point of view may be, but I guess that in New York this lady's husband will receive a pretty general vote of thanks."

"She will have to come with me and see the Chief," Gregson answered. "If what she says is corroborated, I do not think she or her husband has much to fear. But what I can't make head or tail of, Mr. Holmes, is how on earth *you* got yourself mixed up in the matter."

"Education, Gregson, education. Still seeking knowledge at the old university. Well, Watson, you have one more specimen of the tragic and grotesque to add to your collection. By the way, it is not eight o'clock, and a Wagner night at Covent Garden! If we hurry, we might be in time for the second act."

ERRORS ON WHEELS

And How to Avoid Them.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS MISTAKES OF THE SEASON

By K. R. BARTLETT,

Master-in-Charge and Chief Instructor at Olympia.

In the following article, specially written for "The Strand Magazine," Mr. K. R. Bartlett, who learnt to roller-skate "almost," as he says, "before he learnt to walk," tells of some of the most common faults perpetrated by enthusiastic wheelists during the past roller-skating season. For two years Mr. Bartlett has occupied the position of "Master-in-Charge" of the floor at Olympia, during which time he has initiated thousands of skaters into the art of rinking. His advice, therefore, on "Errors on Wheels and How to Avoid Them" should prove of particular value to readers of "The Strand Magazine." The accompanying photographs were posed for specially for "The Strand Magazine" by the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare) and Miss Keppel, of Daly's Theatre, both of whom are enthusiastic wheelists.

"IF you would be graceful, learn to roller-skate" is a saying which, within the last few years, would seem to have been accepted almost as an axiom by a very large percentage of the public. And beyond all manner of doubt there is far more truth in it than those who have never indulged in this popular craze would probably believe, for as an exercise, on account of the variety of muscles it calls into play, it cannot fail to induce that lissomness and suppleness of movement both of which qualities are absolutely essential to true grace of carriage.

And yet, curiously enough, experience has proved to me that although, after a season's roller-skating, the average man and woman ought to attain sufficient skill to justify them terming themselves "proficient skaters," the fact remains that, as a rule, the skater of either sex who practises several hours a day during a whole season has at the end of that time acquired an extraordinary number of bad habits "on wheels" which, from the point of view of an expert, appear unpardonable blunders.

During the past season, for example, I have been the innocent means of initiating over a thousand skaters into the art of "wheeling." Many of them have proved exceedingly apt pupils, but a love of the truth compels me to say that still many more of them have, by the end of the season, lapsed into unpardonable faults which, apparently, they find extremely difficult to get out of. This difficulty, I may say, is no surprise to me, for, although reluctant to admit it, I must, nevertheless, acknowledge that roller-skating is a pastime in which, when once bad habits have been acquired, the average skater finds it far from easy to overcome his mistakes.

Fortunately, however, the dear old adage that "it is never too late to mend" can, with every justification of truth, be applied to roller-skating, and therefore I hope that, in pointing out some of the most conspicuous errors of the past season on the part of roller-skaters, I may be the means of enabling them to ponder over and digest them during the "close" season so thoroughly that, when they start again in earnest, they will be entirely cured of "wheeling habits" which, as I have said, are absolutely, entirely, and altogether inexcusable. I should like to say at once that I am thoroughly conscious that many skaters will probably pronounce themselves "not guilty" of some of the errors I propose to point out. I am quite certain, however, that if they will only be sufficiently open-minded to allow themselves a fair trial they will assuredly—and reluctantly—have to acknowledge that they have been guilty, and still are guilty, of perpetrating many of the offences mentioned in this article.

At the same time, by studying these hints carefully, roller-skaters should not find it a difficult matter to avoid again "coming a cropper" over these pitfalls, for there are certain golden rules to be observed on wheels which always have been, and always will be, as unchangeable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians in the days of old. In order, therefore, that readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may be enabled to steer clear of these bad habits in future, I will explain as briefly as possible various points which appear to me to have been the most conspicuous faults during the past season.

1.—The correct position when starting.

First and foremost I should like to point out that in roller-skating, while the body should be held erect, it must, nevertheless, be kept yielding and square to the front, for nothing looks quite so awkward on a roller rink as the "stiff and too straight" attitude, which, however, I have noticed is still adopted by many skaters, even at the end of the season. Let them, therefore, ponder over this fault and avoid it in future.

The body should incline slightly forward and should always be easy and pliable, while, as far as possible, the skater should try and remember to keep the centre of gravity immediately over the working or gliding foot. Beyond the mere wish to attain grace on roller-skates there is another important reason in favour of the body being held slightly forward, in that, if kept in that position, the probability of falls is distinctly lessened, while backward falls, which are the worst forms of tumble, are rendered almost impossible (Fig. 1).

2.—If the body is inclined forward as it should be, in the event of a fall the tumble is not nearly so unpleasant as when the skater makes the fatal mistake of inclining the body backward.

Again, if the body is inclined forward as it should be, in the event of a fall the tumble is not nearly so unpleasant as when the skater makes the fatal mistake of inclining the body backward, for the simple reason that a tumble forward almost invariably lands the skater on the hands (Fig. 2).

Like the body, the head, too, should be held slightly forward. No doubt at first sight this advice may sound rather in the light of a truism to many skaters, but, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort, for I have noticed that many fairly experienced wheelists, after a season's skating, still incline the body forward, and then, as if half afraid they have overdone it, they have now and again raised their chins in an endeavour to "pull the head back," a movement which has almost inevitably resulted in a fall, as at all times the feet take their cue from the head, and a distorted position of this sort is, in consequence, quite "irregular" enough to cause the overbalance of the misguided "wheelist."

It is, however, with the arms that many roller-skaters make the most conspicuous errors. Sometimes I have remarked even quite an experienced skater has seemed uncertain as to what to do with his or her arms, and I shudder to think of the thousands of presumably self-satisfied wheelists I have noticed during the past season waving their arms about in a manner reminiscent of anything between a windmill and a signpost. The arms should be allowed to swing naturally at the side, and never, except in racing or very fast skating — which on public rinks is certainly not to be recommended — should they be used as propelling agents.

"Should I look up or down?" is a problem which, I have noticed during the past season,

3.—It is a great mistake on the part of lady skaters to wear stoles when skating. A stole is very liable to become entangled with the wheels of a skate and thereby cause a fall.

would seem to have perplexed many skaters quite a lot. Happily, it is a query to which it is an easy matter to give a solution at once. The eyes should be directed on some object immediately in front of the skater and at about their own level, while in no case should they ever be allowed to look down at the feet, for, on a roller rink, it is of the first importance that the skater should at all times know what is going on immediately in front, otherwise unpleasant and dangerous tumbles may result. I am, however, quite prepared to hear many readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE say, *à propos* of this hint, "I knew all about that before." I can only reply that many skaters who should have known it have gone out of their way to disregard this golden rule.

One of the worst habits among even experienced lady skaters is the carrying of muffs and stoles. These should always be left in the cloak-room, for both these "ornamentations" are dangerous to the skater individually and to the public at large. Why, during the past season I have seen countless heaps of skaters reclining ungracefully on the floor through a lady either dropping her muff and tripping up over it herself, or making other people do so. A stole, too, has a tendency to drag on the ground and get mixed up with the wheels of a skate (Fig. 3), thus causing a tumble which might easily have been avoided.

I take it that almost every skater of even moderate experience deems himself or herself a proficient "turner-of-corners" on wheels. I feel bound to confess, however, that observation of thousands of skaters during the past season has proved to me that in many cases this confidence is unjustified by results. In turning a corner the feet should be completely crossed over, the cross commencing at the knee (Fig. 4), and yet the fact remains that many confident skaters will persist in not lifting their feet off the floor and crossing them properly, with the result that they do so in the extremely awkward manner shown in the following illustration (Fig. 5).

4.—Correct position when turning a corner—Note how the lower limbs should cross at the knees.

5.—When turning a corner, one of the most conspicuous mistakes on the part of skaters is not to lift their feet off the floor and cross them properly, with the result that the attitude they have assumed is as above.

In view of the fact that to bring oneself to "a dead stop" on roller-skates is quite an easy matter, it has often struck me as exceedingly strange that so many skaters should find it necessary to have recourse to a sudden bump up against a wall with hands extended forward, or should risk possible bruises by indulging in a violent cannon against the rink barrier, or maybe should wear the toes of their boots out by using one toe as a brake, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 6). Let me, therefore, explain in a few words how a skater should stop in forward movements. The correct position of the feet in stopping when skating forward is simplicity itself (Figs. 7 and 8), it being only necessary to make the weight of the body rest on one foot, at the same time placing the other foot behind in a right-angle

6.—Stopping in forward skating—The incorrect way to hold the feet.

7 and 8.—The correct position to bring about a stop when skating forward.

position, and allowing the wheels to drag until the skater has come to a full-stop. A glance at the position of the feet in the illustrations (Figs. 7 and 8) will surely be sufficient to show exactly how the stop can be brought about.

In skating backwards, too, even quite experienced skaters use most unorthodox means of stopping. For example, some of the most popular ways on the part of skaters that I remember being brought into play during the past season were to either put one toe on the ground and try to bring the other foot behind the heel at right-angles, or else to bring both feet in a straight line, both of which are decidedly hazardous undertakings. To stop when skating backwards —and to stop almost at once— it is merely necessary to put both toes on the ground, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 9). And yet, simple though this "full-stop" is, I can assure you few skaters seem to rely on it. I wonder why? It is absolutely safe and entirely efficacious.

9.—The correct position to stop when skating backwards.

To learn to waltz on roller-skates is the wish of almost every enthusiast who has once mastered the "A B C" of "wheeling," as Americans call the art of roller-skating. Still, a conspicuous fault of the first-season roller-skater is to overlook the fact that before skaters should try to waltz they must master the hand-in-hand forward movement, and then learn to become proficient in the "hand-in-hand, face-to-face" movement. In this the man should stand face to face with his partner, holding her left hand with his right. The next movements are the ordinary forward and back roll, in which the lady executes the forward cross roll, commencing with her left foot, and the man, of course, the corresponding backward cross roll, while, to reverse the order of going, the lady merely has to substitute a turn for a stroke of outside forward.

When once the "hand-in-hand, face-to-face" movement is mastered, waltzing is by no means difficult, for the waltz movement and the "hand-in-hand, face-to-face" movements are practically the same, the only difference being that in the former the skaters waltz, and follow on with the "hand-in-hand, face-to-face" figure. In turning, I would lay stress on the fact that the man should

10.—Correct position for waltzing. Note the firm grip the partners have.

hold firmly to his partner, as shown in the illustration on this page (Fig. 10). Many skaters, however, overlook the importance of a firm grip, with the result that, ignoring the fact that "union is strength," a tumble is liable to ensue.

I wonder how many times I have been asked by skaters during the past season to teach them the Drop Three Waltz? Certainly thousands, and probably tens of thousands. Now, the Drop Three Waltz is quite easy if learnt in the proper way (Fig. 11). Unfortunately, however, in practising it it is equally easy to lapse into bad faults which, worse still, are exceedingly difficult to get out of. By raising the body slightly up on the toe and turning on same a very graceful backward glide is the result (Fig. 12), the skater finishing up on the right foot after having just made the turn.

11.—First position in the start of the Drop Three Waltz.

As luck would have it, however, through nervousness or other reasons, one of the "faults of the season" in this waltz on the part of skaters has been to raise the foot in a very timid manner, at the same time bending the knee, with the result that the turn is made in the awkward manner shown in Fig. 13, a manner, by the way, which very frequently results in a fall (Fig. 14).

12.—The Drop Three Waltz. By raising the body slightly up on the toe, and turning on the same, this very graceful glide is the result.

I could fill a bulky volume with faults perpetrated by roller-skaters in the performance of fancy tricks on skates. I feel sure, however, that, were I to attempt this task, I should merely act as a "disheartening agent" to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Such is far from my wish. I will content myself, therefore, with pointing out one of the most glaring errors made by skaters in the performance of the "Dutch" or "cross roll," which is one of the most attractive fancy tricks on skates, owing its popularity largely to the fact that it is very easy of accomplishment, after merely a little practice.

13.—First position in the Drop Three Waltz—the incorrect way. A very timid skater makes the mistake of failing to raise the foot sufficiently and bend the knee.

Despite its simplicity, however, I have remarked that many skaters will persist in endeavouring to perform the Dutch roll without bending the knee sufficiently. This is a mistake of the worst possible kind. To perform the Dutch roll (Fig. 15), which is so called because of the likeness it bears to the rolling of a hoop or loose wheel, impetus must first be worked up by inside forward strokes, and the turn on both feet to backwards, with a few back strokes. Once having got up sufficient speed the skater must continue with both feet, running in the parallel curves of a very large circle, and must practise the art of lessening the weight of the body on the foot that is on the outer or larger curve until it can be lifted from the floor. While learning this trick, I would mention that impetus must be sustained by repeated strokes of the same foot, or, if necessary, a fresh start must be made.

14.—Second position in the Drop Three Waltz after the turn. The incorrect way, bringing about this result, which is always liable to cause a fall. Note the left toe touching the floor. An unpardonable fault this, yet a very common one.

The edge having been acquired, the alternate large curves should be struck in the sideways attitude next to form the circles which make the fourth "8," while the final practice should be the swift run forward, the turn on both feet to backwards, and the last spiral movement to a state of rest without touching the floor with the non-working foot. When the skater can perform this final movement, he or she can indulge in a little self-congratulation on having considerable skill in outside backward movement.

I often wonder why skaters do not endeavour to protect themselves against the unpleasant results consequent on a fall. After all, during the course of a season, no matter how proficient your wheelist may be, he or she is bound to incur a certain number of falls, some of which are almost sure to be painful—especially from the point of view of the knees. This being so, why do not skaters—especially lady skaters—take the simple precaution of wearing small felt pads on the knees? These can be made at home, and are extremely inexpensive.

And now, I think, I have pretty well covered the subject of the most common faults perpetrated during the past roller-skating season. In conclusion, may I express an earnest wish that these observations of mine, the result of years of experience, will prove of real assistance to enthusiastic wheelists? As I have said, there is no pastime in which it is quite so easy a matter to acquire bad habits as in roller-skating. By the same token roller-skaters should find these said bad habits far from difficult to overcome if they will only bear in mind the advice I have given in this article.

15.—The Dutch or Cross Roll. To perform this trick impetus must first be worked up by inside forward strokes, and the turn on both feet to backwards, with a few back strokes. Note the position of the knees.

THE ESCAPE.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

DO you know what it is to work, year in, year out, with a man in whose veins is water, whose flesh and blood seem builded of tape and wax, who turns glad striving into a Gehenna of despair?

This thing Civil Servants in their thousands know. For the initial examination that a man passes settles, niches, makes assured or hopeless his career. And for him to whom, in youth, the gods have denied the gift of getting useless facts by heart—for him who develops his intelligence late—who learns life by experience instead of by books—there is no promotion from the ranks, no entrance into the high-paid Brahmin class. He stays a pariah always: the doer of the work—three parts of it useless—that the high-paid Brahmin makes.

Which explains why the public grumbles unceasingly and why red tape is become a byword in the land.

But sometimes a man, by fierce endeavour and Fortune's aid, finds a way out, escapes, becomes the architect of his own fortunes, and leaves a Service wherein initiative is anathema and business capacity a millstone about its owner's neck. Hear, then, the story of Greatrex—Greatrex of the War Office's Statistical Branch.

For years he had striven to win the respect of a man who disliked and bullied him, had served his chief strenuously, had done well and willingly tasks that he knew should never have been undertaken at all. But in vain. Because, always, Bateson, the bully, derided achievement and turned the knife of derision in lost endeavour's wound. And at last Greatrex came to see that his one possible outlet—the Colonial billet which had been his dream—was utterly beyond hope. It was then that, a man of ideas and energy, Greatrex found a means of escape from the morass; though he gave to the chief who scorned him duty and service still. Pride and his sense of honour would not let him neglect his work. He was a fool. Because, with officials of the Bateson type, the less a man does the easier time he gets; the less he comes into personal contact with the Brahmins, the smaller room for pin-pricks exists. Any pariah will tell you that this is one of the Civil Service's most fundamental truths.

Greatrex stood now in the bully's room—stood, hot and fagged, after a journey to Colchester and back, taken upon a foolish and most trivial quest. For the Brahmin, in his insane lust for statistics, hardly trusted to the post. He would send Greatrex to the regimental districts to dig useless figures from furious adjutants' books. And when, worn out with a day's long travelling, Greatrex came back, Bateson would keep him standing long after the regulation hours. Never did the Brahmin ask his subordinates to sit down. He was a born bully, and refrained out of intention, deliberate and preconceived. At school he had been noted for the refined ill-treatment of his fags.

So, then, they faced each other this evening—these two men so opposed in temperament and in type. Bateson sat, slow, gross, and heavy-framed, pale with a yellow pallor giving almost the impression of dirt, shock-headed, and coarse of mouth. Greatrex stood, twenty years younger, keen-faced and sensitive, eager-eyed, alert, spontaneous of movement and mind, plain with a pleasant ugliness that made you regard him twice. Bateson was turning over the pages of a typewritten *précis*, glancing up now and then at Greatrex, pulling—a constant trick—at his right eye's corner, primming his great gross lips. Greatrex, his hand on a steadying chair-back, braced himself to bear.

Then Bateson smiled sneeringly and beckoned with a forefinger whose nail was not quite clean. Greatrex came round to the Brahmin's side. The forefinger was pointing to a typewritten word.

"There are two 'm's' in 'accommodation,' Mr. Greatrex," he said.

Greatrex shifted a little on his feet. He had spent the day before in long verification of the statistics; he had drafted the *précis* in his own room overnight; and the mistakes were the typist's alone. Greatrex had caught an early train for Colchester. The typist had put the papers on his table during the day. In the afternoon Bateson had sent for them—as they were, and unrevised. But what was the use of trying to explain?

"I'm sorry—very sorry," said the pariah, simply.

Bateson emitted something between a snarl and a growl. Then he whisked over a page.

"And 'beginning,' Mr. Greatrex. 'Beginning' is spelt with two 'n's'!"

Greatrex, taught by experience, stayed silent still. But he winced. Bateson saw him, smiled, and gleefully pursued. To wound this sensitive, too industrious, man had become his daily meat and drink. Whatever the pariah did, or tried to do, was wrong.

"You know my objection to the word 'individual.' Then why use it? Why not say 'person'? Really, Mr. Greatrex, you are incorrigible. You give more trouble than any member of the staff."

But the pariah set his teeth. The explanation was easy. He had used "person" already in the preceding line. Still, what was the use of saying so—what was the use? Bateson cared only for little things. It was nothing to him that Greatrex got through more work than any man in his branch. To the paper-worm deeds were as nothing compared with well-typed words.

So, then, Greatrex held his peace. Yet for a moment—his nerves were jangled and on edge with years of fruitless striving, and, after that, with the fierce sacrifice of his leisure (even of the hours that he had spent in the train) to the means of escape—he saw red and his hands were on itch to strike. But he forced himself back into calm. After all, what did it matter now? The outworks were already won, and if to-night's adventure brought success to-morrow would be his glorious own. Then good-bye to Bateson; good-bye to the War Office and the useless, bloodless statistics which he had come so terribly to loathe.

And he took the *précis* which Bateson so contemptuously extended and passed quietly into the corridor and entered the big room beyond.

It was empty; for the hour was seven and all his colleagues were gone. Bateson, who never entered the building till noon, had kept him standing, talking of trivial unimportances, for two long, wasted hours. Greatrex went swiftly to a cupboard and took out a brown leather bag. He began to get into evening dress with hot haste. Just as he had finished a messenger came in with a telegram. Greatrex read it, thrilling at the words.

"Cannon Street. Under the clock, as arranged. Seven-thirty. Good luck!"

It was signed "Dorothy." It came from the woman to whom he owed everything—from the girl who had helped him with advice, stimulus, and encouragement in his hard-fought fight to escape—from the girl who had refused to marry him till the goal was won, lest added responsibility should sap his powers and mar his chances of success. In half an hour they would be together. By midnight they would know their fate. And if failure came, Greatrex knew full well that her love would buoy him up and that her vitality would inspire him with courage to fight Fortune bravely, hopefully, to the end.

"Any answer, sir?" asked the messenger, pleasantly. He was the best type of Government commissionaire; and, without a trace of impertinence, he always managed to convey to Greatrex that he both sympathized and understood.

"No answer, thanks, Martin. Good night."

"Good night, sir. Thank you."

The man went out. Greatrex put on his light overcoat and picked up his hat. But as he, in turn, opened the door, the messenger faced him again.

"Mr. Bateson wants you, sir," he said, while in his voice there was a distinct note of kindly regret.

Greatrex started. A sense of coming trouble weighed upon him, he knew not why. What was the matter now? Had Bateson some fresh malevolence in store? Then a glance at the clock reassured him. The Brahmin had a train to catch at Victoria. At the worst he could not be kept very long. So, buttoning up his overcoat, he went across the corridor, hat in hand. He found his persecutor writing at the high-heaped desk.

"You sent for me, sir," he began.

Bateson did not look up at once. He finished his letter, covered it, wrote the address.

"I want you to take this and wait for a reply," he said. He jumped up as he spoke, pulled off his office coat, hurried across to a screened-off corner, and began hastily washing his hands.

Greatrex looked at the envelope and read

"'THERE ARE TWO "M'S" IN "ACCOMMODATION," MR. GREATREX,' HE SAID."

its address. The letter was directed to Colonel Paxton, principal veterinary officer at Aldershot.

"Very good, sir," he answered. "I'll catch the early train to-morrow. I can get back, as usual, about four." And he turned to leave the room.

"'MR. BATESON WANTS YOU, SIR,' HE SAID."

But Bateson blundered out from behind the screen, towel in hand.

"To-morrow!" he cried. "To-morrow! Not a bit of it. You must see Colonel Paxton to-night. It's urgent—very urgent indeed. He has sent in a most incomplete statement—most incomplete. He has omitted to explain the considerable decrease of no less than five forms of disease—spavin, glanders, ringbone, mud-fever, and pink-eye. In some cases the decrease amounts to as much as four per cent. It is most careless of Colonel Paxton—most careless, and I must have his explanation—his *personal* explanation — at once. The Secretary of State requires the return to-morrow at noon. I shall have to come early—very early — by ten almost. Everything must be ready tabulated when I come. Do you clearly understand?" And Bateson, taking comprehension for granted, hurried back behind the screen.

"I understand," answered Greatrex, dully. But he made no movement to go. He was considering, weighing, balancing the scales.

Should he defy the Brahmin openly? Should he say boldly that this instruction was a monstrous misuse of public money — a wanton piece of folly which his chief had no right to commit? Was there not the post—were there not the wires? And was not he, Greatrex, a human being with a right to his freedom after office hours? And to-night, of all nights in the year, when his future hung in the balance, when his crowning mercy might be upon him, when he was athirst for the triumph earned by sacrifice and hard work. Should he not risk everything and say, flatly, that he refused to go, a fool, upon the errand of a fool?

Almost the words, fierce, scornful, contemptuous, were out. And yet they remained unspoken. Training, habit, superstition—Greatrex will never know what it was—kept his temper at bay. So long as he served he would serve faithfully and to the bitter, bitter end. He would go as he was ordered. Yes, he must do that. But first he would make his

appeal, would see if Bateson could be persuaded to send an orderly in his stead.

Before he could speak Bateson was in the middle of the room again.

"What, not gone, Mr. Greatrex? What does this mean? Why are you loitering here?"

The moment was not propitious for an appeal. Greatrex made it all the same.

"I should be awfully grateful if you could send an orderly, sir. I have a private engagement of great importance to-night I wouldn't ask you if it were not most serious. And I was really off duty two hours ago."

Bateson gasped at the other's audacity; then slowly smiled. He was beginning to enjoy himself; he was going to be very happy indeed. For he had had leisure to observe that Greatrex's overcoat covered evening dress and that the victim had a Gibus in his hand. He drew himself up to full pomposity and delivered what he believed to be the knock-out blow.

"Mr. Greatrex, you are the public's servant. You will do what you are told. Private engagements cannot be allowed to stand in duty's way. I cannot see that you have any grievance at all. You will be paid overtime at the customary rate."

He spoke with brutal offensiveness; and, for the second time that day, the pariah itched to strike his persecutor in the face. Yet he managed, somehow or other, to swing round, to go out, to get across the corridor into his own room. He could not forget that he was a public servant still. "As long as I take their money I must do what I'm told," he thought, bitterly, even though it's lunacy and worse. And if I play the game by them there's the better chance that, presently, they'll play the game by *me*."

Walking dejectedly and with downcast head, he did not notice the messenger till he was almost in the man's arms. "Halloa, Martin!" he cried. "What's up? Aren't you going home? Mr. Bateson is just off."

The grey-haired underling faced him hesitatingly.

"I—I thought I'd wait, sir," he said. "I guessed — I thought if Mr. Bateson was sending you off somewhere—to-night, that is—I might be able to be some use."

Greatrex stared. He knew that the man —to whom he had done many small kindnesses—liked him. But he did not realize how much. Then a swift revulsion came. His reserve suddenly collapsed. After ill-treatment, considerateness, even from a subordinate, was a pleasant and grateful thing.

"By Jove, Martin," he blurted, "you *are* a good chap!"

The messenger muttered something deprecatory which Greatrex couldn't catch. Then, almost imploringly, he asked: "You'll let me be useful, sir, won't you? I should be so pleased."

Greatrex hesitated; then gladly gave in. "Thank you, Martin," he cried. "Thanks no end. Just half a minute, while I write a note. I *do* need some help. Mr. Bateson wishes me to go into the country, and I want a message taken to Cannon Street."

He hurried across to his desk and began to dash off a note.

"Bateson is sending me to Aldershot—on a fool's errand, of course. I *can't* get out of it. I *must* go. Words fail me to say how furious I am—I can't even begin. I can hardly write at all. To-night—to-night, too, of all nights in our lives! But you must be there just the same—you must tell me everything from beginning to end—you must explain to people, if necessary, why I couldn't come. There's no train up from Aldershot till seven to-morrow—but I'll come straight along to breakfast. We shall know the worst —or best—then. Now good-bye.—In haste, LIONEL.

"Isn't, oh, *isn't* Bateson a beast?"

"Here you are, Martin. You'll find the lady waiting under the clock at Cannon Street. Better take a taxi. I'm overdue now. It's a tallish lady with fair hair—the one you've shown into the waiting-room once or twice when she's come to call for me here—you know, don't you? Here's half a sovereign to pay your fare. Don't worry about the change."

Martin nodded. "Thank you, sir," he said, making for the door. "And good luck, sir—the best of luck. The lady'll bring you that, even though you're not there."

Greatrex looked at him hard. There was unmistakable intention in the man's eye. "What do you mean?" he cried—and then, involuntarily, "What do you know?"

The messenger smiled.

"I've known all along, sir. You gave me a letter once to take—you know where, sir. And I guessed it was you doing it. If I may say so, I've watched your career with interest, sir. But I've been mum as an owl."

Then, while Greatrex stood speechless, he paused for the final time.

"You'll have the laugh of Mr. Bateson to-morrow, that you will!"

The door shut upon him sharply. Greatrex walked across to the cupboard again.

"Please God I shall!" he said, softly. And with that he began to get back into morning dress.

Ten minutes later he was on his way to Waterloo. Within half an hour he was in the train. Then his purgatory began. For Bateson was forgotten, and anxiety expelled his rage.

By now the ordeal had begun. His future and Dorothy's trembled in equal scales. A chance, an accident, a trivial piece of luck or mischance might make the difference between failure and success. Meantime, the barque of enterprise tempted the perilous seas.

Failure—failure! Could it be that? What did failure mean? Another spell with Bateson—a year, perhaps, or two; a life of purgatory and more. Could he keep on? Had he still strength? Would Dorothy's help be enough? He was stale, jaded, fagged out. He ought to go away for a long rest if he were ever to do good work again.

But what sort of a holiday would it be? Would not the knowledge that the prison and its jailer waited him make idleness more harmful than the work that he was no longer fit to do?

Whichever way he looked he saw only blackness. Hope was gone from his heart. Black care weighed down his shoulders. He felt old—old, forlorn, and despairing—he, a man of vast energy, and once high spirits, who was hardly in the prime of life.

Then to him, highly vitalized and mercurial, hope came back as suddenly as it had flown. His belief in himself conquered, as always before. He remembered that since he had first sighted the channel of escape he had never for a single instant looked back. Progress had been steady; more than that, it had been swift. He had found what he could do. He had gone on doing it; the old adage had been obeyed. And was there no crown for hard and unremitting labour in a righteous cause? More than that. He had served the public faithfully when, had he chosen, he might have shirked. All men must give to get. Would not the public, by some law of averages, if from no deeper, higher cause, come to his rescue now?

Thus he reasoned. So his spirits grew. He had left London in despair. He reached Aldershot high in heart and hope.

The cab took him swiftly to the house in the Farnborough Road. Colonel Paxton lived there with another bachelor of equal command.

Greatrex dismissed his cab, ran up the steps, and rang the bell. A man-servant answered it. Greatrex gave his name. The answer almost took him off his feet.

"Colonel Paxton is away, sir. He went to Scotland yesterday. Colonel Yardley is gone with him. They will be away a week."

"Away?" gasped Greatrex. "What, away!"

Then he laughed loudly, almost hysterically, in the servant's face. The man shrank back alarmed. He was a new-comer since Greatrex had last called there, and had never seen the visitor before.

Greatrex recovered himself and saw the man's alarm.

"It's all right," he blurted, "quite all right. I'm from the War Office. I didn't know that your master was away." And, turning, he ran hurriedly down the steps.

He was conscious of little save that he was free. He had fulfilled his mission so far as in him lay. There was nothing more to be done. Fate had fought for him. The night was his own; he was free. He must back his luck; he must get to London; he must learn the best or worst. And, Bateson forgotten, with only one thought in his head, he ran hot-foot towards the town. Presently a taxi passed him, going stationwards. It was empty. He hailed it and jumped in.

"London!" he shouted. "South Kensington! Forty-five, Cacroft Road. Bustle for all you're worth."

The driver, scenting baksheesh, let his motors rip. The car flashed forward through the warm spring night. It crawled for Greatrex, sitting there on fire to come at the tremendous news. Quite soon the wind of their passage chilled him to the bone. But his brain burned, and he forgot the coat that lay beside him on the seat.

"Get on—get on!" he kept muttering. "We must be there before twelve."

The enforced slowing as they drew towards town was terrible to him, wild to come at the tremendous best or worst. Each check, each fleeting halt, had for him its desperate physical pain. But at last the cab swung sharply into Cacroft Road, and a light shone in the lower windows of the house where Dorothy lived.

Greatrex jumped out, paid the huge fare without a word, and ran up the steps. But he did not go in, for, through a chink in the blinds, he could see Dorothy's mother sitting—alone. Greatrex saw her come to the window and raise the blind. He slipped out of sight quickly. He simply could not bear to talk to anyone now.

"'LIONEL!' SHE CRIED, 'IT'S YOU, AFTER ALL! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET BACK?'"

He waited five minutes, ten, fifteen. Then in the distance a horse's hoofs clip-clopped. He ran down the steps again, and stood on the pavement before the door. The cab turned the corner, came towards him, and pulled up with a jerk. The flaps swung backwards; Greatrex ran to the steps.

"Dorothy!" he called, "Dorothy!"

The girl leaned forward, wondering, amazed.

"Lionel!" she cried, "it's you, after all! How did you manage to get back?" Then, standing up, like some young exultant goddess, her eyes blazing, her lips parted, she waved a crumpled paper in her hand.

"Triumph!" she called. "We're made, Lionel; we're made!"

Greatrex, jumping forward, lifted her bodily from the cab.

If only—if only Bateson could have seen!

Greatrex stood with his arm round Dorothy's waist in the waiting-room on the first floor of the great building in Whitehall. The wide, leather-topped table was a mass of newspapers, opened and outspread. They were reading first one, then the other, sometimes both together, certain passages aloud. Their voices were gay and merry; the room was alive with happiness and youth. Small wonder that they did not hear the knock at the door. It was Martin who entered, who saw them dart hurriedly apart. He pretended to see nothing; he only smiled and smiled. Then, with mock portentousness, he gave Greatrex the news.

"Mr. Bateson has come, sir," he said. "He's in his room now."

The man and the girl looked at each other and laughed. Greatrex patted his hair and settled his tie. "I must go and see him," he began. "I sha'n't be a minute. I'm only going to say good-bye."

Then, as the messenger chuckled, he turned to Dorothy once more.

"Martin will look after you," he added. "I leave you in excellent hands."

The messenger bowed pleasantly and beamed.

"With your permission, miss," he asked, "I should like to see what the papers say."

In the room across the corridor the Brahmin was sitting at his table, reading the *Times*. He addressed Greatrex in his usual offensive way.

"Where are the returns I wanted? I do not see them here. Go and get them at once."

"I am sorry, Mr. Bateson," answered Greatrex, sweetly, "but I was unable to get the information which you required."

"What! You haven't got it?" Bateson almost screamed. "What does this mean? What explanation have you to give?"

"A very reasonable one, Mr. Bateson. Colonel Paxton was away."

"Away! What has that got to do with it? You should have gone after him. You had no business to come back."

"Colonel Paxton had gone too far for me to follow, Mr. Bateson. It was quite useless to think of that."

But Bateson—there were other reasons for his anger this morning—had lost his self-control.

"Don't argue with me, sir. You're impertinent. Hold your tongue. Go out into the passage and argue there. Come back when you've recovered yourself. I refuse to hear you now!"

Greatrex stood looking at him, smiling ever so sweetly. It was certainly his turn now. For all that he kept his head. So, still smiling, he did as he was told. He went out into the corridor—and beyond.

Bateson returned to his paper, the real reason for which he had sent Greatrex out. When the pariah disturbed him he had been in the middle of a certain laudatory critique.

Someone had written a play about the War Office, half satire and half farce. It had been a success—simply and truly a success. The Higher Division body—that is to say, the Brahmin class—had been ridiculed, laughed at; its lust for statistics had been held up to derision and scorn. It was scandalous, it was criminal. The fellow—Otto Tremayne they called him—ought to be put in jail. But the worst of it was that the ass who wrote the criticism said that the play was needed, that it was a patriotic message, that it would do enormous good. Good—when it scoffed at all that Bateson and his fellows held delicious, necessary, and dear!

He was already beside himself with fury when Martin came in. The messenger was very calm—portentously, magnificently unmoved. He cleared the pan at Bateson's right hand, altered the date in the calendar on the table, then placed a sheet of foolscap in the pan on the left. He had just time to escape before Bateson snatched it up.

This is what it said:—

"Mr. Bateson,—I beg leave to resign my appointment in the War Office. I find that it interferes with my work."

While underneath ran the signature, up-running, ambitious, bold—"L. R. W. Greatrex," and beneath the signature, in brackets, the words "Otto Tremayne."

"Good God!" cried Bateson. "Good God!" And his index finger found and stayed upon the button of the electric bell.

But he was too late. For beyond his door youth was walking with happy youth. And the girl was like Furze's "Diana of the Uplands," and passing good to see. In her arm Greatrex's arm was crooked, and they were looking into each other's eyes.

"And you've done with it all? You'll come here no more?" the girl asked.

The man's laugh rang out gaily, echoing along the corridor's sombre vault.

"'SUCCESS MUSTN'T UNBALANCE US, DEAR,' HE WHISPERED."

"Never again," he answered, "never again. And I owe all my good fortune to you."

"Not all," she answered. "Not even half. I only helped you and kept you cheered. Please God, dearest, I shall always be able to do that."

And then she added, pressing the arm in hers, "*Per aspera ad astra*—through the rough places to the stars."

Greatrex paused with his hand on the swing doors.

"Success mustn't unbalance us, dear," he whispered. "We mustn't talk of reaching the stars. Let us say, rather, out of darkness into light."

And the swing doors opened at his pressure, and they passed, the pair of them, from the sombre corridor to meet the welcoming sun.

Author and Artist Too.

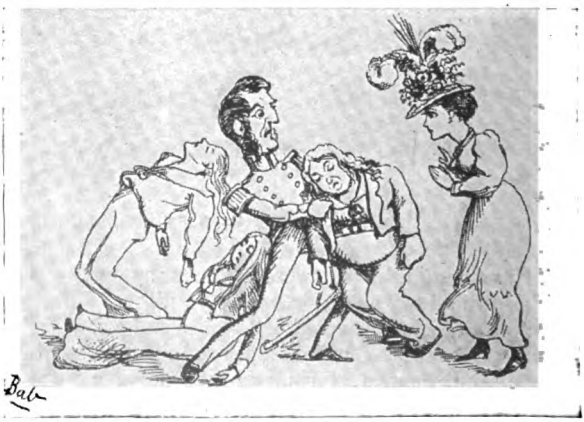
By WALTER EMANUEL.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO "LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FLARE," ONE OF THE "BAB BALLADS."
BY SIR W. S. GILBERT.

THE title of this article, I imagine, explains its scope. I use the word "artist" in its narrow British sense of draughtsman or painter. And I must differentiate between men who are authors and artists too and those who are artists and authors too. There have, of course, been plenty of representatives of the latter class—from Benvenuto Cellini to George Du Maurier. As a rule, however, the artist is more careful not to trespass on the domain of the author than is the author to keep off the grass belonging to the artist. Indeed, I have known artists so scrupulously nice in their determination not to enter into rivalry with their literary *confrères* as even to ignore the laws of orthography in their correspondence. But the penmen are not so thoughtful. In the past there have been a good few who have been artists too. Names that occur to me at the moment are those of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edwin Lear, Victor Hugo (whose drawings were as romantically impressive as his literary work), and Thackeray. The author of "Vanity Fair" was, if I remember aright, a reformed artist: I rather think that his original intention was to earn his living by his pencil. He made a wise choice, however. His illustrations of his own works are peculiarly ineffectual and uninteresting. Yet some of his humorous sketches are delightful. When I am having my hair cut a smile sometimes steals over my face, and the barber writes me down an amiable idiot. But I am thinking of a little drawing of Thackeray's in, I think, one of his delightful letters—and Thackeray was surely the most charming letter-writer there ever was. In this drawing an old gentleman, while having his hair cut, is reading a paper. And it is evidently a very interesting paper, for the barber also is reading it, over the customer's head. He is engrossed in it, and the blades of his scissors are wide open, with a blade each side of the customer's ear. The next moment, one realizes, there will be a click, and the ear will fall to the ground.

I doubt if there have ever been quite so many authors and artists too as there are at the present moment. Indeed, I should not be surprised if, when the extent of the movement is realized, some of our professional artists get seriously alarmed, and start an agitation for "One Man One Trade."

I will mention a few of them.

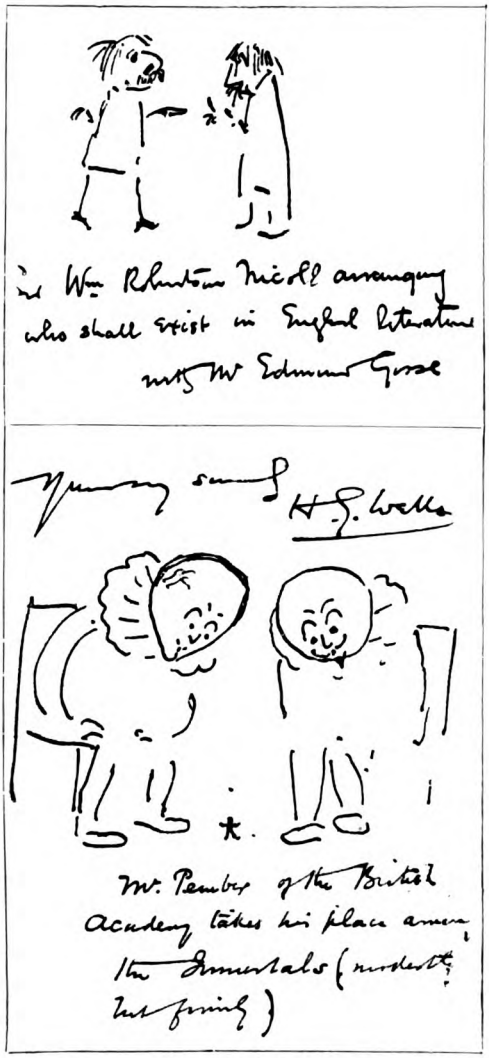


AN ILLUSTRATION TO "THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY," ONE OF THE "BAB BALLADS."
BY SIR W. S. GILBERT.

The oldest living offender—and, in a sense, also the youngest—is Sir W. S. Gilbert, who has kindly allowed me to reproduce two of the originals of his famous "Bab Ballads" drawings, which now hang in his billiard-room. The "Bab Ballads" drawings are surely comic in the best sense of the word, and as illustrations they are perfect, being absolutely wedded to the verses. They are, indeed, big in their little way. And here I would like to state that I frequently find a certain engaging *naïveté* about an amateur drawing which, if the subject be a humorous one, is a distinct help to its humour. The better the draughtsman, very often the less the fun.

Among well-known authors who paint dainty landscapes is Mr. E. Temple Thurston. Readers of his "City of Beautiful Nonsense" will almost have guessed this. He is artistic to his finger-tips. Mr. Thurston's beautiful home in Adelphi Terrace proves this—but

A WAYSIDE INN.
BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON.



BY H. G. WELLS.

who could help becoming an artist with such a glorious view of the ever-changing Thames always before his eyes? Mr. Thurston is now studying drawing from the model, for it is his ambition one day to illustrate a book of his own. At present the author, who is exacting in his requirements, will not give the necessary permission.

It is not, I fancy, known, except to his friends, that Mr. H. G. Wells is also an artist. Himself, however, he disclaims the honour. "Really," he says, "I am no sort of artist. I do silly little sketches in books and letters, and usually they lead to trouble." Let him, then, be convicted of an untruth by his own pen. He is a most happy caricaturist, as

MAX BEERBOHM, BY HIMSELF.

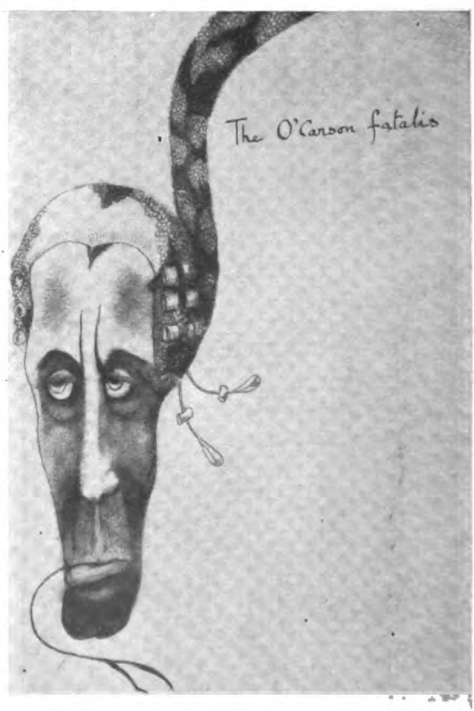
witness the whimsies reproduced, which I lift from one of his letters.

I hesitate whether to include Mr. Max Beerbohm in my gallery, for is not the author of "The Works of Max Beerbohm" and "More" perhaps rather "artist and author too"? But I cannot resist the temptation to publish this epitome of himself, which has not been reproduced before. "Max" is, of course, our leading caricaturist. He lays our little souls bare, and I suspect that he, more than any artist, has made wives whose husbands he has caricatured wonder how ever they could have married them.

And then there is Mr. Frank Richardson—who is never quite so frank as when he has a pencil in his hand—as witness this drawing of Sir Edward Carson. When I bearded the famous anti-whisker crusader in his rooms in Albemarle Street I was no longer surprised that he should wield the pencil as well as the pen, for he lives in an atmosphere of art. I could not help being strangely impressed by the artistic wealth of my surroundings, for immediately below me were Agnew's Galleries, stocked with the choicest of Old Masters, while on the walls of the room in which I was sitting was what I do not hesitate to pronounce the largest collection of genuine Frank Richardsons in the kingdom.

Humorists are undoubtedly a kindly race. When I asked Mr. G. K. Chesterton ("Mr. Cheeky, just a ton," as a foolish maid once announced him at an At Home) if he could lend me a drawing for this article, he replied that he would do one specially for the occasion. Most men as busy as Mr. Chesterton would have instructed their secretary to draw it. He has done it himself, and sent it.

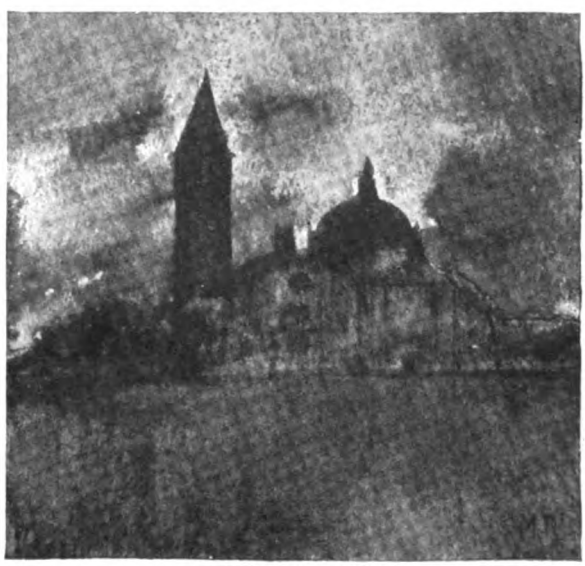
And then there are some landscape men. Admirers of Mr. Morley Roberts's genius will not be surprised to hear that he has qualified for appearance in this article. He is a man "capable of anything." Those who know him realize that he is a very rare bird indeed—an individuality. He is certainly a very considerable artist, and has had a "One-Man



SIR EDWARD CARSON.
BY FRANK RICHARDSON.

DONS DISPROVING THE SEA-SERPENT.
BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Show" in Bond Street. It is really scarcely fair to reproduce one of his drawings here in black and white, for they depend to so large an extent on their beauty of colour. Mr. Morley Roberts realizes rightly that the chief function of paint is colour. Moreover, he relies more on his memory than on sketching from Nature. He drinks in a scene—an effect—and then puts down the essence of it. There is nothing of the amateur about Mr. Morley Roberts's work.



A VENETIAN SCENE.
BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell is the defender of Mafeking, the founder of the Boy Scouts, and the author of many books, but he does not stop at this. He, too, is an artist, and kindly sends me this little sketch of a small girl who, in response to his being amused at her appearance, turned round with a grin and cried, "Hello, guv'nor!"

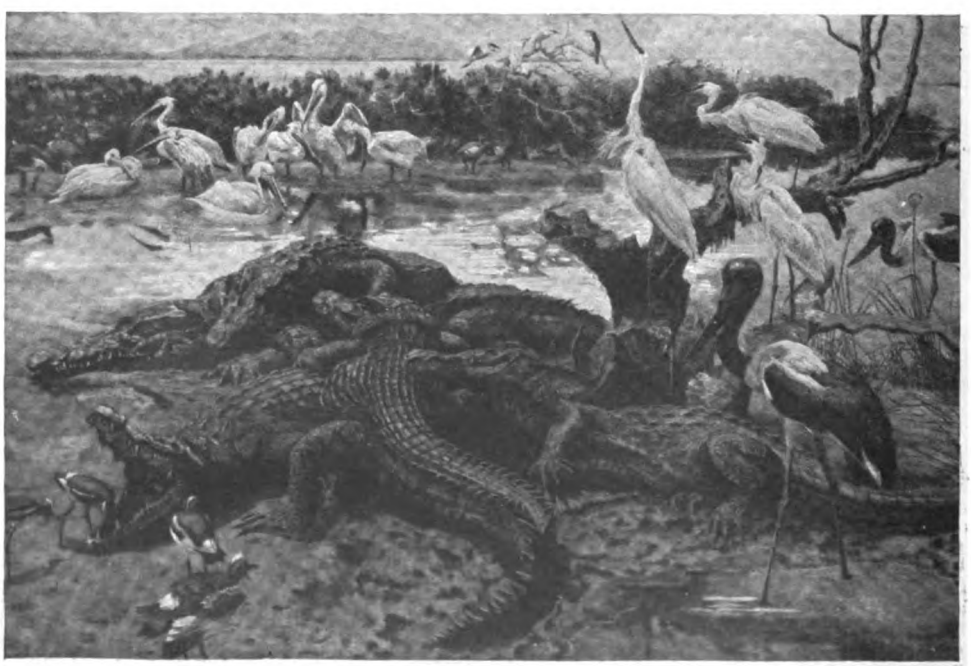
"HELLO, GUV'NOR!"
BY GENERAL SIR R. BADEN-POWELL.

Among the veterans happily still with us is Sir F. C. Burnand, the ex-editor of *Punch*. I give, as an example of his tireless pen, a little sketch from his "Enjyable Injia." Sir Francis, by the by, is said to inherit his taste in this respect from a daughter who is a sprightly draughtswoman.

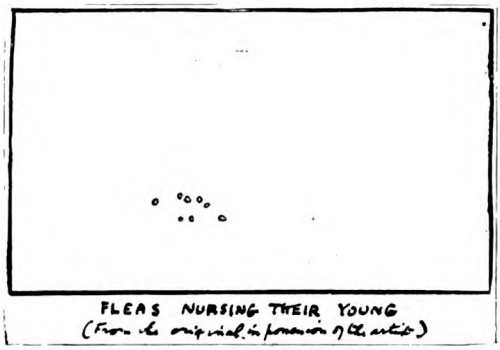
A really fine painter and draughtsman, again, is Sir Harry H. Johnston, the African explorer and diplomat, and author of numerous books of travel and natural history. He studied for a time at the Royal Academy Schools, and not only is he an artist, but an artist of distinction. One can identify his work with keen pleasure in any exhibition. By his kind permission I reproduce a painting of "Crocodiles and Water Birds, Lake Nyassa," which was shown at Burlington House.

FIRST DAY IN INDIA.
BY SIR F. C. BURNAND.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

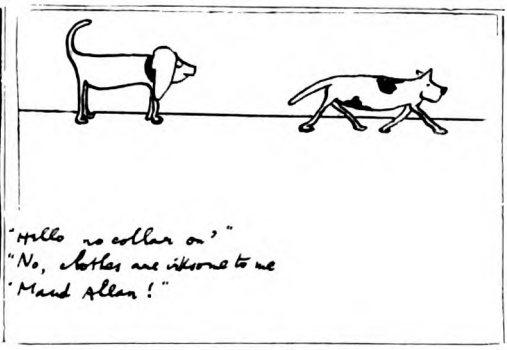
Finally, I must apologize for including myself in this gallery, but the Editor pressed me, and, after a ridiculous show of mock-modesty, I finally gave way. My first published drawing appeared in a book of my own on the Zoo, and was entitled, "Fleas Nursing Their Young." This attracted a considerable amount of attention, and Mr. E. T. Reed, of *Punch*, wrote me as follows: "Your drawing is one of the finest bits of black-and-white I ever saw, and for technical mastery and thorough knowledge of anatomy I have never happened on its equal. The tender, melting, motherly look on the face of the flea towards the centre of the middle distance strikes me as the finest thing you have yet accomplished, though, of course, the anxious enthusiasm of the female relations on the sofa runs it very close. Landseer might have handled it differently, but even the animal draughtsman must march with the times. Fortunately for you, the modern zinco-process enables one to get one's most delicate line work reproduced with perfect fidelity. Your work in this manner is too seldom seen.



CROCODILES AND WATER BIRDS, LAKE NYASSA.
BY SIR HARRY H JOHNSTON.



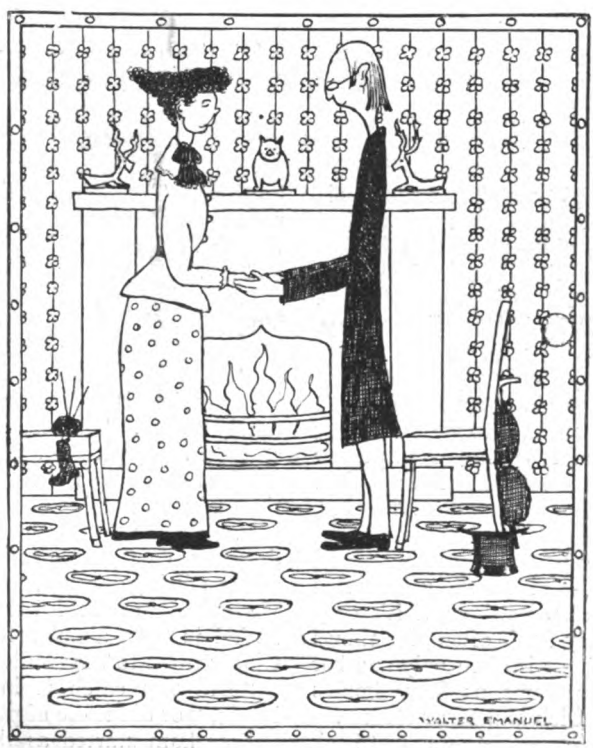
BY WALTER EMANUEL.



BY WALTER EMANUEL.

Hearty congratulations!" This, of course, encouraged me, and a little while ago I produced an *opusculum* illustrated entirely by myself. This was "The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review," a newspaper which affected to be written and illustrated by dogs for dogs. Naturally the drawings had to be very crude. I could not get an artist to do them badly enough, so I had to do them myself. The post-Impressionists had not then appeared upon the scene.

But there is a ring at the bell, so I must stop now. Is it, I wonder, the President of the Sculptors' Protection Association come to beg me not to extend my artistic proclivities? Or is it, perhaps, the editor of "Wonders of the World" come to beg for my photograph?



The Braggart

"Darling. I want you to make a better man of me"

BY WALTER EMANUEL.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

BY

W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

THE night-watchman shook his head. *I* never met any of these phil—philantherpists, as you call 'em, he said, decidedly. If I 'ad they wouldn't 'ave got away from me in a hurry, I can tell you. I don't say I don't believe in 'em; I only say I never met any of 'em. If people do you a kindness it's generally because they want to get something out of you; same as a man once—a perfick stranger—wot stood me eight arf-pints becos I reminded 'im of his dead brother, and then borrered five bob off of me.

O' course, there must be some kind-'arted people in the world—all men who get married must 'ave a soft spot somewhere, if it's only in the 'ead—but they don't often give things away. Kind-'artedness is often only another name for artfulness, same as Sam Small's kindness to Ginger Dick and Peter Russet.

It started with a row. They was just back from a v'y'ge and 'ad taken a nice room together in Wapping, and for the fust day or two, wot with 'aving plenty o' money to spend and nothing to do, they was like three brothers. Then, in a little, old-fashioned public-'ouse down Poplar way, one night they fell out over a little joke Ginger played on Sam.

It was the fust drink that evening, and Sam 'ad just ordered a pot o' beer and three glasses, when Ginger winked at the landlord and offered to bet Sam a level arf-dollar that 'e wouldn't drink off that pot o' beer without taking breath. The landlord held the money, and old Sam, with a 'appy smile on 'is face, 'ad just taken up the mug, when he noticed the odd way in which they was all watching him. Twice he took the mug up and put it down agin without starting, and asked 'em wot the little game was, but they on'y laughed. He took it up the third time and started, and he 'ad just got about arf-way through when Ginger turns to the landlord and ses:—

"Did you catch it in the mouse-trap," he ses, "or did it die of poison?"

Pore Sam started as though he 'ad been shot, and, arter getting rid of the beer in 'is mouth, stood there 'olding the mug away from 'im and making such 'orrible faces that they was a'most frightened.

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"I've never seen 'im carry on like that over a drop of beer before," ses Ginger, staring.

"He usually likes it," ses Peter Russet.

"Not with a dead mouse in it," ses Sam, trembling with passion.

"Mouse?" ses Ginger, innocent-like. "*Mouse?* Why, I didn't say it was in your beer, Sam. Wotever put that into your 'ead?"

"And made you lose your bet," ses Peter.

Then old Sam see 'ow he'd been done, and the way he carried on when the landlord gave Ginger the arf-dollar, and said it was won fair and honest, was a disgrace. He 'opped about that bar arf crazy, until at last the landlord and 'is brother, and a couple o' soldiers, and a helpless cripple wot wos selling matches, put 'im outside and told 'im to stop there.

He stopped there till Ginger and Peter came out, and then, drawing 'imself up in a proud way, he told 'em their characters and wot he thought about 'em. And he said 'e never wanted to see wot they called their faces agin as long as he lived.

"I've done with you," he ses, "both of you, for ever."

"All right," ses Ginger, moving off. "Ta-ta for the present. Let's 'ope he'll come 'ome in a better temper, Peter."

"'Ome?" ses Sam, with a nasty laugh, "*'Ome?* D'ye think I'm coming back to breathe the same air as you, Ginger? D'ye think I want to be suffocated?"

He held his 'ead up very 'igh, and, arter looking at them as if they was dirt, he turned round and walked off with his nose in the air, to spend the evening by 'imself.

His temper kept him up for a time, but arter a while he 'ad to own up to 'imself that it was very dull, and the later it got the more he thought of 'is nice warm bed. The more 'e thought of it the nicer and warmer it seemed, and, arter a struggle between his pride and a few arf-pints, he got 'is good temper back agin and went off 'ome smiling.

The room was dark when 'e got there, and, arter standing listening a moment to Ginger and Peter snoring, he took off 'is coat and sat down on 'is bed to take 'is boots off. He only sat down for a flash, and then he bent down and hit his 'ead an awful smack against another 'ead wot 'ad just started up to see wot it was sitting on its legs.

He thought it was Peter or Ginger in the wrong bed at fust, but afore he could make it out Ginger 'ad got out of 'is own bed and lit the candle. Then 'e saw it was a stranger in 'is bed, and without saying a word he laid 'old of him by the 'air and began dragging him out.

"Here, stop that!" ses Ginger, catching hold of 'im. "Lend a hand 'ere, Peter."

Peter lent a hand and screwed it into the back o' Sam's neck till he made 'im leave go, and then the stranger, a nasty-looking little chap with a yellow face and a little dark moustache, told Sam wot he'd like to do to him.

"Who are you?" ses Sam, "and wot are you a-doing of in my bed?"

"It's our lodger," ses Ginger.

"Your—*wot?*" ses Sam, 'ardly able to believe his ears.

"Our lodger," ses Peter Russet. "We've let 'im the bed you said you didn't want for sixpence a night. Now you take yourself off."

Old Sam couldn't speak for a minute; there was no words that he knew bad enough, but at last he licks 'is lips and he ses, "I've paid for that bed up to Saturday, and I'm going to have it."

He rushed at the lodger, but Peter and Ginger got hold of 'im agin and put 'im down on the floor and sat on 'im till he promised to be'ave himself. They let 'im get up at last, and then, arter calling themselves names for their kind-'artedness, they said if he was very good he might sleep on the floor.

Sam looked at 'em for a moment, and then, without a word, he took off 'is boots and put on 'is coat and went up in a corner to be out of the draught, but, wot with the cold and 'is temper, and the hardness of the floor, it was a long time afore 'e could get to sleep. He dropped off at last, and it seemed to 'im that he 'ad only just closed 'is eyes when it was daylight. He opened one eye and was just going to open the other when he saw something as made 'im screw 'em both up sharp and peep through 'is eyelashes. The lodger was standing at the foot o' Ginger's bed, going through 'is pockets, and then, arter waiting a moment and 'aving a look round, he went through Peter Russet's. Sam lay still as a mouse while the lodger tip-toed out o' the room with 'is boots in his 'and, and then, springing up, follered him downstairs.

He caught 'im up just as he 'ad undone the front door, and, catching hold of 'im by the back o' the neck, shook 'im till 'e was tired. Then he let go of 'im and, holding his fist under 'is nose, told 'im to hand over the money, and look sharp about it.

"Ye—ye—yes, sir," ses the lodger, who was arf choked.

Sam held out his 'and, and the lodger, arter saying it was only a little bit o' fun on 'is

"THE LODGER WAS STANDING AT THE FOOT O' GINGER'S BED, GOING THROUGH 'IS POCKETS."

part, and telling 'im wot a fancy he 'ad taken to 'im from the fust, put Ginger's watch and chain into his 'ands and eighteen pounds four shillings and sevenpence. Sam put it into his pocket, and, arter going through the lodger's pockets to make sure he 'adn't forgot anything, opened the door and flung 'im into the street. He stopped on the landing to put the money in a belt he was wearing under 'is clothes, and then 'e went back on tip-toe to 'is corner and went to sleep with one eye open and the 'appiest smile that had been on his face for years.

He shut both eyes when he 'eard Ginger wake up, and he slept like a child through the 'orrible noise that Peter and Ginger see fit to make when they started to put their clothes on. He got tired of it afore they did, and, arter opening 'is eyes slowly and yawning, he asked Ginger wot he meant by it.

"You'll wake your lodger up if you ain't careful, making that noise," he ses. "Wot's the matter?"

"Sam," ses Ginger, in a very different voice to wot he 'ad used the night before, "Sam, old pal, he's taken all our money and bolted."

"Wot?" ses Sam, sitting up on the floor and blinking. "Nonsense!"

"Robbed me and Peter," ses Ginger, in a trembling voice; "taken every penny we've got, and my watch and chain."

"You're dreaming," ses Sam.

"I wish I was," ses Ginger.

"But surely, Ginger," ses Sam, standing up, "surely you didn't take a lodger without a character?"

"He seemed such a nice chap," ses Peter. "We was only saying wot a much nicer chap he was than—than——"

"Go on, Peter," ses Sam, very perlite.

"Than he might ha' been," ses Ginger, very quick.

"Well, I've 'ad a wonderful escape," ses Sam. "If it hadn't ha' been for sleeping in my clothes, I suppose he'd ha' 'ad my money as well."

He felt in 'is pockets anxious-like, then he smiled, and stood there letting 'is money fall through 'is fingers into his pocket over and over agin.

"Pore chap," he ses; "pore chap; p'r'aps he'd got a starving wife and family. Who knows? It ain't for us to judge 'im, Ginger."

He stood a little while longer chinking 'is money, and when he took off his coat to wash Ginger Dick poured the water out for 'im and Peter Russet picked up the soap, which 'ad fallen on the floor. Then they started pitying

themselves, looking very 'ard at the back of old Sam while they did it.

"I s'pose we've got to starve, Peter," ses Ginger, in a sad voice.

"Looks like it," ses Peter, dressing hisself very slowly.

"There's nobody'll mourn for me, that's one comfort," ses Ginger.

"Or me," ses Peter.

"P'r'aps Sam'll miss us a bit," ses Ginger, grinding 'is teeth as old Sam went on washing as if he was deaf. "He's the only real pal we ever 'ad."

"Wot are you talking about?" ses Sam, turning round with the soap in his eyes, and feeling for the towel. "Wot d'ye want to starve for? Why don't you get a ship?"

"I thought we was all going to sign on in the *Chesapeake* agin, Sam," ses Ginger, very mild.

"She won't be ready for sea for pretty near three weeks," ses Sam. "You know that."

"P'r'aps Sam would lend us a trifle to go on with, Ginger," ses Peter Russet. "Just enough to keep body and soul together, so as we can hold out and 'ave the pleasure of sailing with 'im agin."

"P'r'aps he wouldn't," ses Sam, afore Ginger could open his mouth. "I've just got about enough to last myself; I 'aven't got any to lend. Sailormen wot turns on their best friends and makes them sleep on the cold, 'ard floor while their new pal is in his bed don't get money lent to 'em. My neck is so stiff it creaks every time I move it, and I've got the rheumatics in my legs something cruel."

He began to 'um a song, and putting on 'is cap went out to get some brekfuss. He went to a little eating-'ouse near by, where they was in the 'abit of going, and 'ad just started on a plate of eggs and bacon when Ginger Dick and Peter came into the place with a pocket-'ankercher of 'is wot they 'ad found in the fender.

"We thought you might want it, Sam," ses Peter.

"So we brought it along," ses Ginger.

"'WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT IT, SAM,' SES PETER."

"I 'ope you're enjoying of your brekfuss, Sam."

Sam took the 'ankercher and thanked 'em very perlite, and arter standing there for a minute or two as if they wanted to say something they couldn't remember, they sheered off. When Sam left the place arf an hour arterwards they was still hanging about, and as Sam passed Ginger asked 'im if he was going for a walk.

"Walk?" ses Sam. "Certainly not. I'm going to bed; *I* didn't 'ave a good night's rest like you and your lodger."

He went back 'ome, and arter taking off 'is coat and boots got into bed and slept like a top till one o'clock, when he woke up to find Ginger shaking 'im by the shoulders.

"Wot's the matter?" he ses. "Wot are you up to?"

"It's dinner-time," ses Ginger. "I thought p'r'aps you'd like to know, in case you missed it."

"You leave me alone," ses Sam, cuddling into the clothes agin. "I don't want no dinner. You go and look arter your own dinners."

He stayed in bed for another arf-hour, listening to Peter and Ginger telling each other in loud whispers 'ow hungry they was, and then he got up an put 'is things on and went to the door.

"I'm going to get a bit o' dinner," he ses. "And mind, I've got my pocket-'ankercher."

He went out and 'ad a steak and onions and a pint o' beer, but, although he kept looking up sudden from 'is plate, he didn't see Peter or Ginger. It spoilt 'is dinner a bit, but arter he got outside 'e saw them standing at the corner, and, pretending not to see them, he went off for a walk down the Mile End Road.

He walked as far as Bow with them follering 'im, and then he jumped on a bus and rode back as far as Whitechapel. There was no sign of 'em when he got off, and, feeling a bit lonesome, he stood about looking in shop-windows until 'e see them coming along as hard as they could come.

"Why, halloa!" he ses. "Where did you spring from?"

"We—we—we've been—for a bit of a walk," ses Ginger Dick, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

"To—keep down the 'unger," ses Peter Russet.

Old Sam looked at 'em very stern for a moment, then he beckoned 'em to foller 'im, and, stopping at a little public-'ouse, he went in and ordered a pint o' bitter.

"And give them two pore fellers a crust o' bread and cheese and arf a pint of four ale each," he ses to the barmaid.

Ginger and Peter looked at each other, but they was so hungry they didn't say a word; they just stood waiting.

"Put that inside you, my pore fellers," ses Sam, with a oily smile. "I can't bear to see people suffering for want o' food," he ses to the barmaid, as he chucked down a sovereign on the counter.

The barmaid, a very nice gal with black 'air and her fingers covered all over with rings, said that it did 'im credit, and they stood there talking about tramps and beggars and such-like till Peter and Ginger nearly choked. He stood there watching 'em and smoking a threepenny cigar, and when they 'ad finished he told the barmaid to give 'em a sausage-roll each, and went off.

Peter and Ginger snatched up their sausage-rolls and follered 'im, and at last Ginger swallowed his pride and walked up to 'im and asked 'im to lend them some money.

"You'll get it back agin," he ses. "You know that well enough."

"Cert'nly not," ses Sam; "and I'm surprised at you asking. Why, a child could rob you. It's 'ard enough as it is for a pore man like me to 'ave to keep a couple o' hulking sailormen, but I'm not going to give you money to chuck away on lodgers. No more sleeping on the floor for me! Now I don't want none o' your langwidge, and I don't want you follering me like a couple o' cats arter a meat-barrer. I shall be 'aving a cup o' tea at Brown's coffee-shop by and by, and if you're there at five sharp I'll see wot I can do for you. *Wot* did you call me?"

Ginger told 'im three times, and then Peter Russet dragged 'im away. They turned up outside Brown's at a quarter to five, and at ten past six Sam Small strolled up smoking a cigar, and, arter telling them that he 'ad forgot all about 'em, took 'em inside and paid for their teas. He told Mr. Brown 'e was paying for 'em, and 'e told the gal wot served 'em 'e was paying for 'em, and it was all pore Ginger could do to stop 'imself from throwing his plate in 'is face.

Sam went off by 'imself, and arter walking about all the evening without a ha'penny in their pockets, Ginger Dick and Peter went off 'ome to bed and went to sleep till twelve o'clock, when Sam came in and woke 'em up to tell 'em about a music-'all he 'ad been to, and 'ow many pints he 'ad 'ad. He sat up in bed till past one o'clock talking about 'imself, and twice Peter Russet woke Ginger up to listen and got punched for 'is trouble.

They both said they'd get a ship next morning, and then old Sam turned round and wouldn't 'ear of it. The airs he gave 'imself was awful. He said *he'd* tell 'em when they was to get a ship, and if they went and did things without asking 'i ' he'd let 'em starve.

He kept 'em with 'im all that day for fear of losing 'em and having to give 'em their money when 'e met 'em agin instead of spending it on 'em and getting praised for it. They 'ad their dinner with 'im at Brown's, and nothing they could do pleased him. He spoke to Peter Russet out loud about making a noise while he was eating, and directly arterwards he told Ginger to use his pocket-'ankercher. Pore Ginger sat there looking at 'im and swelling and swelling until he nearly bust, and Sam told 'im if he couldn't keep 'is temper when people was trying to do 'im a kindness he'd better go and get somebody else to keep him.

He took 'em to a music-'all that night, but he spoilt it all for 'em by taking 'em into the little public-'ouse in Whitechapel Road fust and standing 'em a drink. He told the barmaid 'e was keeping 'em till they could find a job, and arter she 'ad told him he was too soft-'arted and would only be took advantage of, she brought another barmaid up to look at 'em and ask 'em wot they could do, and why they didn't do it.

Sam served 'em like that for over a week, and he 'ad so much praise from Mr. Brown and other people that it nearly turned his 'ead. For once in his life he 'ad it pretty near all 'is own way. Twice Ginger Dick slipped off and tried to get a ship, and came back sulky and hungry, and once Peter Russet sprained his thumb trying to get a job at the docks.

They gave it up then and kept to Sam like a couple o' shadders, only giving 'im back-answers when they felt as if something 'ud give way if they didn't. For the fust time in their lives they began to count the days till their boat was ready for sea. Then something happened.

They was all coming 'ome late one night along the Minories, when Ginger Dick gave a shout and, suddenly bolting up a little street arter a man that 'ad turned up there, fust of all sent 'im flying with a heavy punch of 'is fist, and then knelt on 'iim.

"Now, then, Ginger," ses Sam, bustling up with Peter Russet, "wot's all this? Wot yer doing?"

"It's the thief," ses Ginger. "It's our lodger. You keep still!" he ses, shaking the man. "D've hear?"

Peter gave a shout of joy, and stood by to help.

"Nonsense!" ses old Sam, turning pale. "You've been drinking, Ginger. This comes of standing you arf-pints."

"It's him right enough," ses Ginger. "I'd know 'is ugly face anywhere."

"You come off 'ome at once," ses Sam, very sharp, but his voice trembling. "At *once*. D'ye hear me?"

"Fetch a policeman, Peter," ses Ginger.

"Let the pore feller go, I tell you," ses Sam, stamping his foot. "'Ow would you like to be locked up? 'Ow would you like to be torn away from your wife and little ones? 'Ow would you——"

"Fetch a policeman, Peter," ses Ginger, agin. "D'ye hear?"

"Don't do that, guv'nor," ses the lodger. "You got your money back. Wot's the good o' putting me away?"

"Got our *wot* back?" ses Ginger, shaking 'im agin. "Don't you try and be funny with me, else I'll tear you to pieces."

"But he took it back," ses the man, trying to sit up and pointing at Sam. "He follered me downstairs and took it all away from me. Your ticker as well."

"WOT?" ses Ginger and Peter both together

"'Strue as I'm 'ere," ses the lodger. "You turn 'is pockets out and see. Look out! He's going off!"

Ginger turned his 'ead just in time to see old Sam nipping round the corner. He pulled the lodger up like a flash, and, telling Peter to take hold of the other side of him, they set off arter Sam.

"Little—joke—o' mine—Ginger," ses Sam, when they caught 'im. "I was going to tell you about it to-night. It ain't often I get the chance of a joke agin you, Ginger; you're too sharp."

Ginger Dick didn't say anything. He kept 'old o' Sam's arm with one hand and the lodger's neck with the other, and marched 'em off to his lodgings. He shut the door when 'e got in, and arter Peter 'ad lit the candle they took hold o' Sam and went through 'im, and arter trying to find pockets where he 'adn't got any, they took off 'is belt and found Ginger's watch, seventeen pounds five shillings, and a few coppers.

"We 'ad over nine quid each, me and Peter," ses Ginger. "Where's the rest?"

"It's all I've got left," ses Sam; "every ha'penny."

He 'ad to undress and even take 'is boots off afore they'd believe 'im, and then Ginger took 'is watch and he ses to Peter, "Lemme

see ; arf of seventeen pounds is eight pounds ten ; arf of five shillings is arf a crown ; and arf of fourpence is twopence."

"What about me, Ginger, old pal?" ses Sam, in a kind voice. "We must divide it into threes."

"*Threes?*" ses Ginger, staring at 'im. "Whaffor?"

"'Cos part of it's mine," ses Sam, struggling 'ard to be perlite. "I've paid for everything for the last ten days, ain't I?"

"Yes," ses Ginger. "You 'ave, and I thank you for it."

"So do I," ses Peter Russet. "Hearty I do."

"It was your kind-'artedness," ses Ginger, grinning like mad. "You gave it to us, and we wouldn't dream of giving it to you back."

"Nothin' o' the kind," ses Sam, choking.

"Oh, yes, you did," ses Ginger, "and you didn't forget to tell people neither. You told everybody. Now it's our turn."

He opened the door and kicked the lodger out. Leastways, he would 'ave kicked 'im, but the chap was too quick for 'im. And then 'e came back, and, putting his arm round Peter's waist, danced a waltz round the room with 'im, while pore old Sam got on to his bed to be out of the way. They danced for nearly arf an hour, and then they undressed and sat on Peter's bed and talked.

"'FETCH A POLICEMAN,' SES GINGER."

They talked in whispers at fust, but at last Sam 'eard Peter say :—

"Threepence for 'is brekfuss ; sevenpence for 'is dinner ; threepence for 'is tea ; penny for beer and a penny for bacca. 'Ow much is that, Ginger?"

"One bob," ses Ginger.

Peter counted up to 'imself. "I make it more than that, old pal," he ses, when he 'ad finished.

"Do you?" ses Ginger, getting up. "Well, he won't ; not if he counts it twenty times over he won't. Good night, Peter. 'Appy dreams."

The Dickens Testimonial Stamp.

Meeting at the Mansion House.

Photo. by The Central News.

When, six months ago, THE STRAND MAGAZINE announced the scheme it had devised of a Dickens Centenary Stamp to commemorate the great novelist's memory and redress the injustice under which his heirs were suffering owing to the present copyright law, we hardly dared hope for the success which is now in sight. Almost every public man with a taste for and ability in literature has testified to his approval of the Dickens Stamp, and the great meeting which was held under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, on the 24th of February, testified to the hold Charles Dickens has on the English-speaking world. The meeting was in support of the Dickens Stamp, the principal speakers being the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Alverstone (Lord Chief Justice of England), the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P. (Chief Secretary for Ireland), Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Charles Mathews (Director of Public Prosecutions), and Mr. Israel Zangwill. On the platform were seated most of the distinguished authors of the day.

The LORD MAYOR, in opening the proceedings, said the meeting had been called by way of a tribute to the memory of that great Londoner and most popular of all popular authors, Charles Dickens. He had the honour of calling upon Lord Rosebery to deal with that inviting subject, and it might be not uninteresting to remind them that, whilst Scotland claimed Lord Rosebery, Londoners felt they had a share in claiming his attention because he was born in the Metropolis.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ADDRESS.

Lord ROSEBERY, who was very warmly greeted by the audience on rising to deliver his address, said :—

There is, I think, some slight misapprehension as to the part that I have to take this afternoon. There is no misapprehension, indeed, as to my having been born in London. We are all born in London, but I have always brought up my family to believe that I was born in Scotland. (Laughter.) As they read the newspapers I am afraid that you have dispelled an agreeable illusion on which I have fed their infancy. I am also, as I gather from the newspapers, expected to deliver an oration on Charles Dickens—which I have no intention of doing. Those orations, by whomsoever delivered, must be reserved for next year, when we celebrate his actual centenary. I am here for a business purpose, speaking to business men, and I certainly should not ask the business men of the City of London to come in the middle of an afternoon to listen to my views as to the literary products of Charles Dickens. Nor am I here to urge upon you a memorial. Speaking for myself, and I suspect for the majority of this audience, we are all getting a little weary of memorials. I must guard myself against being supposed to allude to those memorials which are everywhere springing up spontaneously to the memory of our great and good King,

But I am most emphatically alluding to the memorials for which we receive applications every morning, sometimes to solicit contributions for memorials to persons whose names we have not even heard, and oftener still to persons with whose merits we are not even conversant.

The Multiplication of Memorials.

There is this unfortunate feature about these memorials, that they sometimes indicate that they are promoted rather for some material interest of the promoters than to hallow the memory of anybody in particular. We all know the circular we are apt to receive, which says that it is generally felt in this community that we ought to commemorate the virtuous life of Mr. Snooks, and it is still more strongly felt in this community that that memorial should take the form of a pump which the village has long desiderated. (Laughter.) And you cannot help suspecting that the object of the circular is rather to build the pump than to commemorate any memory in particular. I cannot use the expression common in America that we have no use for these memorials, because it is quite obvious, when the pump arises in our midst, that there is a use for these memorials. But we can, I think, emphatically declare that we are very weary of these memorials, and the time is not far distant when it will be a greater distinction to the illustrious dead to have no memorial than to be commemorated in this somewhat indiscriminate fashion. (Cheers.) There is another terror added to these commemorations. It is that they are no longer, as in my early youth, limited by chronology. In Scotland we have got back to the commemoration of Sir William Wallace, of whom, of course, though we may erect a statue, no actual or historical image has been preserved. In England we have been more daring. We have got back to King Alfred and to Boadicea, and, as there must be a limit to these things, I look forward gladly to the time when we shall have exhausted our retrospect, and when we have erected a monument to Julius Cæsar and to St. Augustine, and, if possible, to the Emperor Severus, who, if my memory serves me justly, died at York, we shall have exhausted our retrospective catalogue of celebrities. Otherwise the financial measures of the Government will be as nothing compared with the drain upon our resources implied by these memorials. (Laughter.)

A Debt Long Overdue.

I have ventured to make this long preface to indicate that neither am I going to make a speech about the works of Dickens nor am I going to plead for a memorial. I am coming for a much more practical object to an assembly of business men in the City—an object which I think they will all recognize. I am here to claim the long overdue payment of a debt. (Cheers.) We now begin to realize that we have all been rather shabby fellows in enjoying the works of Dickens. He has given us a pleasure which, I think, none of us can over-estimate, and we have given him uncommonly little in return. It is estimated—these facts are kindly supplied for my use this afternoon; I cannot conceive how they are arrived at, but I give them for what they are worth—that there are twenty-five million sets of Dickens's works in the world at this moment, making, as my statistician tells me, due allowance for wear and tear—and we must all allow that the wear and tear of Dickens's works must be almost the greatest wear and tear known in literature. (Hear, hear.) But for these great works, for which we owe him a debt which we can never express and we can never repay, we gave him very little. I think he died worth between seventy thousand and eighty thousand pounds, and it is calculated that fifty thousand pounds of that arose not from these works, but from his reading of these works on public occasions. Now I think we shall all feel that that is a very inadequate return, as compared with modern returns—with the modern return, for example, of a successful play—to this great genius for what he did for us.

I am not now, as I said, going into the detail of his works. I am not going to appeal to that noble tragedy, "A Tale of Two Cities," which stands on a pedestal by itself, not as being greater than Dickens's other works, which it was not, but as being different in kind and texture from them. For it is a tragedy, and his other works were not. I am not going to appeal to that delightful series of stories by which he resuscitated Christmas as a popular festival. Apart from the religious feast, there are chronological circumstances in Christmas which make it highly unsuitable for any kind of rejoicing. It is towards the end of the year when we anticipate with lively apprehension the delivery of our annual accounts, and chronologically speaking, from causes apart from our own control, no festival is so unhappily placed for rejoicing as is the festival of Christmas. This great genius took up Christmas, he warmed its dying embers, and he has left it, what I think he did not find it, the great national rejoicing of the year. (Cheers.)

The Laughter of Dickens.

My claim on you all rests on neither of these things. I am going to rest it on only one claim, and yet the claims are innumerable. Dickens taught us how to laugh. (Cheers.) The world when "Pickwick" appeared was not a very gay world. It was, I admit, somewhere about the time of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, but when we read the literature of that time we see little trace of anything that could amuse anybody. The old jokes, the jokes of Scarron and the Restoration dramatists, and even the humour of Fielding and of Goldsmith, no longer provoked laughter; but in this island, washed as it is, I think Lord Beaconsfield said, by a melancholy ocean, laughter is a physical necessity. And, after all, am I not right in saying that a laugh, a real laugh, at any literary product, except, of course, a comedy on the stage, any laugh over a book that you are reading is almost the rarest luxury which you can enjoy? (Cheers.) Well, now, as I say, we live under a sunless sky, surrounded by a melancholy ocean, devoured, as our French friends tell us, by the spleen, and it is a physical necessity for the English nation, and even for the Scotch nation (laughter) and the Welsh, to laugh. It is the most glorious and the most innocent of all the enjoyments. It exhilarates all social relations. Was not the laugh of Frank Lockwood something that would make a stuffed bird rejoice? And those who have listened to that splendour of merriment which he could impart by that laugh realize the intense value of that emotional exercise of ours. Now, as I say, I do not think the literature of the early days of Queen Victoria or of the reign of William IV. was very exhilarating; but now anyone who tastes Dickens, and I suppose from the sale of his works the number of people who taste Dickens must be almost coterminous with the races of the world, and who feels depressed, who feels unhappy, who feels physically unwell, has only got to take down his "Pickwick" and read a few pages possibly that he almost knows by heart already, and he will find himself indulging in that innocent and healthy exhilaration of which I spoke.

The Dickens Stamp.

Now a man who has done that for his race—and that is only one of his claims—has established a firm grasp on the gratitude of mankind. Of course, in after-dinner speeches we should say we are all his debtors, but it is

much more than an after-dinner phrase. We are pecuniarily his debtors. He himself has left twenty descendants, three children and seventeen grandchildren, who are by no means placed in this world as the descendants of Dickens ought to be. It is not through their own fault. They make no claim and no complaint, but it does seem a debt of honour, from this nation at any rate, to them and to ourselves that we should not let this family of our great genius suffer under any kind of want. (Cheers.) Now, to meet this difficulty, which is a difficulty, because a subscription list is a poor thing at best, an ingenious committee has devised the Dickens stamp. Everybody, it is hoped, will feel it a duty to buy as many Dickens stamps at any rate as they possess volumes of Dickens, and to paste a stamp in each volume to show that his debt is acquitted. Of course, he does not acquit his debt. He may buy thousands of Dickens stamps, if he wishes to acquit his debt. But the *minimum* by which any honourable lover of Dickens can meet this demand is to buy as many stamps as he has volumes of Dickens and to paste them in. And I hope the time will come when a man owning a house and an edition of Dickens, bringing down a volume to lend to a friend, and finding that it has not a stamp in it, will be ashamed to produce the book, or at any rate will be so bitterly vituperated by his friends that he will hurry to buy stamps of Dickens in even greater abundance than I have indicated. I like this idea of the Dickens stamp. There is not a man so poor in this country who has enjoyed Dickens and cannot buy one penny stamp and feel that he has done something—it may be the utmost of his power, the utmost of his limits—to try and discharge a debt that he owes to this dead man, who passed away in his prime before the days of great pecuniary profits for books, and left this immortal heritage to bless his nation and other nations of the same race. (Cheers.)

An Appeal to Americans.

Now, I advisedly said "other nations of the same race," because, great as the claim of Dickens is upon these islands, it is incalculably greater on our cousins across the Atlantic. When he wrote there was no copyright in the United States. I do not suppose there was copyright established in the United States until after the copyright of his own works had expired. Therefore, he derived no profit whatever from his multitudinous readers in the United States, who must be at least as many as in this country, and probably more, from the moment he set pen to paper to the moment he passed away from us or up to the present time. Now, our cousins in the United States are wealthy and they are enthusiastic. I firmly believe that they will welcome the opportunity of showing that they will not yield to the Mother Country in appreciation of this great benefactor, and that we shall hear of millions of applications from the United States for these stamps, enough at any rate to place this fund beyond all risk of being inadequate for the task which it has to fulfil. I ask you to co-operate with this movement with all your zeal, not to give it a cold sympathy and possibly buy a dozen stamps, but to throw your heart into it. When the great heart of this country is moved, it can show, as it has shown on countless occasions, that it is surpassed by no nation in the world in what it can give and will give to a worthy cause. (Cheers.) Now there are many worthy causes. Our post every morning tells us of innumerable worthy causes, but these causes are living and with us. The cause I am pleading for is an old debt long overdue, which constitutes a stain on the English and the American races, and which I cannot doubt that in this centenary year they will be both willing and anxious to discharge. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle spoke on the question of copyright. The public, he said, still read all that Charles Dickens could give them. They still had that which he wore out his energies and his life in doing. Surely, though no law compelled them now to pay for it, there should be such a law, or, failing such a law, there was some higher law which appealed to their consciences. That matter of copyright could be defended if it could be shown that anybody in the world benefited from it. But nobody benefited by it certainly not the modern author. Every generation of authors lived in the shadow of the last one, and it was a hard case when a modern mediocrity at six shillings had to make a living against the dead genius at sixpence. It was notorious that what was everybody's property was nobody's property. A man builds a house or a ship. With his right hand and the cunning of his brain he rears it where there was neither house nor ship before, and it is his very own. A novelist builds a work, and it is his just as truly as anything that any artisan or landlord has built. This work he leaves to his children as their own property, until one day, when the owner has been dead seven years, he is rudely dispossessed and his children ejected, and the strongest or the most crafty can take over the work and do with it as they please. Dickens had himself asked that no memorial should ever be raised to him. Certainly the pump of which Lord Rosebery had so wittily spoken was far from the feelings of all of them. But what a glorious memorial it would be if that great injustice from which Dickens and so many suffered were put right. Until it was set right they could all supplement what could be done by their own private effort. Dickens had one other claim he would urge, apart from the pleasure he had given them, and that was that he was a man who did a vast deal of public work. Except Charles Reade there never was a novelist who had public reform and public good so much at heart as Dickens. In every one of his novels, whether he dealt with the delays of the law, or cruelty at schools, or debtor prisons, they would find some core of morality and an attempted reform of injustice underlying his story. Apart also from his stories, it was well known that there never was a generous movement of any kind to which Dickens was not prepared to give time, work, and money. To honest men there was no Statute of Limitations in such a debt as that. Dickens served the public, and it was time the public paid the debt. He was sure that in America there would be a noble response to that appeal. In England they were, perhaps, slow and lethargic to take up a new thing, but he could not help feeling that the stamp scheme would catch on in the country. (Applause.)

The Lord Chief Justice.

The Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone) said that it was very difficult to add anything to the thoughts and expressions of the two admirable speeches already delivered. Lord Rosebery in his charming speech had, he was thankful to say, left him something to do. It was not often that he left anybody anything to do. He now therefore moved a resolution expressing the meeting's satisfaction at the promotion of a movement to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens by raising a fund for the benefit of his descendants by means of the Dickens stamps. The resolution further pledged the meeting to give the fund its utmost support.

This, continued Lord Alverstone, was a new departure in the method of raising funds. It was suggested that there might be some difficulty in finding out where

the stamps could be obtained, but the committee would soon cure that. They owed a debt of deep gratitude to Sir Frank Newnes for the liberal part he had taken in the publication of the stamp, and to Messrs. Raphael Tuck for the way they had, without profit to themselves, arranged for its printing. The minimum duty that they, as lovers of Dickens, were under was to see that no volume of theirs should ever be without a Dickens stamp. There was something about the scheme which commended itself very much to him. It was a sort of recognition, not only of a debt, but of allegiance and gratitude. They put upon their stamps the heads of great people, the monarchs, presidents, and others who ruled the nations. Charles Dickens was a king in the world of literature. They were his subjects. They had received from him that which had so eloquently been described as gifts of pathos, humour, of noble character, of struggles against abuses, of determination to secure the putting an end to any public grievance that could be so cured. Could there be any more fitting token than that on the volumes which they would hand down to those who came after there would be a recognition which would say: "There is in this book a Dickens stamp. I have put it in because I owe a debt of gratitude to Dickens." It might be thought to be an indirect method of raising the fund. So much the better, if it was connected with the recognition of their admiration for the man whose memory they were wishing to keep in mind.

He was quite satisfied that nobody had ever thought that the Americans were otherwise than generous, and he believed that there would be hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who would feel it almost a point of honour to take up the Dickens stamp and see that it was put into their books. But it must go forth from that meeting and from that city as a movement which lovers of Dickens in London warmly supported, because it was not a memorial, but a recognition in some small and humble way of indicating—not paying—the debt they owed to that great author. In conclusion, Lord Alverstone referred to Dickens's intense love of children and the extraordinary way in which he depicted little Paul, Tiny Tim, and so many other children. (Applause.)

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

Sir EDWARD CLARKE seconded the resolution, and said that he was happy to think that Lord Rosebery's eulogy on the works of Dickens was only postponed. He also expressed the hope that Mr. Birrell might be persuaded to speak. (Applause.)

MR. BIRRELL.

Mr. BIRRELL, at the request of the Lord Mayor, also addressed the meeting. He said: I recently learned from the newspapers that my friend Sir Edward Clarke had attained his seventieth year. But I am quite sure that during the whole of his lengthy career at the Bar he has never treated a junior in so shabby a fashion as he has just treated me. (Laughter.) However, as he has for some inexplicable reason forgotten his duty, left the court, and asked me to say what he ought to have said, I reluctantly take his place. (Laughter.) I came here most anxious to know about this stamp. I felt a little anxiety, because I am one of those worthless people who collect first editions. It is a miserable thing, and I apologize for it (Laughter.) But when I love an author intensely I love to have the first impression of his great works, and I love to have a "Pickwick" of 1837. And, treasuring it as I do, this stamp which I should have to stick in it weighed a little heavily on my mind. It was not where I should get it or how much I should have to pay for it. Those were indifferent matters. The question was what I should have to do with it, and I was told that it was my duty to stick it in the book. That caused me momentary agitation and anxiety to know how it would look. I have now seen it. It is a delightful thing. It is a real addition to the book itself, and therefore I recognize now that it was the best and the very happiest scheme that possibly could be hit upon. When you come to remunerate authors difficulties will arise. Be there copyrights as long as you may, you cannot help authors selling them. The necessities of authors are often great. They do not often know that they are going to be read one hundred and fifty years after their death. They would be very foolish to rely on that. (Laughter.) They are therefore very apt to sell their rights out and out to publishers. We have none of us any desire to enrich publishers, and the task becomes one of a little complication as to how to secure for the children and the descendants of great authors their fitting reward. It requires much care and much consideration. A way out of the difficulty will, I am sure, be found. To some extent it has been found with this stamp, and I rejoice that I have been able to express my admiration for the whole scheme, and my fixed determination to fix this stamp in every one of the volumes of Dickens in my possession. (Applause.)

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

MR. ZANGWILL.

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL moved a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for presiding. Literary men, he said, ought not to be too forward in taking steps in connection with another literary man. They honoured their literary men in private. It was not the business of literature, but of the world at large, to see that literature received recognition.

Sir CHARLES MATHEWS seconded the vote of thanks, which was heartily agreed to.

Letters of regret were received from several distinguished persons.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC wrote: "My reason would be of the simplest. The copyright in literary and other invention is morally the most absolute form of property in the world; it is actually created by its owner. It is also the only form of property which is confiscated after a term of years. Pending the redress of so obvious an injustice, a scheme such as yours is a palliative deserving of support."

Lord TENNYSON wrote: "It would be good if a testimonial stamp were on all literary works out of copyright, to help those descendants of authors who are in poverty and distress. Such poverty and distress among the descendants and relations of well-known authors frequently come before my notice as president of the Royal Literary Fund."

Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE wrote: "By purchasing the Dickens stamps we not only obtain an admirable portrait of the author to be inserted in the copies of his works we possess, but have the satisfaction of knowing that we are honouring his memory by helping to make life easier for his descendants."

Mr. J. M. BARRIE wrote: "No one could be a more ardent admirer of Dickens than myself. I have not thought that his admirers have always been very wise in the form their admiration has taken, but this testimonial I support ardently."

The Last Chance.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

I.

DAWN was coming. Birds were waking and twittering in the Embankment Gardens. A cool breeze swept out the heavy and sultry air of the night. In another half-hour Mr. Horrocks would be able to extinguish the lights at his coffee-stall. Meanwhile, in an interval of business, he talked to a young man who had been a regular customer of his for many nights past. Mr. Horrocks did not remain idle while he talked. He wiped his counter down, and gave certain thick cups and saucers as much washing as he thought would be good for them. He was a placid and portly man of fifty, much respected by his customers. If two of these scarecrows of the night had a difference, they would occasionally ask Mr. Horrocks to adjudicate, and from his decisions there was no appeal.

The young man who was talking to Horrocks was in rags, but he was not altogether ill-looking. He had melancholy eyes and a gentle expression. His speech was the speech of an educated man.

"I can find nothing to do," he said. "I'm at the end of my money. I've some thoughts of putting myself in the water. The trouble is that I can swim a bit."

Mr. Horrocks considered the proposition without emotion, much as if the young man had said he was going to have his hair cut.

"I shouldn't advise it," he said. "You never know your luck. Now, from what some of the others told me to-night, I rather gathered you was one time at Cambridge College."

"'I CAN FIND NOTHING TO DO,' HE SAID. 'I'M AT THE END OF MY MONEY.'"

"No. I was an Oxford man. I was sent down."

"All the same thing," said Mr. Horrocks. "It means you've got eddication. That's a grand thing. Wish I had it myself. That gives you an advantage over the others, that does. Schoolmastering, now—that's open to you."

"In these clothes? And with no character?"

"That's against you," Mr. Horrocks admitted. "Done time?"

He put the question as casually as if he had been asking the young man if he knew Brighton.

"No, I've never been in prison. I was a gambler, and still am. I drank very hard, but I've given that up. It has to be all or nothing with me. I've been chucked by my family and most of my friends, and I've chucked the rest myself, out of pride. I believe I have the makings of an artist in me—a painter, you know."

"Some of the screevers do well enough. You want a dry day and a good pitch."

"I don't mean that. I mean real painting. But I can't get at it, and I don't suppose there'd be any money in it if I could. I can't beg, or steal, or use any tools that make a nasty noise. Some men can, but I can't; I can't do what I don't like."

"Ah!" said Mr. Horrocks. "If you starts picking and choosing, no wonder you finds it difficult. You can't afford to do that. That's what you've got to say to yourself. Seeing now as you can't get at the painting and decorating, what is it you do want?"

"I should like your berth very well," said the young man.

"Hard work, me young friend. A deal harder than you think."

"There are some kinds of work," said the young man, reflectively, "that I don't object to at all. I like to be out at night. I like to talk to the people who've gone under. I like to see the dawn coming. You've got an interesting life, Mr. Horrocks. Is there any money in it?"

"There isn't a fortune, but there's a livelihood for a worker."

"If you'd take me on to help you, I'd work."

Mr. Horrocks extinguished an evil-smelling flare.

"There's no work for you here," he said. "But I might find it for you elsewhere."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I could do with another stall. I should know where to pitch it, and how to work it. If I had it, I'd give you a chance. You can't get a stall and a fit-out like this for nothing. If you could come to me and put down three golden sovereigns, I'd start you right away, in a sort of partnership with myself."

"Three golden sovereigns," said the young man, and laughed.

"Well," said Horrocks, "that ought to be possible for a young man that's been to Oxford College, and had all the advantages."

"Can't be done. I've no more clothes to pawn—nothing but what I stand up in."

"If that ring on your finger ain't flash, you've got a chance still."

The ring was a plain gold signet. The young man looked at it.

"It's all right," he said. "What could I get for it?"

"A sovereign. I'd lend you that on it myself. Then you'd go to the Salvationers, or to the Church Army, and they'd show you how to start at peddling. You'll have made the money in a month. It's worth thinking about. Better than the river, anyway."

The young man drew the ring from his finger.

"I hadn't meant to part with this," he said. "But, however, it's the last chance. Take it, Mr. Horrocks. If you find it's all right, give me a sovereign for it to-morrow night."

Mr. Horrocks examined the ring with great care. Then he took a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket and laid it down on the counter.

"You can get quite a nice lot of stuff for that," he said. "As much as you can carry. Dress materials and a line of cheap watches is what I should recommend. Get hold of the servants at the good houses. They've all got some money to spend, and they're mostly mugs."

"No," said the young man. "I'm not going to do that."

"What, then?" asked Mr. Horrocks.

"Perseus for the Derby," said the young man. "Didn't I tell you I was a gambler?"

"They tell me it's all right," said Mr. Horrocks. "There's nothing else in it except the favourite. I'd thought of backing it myself. Still, you see, it's no certainty, and the other thing is."

The young man laughed, finished his coffee, and walked away.

II.

EDWARD SEATON tramped from London to Epsom. This is the cheapest way to go to the Derby, and on a fine day it is not the

least pleasant. He had deposited his sovereign with a substantial bookmaker whom he had known in his younger days. He had threepence in his possession. One penny of this was to pay for his breakfast. The remaining twopence was to help him on his way back to town. Of course, he might be able to get a lift for nothing, but it was better to have something in reserve.

Queer and erratic, he saw now a possibility of the kind of life that he would like. He would do his utmost to make Horrocks's new coffee-stall successful. He himself would live as cheaply as possible. Very soon he would be able to buy the materials, and, when his night's work was over, would get two or three hours of painting before he went to bed. It was a life which would never bring him into contact with any of the people whom he had known in his old days—the people before whom he felt humiliated. He would be dealing with the dead-beat, and he understood them. He had had hours of the greatest excitement, thinking over this last chance, planning the great results that might ultimately follow from his partnership with Mr. Horrocks. His life so far had been a mistake. He had tried to live the conventional life, and it had torn up his nerves and driven him to drink. He had neglected his one natural gift. A few sneers from his family had been enough to make him ashamed, and to convince him that he could never become an artist. That was all past now. In future he would model his life to suit himself, and one day, possibly, he might find himself back in his old position. What he had to do was to be independent, to judge for himself, to map out his own line. In his boyhood he had tried to be docile, and docility had been a complete failure.

He was no longer excited. The moment for that had gone past. He got away from the roaring crowd on the hill, and sat at a little distance by himself. He had meant to watch the race, but after the first false start he found that he could not stand it. It was better for him to sit quietly with his head in his hands. He could hear now the roar of the crowd. "Perseus! Perseus wins! Perseus!"

He rose to his feet now and walked slowly back to the crowd. He limped badly, for his feet were blistered with the long walk.

"What's won?" he asked of the first man he met.

"The favourite," said the man, exultantly. "Won by a head. Good finish."

Seaton burst out laughing. "Very good finish," he said, and turned away.

There would be no hurry to get back to London now. He spent his twopence on food, for he was terribly hungry, and then sought out some spot on the downs where he could lie quiet and sleep.

As he limped along his eyes caught a bright object lying in the grass. For one breathless moment he thought that luck had come back to him. Then he picked the thing up. It was not a sovereign, after all. It was a new farthing, on one side of which a cross had been scratched.

As he stood looking at it two people approached him. They belonged to the class that he did not want to meet any more—a man and a woman. The man was elderly and correctly dressed, a veritable tailor's triumph. The woman was very young, pretty, and impulsive in manner.

"You've found it?" she said, eagerly.

Seaton raised his cap. "I have found a new farthing," he said. "If that is what you mean. I shall be very happy to return it to you."

She stared at him. His words and appearance did not seem to consort together. She took the coin from him, thanked him, and turned to her companion.

"George," she said, "give this man a sovereign, please."

"Certainly, a shilling by all means. And a very good bargain for you, my fine fellow. If you can keep on exchanging farthings for shillings you'll soon be rich."

"Don't be a fool, George. I said a sovereign. Are you getting deaf already?"

"Oh, have it your own way," said the man, as he took the coin from his sovereign-case.

"But," said Edward Seaton to the lady, "why do you give me a sovereign for a farthing?"

"Why? Did you never hear of mascots? That farthing's the finest mascot I ever had in my life. I wouldn't have lost it for anything."

"Here, I say," said the man. "We can't stop talking to this chap all day."

"Of course you can't," said Seaton.

He took the coin, thanked them, and limped away. Here, then, was a reprieve. The last chance was not yet quite over. It was true that his scheme had failed, but that seemed to him now of much less importance. He would not be compelled to walk back to London. And when he got there he would be able to afford himself the luxury of a bath and a good bed. Also, he would eat and drink. And to-morrow, of course, he would die.

He passed through a crowd of shouting

bookmakers, and unintentionally his eye fell on the list of horses for the next race, with the odds chalked up against them. One of the horses had a name which arrested him. He picked his bookmaker very carefully.

"What price Farthing?" he asked.

The bookmaker laughed. "Pay? Yes, and be thankful to have the chance. You're the only man on the earth that's backed it."

A few minutes later Seaton, with thirty-one pounds in his pocket, was making his way to the railway station, when once more he

"'I HAVE FOUND A NEW FARTHING,' HE SAID."

"Thirties."

"Right," said Seaton, handing up the coin. "I want a sovereign on."

The bookmaker was a good-humoured, honest-looking old fellow. He bent down towards Seaton.

"Look here," he said. "You don't want no thick 'un on it. Have a shilling on it. It can't win. No earthly. I don't want to take a poor man's money. Put a shilling on, and save the rest to buy the missis a tarara."

"I dare say you're right," said Seaton; "and you're a good chap, anyhow. But I want to put that sovereign on. I suppose you can pay if I win?"

encountered that extremely well-dressed old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said Seaton.

"Chuck it!" said the man. "You get no more out of me to-day."

"I wanted to return this sovereign. Thank you very much for the loan of it."

III.

MR. HORROCKS could hardly believe his own eyes. He groped for a possible explanation.

"Then you didn't back Perseus after all?" he said.

"I did," said Seaton, "and I lost."

"You've got a new fit-out of clothes. You've just given me a quid to get your ring

back. It beats me. Oh, I see. Your people have been coming down with the stuff, eh ? "

" No. After the Derby had been run I borrowed a sovereign, and backed the winner for the next race. Thirty to one."

" You, in those rags, managed to borrow a sovereign up on Epsom Downs ? Man, you're a genius."

" Yes, I know," said Seaton. " But let's talk business."

" What ? You're still game to come in with me ? "

" Of course I am. I've got to live, and I want to paint. I shall get my living out of the coffee-stall, and I shall get it in a way that won't upset and annoy me. I shall have plenty of time left for painting. I don't sleep much."

Seaton went back with Horrocks to his home after business, and was presented to Mrs. Horrocks. He examined such accounts as Horrocks kept, and was surprised to find that so much profit could be made by catering, in part, at any rate, for the last pennies of the dead-beat. Of course, Horrocks had working-men customers as well, substantial men who really breakfasted. For the next few nights Seaton assisted Horrocks with his stall, and learned more thoroughly the details of the trade. After that he managed another stall by himself.

Ten years later, when Edward Seaton was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, nobody was surprised. Many thought that he should have been elected earlier.

Good fortune had followed him persistently. The first two pictures that he sent to the Academy were hung on the line. They were London subjects—" Dawn on the Embankment " and " Saturday Night in the Edgware Road." They were mentioned with approval by a bishop preaching in Westminster Abbey. In all questions of art, the bishop was an innocent child. But that did not matter. Through the whole of Monday there was always a little group of people in front of Seaton's pictures. A critic, who had returned to the show after many days, in order to settle a point in dispute between himself and another critic, noticed the group, and for the first time noticed Seaton's pictures. He spent about half an hour on them, and then decided to discover Seaton.

He discovered him in an article in a daily paper, also in various paragraphs, also in conversation with critics and other artists. The innocent bishop, finding to his utter amazement that he had for once appreciated

" ' LOOK HERE,' HE SAID. ' YOU DON'T WANT NO THICK 'UN ON IT. HAVE A SHILLING ON IT."

a work of art, purchased "Dawn on the Embankment" for the sum of one hundred pounds. He subsequently sold it for five hundred, and we may be sure that he devoted the profits to some good purpose.

Having taken his line, Seaton kept it. He never painted a portrait. He never painted anything except London. The critic who had been his first evangelist was in the habit of saying that Seaton had discovered London. In the following exhibition he again showed two pictures—"Sunset in Regent's Park" and "The Coffee-Stall." He sold both of these, and sold them well. It was at this juncture that he gave up work at the coffee-stall himself, and became known once more to his family and friends. His family, having done their very utmost to prevent Edward from becoming an artist, now rejoiced in a success which, they asserted and believed, they had always foretold.

On the occasion of his election, a few bachelor friends of his asked him to dine at the club. They were for the most part artists, but the talk after dinner strayed over many subjects, and lingered finally on the subject of the theatre. "I often wonder," said old Burden, "what became of Margaret Gaye. She was about the finest Juliet we've ever had. She could play comedy too, and she was as pretty as one could wish. I wonder why we never hear of her now."

"She's been ill," said another man. "I know it, because I was painting her portrait at the time. That was a queer thing. She showed me her mascot, a farthing with a cross scratched on it. Her belief in it was intense. She said she would never part from

"THROUGH THE WHOLE OF MONDAY THERE WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE GROUP OF PEOPLE IN FRONT OF SEATON'S PICTURES."

it, and that while she had it her luck would never leave her. Next day she was down with rheumatic fever. It was nearly a year ago, and I've got that unfinished portrait in my studio still. I've never seen her since."

"Why not?" asked Seaton.

"I ought to have done. Meant to have done. But just at that time I was most appallingly busy, and afterwards it slipped out of my mind. I suppose she's still alive, as we've seen no obituary notices. I'd go and look her up next week, if I knew where she lived. She had a house at Earl's Court, but somebody or other told me she had given that up and gone away."

"Let's see," said Seaton, reflectively. "Whom did she marry?"

"Never married anybody. Might have done. As things have turned out, I dare say it would have been better for her if she had. I don't suppose she had saved much money. She was a reckless little woman, and a born gambler."

"Gambling's a mistake," said Seaton, as he filled his glass and passed on the decanter. He himself played bridge for half a crown a hundred now, and never for any higher point, and never made a bet. He had given up teetotalism, and drank wine at dinner and at no other time. He had got himself in hand. It had taken a good deal of doing, but it was done.

On the following morning Seaton went to a private inquiry office. "I want," he said, "the present address of Miss Gaye."

"Margaret Gaye? The actress?" asked the private detective.

"Yes. About a year ago she had a house at Earl's Court. That's all I can tell you. Can you do that for me?"

The detective smiled. "I wish I was never asked to do anything more difficult, sir."

"You understand that it must be done without Miss Gaye's knowledge, without causing her any annoyance."

"Quite so. As a matter of course. You will have the address to-morrow, sir."

IV.

SEATON drove down to Wimbledon in his own car. Then he sent the driver back with the car and started on foot in search of the house. He found it with no great trouble—a very small house in a very back street—and a very young servant answered the bell.

"Is Miss Gaye in?"

"Well," said the maid, doubtfully, "she is in, but——"

"Give her this note—my card's in it—and ask if she will see me."

In a minute the maid returned. "Miss Gaye will see you, sir."

Seaton was shown into a drawing-room of the smallest size, principally furnished with a grand piano. As he entered Margaret Gaye rose from her chair by the fire, still holding his note in one hand. She was thinner than when he last saw her, and she was older—as a matter of fact, thirty-two. The impression she made on Seaton was that her beauty had become etherealized and rather pathetic.

"I don't understand this at all," she said, as she shook hands with him. "You say I once saved your life. I never did anything so heroical. I'm afraid I've saved very little, and certainly not the life of a famous artist. Won't you sit down and tell me about it, Mr. Seaton?"

He sat down and told her his story, from beginning to end.

"Then," she said, "it was true what I read in one of the newspapers—that you once kept a coffee-stall?"

"Perfectly true. Quite interesting work for a time."

"And is it really true that you've been looking for me ever since?"

"Quite true. I did not know your name, you see. I had nothing to go by. It was only two nights ago that I was dining with some artists, and they spoke with admiration of your acting."

"I'm afraid that's all over," said Margaret.

"I hope so," said Seaton, and did not appear to notice that Miss Gaye looked slightly perplexed at this. "And one of the artists," he continued, "happened to mention your farthing mascot. Then, of course, I knew."

"I had a very long illness and had to leave London. I went—well, down in the world. None of my old friends ever comes near me. How did you get my address?"

"In the dirtiest possible way—through a private inquiry office. If any dirtier way had been necessary I would have taken that. It has taken me ten years to find you. Once I was on the track I couldn't, of course, have allowed anything to stop me."

"Why not?"

"But it's so obvious. Now tell me all about yourself. Who was the man that you called George?"

"George Belmont. He was a banker. He was a very good friend of mine, until he got angry with me."

"All the same, you were quite right to refuse a man who was old enough to be your grandfather. Was he much surprised that I returned him the sovereign?"

She laughed. "He was astounded. It made the story dearest to his heart. He told it everywhere. He dined out on it. He made people sick of it."

"But won't you get on, please? I want more about yourself."

"But really, is there any reason why I should tell you?"

"There is the best reason in the world. And you shall hear it later. Let me see. You fell ill. Go on, please."

And so she told her story, which was ordinary enough. She had at one time been very successful, and had earned high salaries. She had been impulsive, generous, and improvident. Rheumatic fever has its sequelæ, and she had been ill and unable to work for a long time. She considered that she had now entirely recovered—Seaton disagreed with this—but she found it difficult to get back into her profession again on the old basis. She had an offer from one manager, but it was not very tempting. It was not an offer that he would have ventured to make two years before. She was in doubt about it. She still had the farthing mascot, and though it had not treated her very well lately, perhaps after all it would give her a last chance. It was no longer a new farthing; it had grown very dingy.

"Perhaps," said Seaton, gravely, "if you paid it a little attention it would reward you. You should clean it. Wash it in a twenty-five per cent. solution of sulphuric acid, and polish with pumice."

Again she laughed. "How on earth do you know these things?"

"Quite simple; I work on copper plates sometimes. Are you going to give me any tea?"

"Of course I am."

"Then I think I'll step out to the telephone office first."

"Something you've forgotten?"

"I sent my car back. I want it to return here at seven, to take us both to dine in town. Afterwards we can go to the theatre, or we can talk. Just as you like."

"But, you amazing person, you haven't even asked me if I'll go yet. I don't think I ought to, and I don't believe I've got a dress."

"Oh, yes, you have. And you simply must come. Do you think, when I've found you after ten years, that I'm going to let you go again? Never! I won't hear of it. Ah, here's the tea!"

After tea they cleaned the farthing mascot, and brought it to a great state of perfection, without using either sulphuric acid or pumice. As they did so they talked eagerly, in close proximity. When the motor-car arrived Margaret Gaye was quite ready.

As he was driving her back to her house that night, she mentioned once more the engagement which had been offered her. "It's not what I like, but I think I should accept it, don't you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish my wife to be on the stage."

She was astounded. He explained further, and with considerable eloquence. As he kissed her when they said good night, it is probable that she was convinced.

The Creation of a Venus.

Following the example of Zeuxis, an English artist, Mr. Hal Hurst, R.I., who has painted the portraits of many beautiful Englishwomen, has constructed two portraits, each feature of which he has borrowed in detail from some famous beauty, in the endeavour to construct a modern Venus.

ART is selection. When Zeuxis sought the ideal he chose a brow from Aglaia, a nose from Lydia, a lip from Myra, an arm from Lilia, a foot from Melissa. Several ladies were laid under contribution, and through this eclectic process came perfection. Most women have one good feature. Even Katisha, in "The Mikado," with her "caricature of a face," had an elbow that people came miles to see on account of its perfection. This, then, is the true way of arriving at beauty. Choose several beauties; select the chief beauties of these several beauties; borrow a perfect eye from one, a faultless nose from another, a matchless mouth from another, and blend each feature into a beautiful whole. For it is rare that you will find two perfect features in the same face. A large, melting violet eye, shaded by long dark lashes, an eye whose exquisite loveliness causes a thrill of admiration in the beholder, is accompanied, let us say, by a short, irregular nose. But do you notice these nasal shortcomings? Do you observe the length of the lip or the lack of chiselling in the chin? Not at all. You gaze at those glorious eyes. You are instantly under a

PRINCESS OF PLESS,
Whom the artist has drawn upon for the eyes and eyebrows of his "Society Venus."
From a Photograph by Lafayette.

PRISCILLA COUNTESS ANNESLEY,
Who contributed to the creation of the nose and chin.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW,
Who also furnished the artist with the model for the nose.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

spell, at which the dressmaker and coiffeur assist, and you go away thinking you have met the most beautiful woman you have ever seen in your life. That is why the average man is such a poor critic of female beauty. He is too much an impressionist. He feels it impossible in cold blood to analyze any other details than those which he perforce admires. Can you conceive of a man saying of a woman whose charms are manifest, "She is beautiful, I suppose; but her nose is an eighth of an inch too short, and the helix of her ear is very irregular"?

VISCOUNTESS CURZON,
From whom the general pose and contour were taken.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

No; fortunately for the world and for matrimony, we are not all so critical. We take such beauty as is sent us and are grateful. For, after all, we live in a world where ugliness is in the majority, and, to adapt the proverb, "It does not do to look a gift Venus in the mouth," if her other features are comely.

> But faultless beauty ne'er was met
> Save in the pages of a novelette.
> There the *retroussé* Cleopatra's nose
> The chaster chiselling of Minerva shows.

That which provoked the satire of Calverley half a century ago has been the despair of poets, painters, sculptors and connoisseurs of female beauty since the time of Solomon. Is there such a thing as a perfectly beautiful woman? Has there ever been? Art cries "No!" Experience declares "No!" Each poet that ever lived has had a "dream of fair women"; each artist has striven to realize his ideal; but his "quest of the golden girl" has been unrewarded, and each has had to confess, with W. S. Landor, "I never view'd or face or form But owned some fleshly flaw." What sculptor ever goes to Nature, in the shape of a single living woman, for his ideal beauty? At the Paris Salon a few years ago a Venus was exhibited which was recognized as the portrait of a well-known stage beauty. The critics instantly fell foul of it and discovered that it sinned against all the canons of symmetry. The nose was too short; the mouth was too wide; the waist was too high; the feet were too large; and the toes—ah! the

VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY,
Whose hair, eyebrows, and chin also contributed to the portrait.
From a Photograph by Bassano.

VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE,
Who supplied the lips and also partially the hair.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A "VENUS OF SOCIETY.
Each feature taken from some well-known Society Beauty.

toes, that terrible test of female beauty —were lumpy!

England is to-day full of beautiful women. You see them in Hyde Park, you see them in the ballroom, you see them on the stage. Their faces beam forth from a thousand photographers' shop-windows and in all the weekly illustrated papers. They are popular "beauties," beautiful by the common consent of mankind, and their charms are unmistakable even to the dullest misogynist. But do they—does any one of them—fulfil the canons of ideal beauty? Sir Thomas Lawrence, who painted more beautiful women than perhaps any man of his day, confessed that he had never had a sitter whom he had never had to idealize—whose features, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, neck, and bust were all harmonious. If this difficulty confronted the portrait-painter, how much more would it prove a stumbling-block to the painter of ideal subjects, if he were forced to confine himself to the living model? Of course, the Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists and the ultra-modern school of portrait-painting would have no difficulty, because their cult is ugliness —"all they have to do, apparently," as a recent critic of the Fair Women Exhibition remarked, "is to pick out the plainest scullerymaid of their acquaintance, paint her faithfully, and entitle the result 'Venus,' 'Helen,' 'Guinevere,' or 'Ninon l'Enclos,' according to their taste or their reading." One is reminded of the Chicago millionaire who took it into his head to commission a picture of Pandora for his library. "Now, sir," he said to the artist, "I am very particular. I want you to paint me the most beautiful female in the world. Mind you, I don't want

> Some great princess six feet high,
> Grand, epic, homicidal,

that Tennyson speaks of, but a dainty, delicious, coral-lipped, large, lustrous-eyed spell-binder. 'All beauty compass'd in a female form.' Do you take me?" In three months the painter announced that he had finished the picture, and the patron called at the studio

MME. LINA CAVALIERI,
Upon whose nose and lower lip the artist drew for his "Stage Venus."
From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.

MISS LILY BRAYTON,
Whose eyes inspired those of the picture opposite
From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

MISS GERTIE MILLAR
Contributed her hair and upper lip.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

A "VENUS" OF THE STAGE.
Each feature taken from some well-known Theatrical Beauty.

MISS BILLIE BURKE,
From whom the chin and portions of the hair were appropriated.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME,
Who, with Mme. Cavalieri, furnished the nose.
From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

to see it. When he saw it he staggered back. "That!" he cried. "Do you call *that* a beautiful woman?" "Certainly," said the painter. "I took great pains over that. No ordinary model would do. Do you know who sat for that Pandora?" "I haven't an idea." "My wife!" The patron reached for his hat and staggered towards the door. "And is that a good portrait of your wife?" "Yes. There was no need for me to enhance her beauty." "Young man," gasped the millionaire, "I will send you a cheque, but you can keep the picture."

The task which has been set our artist is that of fusing, so to speak, the most perfect traits of a number of the most noted beauties of society and the stage into two portraits which may be held to represent the ideal types.

Taking the first portrait, then, the general pose and contour were taken from the Viscountess Curzon. Property in the hair is vested equally in Lady Helmsley and Lady Maidstone. The nose has been divided into three parts—bridge, tip, and nostril, to which three ladies have contributed—Viscountess Curzon, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and Priscilla Countess Annesley. The eye is from the Princess of Pless and Priscilla Countess Annesley. The chin is Priscilla Countess Annesley's and Lady Helmsley's. The lips are Lady Curzon's and Lady Maidstone's. Princess of Pless and Lady Helmsley supply the eyebrows. The long, slender neck resembles the Duchess of Marlborough's.

As to the companion beauty, the eyebrows and the general pose of the head belong to Miss Lily Elsie. The eyes are Miss Lily Brayton's, the nose and lower lip those of Mme. Cavalieri, the nose also partially Miss Marie Studholme's, the chin and portions of the hair Miss Billie Burke's. For the hair generally Miss Gertie Millar and Miss Lily Elsie have been the models. The upper lip is also Miss Millar's.

MISS LILY ELSIE,
To whom belong the eyebrows and general pose of the head.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

Here, then, are two ladies—painted from the life, but not, alas, themselves, of the life. Would they, one asks, themselves enjoy a greater success, if they lived, moved, and had their being, than any one of the dozen or so beauties who have contributed to form their constituent parts?

HIS DEPUTY.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

"THANKS to your crass stupidity, the matter of Deevor and Deevor has fallen through"—from the hearth-rug of his private room the junior partner spoke with biting severity—"and it is only due to a lucky chance that we did not lose heavily over the transaction."

He took an impatient turn up and down, then brought himself up short in front of the young man who stood near the door.

"This is not the first instance of your incapacity, Mr. Maxwell. If such carelessness continues I fear we must dispense with your services."

George Maxwell's healthy young face took on an air of concern. He detested business life with its humdrum routine, and could not conceive how the junior partner found in it all manner of enthralling possibilities.

With the advent of Miles Bickendale had dawned a new era in the firm's career. He was twenty-seven, only four years older than Maxwell, but in capabilities and commercial enterprise at least a quarter of a century ahead. His whole soul was in the business. He saw its weak points and realized where dry rot had set in. He brought with him a sense of upheaval, of chaos, which even the senior partner was inclined to resent. But it soon dawned upon them all that these drastic changes made for added prosperity, and that since his advent Bickendale's stood upon a sounder basis than since the early years of its history.

The junior partner was hurt in his commercial feelings, and keenly regretted his folly in having sent such an incompetent person as Maxwell to treat finally with Deevor and Deevor. It was a slip on his part, and now the sight of young Maxwell's good-looking, half-sulky face acted one moment as an irritant, and the next moved him to something like pity. He ought never to have taxed Maxwell's slow-working brain with anything in the nature of a business treaty. He could hardly help being a fool after all. But Bickendale was not one to suffer fools gladly. He turned round abruptly upon the younger man, his keen, dark face in its alertness presenting a vivid contrast to the other's somewhat heavy fairness.

Before he could express a second opinion, however, Maxwell's fingers dropped from the door-handle and he came forward farther into the room.

"I'm sorry that I should have done anything against the interests of the firm," he said, in a puzzled tone. "I can't imagine how a simple remark like that——"

Bickendale gave an impatient exclamation. "Bah! man, you are hopeless, positively hopeless. Any fool might have seen the opportunity you opened up to Deevor's to back out. But I can hardly blame you when I was so lacking in judgment myself as to send you. What possessed me to do such a thing is beyond me, and what Deevor's must think of us for sending you annoys me almost as much as the failure of the deal. Bickendale's has a reputation to keep up, let me tell you. You seem to have few ideas beyond sport; business takes quite a secondary place."

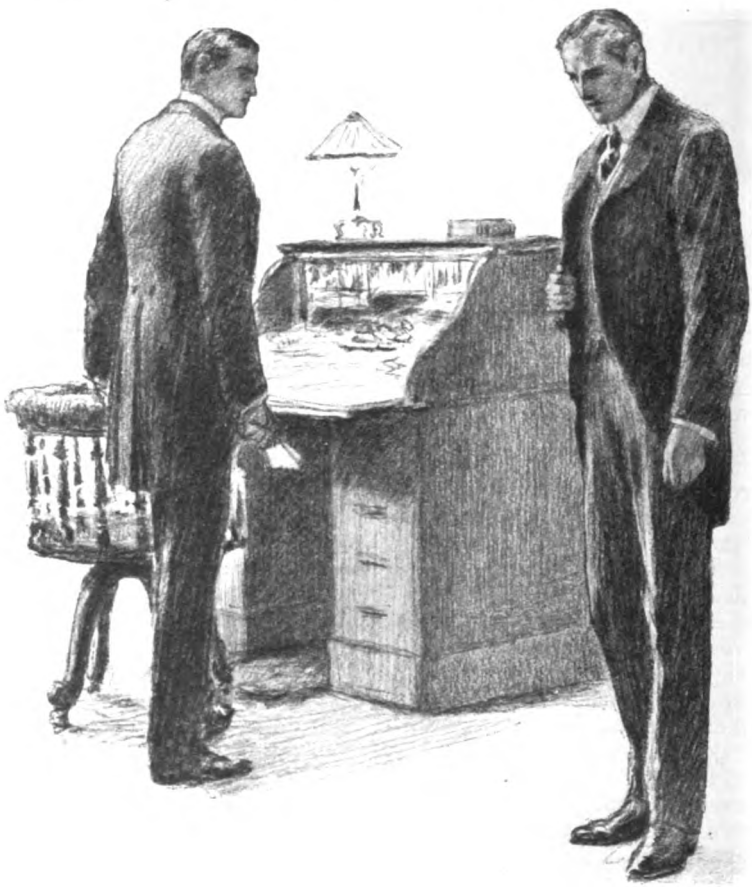
"I can't say more than that I'm sorry," repeated Maxwell; "next time I'll be more on the look-out."

"Next time!" ejaculated the junior partner. "Good heavens, man, there won't be any next time; I'll see to that."

He moved towards his roll-top desk and waved his hand to show that the interview was at an end; but as Maxwell opened the door he called him back, speaking not unkindly, but in a tone that touched the young man's consciousness far more acutely than had his anger.

"Take my advice and either give up this sort of work or put your heart into it. I give you fair warning that we can't harbour men who work with their eye on the clock and their thoughts in the latest sporting intelligence. You go on from day to day in machine-

like routine just because you're paid to work a certain number of hours. Bickendale's don't want that sort; they must have men who will work shoulder to shoulder for the good of the firm, with an eye on their own interests and ambitions, of course. Bickendale's are always ready to appreciate go-ahead men and to promote them, but the wastrels they have no use for. Just remember what with a view to giving him notice to quit. Despite the fact that Maxwell was the target for a good deal of clerkly wit, he was not unpopular; although regarded as a fool, there was about him a certain slow good-nature that disarmed those with whom he came in contact. But to-day he walked back to his place, his heavy, good-looking face wearing an expression that puzzled them.



"'NEXT TIME!' EJACULATED THE JUNIOR PARTNER. 'GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, THERE WON'T BE ANY NEXT TIME; I'LL SEE TO THAT.'"

I say, Mr. Maxwell, and turn over a new leaf, or——"

He shrugged his shoulders and touched the bell which summoned his personal clerk. Bickendale's held to old-fashioned ways and employed no women typists. Maxwell went slowly from the room into the outer office, where half-a-dozen clerks had their being during business hours. All eyes were turned upon him as he entered. There were rumours that the junior partner had sent for him He took no notice of the raised eyebrows and questioning looks and a few tentative remarks. Deep down somewhere in his consciousness a sense of shamed resentment had been roused by his employer's manner, even more than by his words. Maxwell himself hardly realized how great an admiration he felt for the junior partner's keen brain and business ability; there was nothing, apparently, he could not grasp on the instant; he would be among the great ones of the earth, when

Maxwell still earned a salary little more than his present pay. Already in financial circles young Bickendale was considered a force to be reckoned with. For him commerce spel romance, but to Maxwell it meant a daily incubus only to be shaken off at the striking of the clock.

He took up his pen, still disregarding the questioning glances, then looked towards the wall where the pendulum swung; in another few minutes the hour would strike. No need to start work again. Then the junior partner's contemptuous remarks came back to his memory, stinging him somewhere in his mind. He seized his pen again and remained in his place until the others threw down theirs with heartfelt exclamations of relief. He was not the only clerk who welcomed the hour of release; he supposed he had gained a reputation they had escaped. He listened to their talk as they hurried with their preparations for departure. He himself came in for a good deal of banter and questioning, but to-day from his desk he exhibited a surly unapproachableness that brought to mind a performing bear baited beyond endurance. After a time they went their several ways, leaving him alone there, meditatively gnawing the holder of his pen. He was not by any means given to deep thought, and to-night his mind was in a state of upheaval which bewildered him. No one knew better than George Maxwell what a fool George Maxwell was. He wished savagely to be even with them in some way, even with them all, the junior partner included, and yet to gain their good opinion and respect. A slow-burning anger entered him, a desire to prove to them and to himself that he was not quite such a fool as he seemed.

When he left the office a steady rain was falling, thick and drenching. In the midst of his thought he had left overcoat and umbrella behind him in the office; he wanted air, space, rapid movement. He would walk home instead of taking the car; he hardly noticed the weather. As he strode along the wind blowing the rain against his face, his feet splashing through the mud, it seemed years since his placid self-esteem had been pierced. He saw himself with the eyes of Bickendale: incapable, witless, a failure. The water soaked into his lapels and ran in a stream from the brim of his hat, but he strode doggedly on, his shoulders squared, his brows gathered together in a frown. After all, those others—they were no better than himself; they, too—fragments of their talk came back to him—Mamie and Virginia and Mollie—girls they had met at dances, not one of them to be named in the same breath with Christine, not one came within miles of her. Maxwell's pace quickened involuntarily. Christine was the only one who held him in high esteem; he was even a hero to her. Dear little Christine! Perhaps before long he would stand to her, too, for a fool; even if a fool dearly loved in spite of his folly. Since her return from school, six months ago, to keep house for him, she had seemed much older than himself, though in reality five years his junior. He had grown to depend on her, to look forward to her companionship at the end of the day. She would be mad when she heard about the junior partner. He suddenly wished his fellow-workers could see her. They would alter their tune; he himself would go up in their estimation fifty-fold if they could only see Christine. Even to George's brotherly eyes Christine was lovely. Then, as he neared home, a thought emerged from the disorder of his mind, and he stood still suddenly to consider it further, a light from overhead disclosing a slow smile on his face. He snapped his fingers delightedly and laughed, to the infinite surprise and alarm of an adjacent pedestrian, who wondered how any man in such a rain-soaked condition could find it in his heart to be hilarious. But ideas came so rarely to George that he was still smiling when he inserted his key in the lock.

To Christine, running into the hallway at the sound, the smile and his dripping condition seemed extraordinarily out of keeping. Her pretty brows went up in surprise.

"How wet you are, George, and how late! I was afraid something was the matter." She drew nearer, on her face still that puzzled expression. George removed his hat and shook it, waving her away from the circle of wet.

"You took your great-coat and umbrella this morning," Christine said, in a half-motherly tone that sat quaintly on her youthfulness. "I *know* you took them, George."

"Clean forgot to bring them back." George made his way towards his own room as he spoke. "Had a good deal of worry at the office to-day. Tell you all about it later; off now to change."

Christine, in spite of a perfect genius for music and a good deal of book-learning beside, was no mean housewife. Unlike George, she put her whole soul into what she undertook, whether congenial or not, and with some help she managed their little apartments with a cleverness that made George's home arrangements very perfect of their kind.

There were only just herself and George left, and because George had insisted on having her with him instead of allowing her to take a situation with strangers out in the cold world, she had placed him on a pedestal higher, perhaps, than he deserved. A good heart in the household is undoubtedly more appreciated than brains. Christine thus early in life had learned that a man must not be harried by questions before he has had his evening meal.

his socks ready to mend, that he unburdened himself of his story. He spared neither himself nor the junior partner; if anything, his description of the scene was just a thought exaggerated. Christine's brown eyes grew more intent every moment; they shone indignantly from her exquisite little face as he drew to a close, and she looked so lovely that even George saw her in a new guise.

"How *dare* he speak to you like that?" she exclaimed. "He must be a detestable

"'HOW DARE HE SPEAK TO YOU LIKE THAT?' SHE EXCLAIMED."

George, still full of his project, hungry, in dry attire, with Christine in a white frock just across the table, put Bickendale's behind him like a bad dream. It was not until the meal was over and they were settled for the evening, George with his cigarette and the late edition and Christine at the table near the light with

man." There was a suspicious quaver in her voice. She drooped her smooth golden head over her work, and snapped the scissors together until the mending wool fell asunder sharply. "I wish I could tell him my opinion of him. How unjust he must be!"

"He's confoundedly clever himself." George,

watching the tobacco-smoke as it curled upwards, was so steeped in comfort that he felt indulgent towards all men, even the junior partner. "Unjust? As to that, Kit —*I don't know*. You may not see it, but I *am* a bit of a fool over business matters; things go clean out of my head. Yes, yes, you're prejudiced, naturally. It's not only Bickendale that thinks so, but the other men; and what's more"—he laughed, and the sound was not all mirth—"I know it myself. I shall never get out of the rut." He struck a match with deliberation, avoiding the brown eyes opposite. Christine suddenly leaned nearer, her lips quivering, the hand holding the sock extended towards him.

"You are nothing of the kind," she said. "Just see what you've done for me. How many brothers, I'd like to know, would have had a schoolgirl round all this time? Think what my education cost you! You might have a far freer life, too, if I wasn't here. Yes, yes, men often like to stay out *very* late at night. Think how you gave me that pink frock for the Bensons' dance, and a fan and shoes, when you really want heaps of things yourself; and—and——" Her voice failed her; she rose, and with hands that trembled thrust her work aside. "He doesn't know, that hard, dominating man; he can't understand."

George patted her arm and looked desperately uncomfortable at these words of praise, even a little surly in his embarrassment.

"That's all right; you've made me mighty comfortable, so we're quits. It's something, I can tell you, to have this snug little shanty to come to of a night. But all the good things you say don't alter the fact, Kit; I *am* a fool in business. I ought to be lassoing cattle on the prairie, or ploughing the furrow, or following any other job that would allow of movement, in the open country"—he drew a long breath and stretched himself—"instead of being chained to a desk all day. Beggars can't be choosers, though; and Bickendale's give mighty good pay, and the hours are shorter than some other places I know. Numbers of men would be ready to jump into my position if I threw it up."

He lighted another cigarette and opened the newspaper to show that the incident was closed.

All night long the rain continued to fall with the same drenching persistence, but soon after dawn it ceased and the sun shone out. George, waking up half an hour later than usual, found that he had no need to dissemble a cold—he had one in all truth.

"Don't feel up to the mark," he said, in reply to Christine's inquiring look from behind the coffee-pot. "Worry, combined with a drenching, I suppose. Sha'n't go to the office to-day; I'll 'phone instead to Bickendale's. Shouldn't wonder if he took the opportunity of turning me off. Hard as a flint, that chap."

"Do you think you ought to risk it, then?" asked Christine. "Your cold doesn't seem so very bad. If you took the car——"

"Prevention is better than cure." George filled his plate with edibles as he gave utterance to that much-abused proverb. "I must not risk a breakdown."

"Oh, *no!*" exclaimed Christine.

George paused, fork in mid-air.

"Say, Kit, how would it be if, instead of 'phoning, you went to see Bickendale and explained things? Good idea."

Christine shook her head in doubt.

"I'll go, of course, if you want me to; but he must be such a stern man that I feel half afraid of him. Perhaps"—a ray of hope illumining her face—"perhaps he won't see me. I can leave a message."

"You'll have to *insist* on seeing him," said George, decisively. "Otherwise we might just as well 'phone. You'll do it for me, Kit? And you might be fairly pleasant in your manner. Bickendale's isn't such a bad pitch after all, come to think of losing it."

"I'll go," interposed Christine, hastily, "about twelve o'clock. You can read the paper and have a good rest. You know I'd do more than that for you, George."

But her soft colour paled a degree at the prospect of facing this inflexible young man. His youth seemed to make her task harder. There might have been some hope of softening the senior partner, an elderly man with children of his own, and much kindly feeling for those under him.

Later in the morning, when she reached the huge pile of offices in a corner of which Bickendale's transacted their business, her heart failed her. Such visitors as she were rare in those parts, and even the phlegmatic liftman regarded her with disconcerting surprise. Christine, who was singularly free from vanity, saw nothing but the surprise. Perhaps she ought not to have come. There were no women about, but numbers of men, hurrying along as if their very lives depended on an odd five minutes. Keen, alert men, most of them, unlike George, who was big and slow and leisurely in his movements.

"They're not a bit cleverer than George, though," she said, loyally, to herself as she

went along the passage. "They show it more, I suppose."

Her heart beat with frantic haste as she faced the office-boy, who ceased whistling to stare at her.

"I want to see Mr. Bickendale," she said, in as firm a voice as she could command.

"Which?" queried the boy, briefly. He was keen-eyed, like the rest. "There's two Bickendales."

"Mr. Miles Bickendale. Do you think he can see me? I'm Miss Maxwell."

The office-boy nodded, then slowly descended from his perch.

"Guess he can see you, though he don't see everybody that asks. He'll see *you*, sure enough."

Even the office-boy looked appreciative. The tone of his voice shed encouragement. Christine smiled at him suddenly, and the office-boy, staring harder, backed slowly towards an inner room, his gaze still upon her.

"I'll fix it up for you all right," he remarked, in a hoarse whisper, before he disappeared. "You just leave it to me!"

Christine was still smiling a little when a clerk came out of the office. He, too, was cordiality itself, and made several inquiries for George. Thanks, she erroneously supposed, to the office-boy's kindly services, there seemed no difficulty in securing an interview with the junior partner. As she passed through the outer office a sea of faces appeared to be looking at her. To Christine, whose nervousness had returned, it seemed that the clerks might be counted by the hundred. She almost wished the office-boy could have taken her by the hand and escorted her in; but instead the clerk let her enter alone, to stand for one bewildering instant on a vast-stretching sea of carpet, at the farther end of which, near the window, was seated somebody who rose at her entrance.

For the remainder of his life Miles Bickendale never forgot the expression of her eyes as she raised them to his in a mingled fear and appeal and reproach that touched him somewhere to the quick. A dusty ray of sunshine from a side-window fell just where she stood, making a glory of her hair under the rose-encircled hat, and shining on the dull blue of her frock.

Hitherto the junior partner had given no thought to women. He was, in fact, a somewhat austere young man, possessed of that one idea which is said to ensure success in life. But to-day, at the sight of a shrinking girl who looked at him with reproach in her eyes, his austerity fell away from him. She roused in him a sudden protectiveness—a desire to stand well with her—sensations wholly inexplicable at the moment, but possessing such a tingling delight of their own that he was reduced to a momentary silence.

It was Christine, after all, who spoke first.

"I am very glad you are able to see me for a few minutes," she said, gathering courage from something in his glance. "George—my brother—I am Christine Maxwell—wanted me to explain—to tell you——"

The colour swept across her face; she smiled, half-embarrassed, but so beautiful in her embarrassment that the young man caught his breath sharply. The sunshine was tangled in her hair and eyes. Looking at her, he forgot that she had come on mundane matters. She reminded him of an angel he had once seen in an old Italian picture. Then, quite suddenly, partly through nervousness and partly because in some miraculous way she had lost all fear of him, Christine laughed, a clear yet subdued little laugh, that echoed strangely in those stern business surroundings, seeming as incongruous as her presence there. She was one with the sunshine and blue patch of sky visible between the high walls opposite; she had nothing to do with the hard iron safes and the ledgers and the severe roll-top desk, and the chair Bickendale had vacated on her entrance. As by a miracle that laugh conjured up before the young man's eyes a vision of other things than commerce, a place made beautiful and gracious, a home worthy of the name.

Her face became grave again at once, though there was just the glimmer of a dimple in her cheek.

She looked up at him, half in doubt, until over Bickendale's clean-cut face came a responsive and very pleasant smile. It so completely altered him that Christine impulsively held out her hand.

"I was afraid of you when I came in," she said, with a delicious frankness. "Did I *look* afraid, I wonder? I'd never been in such a huge building before, or faced so many strangers; that—and—other things—made me dreadfully nervous."

Miles Bickendale smiled for the second time. Her little friendly action sent the blood tingling through his veins. He held the neatly-gloved hand for a moment longer than was necessary, then drew out a chair for her near his own.

"I am very glad you summoned courage to come," he said. "But I hope it does not mean that anything is amiss with your brother."

"He has a very bad cold," said Christine, more sedately. "We thought it better that he should run no risks. He forgot his overcoat and umbrella last night, foolish boy, and came home simply drenched. He has been a good deal worried about business lately."

She looked up in time to surprise a curious expression on her listener's keen, dark face, something that was half ironic, half protesting.

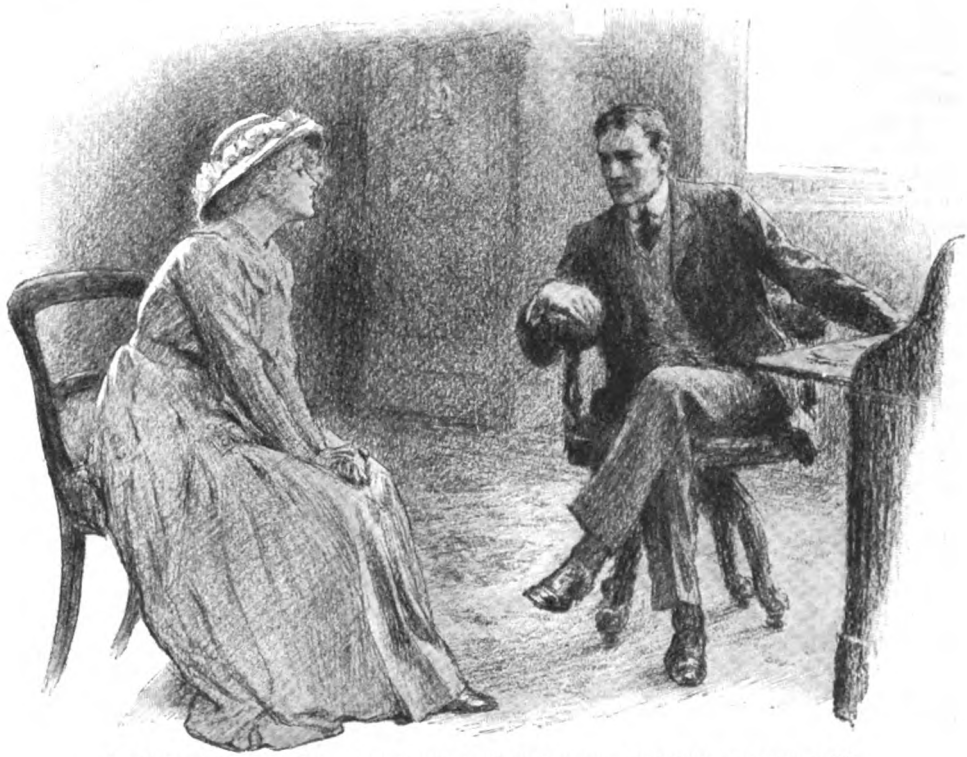
"He must not risk his health in any way," said the junior partner, quietly. "Please tell him so from me."

The young man's face darkened, and Christine, in a rush of repentance, leaned nearer, speaking eagerly before he could say a word.

"Perhaps I ought not to have said that. I am *quite* sure now that you would do nothing of the kind."

"Hardly!" interposed the junior partner. "We treat people better than that."

Christine held her hands together tightly in her lap, her face suddenly eloquent in its appeal.



"'TELL ME,' HE SAID. 'OF COURSE, IT SHALL BE—BETWEEN OURSELVES.'"

"Do you think you can manage without him for *one* day?"

As she asked the question Christine pushed back a tendril of hair that had been encroaching upon her eyelashes in a distracting manner. The junior partner brought his thoughts away from it to the absentee.

"We must get along as best we can," he remarked, meaning no irony; "and if he cares to stay away a few days longer he is quite at liberty to do so."

"How *kind* of you!" exclaimed Christine. "He—I—was afraid that, perhaps, you might tell him you did not want him to come back at all."

"I wonder if I might say something? Only please *never* tell George. It must be quite between you and myself."

"Tell me," he said. "Of course, it shall be—between ourselves."

His voice lingered on the words as if they sounded good in his ears. Christine in her passionate earnestness was facing him now, all her fears forgotten. The ray of sunshine seemed to have followed her and was still tangled in the gold of her hair. No one came to disturb them; they were in a world of their own.

"It is about George," she went on, speaking with a kind of rapid eagerness. "He has not

pleased you lately, and he seems to think that you and the others look upon him as incapable, dull—a *fool*, he says—and—and—he even thinks so himself now. Nothing I can say, *nothing*"—she gave her interlaced hands a hopeless movement—" will make him imagine otherwise. And it is not true—it *isn't* true."

" No, no," acquiesced Bickendale, some of her own eagerness in his voice—" of course it isn't true."

He would have perjured himself twice over for the glance she gave him of infinite gratitude.

" He does not like business," went on Christine. " He took to it for my sake. We are the only two left. There was hardly any money; but George, a boy of seventeen—I was twelve—said it must all be used to educate and clothe me, and he would not take a farthing of it for himself, not a farthing. I went to school, and he just struggled along somehow, until by degrees he got a post here at Bickendale's with better pay; and then he arranged that I should come home when my education was finished, instead of getting a position as music teacher. He paid out of his own salary for my music, because there was none of the other money left. And now"—her voice broke off in a sob—" he goes without lots of things to give to me. Perhaps you've noticed that he's rather shabby sometimes——"

" No." Bickendale pushed back his chair and rose to his feet abruptly. " No, I have not noticed."

" And that is the man you all think a fool," said Christine, a sob in her throat.

" No," interposed Bickendale again; and this time, carried completely out of himself, he took in his own the little protesting hand; " it is only that he has not enough grasp of business. He is a favourite with us all; he has a thousand good points, and his heart is in the right place; but business bewilders him. He is out of his element in an office. I have thought it more than once. He is probably clever enough in other directions."

" He loves the country," said Christine, looking mistily towards the ray of sunshine on the carpet, " and for me he has given up all that he likes best. Sometimes I feel that I ought to take a position and set him free."

Bickendale walked back to his desk, and stood for a moment buried in thought. He had no sisters of his own, no women-folk at all in the vast town house left to him by his father, and he felt a passionate envy of Maxwell in spite of his struggles and business ineptitude. Christine sat and watched him. The clock on the mantelshelf struck, and she stirred as if to go. Bickendale turned suddenly and faced her, his dark brows drawn together in a frown.

" We have interests in the country." He spoke slowly, as if weighing some possibility in his mind. " Perhaps your brother——" He paused again, looking astonishingly ill at ease for a man whom nothing deprived of self-confidence. " May I call one evening—perhaps to-morrow—and have a chat with you both? Tell your brother not to return for a day or two. If you would rather I did not come——"

" But we shall be delighted," said Christine, and there was no mistaking her sincerity. " I am *so* glad I came, partly because you are absolutely different from what I expected, and partly because you will understand now about George."

Something in the young man's expression caused her to lower her eyes with a sudden beating of the heart. She fumbled over the button of her glove, and he quietly took upon himself to do it for her, very deftly, considering that it was a first attempt.

" I am glad, too, that you came," he said. " What you tell me makes me respect your brother very highly. We must see if we can't give him work that is more congenial. We will go into the pros and cons to-morrow night."

It was the night before their departure into the country.

To-morrow, quite early, the little home would be dismantled. Already the rooms looked bare and cold and unfamiliar. Christine sat at the window with her hands folded idly on her knee, waiting for George to come in for their last meal but one in the place where she, at all events, had been so happy. Throughout the past weeks, when, true to his promise, the junior partner had made plans for George, some new, strange sensation had tugged at Christine's heart-strings, making her glad one moment and very, very sad the next. Over the arrangements for George's new position had hung a shadow of loss for which she could not account.

She reproached herself that after his many sacrifices for her she could not feel glad to go. But she pretended so well that George did not seem to guess any more than the junior partner how heavy her heart grew as the days went by, and how, though her lips smiled, deep down in her eyes lay the shadow of parting. To-morrow would end it all.

She leaned her head against the window-frame, and the surroundings outside swam in a mist. For five minutes she might give way. George was not likely to be back yet, and the lights were not turned on. She buried her face in her hands, her slender figure outlined against the pane. Someone paused in the doorway and watched her.

Christine raised her head, there was a movement in the dusk. Miles Bickendale came forward to where she sat and took her cold, small hand in his own. Christine hoped he would not see her tears. He must never guess.

She drew a long, quivering breath and tried to take her hand away. She must go on pretending to the last.

In the dim light he bent closer; she could see his eyes, the face she had grown to love; it had never seemed stern or cold to her.

"You are crying," he said, very tenderly; "and all this time I thought you were glad to go."

Christine made a final effort to pretend.

"I am glad; of course I am glad"—but her voice broke in the saying, and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms, close to his heart.

But in the midst of her happiness she presently remembered, pushing him away from her with reluctant hands.

"I can't leave George all alone," she said. "I can't even *tell* him. He must never know. Think how much he has given up for me."

Bickendale smiled, and took the protesting hands in his. "He knows already, Christine. He says, in spite of all your pretence—and you pretended very well—he guessed you didn't really want to go. He says that nothing matters but your happiness, dear, and that to him the country will make up for a lot. He's not going very far away from us."

And perhaps of the three only George himself realized that this was the greatest sacrifice of all.

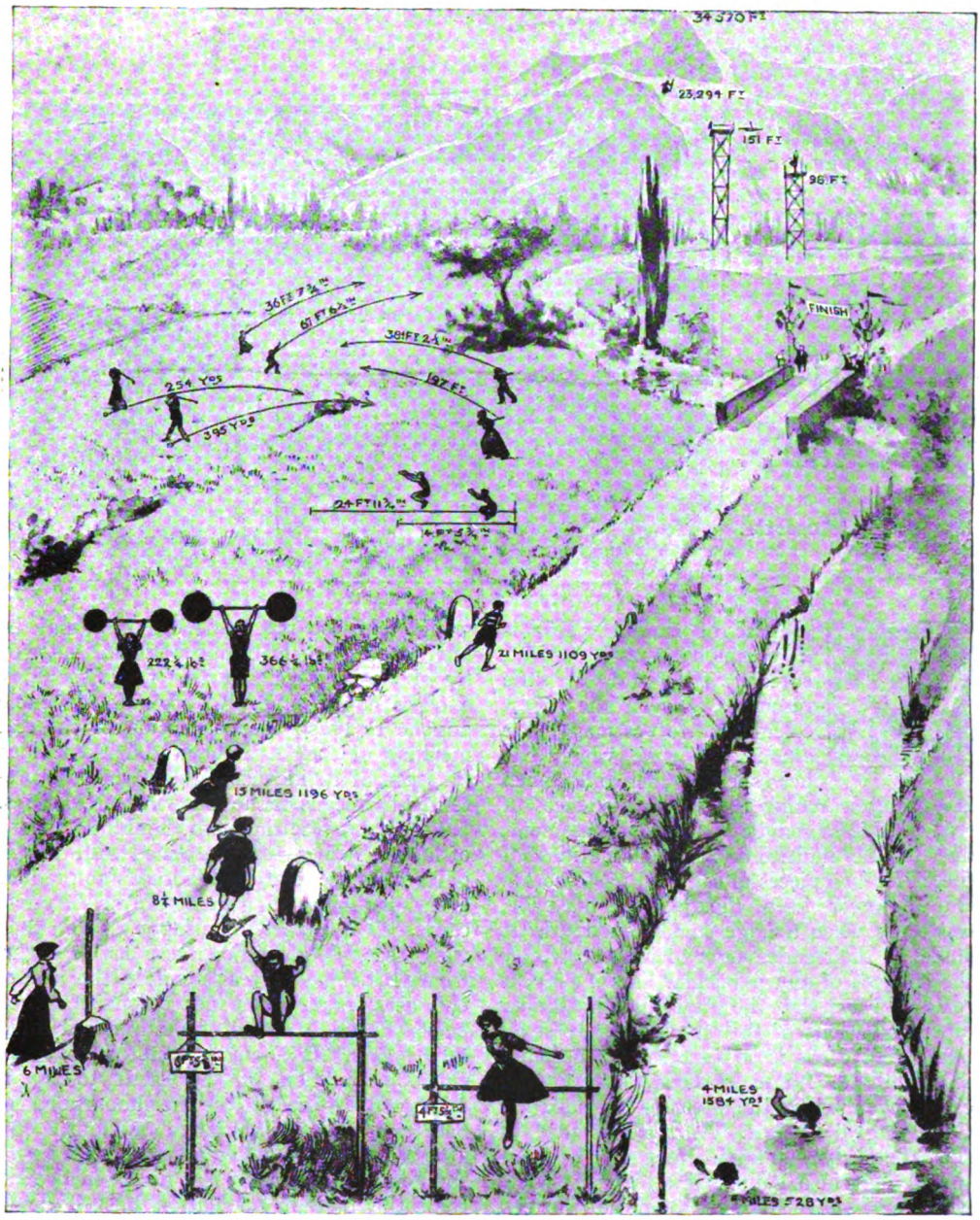
"BICKENDALE SMILED, AND TOOK THE PROTESTING HANDS IN HIS."

Athletic Records of Men and Women.

THE world of athletics, into which women have entered in comparatively recent years, is one in which men have strenuously competed, not merely for centuries, but for ages. It is not to be reasonably supposed, therefore, that in any branch of athletics the best woman can stand any real chance of deposing the best man from his pride of place. The question of interest is how far she has succeeded in approaching his achievements. This question, which is often discussed, but generally with very hazy notions as to the facts, is one which it is the object of this article to make clear (we believe for the first time) at a single glance. The table given below, and still more vividly the picture on the opposite page, show exactly what, in the different branches of athletics, the best women and the best men have respectively accomplished. The results are very interesting, and differ to a most surprising extent. In the case of the high vault, for example, the man is exactly twice as good as the woman, and is almost twice as good in driving the base-ball. But, on an average, his superiority is very much less than this. In fact, it may be said, roughly speaking, that he is about half as good again.

SPORTS.	WOMEN.		MEN.	
	NAME.	RECORD.	NAME.	RECORD.
High Diving	Miss Serene Nord	98ft.	J. Well	151ft.
Running : 50 yards	Miss Fanny James	6⅘s.	R L. Murray	5⅘s
„ 75 yards	Miss Helen Buck	10 1/10s.	R. E. Walker	7⅗s.
„ 100 yards	Miss Fanny James	13s.	A. F. Duffey	9⅘s.
„ 220 yards	Miss Agnes Wood	30⅗s.	B. J. Wefers	21⅕s.
Running High Jump	Miss Helen Schutte / Miss Helen Aldrich	4ft 5½in.	M. F. Sweeney	6ft. 5⅛in.
Standing High Jump	Miss T. Bates	3ft. 5½in.	Ray C. Ewry	5ft. 5½in.
Running Long Jump	Miss Evelyn Gardner	14ft. 5½in.	P. J. O'Connor	24ft. 11¾in.
Standing Long Jump	Miss Edith Boardman	7ft. 10½in.	Ray C. Ewry	11ft. 4⅞in.
Walking : 1 hour	Miss Jeffreys	6m.	G. E. Larner	8¼m.
Throwing 8lb. Hammer	Miss M. Young	36ft. 7⅞in.	Ralph Rose	67ft. 6½in.
Driving Base-ball	Miss Alice Belding	197ft.	R. C. Campbell	381ft. 2½in.
Vaulting	Miss Mildred Vilas	4ft. 10⅜in.	C. H. Atkinson	9ft. 7⅜in.
Hop, Step, and Jump	Miss H. Kempton	28ft. 4½in.	D. F. Ahearne	50ft. 3in.
Golf Drive	Miss C. Leitch	254yds.	James Braid	395yds.
Swimming : 50 yards	Miss D. Gilham	39⅘s.	C. Healy	25s.
„ 100 yards	Miss J. Fletcher	1m. 13⅗s.	C. M. Daniels	55⅗s.
„ 200 yards	Miss D. Mackay	3m. 12⅖s.	C. Healy	2m. 11⅕s.
„ 300 yards	Miss E. Mackay	4m. 28s.	T. S. Battersby	3m. 31⅖s.
„ 15 miles	Miss O. Carson	3h. 51m. 25s.	T. S. Battersby	3h. 21m. 21⅕s.
Endurance : 48 miles	Mme. de Isacescu	8h. 3m		
Twenty-five miles in the sea	Miss Beckwith	9h. 13m.		
Weight-lifting (two hands)	Mme. Brombach	222½lb.	Joseph Graff	366½lb.
Cycling (on road) : 2,000 miles	Miss M. Gast	222h. 5m. 30s.		
„ „ 2,192 miles			C. W. Miller	142h.
„ „ 2,600 miles	Miss M. Gast	295h. 55m.		
Walking (road) : 76 miles	Miss E. Seers	20h. 15m.	W. Brown (track)	13h. 25m. 40⅘s.
Mountain Climbing	Mrs. Bullock Workman	23,294ft.	Duc de Abruzzi	34,570ft.

COMPARATIVE RECORDS OF MEN AND WOMEN.



AN IMAGINARY ATHLETIC GROUND—MAN AGAINST WOMAN.

On this imaginary ground we have brought together, for the purpose of comparison, the records of men and women in the principal athletic sports. In the foreground, on the right, the man is swimming 4 miles 1,584yds. an hour, against 4 miles 528yds. an hour by the woman. On the left the man is jumping a height of 6ft. 5⅛in., and the woman 4ft. 5½in. On the road the man is walking 8½ miles an hour, against 6 miles an hour by the woman; while the man is running at the speed of 21 miles 1,109yds. an hour against 15miles 1,196yds. by the woman. Above these the man is lifting 366½lb., against 222½lb. by the woman. The man is doing a long jump of 24ft. 11½in., while the woman is only able to cover 14ft. 5¾in. In base-ball the man drives 381ft. 2½in., while the woman's record is 197ft. The man's longest golf drive is 395yds. and the woman's 252yds. The man puts the 8lb. weight a distance of 67ft. 6½in., and the woman 36ft. 7¾in. The man dives from a height of 151ft. and the woman from 98ft. Finally, the man ascends to a height of 34,570ft., while the woman only reaches 23,294ft.

THE WONDERS OF A PACK OF CARDS.

By G. A. Rossetti.

A PACK of cards! This is a common enough object, surely. It would tax the resources of even the ablest calculator to estimate the amount of time which has been spent by men and women in eagerly watching the varying chances of gain or loss, or maybe merely of amusement, due to the multitudinous combinations of these fifty-two pieces of coloured paste-board. But however keen the players may be, especially when a large sum of money is at stake, in their endeavours to judge correctly the chances of any particular line of play, it remains a fact that the total possible number of combinations of this comparatively small number of cards is so vast that it becomes impossible to frame a theory covering all cases, even when the attempt is aided by classifying the cases. As one instance of this, the fairly well-known fact may be mentioned that in a game like whist or bridge, where each player receives a hand of thirteen cards, selected from the fifty-two, the total possible number of different hands which may thus be selected is greater than six hundred thousand millions. (The exact number is 635,013,559,600.)

This number, however, large though it may appear, becomes not merely small, but absolutely invisible, when compared with the total number of arrangements in which the fifty-two cards may be placed after the shuffle. To quote the whole of this number would take too much space, but it may be mentioned that it begins with 80, followed by sixty-six other figures. It is probably a quite hopeless task to attempt to enable anyone to grasp the conception of the real meaning of such a number; but some idea (at least, of its inconceivability) may be presented by means of the following calculations.

Let us suppose that two thousand millions of human beings—each supplied with a pack of cards—were to attempt actually to produce every possible arrangement of the fifty-two cards. It is further to be supposed that they work ceaselessly, without rest day or night, from year's end to year's end, at the rate of one new arrangement per second for each person during a period of one hundred thousand years. It should be noted that the entire population of the earth to-day is estimated to be in the neighbourhood of one thousand six hundred millions. We are therefore assuming a number of card-shufflers about twenty-five per cent. greater than the present population of the earth. It is difficult also to grasp the meaning of one hundred thousand years. One single thousand takes us back to the remote days of King Alfred, and to go back to the birth of Christ requires less than another thousand. Only about three thousand two hundred years have elapsed since Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. Finally, a period only one-fifteenth of our hundred thousand years takes us back a great way beyond the most remote fact of authentic history.

The hypothesis from which we start is therefore that a population one quarter more than that which now exists has spent its whole time during an interval more than fifty times the duration of the Christian era in shuffling cards at the rate of one shuffle per second, or more than thirty-one million shuffles per head in each year.

In view of such figures the reader may well ask how many times the total number of arrangements will have been produced by this vast amount of sustained (though ill-directed) human effort.

The answer is, *not once.*

Mathematical calculation proves, in fact, that the number of card arrangements produced under the conditions assumed will only be a minute fraction of the total possible number—a fraction so minute that it becomes necessary to devise another scheme of concrete representation in order to give an idea of its minuteness.

Let it therefore be further assumed that the whole vast number of arrangements produced by the human race as above is symbolized by one drop of water. Then how much water would be required to symbolize the total number possible? If this question is put to the reader he might well say, "Surely a glass of water would be enough!" But, no. "A bathful of water, then?" No. "A large reservoir?" No, my friend; you must enlarge your conceptions, or you will never reach the truth. "The Atlantic Ocean, then? The number of drops in *that* will surely be sufficient."

But the number of drops of water in the Atlantic Ocean is not sufficient, nor will it become sufficient even when we add to the Atlantic Ocean the Pacific, and all the other oceans, seas, lakes, and, indeed, all the rest of the water on our globe. Nor would the whole earth made, from centre to surface, entirely of water, be sufficient; nor would the whole sun, similarly constituted, be sufficient. Incredible though it may seem, to obtain a volume of water containing a sufficient number of drops, it is necessary to imagine a globe of water with a diameter equal to seven thousand and twenty-five millions of miles. If the centre of such a globe is taken at the centre of the sun, then Neptune, the remotest planet in the solar system, would be immersed therein to a depth no less than seven hundred millions of miles; in other words, such a ball of water would have a diameter about twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the whole solar system as at present known. In addition to which, remember, the solar system is practically included in a flat disc, with extension in one plane only, whereas the ball to which we have been so unexpectedly led would extend not only in that plane but also, and to an equal extent, upwards and downwards from it; the relation, in fact, would be that of a cricket-ball to a biscuit.

After the evidence comes the summing-up. Thus, firstly, we take one drop of water to represent the whole result of the sustained energy of the human race (or, indeed, more than the present number thereof) directed at break-neck speed to one particular object, throughout an interval of time extending not into the dawn of history but beyond it, into a period when man had probably not established his mastery over the animal creation. And secondly, we find that though this one drop of water represents a result so enormous that it can hardly be grasped, yet the total number is still so far off that to represent it on the same scale requires what may almost be described as a watery universe.

The result obtained is so surprising that it will be useful to set out the calculations by which it is reached, so as to show that it is really correct. In the first place, the method by which the total number of arrangements of the fifty-two cards is calculated can be readily explained. For any one of the fifty-two may be chosen as the top card, and when some card has been chosen, then any one of the fifty-one remaining cards can be chosen as second card, so that the two first cards may be chosen in order in fifty-two times fifty-one, or two thousand six hundred and fifty-two ways. There then remain fifty cards, any one of which may be selected as third card, from which it results that the three first cards can be chosen in order in fifty times two thousand six hundred and fifty-two, or one hundred and thirty-two thousand six hundred ways. Proceeding thus, it is evident that the total number of arrangements of the fifty-two cards can be calculated by multiplying together all the numbers fifty-two, fifty-one, fifty, etc., down to one. Such a calculation presents no difficulty but its length and tediousness; the result is a number of sixty-eight figures, the last twelve of which are zeros.

THE WONDERFUL GARDEN.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER VI.

BEING DETECTIVES.

PERSONS accustomed to the detective trade, or, on the other hand, persons who are used to keeping out of the way of detectives, no doubt find it easy to play a part and to look innocent when they are guilty, and ignorant when, of course, all is known to them. But when you are not accustomed to playing a part in a really serious adventure—not just a pretending one—you will find your work cut out for you. This was what Charles and Caroline felt.

It was all very well for Charlotte to have arranged that they should help the police to look for Rupert, and the other two said cordially that it was very clever of her to have thought of it, and they all started together for the side-door, where the policeman was still talking to Mrs. Wilmington. But their feet seemed somehow not to want to go that way; they went more and more slowly, and when they were half-way to the house Caroline said:—

"I don't think I will. I don't know how. I should do something silly and give the show away. I shall say I'm too tired."

"You are too bad," said Charlotte, exasperated. "I go and lay all the plans and then you funk."

"I don't," said Caroline. And so anxious was she not to have to play the part of pretending to look for Rupert, when all the time she knew where he was, that she added, humbly, "Don't be snarky. I'm only saying I'm not clever enough. I'm not so clever as you, that's all."

Charlotte stamped her foot. "Oh, all right," she said; "but for goodness' sake come on. They'll think there's something up." And they walked on.

"Look here," said Caroline, suddenly, "I *will* pretend to help. It was only that I was so awfully afraid they'd find him. Only, if I disappear, you'll understand it's just because I felt sillier than I could bear. You help too, Charles. I'm sure you can, only don't pretend too much. I shouldn't talk except to ask questions, if I were you."

"Right-o," said Charlotte, and Charles said, "Oh, well, only if I give it away without meaning to, don't blame me."

And by this time they were quite near the house, by whose side-door of many-coloured glass the group of talking grown-ups awaited them. Mrs. Wilmington was there with her handkerchief over her head, and William and the gardener's boy and the gardener, and a tall, stout young man with fat, red hands, who was the police.

"I can't and won't," Mrs. Wilmington was saying. "The master's orders is—are—that he's not to be disturbed in the mornings on any pretence—not if the house was on fire. I couldn't face him with this vulgar tale of runaway boys. *I* give you leave to search for him," she said, in proud, refined accents. "I'm quate competent to take *that* upon me, quate."

The police turned from her to the children, who said, "Good morning!"—all but Charlotte, who had said it before.

"Good morning to *you*," said the police. "And so you young ladies and gents is going to join the search? And very useful you'll be," he added, affably, "knowing the place and what not. Now see here," he went on, condescending to them in a way which, it was remarked later, was like his cheek; "let's have a game of play, make-believe, you know. Let's pretend this runaway lad is a friend of yours"—(a cold shiver ran down three youthful backs; for a moment it seemed that all was discovered, but the police went on, still playfully)—"a friend of yours, and you and him has settled to play a little game of hide-and-seek. And he's hid. Now, where," he ended, more affably, almost more than they could bear, "where would you look first?"

"I don't know," said Charles, miserably.

"Oh, just anywhere," said Charlotte. But Caroline said slowly, "I should look in the wood over there," and pointed straight to the spot where Rupert lay buried in fern and leaves.

"Right you are," said the police, delighted to have got a suggestion. "Then here goes."

Charlotte dared not look at her sister, lest her face should show her detestation of this traitorous act. Charles put his hands in his pockets to express indifference, and decided not to whistle for fear of overdoing his part. He told himself that he never would have believed it of Caro—never.

And now Caroline was speaking again, looking confidingly up into the large, patronizing face of the police.

"That's where I should look," she was saying, "if we were playing hide-and-seek. But as it is—— You see, we've been there all the morning, and he couldn't have come into the wood without our hearing him, you know. Have you tried the other wood, beyond the garden? And the thatched summer-house? And the lodge that isn't used? Over by the other gates, you know."

"The old lodge," the police echoed. "A very likely spot, I shouldn't wonder. You lead the way, young gentleman," he said to Charles.

"Good old Caro—oh, *good* old Caro!" Charlotte was saying to herself as the party started.

"I'll dispose my search-party proper later on," said the police, importantly, and turned to say, "Ain't you coming, miss?" to Caroline, who was stooping down, doing something to her foot.

"I can't," she said; "I've got a stone in my shoe, and it hurts," she added, standing up firmly on it.

Caroline went indoors, and the search-party threaded the woods and converged at last on the empty lodge.

"Halt!" said the police; "just the place. I'll warrant we've run the young gentleman to earth this time."

But they hadn't. There was nothing whatever in the lodge.

The police stooped his helmeted head to the low door lintel and came out into the sunshine a disappointed man.

"Thought we'd got him," he said; and that was what he said at the thatched summer-house and in the larch wood, and at various other parts of the park and grounds where Rupert was not.

"Isn't it nearly dinner-time?" Charles asked, as the search-party pushed through a very brambly brake and came out once more at the back of the deserted lodge.

"Your kind governess, she put back dinner an hour for you to assist in the search," said the police, reassuringly.

"Best try the other side, Mr. Poad," said William. "You've drawed this blank."

"I will now whistle to the gentleman as owns the runaway," said the police, suddenly and terribly, and whistled.

"Where is he?" Charlotte asked.

"Along the road," the police answered, "with Mr. Binskin from the Peal of Bells, keeping watch. I'd best report to him."

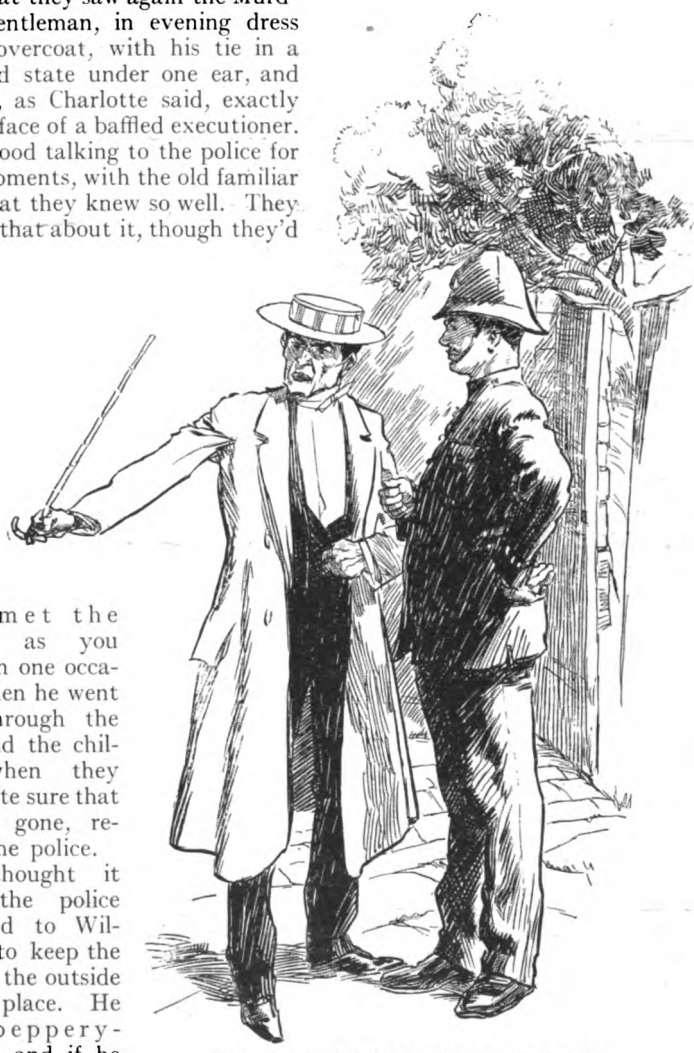
"Will he come with us?" Charles could not help asking.

"I'm of opinion he's best where he is."

said the police. "I'm just a-going to tell him to keep on up and down outside."

"Let's go and have another look at those birds' nests while we're waiting," said Charlotte, with great presence of mind. And so it was through the little diamond panes of the lodge that they saw again the Murdstone gentleman, in evening dress and an overcoat, with his tie in a crumpled state under one ear, and his face, as Charlotte said, exactly like the face of a baffled executioner.

He stood talking to the police for a few moments, with the old familiar scowl that they knew so well. They felt like that about it, though they'd only met the scowler, as you know, on one occasion. Then he went back through the gate, and the children, when they were quite sure that he was gone, rejoined the police.



"HE STOOD TALKING TO THE POLICE FOR A FEW MOMENTS."

"I thought it best," the police explained to William, "to keep the gent on the outside of the place. He seems peppery-natured, and if he was to spy his boy among your glass-houses, which is where I propose to conduct my search in next, I wouldn't answer for it but what he'd leap upon him among the glass like a fox at a duck, and do damage untold, as like as not."

Need I tell you that Rupert was not discovered among the glass?

Less brisk than at its starting, the party returned to the side-door where the coloured glass was, to be met on its doorstep by Caroline, rather out of breath and very hot. She carried her sun-bonnet by its strings.

"Well?" said Caroline.

"We haven't found him, miss, if that's what you mean," said the police, taking his helmet off and wiping his face. "I suppose you ain't seen anything?"

Caroline looked nervously at the others.

"I *heard* something," she said, "in the wood over there. I went back," she went on, in a sort of wooden way, and now she was not looking at the others at all. "I left something there, and I heard a rustling sound, and I saw footmarks in the boggy part of the wood, and I thought they looked like boys' boots."

Charlotte said afterwards that she really thought she should have burst into little pieces. And Charles said the same.

"You don't say so," said the police, and turned to William. "It's a thirsty job," he added, carelessly, and William said he'd ask indoors.

A tray with glasses and a jug of something cool resulted. And the police and William both seemed the better for it. The gardener had retired. It was too far the wrong side of dinner-time for him, he said.

The police drew a long breath and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Now, then," he said, "you lead the way, miss."

Caroline led. The others followed. They

could hardly bear to go, yet they could still less bear to be left behind. Across the hot, sunny grass they went and into the wood; even that, though shady, was hot, and there seemed to be more flies than could possibly be needed for any useful purpose. Caroline, still carefully avoiding the eyes of the others, led the way straight to the ferny lair where they had left Rupert, the others following in helpless fury.

"Halloa!" said the police, "this looks something like."

For there the lair was—plainly to be seen—a lair and nothing else, but a lair that was deserted.

"I think we're on to him now," said the police. "Which way did you say them footsteps was, missie?"

"Farther on," said Caroline. "I tied my handkerchief to a tree to mark the place."

"You never!" said the police, admiringly. "Why, you deserve to be in the force, miss. It's not every constable, even, would have thought of that."

Following Caroline and the police, pushing miserably through the bushes, that sprang back as the others passed through and tried to hit them in the face, Charlotte and Charles exchanged glances full of meaning.

The whole party made a good deal of noise.

"You'd do fine for a keeper," said William, coming last. "No poachers wouldn't never hear *you* a-coming."

"That your handkerchief, miss?" the police at the same moment asked, smartly, and pointed to a white thing that drooped from a dogwood branch; "you identify the handkerchief?"

"Yes," said Caroline, in a stifled voice; "and there"—she pointed down.

There were footprints, very plain and deeply-marked footprints, not very large, yet not small like a girl's. They were the footprints, beyond any doubt, of a boy.

"Now we've got him," said the police, for about the fifteenth time that morning, and proceeded to follow the steps, as was remarked later, like any old sleuth-hound.

The tracks led them down a steep place, a sort of gorge, and ended at the tall oak fence.

"He must have escaped this way," said the police.

"There's another footprint here," said Caroline, anxiously.

"So there be," said the police. "You 'ave been a 'elp, miss. I shall name you in my report."

It was now seen that a further line of footprints led along the fence to a loose pale.

"This is where he got through, you may depend," said the police.

"I'll easy wrench another pale loose, if you want to follow on," said William, and, as he did so, Charlotte saw him wink, distinctly wink, at Caroline. How hateful everybody was! Oh, poor Rupert!

Everyone got through, Charles and Charlotte rather doubtfully looking up and down the road to see if the Murdstone master was in sight. "Which way?" the police now asked himself and the others, anxiously.

That was quickly settled. A whitish object lying in the middle of the road ten yards away beckoned them to the right. The police stooped stiffly, picked it up, and examined its corners.

"Rupert Wix," he read, solemnly. "I shall now sound my whistle and acquaint the gentleman as owns the boy runaway with our discovery."

But Caroline laid a hand on his arm and arrested the whistle on its way to his lips.

"Isn't that something else white, farther along?" she said.

"I don't see nothing," said the police, but he walked in the direction of Caroline's gaze.

"It's wonderful what eyes you've a-got, miss," said William; "none of the rest on us didn't spy it."

Charlotte and Charles walked apart from Caroline in a marked manner.

There certainly was something white in the road, a piece of paper with a stone on it, and also, as the police saw when he picked it up, writing.

"To any kind bypasser," the police read out. "Please put the inside in the post for me."

The paper on which this was written was a leaf torn from a note-book and folded across. Inside was another leaf with a stamp in the corner, as though it had been a postcard. On one side was an address, Mr. and Mrs. Wix, The Nest, Simla, India, and on the other these lines which the police read out: "Dear Parents,—I am running away to sea through being so ill-treated by Macpherson. I will write from the first port. I shall get a ship at Hastings, I expect.—Your affectionate son, Rupert."

"Well," said the police, "if that don't beat all! Lucky we saw this."

"Yes, ain't it?" said William. "And this the Hastings road and all. You ought to catch up easy if you start right away now."

"I shall now blow my whistle," said the police, as usual, "and acquaint the boy's guardian with our discovery."

"If we can't be any more use," said Caroline, hastily, "perhaps you wouldn't mind our going back to our dinners. They'll be getting dreadfully cold for the time of year," she added, a little wildly.

"There is no need to detain you," said the police, "and thanking you for your assistance, which shall be mentioned in my report. Good morning to you." He blew his whistle, and they hastened back through the gap.

"THEY WERE THE FOOTPRINTS, BEYOND ANY DOUBT, OF A BOY."

Once through it the others refused to meet Caroline's eye. She did not seem to notice it.

"I know listening's wrong," she said; "but when you're playing detectives the rules are different, and I should like——"

"Slip along by the pale, miss," said William. "All's fair in love an' war, as the saying is."

She slipped, and the others could not help following her. William went too.

The boots of the Murdstone tutor were now heard on the road. Then came the voice of the police explaining how clever he had been in finding the footsteps, the handkerchief, and the letter. "And you'd best read the letter," the police added.

A brief letter-reading silence was broken by the Murdstone man, very angry indeed.

"Monstrous!" he said. "And left in the public road for any stranger to see. Monstrous! There's not a word of truth in it."

"You can tell that to the magistrate," said the police. "Beg pardon, sir; I think I've cleared up this little difficulty for you."

"I suppose I can get a trap in the village?" the Murdstone man asked.

"At the Green Dragon, sir."

"Right," said Mr. Macpherson, smartly. "Good morning." And he turned and walked quickly away, leaving the police planted there, as they say in France.

"Well—I'm—dished!" said the police, aloud, after a moment's silence, to what he supposed to be solitude. "Not so much as tuppence to drink his blooming bad health. The stingy blighter! He can look for his own boys after this. And I hope the young 'un gets off, so I do."

"Same here," whispered William, behind the grey oak paling.

The police walked heavily away.

"Best go in to dinner," said William, and the four walked in silence across the park. When they got to the side-door William spoke.

"You're a fair masterpiece, Miss Caroline," he said; "that I will say."

"Thank you," said Caroline.

Charles and Charlotte both felt—they owned it afterwards—almost choked by all the things they wanted to say to Caroline and couldn't, because of William.

"I say!" said Caroline, eagerly, as William turned away. But Charles interrupted.

"We don't mean to speak to you," he said.

But just then Mrs. Wilmington appeared at the door, and no one could say anything further—anything that mattered, that is.

She escorted the girls to their room. In her superior, ladylike way she was curious about the missing boy. Charlotte told the story briefly, while Caroline buried her hot face in a big basin of cold water and blew like a grampus. Then there was dinner, and Mrs. Wilmington stayed all through that to hear more details. When dinner was over Caroline disappeared.

"I expect she's gone away to cry," Charlotte whispered to her brother. "I say, I wish we hadn't. But we did agree we oughtn't to speak to a traitor till it was sorry. You said so yourself in the wood."

"It's all very beastly," said Charles. "I wish it hadn't happened, upsetting everything."

"I say," Charlotte said, "let's forgive her now. I expect she thought she was doing right, being like a Spartan boy or something. Caro is silly like that sometimes. Let's go and find her and forgive her, and talk it all over comfortably, the three of us."

"I don't mind," said Charles. "Let's find her, if you like."

But they couldn't find her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF THE ROSE.

It was William who, when they had searched house and garden and park for nearly an hour, greeted the two as they trailed forlornly into the stable-yard on the last wild chance of finding her there. By this time both were thoroughly sorry and remorseful, and very anxious indeed to know what had become of their sister.

"I suppose you haven't seen Caroline anywhere about?" they said to William, who was sitting at the harness-room door with a rose in his button-hole, smoking a black clay pipe.

"She was out in the garden a bit back," he said; "give me this 'ere button-hole. She's a sister to be proud on, she is."

"Why?" asked Charles, blankly.

"What she done this morning," William answered.

"I suppose she thought it was right."

"I don't know about right," said William, scratching his ear. "Anyhow, she went down along towards where you was messing about in the wood this morning. Just after dinner she went with a book under her arm and her pinny full of roses. I'm coming along that way myself when I've finished my pipe."

Charlotte and Charles went down slowly to the wood, and they were both very uncomfortable. However right Caroline might have been——

"I can't understand how she *can*—the very place where he was—all safe only this morning," said Charlotte, and walked slower than ever. They went so slowly that William had almost caught them up before they had reached the wood. Just before they turned in among the dappled shadows of the wood, Charles said, "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," said Charlotte; "it's only Caro talking to herself."

And they went on. They did not hear any more talking, and when they reached the lair Caroline was sitting there silent with a splash of red rose-colour beside her among the fern.

"Oh, Caro!" cried Charlotte, almost weeping, and flumping down beside her sister. "I'm sorry we were horrid. We see now you must have thought you were being Spartan boyish or something. And it's too perfectly horrid. And do let's make it up—do."

"I did think you'd more sense," said Caroline, but she kissed Charlotte too, "or that you'd know that I had. More sense, I

mean. And directly I began to tell you, you said *that*."

She sniffed. It was plain that she had been crying.

Charles sat down.

"I'm sorry too," he said, handsomely. "Now let's talk about something else. Our only hope is to forget poor Rupert."

"I'll try to forget him," Charlotte said; "but he was such a nice boy. I suppose you had to do it, Caro. But oh, I do wish he was back again!"

Here Charlotte began to cry.

"Oh, don't!" said Caroline, putting her arm round her. "Do you mean to say you don't understand yet? I'd no idea you could be so silly."

"I don't think she's silly at all," said Charles, loyally. "*I* wish he was here, too."

"He *is* here," said Caroline, in an exasperated whisper—"just behind you. We thought you might be someone else, so he hid. Come back, Rupert; it's only them."

"FROM THE TANGLED THICKET RUPERT PUT FORTH A HEAD."

And from the tangled thicket Rupert put forth a head, very rough as to his hair, which bristled with twigs and pine-needles.

"Then you didn't run away to sea?"

"Not much," Rupert answered, leaning on his elbows and showing only the head and shoulders part of him.

"But the letter said——"

"That was *her*," Rupert explained, pointing at Caroline with his head. (That looks odd when you read it, but if you try you will find that it is quite easy to do.)

"That was her. It was all her. I'll never say anything about girls being muffs again. She absolutely ran the show. She's a brick."

"Oh, shut up!" said Caroline, with hot ears.

"But *what* did she do?"

"Took them off the scent. Tell them all about it," said Rupert.

"No; you," said Caro'ine, rolling over and burrowing her nose among the roses.

"Well, it was like this. After you'd gone off I was in a blue funk, and I don't mind owning it. And when she came back I thought it was the police, and about all being lost except honour, and precious little of that. Then she explained it all to me, and I got my boots off."

"Explained *what?*" Charles had to ask.

"Her plan, you duffer—her glorious Sherlock Holmes plan."

"You *might* have told us," Charlotte couldn't help saying.

"How could I? All among William and the police?"

"Well, go on."

"She'd got her pocket-book, and I wrote that letter. She thought of that too. And I gave her my hanky, and she carried my boots off in her hand, and when she got to the swampy place she put them on and made the footmarks."

"I stamped them in as deep as I could," Caroline broke in, "and I found the fence and got out and put the letter, and simply tore back round by the lodge. Didn't you notice how hot I was? I saw the Murdstone man, but I'd got my sun-bonnet. He was cutting the heads off nettles with his stick, like someone in the French Revolution."

"And she led them off the scent completely. They'd have been certain to find me here, with the fern all trampled about. She thought of that too," Rupert said.

"But where were you, then?"

"Up that tree." He pointed to a leafy branch. "I saw you all go by, your police with his nose on the ground like any old hound. Not one of you looked up. She's a regular A1 first-class brick, if you ask me. And now, if you can hide me a bit here till I've written to my people and got an answer ——Yes, she is a brick. And I shall always stand up for it that bricks are bricks even if they're only girls."

"You do make such a fuss," said Caroline, delighted with his praise and trying not to be, and feeling it the duty of a modest heroine to turn the subject. "And now I thought we'd be the Royal Order of the Rose. The rose is the emblem of secrecy. Two buds and a full-blown you have to wear. It's the badge."

She chose flowers and buds from the crimson heap and presented them to the others. The needed pins she produced from the front of her pinafore.

"I've got one, too," said Rupert, grinning from his covert. "A badge, I mean, and——"

"Hush!" whispered Charlotte. "There's someone coming. It's William."

"Oh, that's all right," said Caroline, amazingly. "William knows. He's one of us. He's wearing the Royal rose, too."

"And he isn't going to tell?" Charles could hardly believe it of a grown-up.

"No, he ain't a-going to tell." It was William who answered, pushing through the leaves and sitting down squarely on a stump. "I don't give away a good sport like what Miss Caroline is—not me."

"But when did you find out?" Charlotte asked.

"I had my suspicions from the first; Miss Caroline going off so artful. And then when she come back of course I knew."

"Why of course?" Charles wanted to know.

"Well, nobody except the pleece would cotton to it as a young lady like Miss Caroline would set out to give away a runaway dog as 'ad trusted her, let alone a young gentleman."

Charlotte and Charles never wish to feel less pleased with themselves than they did then.

"An' the boot-marks," William went on; "much too deep and plain they was for anybody as was out to get off, with somebody arter them. Let alone as I see a bit of young master's jacket up in the tree as we come over the park. And the hankercher dropped so handy. Not but what I own I thought it was all up when we come to that letter. I did think that was a bit too thick. As if people on the bolt 'ud stop to write letters and lay them convenient like in the middles of roads. I thought you'd killed the cat with kindness that time. But, no—'e swallowed it all, old Poad did; like mother's milk it went down. And so did the schoolmaster. And off 'e goes. And off *he* goes. And off *you* goes to your dinners, and I come along to the young chap in the tree and fetched him a bite of something, and whistles him down that all's serene. And Miss Caroline she comes along and makes me a member of her Ancient Order of Rosy Buffaloes, or whatever it is, and here we are as jolly as you please and as safe as you please. Only my advice is, tell the master."

"We can't," said Caroline, earnestly. "It wouldn't be fair. He might think it was his duty, or something——"

"Ah!" said Charles, relieved. "We're not the only ones. We thought that of you. It's just the same."

"There's only one difference," said Caroline, and this was the only time she hit back that day, so we may forgive her for it. "One difference—and that is that I'm right and you were wrong."

"Oh!" said Charles, blankly.

"Best tell the master." William's tone was persuasive.

"You said you were ours to the death."

"You asked me if I was, and I wasn't going to contradict a lady," William corrected. "And as far as keeping my tongue betwixt my teeth, and lending a hand in the victualling department, and a rug and a truss in the straw-loft that I've got the key of, and where the master himself wouldn't presume to show a

nose—as far as that goes, I'm your man. More especially since I've seen your governors, teachers, pastors, and masters in that nasty white rage, with his face all twisted. I wouldn't 'and over a blind kitten to '*is* tender mercies. But my advice is——"

"Don't!" Caroline implored. "Because really we can't, you know."

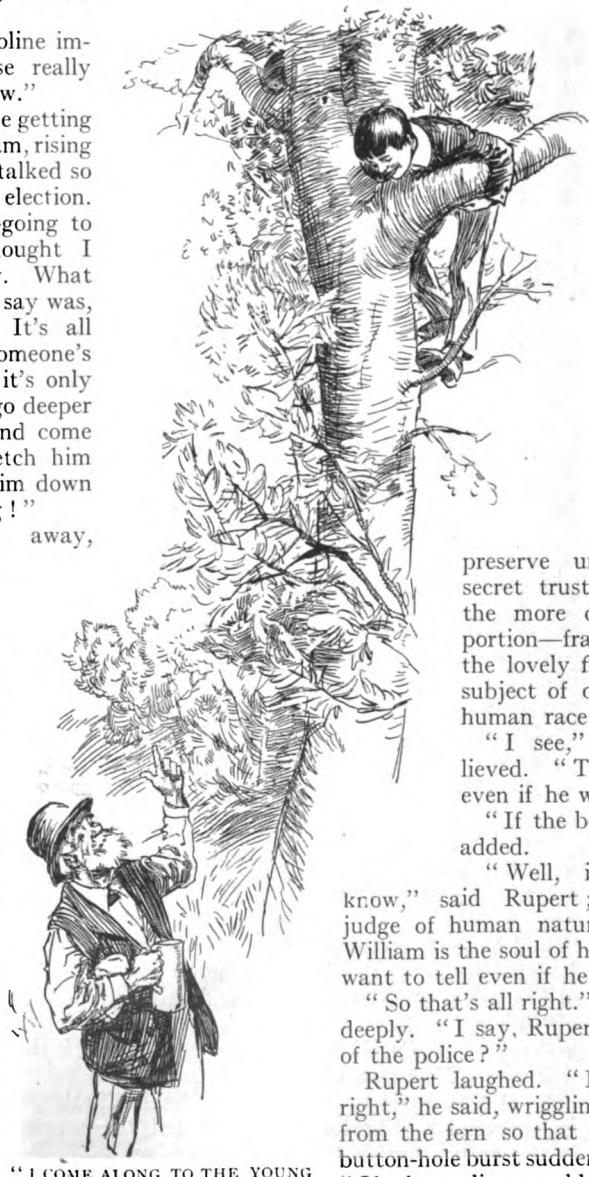
"Well, I must be getting along," said William, rising stiffly. "I ain't talked so much since the election. And I wasn't a-going to say what you thought I was a-going to say. What I was a-going to say was, get out of this. It's all trampled, and someone's sure to notice, if it's only that Jim. You go deeper into the wood, and come night-time I'll fetch him away and bed him down all right. So long!"

He tramped away, crunching sticks and stalks as he went.

"How glorious," Charlotte said, slowly, "to have a real live heroine for your sister!"

"Yes, but," Charles asked, anxiously, "are you sure William will keep the secret?"

"I'd answer for him with my life," said Rupert. "You don't know how jolly he was when he brought me the bread and cheese, and water in a medicine-bottle. It tasted a little of camphor. Awfully decent chap he is!"



"I COME ALONG TO THE YOUNG CHAP IN THE TREE AND FETCHED HIM A BITE OF SOMETHING.'

"He can't help keeping the secret." Caroline spoke with impressive earnestness. "He wears the Royal rose and the twin buds, the badge of secrecy. If you wear *that* you simply can't betray a secret. It says so in the Language of—page thirty-seven."

She picked up the book from under the roses, fluttered its leaves, found page thirty-seven, and read:—

"'The red or damask rose, full-blown and worn with two of its own buds, is the emblem and pledge of inviolet'—inviolable, I mean—'secrecy, and he who wears the Royal queen of flowers accompanied by two unopened promises of her future magnificence, by this eloquent symbol binds himself to preserve uncontaminated the secret trust reposed in him by the more delicate and fragile portion—fragile and delicate as the lovely flower which is the subject of our remarks—of the human race.'"

"I see," said Charlotte, relieved. "Then he can't tell, even if he wants to."

"If the book knows," Charles added.

"Well, it's all right, you know," said Rupert; "because I'm a judge of human nature, and I know that William is the soul of honour, and wouldn't want to tell even if he could."

"So that's all right." Charlotte breathed deeply. "I say, Rupert, aren't you afraid of the police?"

Rupert laughed. "I think William was right," he said, wriggling out a little farther from the fern so that the red rose in his button-hole burst suddenly upon public view. "If the police would swallow that letter they'd swallow anything. And if the eyes of the whole *vox populi* were upon me," he ended, with a grand, if vague, remembrance of old Mug's careful teaching, "Caroline would find a *via media*, or way out."

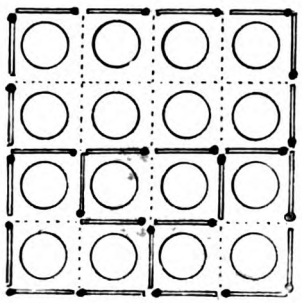
(*To be continued.*)

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

37.—THE SIXTEEN SHEEP.

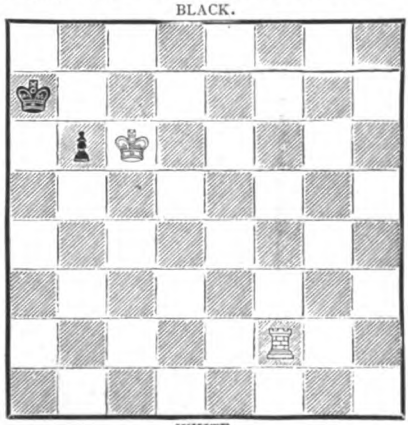
HERE is a new puzzle with matches and counters, or coins. In the illustration the matches represent hurdles and the counters sheep. The sixteen hurdles on the outside, and the sheep, must be regarded as immovable; the puzzle has to do entirely with the nine hurdles on the inside. It will be seen that at present these nine hurdles enclose four groups of 8, 3, 3, and 2 sheep. The farmer requires to readjust some of the hurdles so as to enclose 6, 6, and 4 sheep. Can you do it by only replacing two hurdles? When you have succeeded, then try to do it by replacing three hurdles; then four, five, six, and seven in succession. Of course, the hurdles must be legitimately laid on the dotted lines, and no such tricks are allowed as leaving unconnected ends of hurdles, or two hurdles placed side by side, or merely making hurdles change places. In fact, the conditions are so simple that any farm labourer will understand it directly.



38.—MATE IN THREE MOVES.

IT would be difficult to find a prettier little chess problem in three moves, produced from such limited material as a rook and a pawn, than the one given this month, by Dr. S. Gold. The novice will probably find the task of discovering the key move quite perplexing. White plays and checkmates in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

39.—A PUZZLE FOR CARD-PLAYERS.

A READER of this magazine recently asked me to help him draw up a schedule for his bridge club, under perplexing conditions, to give during the season the greatest possible variety in the matter of partners and opponents at play. It was a specially difficult case, but I think a simpler example will be found quite an interesting puzzle. I take the comparatively easy case of twelve persons. Twelve members of a club arranged to play bridge together on eleven evenings, but no player was ever to have the same partner twice. Can you draw up a scheme showing how they may all sit down at three tables every evening? Call the twelve players by the first twelve letters of the alphabet and try to group them. I say nothing on this occasion about opponents; we are only concerned with the partners.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

34.—THE WASSAIL BOWL.

THE division of the twelve pints of ale can be made in eleven manipulations, as below. The six columns show at a glance the quantity of ale in the barrel, the five-pint jug, the three-pint jug, and the tramps X, Y, and Z respectively after each manipulation.

Barrel.	5-pint.	3-pint.	X.	Y.	Z.
7	5	0	0	0	0
7	2	3	0	0	0
7	0	3	2	0	0
7	3	0	2	0	0
4	3	3	2	0	0
0	3	3	2	4	0
0	5	1	2	4	0
0	5	0	2	4	1
0	2	3	2	4	1
0	0	3	4	4	1
0	0	0	4	4	4

And each man has received his four pints of ale.

35.—A QUAINT CHESS ENDING.

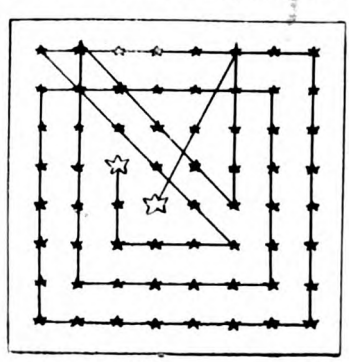
IF the reader will play over the following moves he cannot fail to appreciate the humour of the situation.

1	K—B 8	K—R 2	21	P—Q 5	K—Kt sq.
2	K—Q 8	K—Kt sq.	22	K—Q 7	K—R 2
3	K—Q 7	K—R 2	23	K—B 8	K—R 3
4	K—K 6	K—Kt sq.	24	P—Q 6	P takes P
5	K takes P	K—B sq.	25	K—Kt 8	Kt moves
6	K—K 6	K—Q sq.	26	K takes Kt	K—R 2
7	K—B 7	K—B sq.	27	K—Q 8	K—Kt sq.
8	K—K 7	K—Kt sq.	28	P—B 7(ch.)	K—R 2
9	K—Q 8	K—R 2	29	P—B 8 (Q)	P—Q 4
10	K—B 8	K—R 3	30	K—B 7	P—Q 5
11	K—Kt 8	P—Q 4 (*a*)	31	Q mates.	

(*a*) Moves 12 to 20 inclusive are precisely the same as the first nine moves.

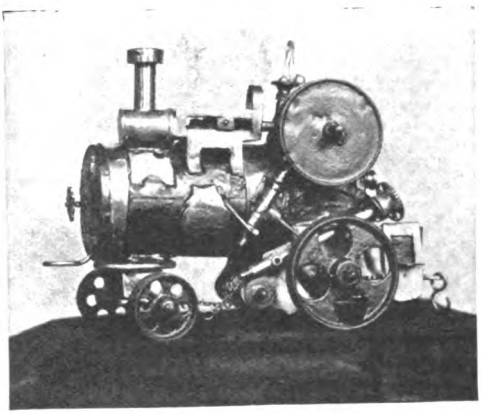
36.—THE STAR PUZZLE.

THE illustration explains itself. The stars are all struck out in fourteen straight strokes, starting and ending at a white star.



CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

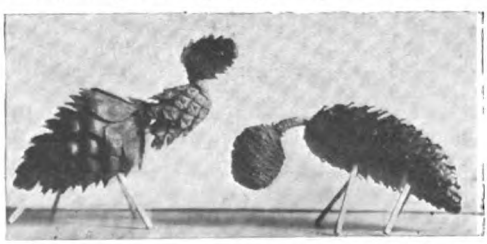


A MODEL TRACTION ENGINE.

THIS model traction engine, which is eleven inches in length and in thorough working order, was made entirely by myself from scrap brass I am an engine-driver by trade, but have had no lessons in model-making. As may, perhaps, be seen from the photograph, a great variety of things were used in making the engine, though too much space would be occupied in giving a list of them.—Mr. William Nock, 13, Rankin Street, Poulton, Cheshire.

CURIOUS CONE-ANIMALS.

CONES from the pine or fir tree, which are easily procurable, lend themselves very readily to the construction of curious animals. It is, of course, to the younger section of THE STRAND readers that such a curiosity will appeal. From the photograph it will be seen that very little ingenuity is required. The cones



are joined by stripping one cone of a few of its "leaves," boring a small hole in another cone, and then inserting the one into the other, with the addition of match-sticks for legs.—Mr. F. Cox, 39, Winsford Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

A STRANGE MAIL-CARRIER.

THE surf is generally so rough at Niua-Foou, an island in the Tongan group, that there is difficulty in launching a catamaran (native boat). Once a month one of the Union Steamship Company's boats passes by with the mail and slows down about a mile off the shore. Nowadays a native, regardless of sharks, swims off with the mail fixed on a pole attached to a plank, as depicted in the photograph. On the occasion

when this snapshot was taken the mail contained three eggs of the malloa, a wingless bird peculiar to this and one or two other islands. The mail is hooked up by a seaman on the ship's deck and the inward mail is simultaneously thrown overboard in a hermetically-sealed paraffin tin. This photograph, wh ch was secured from the forecastle of the T.S.S. *Atua* on August 28th, 1910, whilst the swimmer was approaching the bows of the vessel, was taken by Dr. Faulke, of Wellington, New Zealand.

A MAGIC PYRAMID.

THIS little pyramid of figures is, I think, sufficiently curious to be included in your pages. On multiplying and adding the figures as indicated in the diagram it will be found that the answers include no other figure than the figure 1.—Miss Amy C. Jefferys, 247, Spence Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

1 x 9 & 2	=	11
12 x 9 & 3	=	111
123 x 9 & 4	=	1,111
1,234 x 9 & 5	=	11,111
12,345 x 9 & 6	=	111,111
123,456 x 9 & 7	=	1,111,111
1,234,567 x 9 & 8	=	11,111,111
12,345,678 x 9 & 9	=	111,111,111
123,456,789 x 9 & 10	=	1,111,111,111

CRICKET AS SHE IS PLAYED.

THE accompanying picture is taken from a French translation of the adventures of the famous Raffles, and depicts that hero taking part in a "Gentlemen and Players" cricket match at Lord's. It will be observed that he has attired himself for the occasion in a fencer's padded jacket, a pair of football "shorts," and leg-guards taken from a suit of armour, but without straps or other fastening visible, and presumedly glued to his bare legs. In his hand he grasps a bat, the splice of which descends nearly to the bottom of the blade, leaving us surprised that an artist of such fancy, while he was about it, did not cause it to project an inch or two, like the spike of a bass-viol. Apparently under the impression that this implement is a golf-stick, he has "tee'd-up" the ball in a position to drive off. But the master-stroke is yet to come. The inscription underneath the picture informs the astonished reader that this is a representation of Raffles *bowling!*—Mr. J. D. Eaton Richards, 6, Painswick Lawn, Cheltenham.

A REMARKABLE BIRD'S NEST.

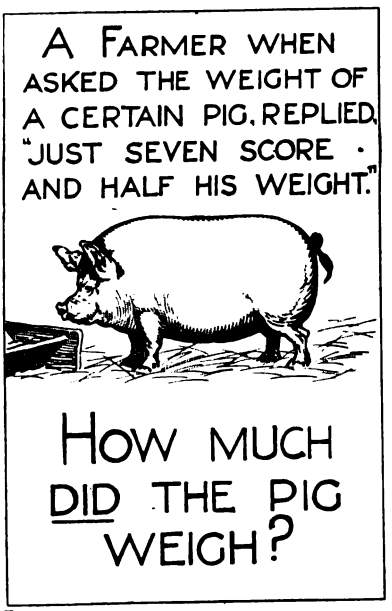
BIRDS are known to choose remarkable nesting-places, but a bird's nest on a shaft revolving at a hundred revolutions per minute is undoubtedly a novelty. The photograph given above was taken at Messrs. Gent and Co.'s (Limited) Electric Engineering Works, Leicester, and the rapidly revolving power-transmitting shaft, to which the greater portion of the bird's nest adheres, passes across a gangway at the point illustrated. This is the third season that this remarkable bird's nest has been occupied. One of the eggs has been thrown out of the nest, and is seen lying on the girder.—Mr. Alfred E. Eall, 38, St Saviour's Road East, Leicester.

MADE OF BUTTERFLIES' WINGS.

SOME time ago I had a case of butterflies, but some insect ate the bodies and left the wings intact. I thereupon decided to utilize the wings by making a large butterfly of them, and send you a photograph of the result. The original is about a foot square.—Mr. Percy Cutter, 40, Lawson Villas, Priory Road, Dartford, Kent.

CHINESE FISH-TICKLING.

THE Chinaman, world-renowned for patience and conservatism, shows nowhere more patience and conservatism than in his manner of fishing. As his ancestors did, so does he and his ingenuity is well shown in the foregoing photograph. In certain parts of the Yangtse Valley, where canals drain the vast rice-fields, the fisherman may be observed lying on his face in a tub just big enough to hold him. His gaberdine is wrapped round his middle, and forms a cushion for chest and chin. His feet stick over the stern, and his arms, used as paddles, hang over the bows. In this position he propels himself along the banks and shallow waters, catching his finny meal by tickling it. The muddy waters prevent his actual "tickling" from being seen, but the results are very apparent. Forty or fifty fish of about four ounces in weight are often caught in an hour.—Mr. H. Giles, Barnfield, Gillingham, Kent.



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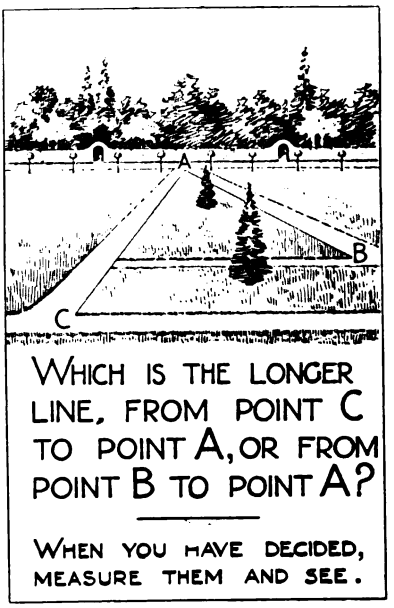

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PICTURE PUZZLES.

WE give above two more picture puzzles by Mr. Sidney J. Miller, the solutions of which will appear next month.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

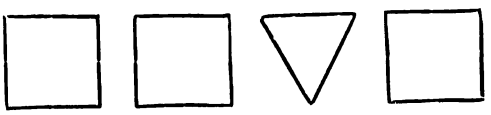
4. The following were the scores : —
First Match : Idlers, 72 + 12 + 60 + 24 + 48 + 36.
Yokels, 6 + 66 + 18 + 54 + 30 + 42.
Second Match : Idlers, 40 + 41 + 44 + 32 + 31 + 28.
Yokels, 38 + 37 + 34 + 46 + 47 + 50.

5. The weights are 1, 3, 9, and 27 pounds, corresponding to the stem, limbs, laterals, and shoots of the tree.

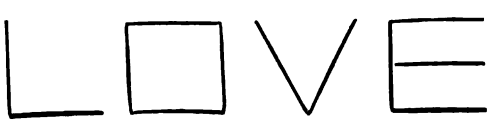
6. Suppose the walls razed outwardly and the 12ft. wall wheeled flush with the side wall. The straight line A to B will represent the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, the other sides of which are 59ft. and 15ft. respectively. Its length is, therefore, 60·876ft. (say 60⅞ft.), and the female snail's time is consequently 60 minutes and 48 seconds.

SOLUTION TO "A MATCH PUZZLE."

LAST month we set our readers the following puzzle: Take fifteen matches and place them as shown in the diagram, then take away three, change the position of one, and the result will be the word showing what matches are made of.



Here is the solution :—



SOLUTION TO THE "TOOTATOO" PROBLEM.

THE solution to the problem given on page 341 of last month's number, which was designed to illustrate the newest game in the card line, brings about a situation not possible in any other game. As the five of hearts is still out in Y's hand, hearts are yet trumps. Z not having any, the moment B gets in B can run off two club tricks, which, with the diamond king, will give A-B three tricks. The first play, therefore, for Y-Z is to promote diamonds to trumps. Z leads a spade, putting Y in with ace. Y leads the five of hearts, exhausting them, and making diamonds the trump, Z discarding his club. Y now sees that if he leads a club A will overtrump Z and B will overtrump Y, making three tricks. Y must drop the diamonds together, so he leads the jack, putting B in the lead, and leaving Z with the long trump. B leads the king of clubs and brings about the first interesting situation. Z is in a hole. If he trumps the king he makes clubs trumps and—B holds ten-ace over Y, queen, ten over Y's jack, eight, both trumping Z's spade. Z, therefore, must pass this trick. Now comes the second peculiar position, for it is B who is now in a hole. If he leads the ten, of course Z passes and Y wins jack, Z trumping the last trick. But if B leads the queen, Z trumps that card, and, as clubs become trumps, Y's jack holds the last trick over B's ten.

ANOTHER BRIDGE PROBLEM.

HAVING solved all your Bridge problems, I am sending to you another one, which I hope will not yet be known by your readers. It is the best problem I ever saw, though your last "No-Trumper" but one is very fine too.—T. E. Klein, Kreindlgasse 8, Wein, XIX., Austria.

Hearts—5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—4, 3.
Clubs—4, 3.
Spades—None.

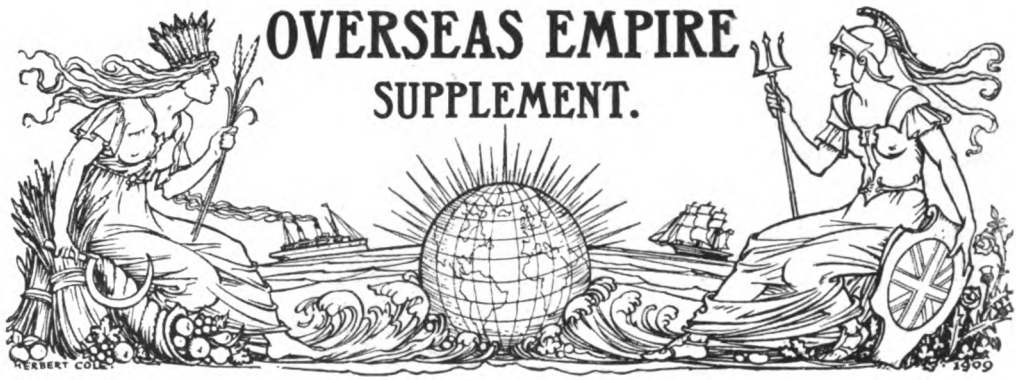
Hearts—None.
Diamonds—King, knave, 9, 8.
Clubs—King, knave, 9.
Spades—King.

Y
A B
Z

Hearts—None.
Diamonds—Queen, 10.
Clubs—Queen, 10.
Spades—Queen, knave, 10, 9.

Hearts—None.
Diamonds—Ace, 2.
Clubs—Ace, 2.
Spades—Ace, 4, 3, 2.

Hearts are trumps. Z is in the lead and is to win all the eight tricks, against *any* defence of A and B.



THE LAND OF NIMROD.

By DENIS CRANE.

Author of "A Vicarious Vagabond," etc.

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT'S recent big-game expedition to East Africa and the chronicle of its events in the Press stirred thousands of Englishmen's hearts to hope and envy—hope, in the case of the more prosperous, that such an adventurous holiday might some day be their own; and envy, in the case of the ordinary man, because—well, because a trip to Mars in an aeroplane, while nowadays less wildly exciting, seemed hardly more improbable.

For every robust Englishman is at heart a hunter. Back of the shirt-frill and the pink tea, the monocle and the muffin-struggle, lies dormant but not dead the primeval instinct to catch the fish, to snare the bird, and to bring the proud beast of the forest crashing to earth.

CAMPING ON THE MOON RIVER—THE LAST DAY SEES EVERYONE SATISFIED.

Yet high adventure of this sort is not so unattainable as it appears, nor are the chief difficulties those that seem at first insuperable.

Africa, it is true, for the man of modest means, must be ruled out. But there is Canada, where abound all those elements of risk and endurance, of solitude and thrilling expectancy, so dear to the sportsman, but where the initial preparations for a hunting trip need not be so elaborate nor so costly, and where absence from home and office—always a real deterrent to the industrious—may be reduced to a minimum.

Canada has, too, the advantage of being from coast to coast a part of the Empire, so that general knowledge gained in the pursuit of sport, if less romantic than that gained by the American ex-President and Mr. Winston Churchill in Africa, is more immediately useful to the Britisher who realizes the importance of Imperial ties. In particular, such an expedition would afford him an opportunity of seeing with his own eyes a country that is destined to play a very prominent part in the history of the century; while there is nothing the Canadian asks more earnestly of his English cousin than that, with a view to mutual understanding, he should partake of his hospitality for a season and investigate for himself the charms and resources of the great Dominion.

As for the intending settler, whether his motive be personal advancement or the interest of his sons, the recreational advantages of his new home are a consideration too significant to be ignored.

What, then, are the sporting prospects out

West, and what are the chief items of expense ?

Without attempting an exhaustive list, the big game of Canada includes the wapiti, the moose, and the caribou as perhaps the most prized ; the mountain goat, the mountain sheep, the big-horn (*Ovis montana*), and Stone's sheep — all highly-valued trophies ; and, of course, the black bear and the grizzly. Deer of various kinds are also numerous. The wolf—notably the enormous timber variety, which attains its maximum size in

A SCENE IN ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK, WHERE SPECKLED TROUT ARE BY NO MEANS RARE.

British Columbia—the puma, the lynx, and the wild cat belong to the less-sought quarry, but are unprotected and may be shot at sight.

From the publications of the railways and other interested parties it might be inferred that all these beasts abound in almost every province and in every part thereof. That, however, is not so. One may travel in certain districts for days on end and see nothing more exciting than a wild duck or a gopher. On the other hand, there are hunting grounds,

A WOLF AND BEAR, SHOT AT PARRY SOUND.

DUCK-SHOOTING HAS AN OVERWHELMING FASCINATION FOR SPORTSMEN.

well defined in range and of huge extent, where a shot at some at least of the animals named may be counted on as a dead certainty, and where those in search of fish and

PARTRIDGES ABOUND IN THE "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

fowl may follow their bent until desire is satiated.

Northern Quebec and Ontario offer good sport for the short-timer, but a trip to British Columbia, by far the best province for all-round sport, will well repay the visitor for the greater time consumed.

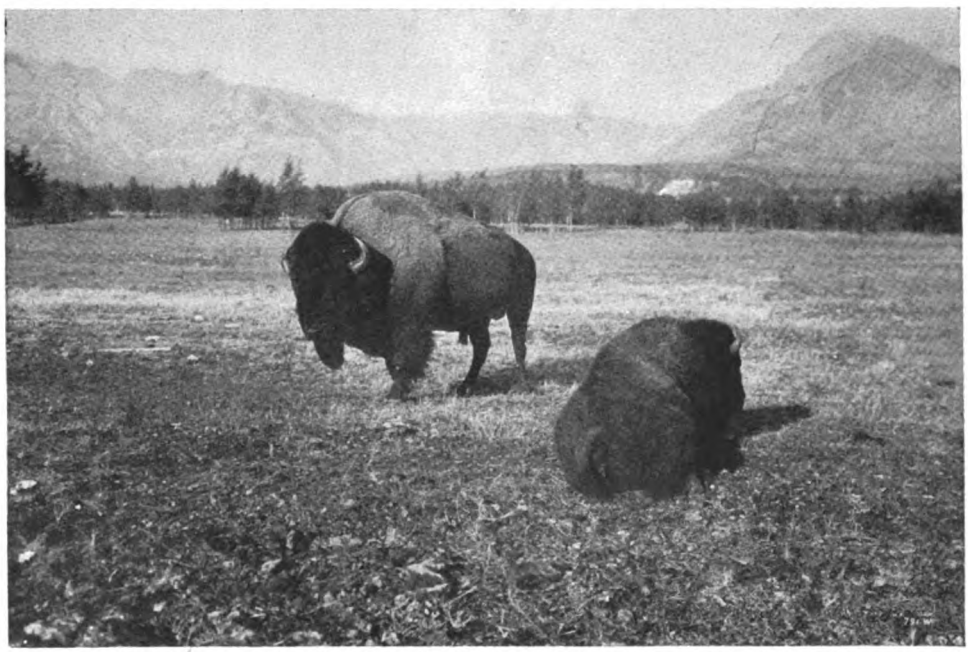
It was in this country, at the foot of the Rockies, that the present writer met a lady who had barely recovered from an adventure with an inhabitant of the forest. Returning alone in the dusk to her hotel, she was suddenly startled by observing ahead of her a bear, evidently just on his way to the empty preserve-cans of the local scrap-heap. Her horse took fright and bolted into the woods,

where its rider was in such peril of a broken neck that, nervous as she was, she preferred to take her chance with the bear. On regaining the road, however, she was relieved to find Bruin in full retreat, probably the most scared of the three.

In this favoured province, with gun, rifle, or rod, one may enjoy the best of sport from one year's end to another; but if the visitor is bent on securing big game, let him select first the Cassiar country, because it is easy of access, and then if he has the time he can

It would take more than a book to describe the habits and peculiarities of the various species of big game here enumerated, not to mention all the varieties of fish and fowl that await the visitor's rod and gun; hence a word or two only must suffice.

The wapiti is an animal less familiar to the English reader than the moose (or elk) and the caribou (more popularly known as the reindeer). Notable for his grace and beauty, he frequents heavily-timbered, low-lying country, where his pursuit is somewhat



UNPLEASANT CUSTOMERS TO MEET IN THE OPEN—BUFFALO IN BANFF PARK.

afterwards go in quest of other game in the Lilloet and Kootenay districts.

The most moderate shot, in Cassiar, cannot fail to secure trophies that will bring him, in addition to the fun and wholesomeness of their acquisition, the lasting respect of his friends at home.

In 1906, for example—I quote Mr. A. Bryan Williams, Game Warden of the Province—parties aggregating twenty-one men hunted in Cassiar and killed seventeen moose, sixty-three sheep, twenty-nine caribou, seventeen goats, six grizzlies, eleven black bears, and several foxes, making an average of seven head of big game to each gun. The average in the following year, with a slightly larger number of sportsmen, was a little higher, and included a sixty-five-and-a-half-inch moose and a forty-one-pointer caribou.

arduous. His hide makes excellent leather, but the venison is coarse and dry.

The moose, a big, clumsy-looking creature, with high shoulders which give him the appearance of perpetually walking up-hill, loves not the dense forest as does the wapiti. More open timber is his haunt, generally near the great waterways. Despite his apparent awkwardness he is a stealthy quarry, and may best be got—so say some experienced hunters—by drifting towards nightfall on a lake or any of the broader streams.

Of caribou there are several varieties, the commonest ranging the open plains, frequently in small herds. In appearance he reminds one of the stag. His antlers are broad, to enable him to battle with the snow.

Mountain sheep are prominent among British Columbia game, while the mountain

goat is even more so, being, on account of his abundance, perhaps the easiest game to be obtained.

Strange to say, that terror of a hundred stories, the grizzly—of whom the reader has doubtless been impatient to hear—is not nearly the awe-inspiring beast he is reputed to be. Seldom, it is said, does he manifest the tremendous ferocity with which he is accredited, and, being an easy mark for the rifle, his killing is not often attended with extraordinary excitement.

HALF AN HOUR'S WORK GIVES GOOD RESULTS IN THE TEMAGAMI DISTRICT.

The best time to hunt him is the spring, when the snows have begun to melt. At this season his fur is in prime condition, and he comes forth into the open, hungry after his long fast. The black bear is very common in British Columbia. One of his favourite foods is the salmon, which he flicks deftly with his paw out of the smaller streams.

The conditions under which sport is pursued in Canada—whether it be big-game hunting, or the milder forms of salmon and trout fishing, or shooting snipe and grouse and the ubiquitous duck — are wonderfully fascinating. Rough in many cases and difficult of access, the splendid wilds of the North and West, with their solitary forests, lakes, and streams, bring the sportsman face to face with Nature. He becomes a primitive man engaged in a primitive pursuit, all thought of the social world and its vanities being for the time forgotten, and his one aim the tracking and killing of his quarry. Hence, those who have known only the trampled hunting grounds of Europe, when they visit this "Nimrod's Paradise" — and they are coming in increasing numbers every year—feel a sense of freedom and exhilaration they have never experienced before.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ELK AT BANFF PARK.

Happily, the cost is not prohibitive for those who, once or twice in a lifetime, can spare the time to seek a thorough rest and change. There is no need to enlarge on the modern transatlantic steamship service, with its rapid passage, reduced now by the *Royal Edward* record to little more than five days, and its reasonable fares.

Once over, the expenditure on a shooting or hunting expedition, though naturally greater than on an ordinary tour, is lower, for equivalent advantages, than anywhere in the world. A big-game licence, with full rights, costs in the West twenty pounds, but the right to a month's shooting at deer, bear, and goat may be bought for five, while a simple bird or fishing licence costs but a humble guinea.

Guides, who supply canoes, camp outfit, and mess utensils, can be obtained from a guinea a day and upwards. Three men on a six weeks' trip in the Kootenays or the Lilloet district could cover everything at from fifty to sixty shillings a day. In the Cassiar country the cost would be a trifle higher.

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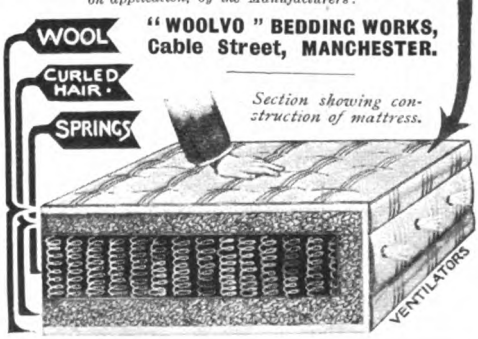
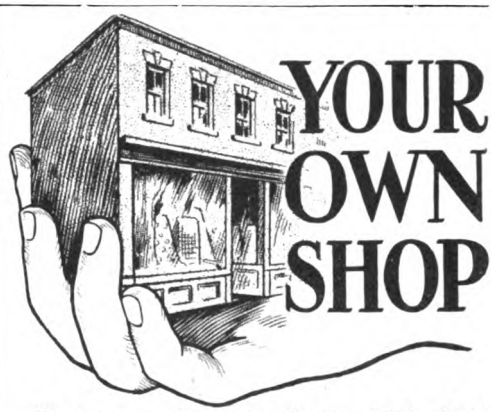


Section showing construction of mattress.



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FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EvE."

ALTHOUGH the short coats of indefinite waist and general outline are now an accepted fact for this spring, this does not affect the need for good corseting, which is very apparent in indoor gowns. Though many of these are loose—or, rather, draped or veiled loosely—most of the linings and foundations well define and call for a graceful and shapely figure. The actual skirt shape fits the hips closely, and no undue fullness is allowed round the foot part, which should measure from two and a half to three yards round for street wear.

Of all seasons, the spring marks the graceful woman, putting a ban upon any ungainliness of carriage; and too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of good, well-cut corsets. Many of the best makes may now be bought at quite an insignificant price, compared with the special study and science of cut which have been devoted to them. Dame Fashion at present demands a long, slender figure, and the woman who is not so by nature needs to purchase carefully. Most of the big shops, however, now prefer, when possible, to fit them personally, and thus she of the difficult figure can have expert advice at first hand. For those whom distance renders less fortunate, however, satisfactory fit can usually be ensured by sending one's measurements and description of figure by post.

A CHIC BLOUSE MODEL

FIG. I.

A simple ninon blouse, embroidered with trails of leaves in silver threads; the neck and under-sleeves are of ninon in a darker shade than the dress, edged with silver lace. The waist-belt is of satin, into which is tucked a bunch of violets.

The stout woman should particularly see that she gets a make with firm side support, low in the bust, and with curved fronts to simulate the elongated effect of her more slim sister.

Quite a lot can be said when once one starts on this all-important necessity of wearing up-to-date corsets of good make, but even when these have been procured they need a proper

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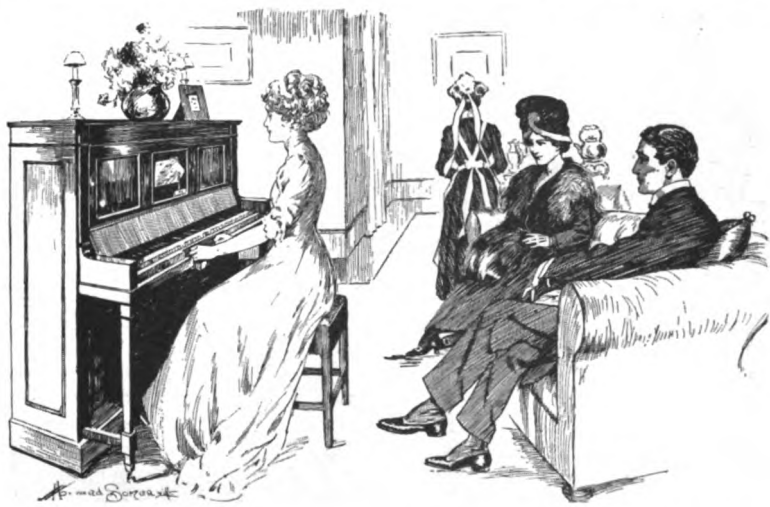

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amount of attention and care in adjusting. For instance, no one should ever rely on one pair of corsets for however short a period of wear; like boots, to ensure a good shape to the end, two pairs, at the very least, should be kept in constant wear.

This plan will be found to keep the figure in shape, instead of—as is often the case—the figure throwing the corset out of line.

There is no need, also, in these days, to be smart at the expense of comfort. The stiffly-boned article is now a thing of the past, even for very full figures, which need extra support. Consequently the hip length can be worn long without inconvenience, and it is this low bust and long hip cut which is so pre-eminently smart and elegant.

Given a good corset, and the most ill-made gown cannot hide the fact, but will take on a smartness not its own from the all-compelling scientific lines beneath it.

Soft ninon, tulle, and chiffon-draped blouses, though of the one-piece order, make a pleasant change by reason of their dainty lightness. The neck, sleeves, and front are quite simply hand-embroidered in coarse silk or fine wool, in which several startling colour strands are skilfully introduced. Mole and grey show cerise and parrot-green among strands of the material shade, while fine silk marine-blue voile is decorated with orange and scarlet touches among quite dark blue stitches.

Cachemire de soie and voile de soie are favourite materials for dresses, while a thin make of face cloth in Parma violet, clover-leaf green, and rich dull shades of blue is much used for smart walking costumes.

FIG 2.

of Parma violet cachemire de soie, allied to tucked cream ninon, silk soutache in Greek design, with silk embroidery of shaded mauve, coral pink, and touches of canary, interworked with silver tinsel threads.

Of neck finishes and frills there is a bewildering variety, and these will make quite a hole in the smart woman's exchequer this season, many of them being very expensive, so elaborate and dainty are they, while the duration of their wear is proportionately short, such pretty trifles demanding practically once wearing only.

Never were the etceteras of woman's dress more studied than at present, these making or marring the most carefully-thought-out costume. Chiffon and tulle are much in evidence for dainty neck ruffles, fichus, and even muffs, daintily gauged and sewn with violet or forget-me-not heads. Tulle will play an important part also in millinery for toques and matrons' bonnets, and with trimmings of spring-blossoms is light and smart. In this connection, however, it should be noted that only a really good rainproof variety of tulle should be used, or disaster will quickly follow a brief spring shower.

Buttons are a very important feature this spring, costumes exhibiting either quite a number of a small, dainty variety, or merely two or three large and handsome examples.

In millinery, shot straws are quite the

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latest, as also shot effects in ribbons. Hats in two-coloured straws are, too, very *chic*, and have straw trimmings of ribbon, rosettes, or quills to match. Many of the new buttons and buckles, by the way, also exhibit this two-colour idea.

From head to foot the smart woman must "accord," and to this end dainty patent boots and shoes with dyed cloth tops to match her gown are specially designed, while stockings of finely-spun silk must tone with the general colour-scheme. Even hand-bags and wristlet-straps for the tiniest of time-keepers are now to be had in all shades of dyed leathers to meet the fair wearer's requirements.

In regard to clothes, it is very interesting to note the phraseology of these. The old name of a petticoat was a placket. This name now survives in the back fastening of a petticoat only. Its placket-hole is the space left between button and buttonhole, to facilitate getting it on. The placket-hole of a dress also keeps the name alive. Petticoat means "little coat." It was the small, lower garment worn with the vest.

FIG. 3.

FOR THE SPRING BRIDE.

In soft satin, with fine lace appliqués, handsome wide lace insertion, and tucked chiffon yoke. Silk and silver embroidered orange blossoms are worked around the high waist, while the train is edged with fine open-work silver braid.

A skirt and a shirt are two very different garments, the one worn outside all other dress, and the other worn next the skin. Yet both words mean the same, for both mean "short." Each is derived, like the word "short," from the German "schurz," a little coat.

So, in effect, a skirt and a petticoat mean exactly the same thing.

A frock means a monk's cowl. The word comes from the old French "froc," a cowl. The word was first applied to a priest's dress, afterwards to a skirt and upper garment combined.

The word "gown" means something stitched. It comes from the old Welsh word "gwn," to stitch.

Frill is a chilly word. It means actually "to shiver," and is derived from the old French word "friller," to shiver. Its rustling and ruffling are like the ruffling of a hawk's breast when it shivers — hence the idea of the word.

A smock means a garment into which one must creep. Probably creep unseen, for once smocks were night-garments. So a smock was a night-gown.

Buttons once were called "frogs,"

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the word being derived from the same source as "frock." The buttons always stitched at the back of a coat are historical. They were in good use once when long coats were worn, with their corners buttoned back, in days of highwaymen. So the sword, which was as common an article of wear as a walking-stick is now, could be readily got at with the flaps buttoned up. The swords have gone but the buttons remain, though they have no buttonholes in the corners of the coats. The long coat-corners may be seen still in a footman's full dress.

The knee-breeches and fancy hose, the long coats and plush smartness of men-servants of to-day are replicas of the gentleman's dress of a few generations ago. Even now waiters and men-servants in quiet attire are required to don the evening dress of to-day. Probably in a hundred years' time the black dress-coat of the waiter will be all that is left of the full dress of to-day, as the footman's dress now survives its own time.

The word "footman" recalls the day of his dress, when men with links had to run on foot, giving light by the way, in times when the streets were unlighted.

Trousers and *trousseaux* and trusses are all one word. Trousers means bundles, no matter if full of living flesh. So does *trousseaux*, which are merely bundles of clothes. And a truss of hay is a bundle of provender. All three come from the old French "trousser," a "bundle to pack."

A pocket is so named from the Icelandic word "poki," a little bag. These little bags were once carried loosely and called mails, sometimes wallets. They were so often lost that at last they were stitched outside the clothes, and finally put inside, out of sight and in safety.

Jacket we owe to the French "jaque," a coat of mail.

MILLINERY MODES

FIG. 4.

Fig. 4.—The original of this new spring shape was of finely-plaited straw in a vivid rose-pink, the broad turned-up brim of which had a deep bind of grass-green satin. Shaded roses, from bright pink to deep rose, with bright green leaves, trailed round the crown and clustered over the front brim.

Many of the black fancy crinoline shapes have a bright gloss on them this season, and are strikingly trimmed with cerise velvet ribbon, small cerise roses, and masses of lilac or violets.

SPRING

FIG. 5.

Fig. 5.—This model, being extremely large, was fitted with a very deep bandeau, which effectively raised the hat from the hair, and so prevented too much shadow falling on the face. It is one of the newest shapes this season for the specially tall woman. The original was of Nankin-blue straw, and had full bows of deeper blue ribbon, with pale blue and yellow flowers.

The newest fall nets are mostly quite "cobwebby" in texture and of blurred, indefinable patterns, quite putting the large spots and bold designs out of favour.

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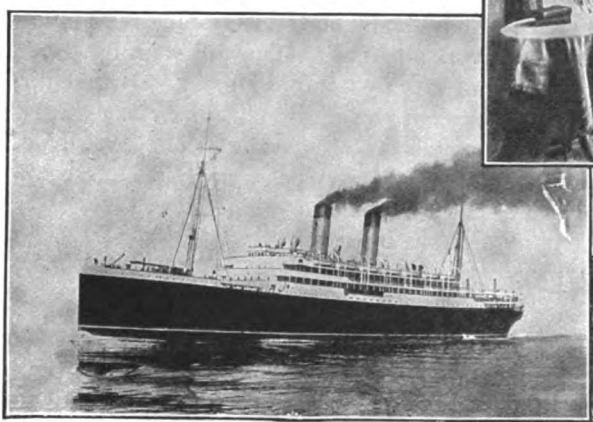

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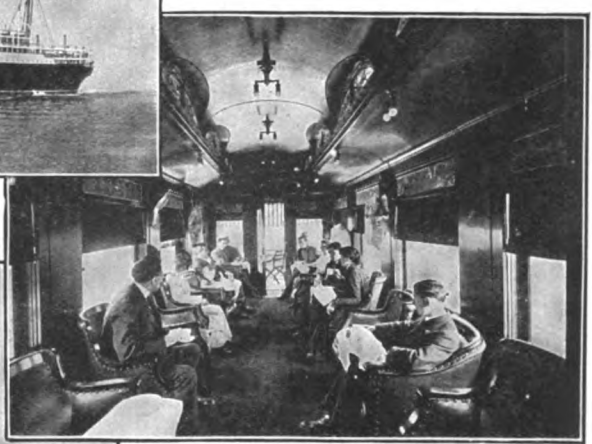

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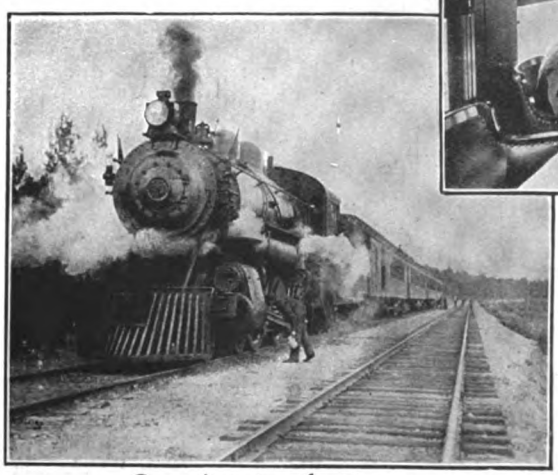

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Ribbon for South African War Medal,
For Calcutta.

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From pyjama suits to toy pianos, from reference Bibles to ribbons for war medals — anything that overseas readers may require "The Strand Magazine Purchasing Department" is willing and anxious to obtain for them. Some idea of the varying nature of the needs that this Department has recently assisted to satisfy may be gathered from the adjoining list of five orders lately received. Many readers the world over have gladly taken advantage of our offer to assist them, but we are anxious to help as many more as need our aid.

And, in case someone is reading this page by whom the possibilities and actual meaning of this Department have never been realized, it may be well to explain once again exactly for what "The Strand Magazine Purchasing Department" actually exists. This Department was established to act as purchasing agents for those readers beyond the seas who wished to make purchases in England, but did not know where to obtain the articles they required.

No commission is charged for the purchases made—the Department gains nothing but increased goodwill and the pleasure of being of practical use to those far-away subscribers. The selection of goods is made by expert shoppers, who act as may seem best to them within the written instructions of the purchaser; the goods are selected by our shoppers exactly as the subscriber would himself purchase them if he were on the spot. This scheme brings within the reach of readers living anywhere, from "the back of beyond" to the busy Colonial or Continental city, all the resources and shopping advantages of the world's shopping centre.

If you need anything that you cannot obtain, write to "The Strand Magazine Purchasing Department." Give the fullest possible particulars of the goods you require, and send with all orders an amount estimated to cover the cost of the goods, freight, and incidental charges —any balance remaining will be dealt with as you may direct. If you wish us to obtain catalogues or other advertising literature, will you please send stamps to cover our postage to the firms whose lists you require? We charge you nothing, but we don't want to be out of pocket. Our sole object is to be of what assistance we can to you by satisfying for you the needs it is difficult or impossible for you to satisfy yourself. Address all communications to "The Strand Magazine Purchasing Dept.," 3—13, Southampton St., Strand, London, England.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS. SEE PAGES 108 AND 109.

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Superb in quality, and most daintily packed.
FRY'S OF BRISTOL.

See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

May, 1911.

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SIX PENCE

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 106 AND 107

Result of the Dickens Prize Competition

IN OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.

THE order of popularity in which the eighteen Dickens characters have been placed by the votes of competitors is as follows: —

1. **Little Nell**
2. **Mark Tapley**
3. **Betsy Trotwood**
4. **Nell's Grandfather**
5. **Mr. Dick**
6. **Jingle**
7. **Dora Copperfield**
8. **Boffin**
9. **Toots**
10. **Wardle**
11. **Serjeant Buzfuz**
12. **Dombey**
13. **Turveydrop**
14. **Steerforth**
15. **Chadband**
16. **Sapsea**
17. **Ralph Nickleby**
18. **Carker**

The First Prize of £25 has been awarded to

MISS MARY FARRAH, Westwood, Beverley, Yorkshire,

who placed seven of the characters in their correct order.

The Second Prize of £10 has been divided between the two following competitors, both of whom correctly placed six of the characters :—

MISS L. MOSELEY, 31, Picton Street, Leek, Staffs.
MISS A. C. TITTERTON, 18, Deans Gate, Leek, Staffs

The Third Prize of £5 has been divided between the two following competitors, who each placed six of the characters in their correct order, but did not identify so many of the characters as the winners of the Second Prize :—

MISS SYBIL C. DICKER, Woodman's Cottage, Banstead, Epsom.
MR. QUENTIN L. TEN BROEKE, 107, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

The Ten Prizes of £1 each are awarded to the ten following competitors :—

MISS FRANCES BURTON, 7, Courtenay Terrace, Paignton, Devon.
MISS MARY SHIELDS, 381, Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston.
MISS ELSIE WARD, Collingwood, Davenport Park, Stockport.
MR. S. L. RAVENSCROFT, Villa Como, Torquay.
MR. CYRIL R. WOODWARD, Cavendish Road East, The Park, Nottingham.
MISS G. BROWNE, Southcliffe, Torrs Park, Ilfracombe.
MISS ELLEN CHITTELL, 82, Ealing Road, South Ealing.
MR. W. B. MIRRLEES, 223, West Princes Street, Glasgow.
MISS MARY G. REAY, 19, Rutland Square, Edinburgh.
MRS. W. J. WHITTAKER, 73, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W

"HE DEMONSTRATED THE PROPER APPLICATION OF THE CURE."

(*See page* 518.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. MAY, 1911. No. 245.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

III.—The Adventure of the Foundling.

THERE was a time when Aristide Pujol, in sole charge of an automobile, went gaily scuttering over the roads of France. I use the word advisedly. If you had heard the awful thing as it passed by you would agree that it is the only word adequate to express its hideous mode of progression. It was a two-seated, scratched, battered, ramshackle tin concern of hoary antiquity, belonging to the childhood of the race. Not only horses, but other automobiles shied at it. It was a vehicle of derision. Yet Aristide regarded it with glowing pride and drove it with such dare-devilry that the parts must have held together only through sheer breathless wonder. Had it not been for the car, he told me, he would not have undertaken the undignified employment in which he was then engaged—the mountebank selling of a corn-cure in the public places of small towns and villages. It was not a fitting pursuit for a late managing director of a public company and an ex-Professor of French in an English Academy for Young Ladies. He wanted to rise, *ma foi*, not descend in the social scale. But when hunger drives—*que voulez-vous?* Besides, there was the automobile. It is true he had bound himself by his contract to exhibit a board at the back bearing a flaming picture of the success of the cure and a legend: "*Guérissez vos cors*," and to display a banner with the same device, when weather permitted. But, still, there was the automobile.

It had been lying for many motor-ages in the shed of the proprietors of the cure, the Maison Hi'ropath of Marseilles, neglected, forlorn, eaten by rust and worm, when suddenly an idea occurred to their business imagination. Why should they not use the automobile to advertise and sell the cure about the country? The apostle in charge would pay for his own petrol, take a large percentage on sales, and the usual traveller's commission on orders that he might place. But where to find an apostle? Brave and desperate men came in high hopes, looked at the car, and, shaking their heads sorrowfully, went away. At last, at the loosest of ends, came Aristide. The splendour of the idea—a poet, in his way, was Aristide, and the Idea was the thing that always held him captive—the splendour of the idea of dashing up to hotels in his own automobile dazzled him. He beheld himself doing his hundred kilometres an hour and trailing clouds of glory whithersoever he went. To a child a moth-

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eaten rocking-horse is a fiery Arab of the plains; to Aristide Pujol this cheat of a scrap-heap was a sixty-horse-power thunderer and devourer of space.

How they managed to botch up her interior so that she moved unpushed is a mystery which Aristide, not divining, could not reveal; and when and where he himself learned to drive a motor-car is also vague. I believe the knowledge came by nature. He was a fellow of many weird accomplishments. He could conjure; he could model birds and beasts out of breadcrumb; he could play the drum—so well that he had a kettledrum hanging round his neck during most of his military service; he could make omelettes and rabbit-hutches; he could imitate any animal that ever emitted sound—a gift that endeared him to children; he could do almost anything you please—save stay in one place and acquire material possessions. The fact that he had never done a thing before was to him no proof of his inability to do it. In his superb self-confidence he would have undertaken to conduct the orchestra at Covent Garden or navigate a liner across the Atlantic. Knowing this, I cease to bother my head about so small a matter as the way in which he learned to drive a motor-car.

Behold him, then, one raw March morning, scuttering along the road that leads from Arles to Salon, in Provence. He wore a goat-skin coat and a goat-skin cap drawn down well over his ears. His handsome bearded face, with its lustrous, laughing eyes, peeped out curiously human amid the circumambient shagginess. There was not a turn visible in the long, straight road that lost itself in the far distant mist; not a speck on it signifying cart or creature. Aristide Pujol gave himself up to the delirium of speed and urged the half-bursting engine to twenty miles an hour. In spite of the racing-track surface, the crazy car bumped and jolted; the sides of the rickety bonnet clashed like cymbals; every valve wheezed and squealed; every nut seemed to have got loose and terrifically clattered; rattling noises, grunting noises, screeching noises escaped from every part; it creaked and clanked like an over-insured tramp-steamer in a typhoon; it lurched as though afflicted with locomotor ataxy; and noisome vapours belched forth from the open exhaust-pipe as though the car were a Tophet on wheels. But all was music in the ears of Aristide. The car was going (it did not always go), the road scudded under him, and the morning air dashed stingingly into his face. For the moment he desired nothing more of life.

This road between Arles and Salon runs through one of the most desolate parts of France: a long, endless plain, about five miles broad, lying between two long low ranges of hills. It is strewn like a monstrous Golgotha, not with skulls, but with huge smooth pebbles, as massed together as the shingle on a beach. Rank grass shoots up in what interstices it finds; but beyond this nothing grows. Nothing can grow. On a sunless day under a lowering sky it is a land accursed. Mile after mile for nearly twenty miles stretches this stony and barren waste. No human habitation cheers the sight, for from such a soil no human hand could wrest a sustenance. Only the rare traffic going from Arles to Salon and from Salon to Arles passes along the road. The cheery passing show of the live highway is wanting; there are no children, no dogs, no ducks and hens, no men and women lounging to their work; no red-trousered soldiers on bicycles, no blue-bloused, weather-beaten farmers jogging along in their little carts. As far as the eye can reach nothing suggestive of man meets the view. Nothing but the infinite barrenness of the plain, the ridges on either side, the long, straight, endless road cleaving through this abomination of desolation.

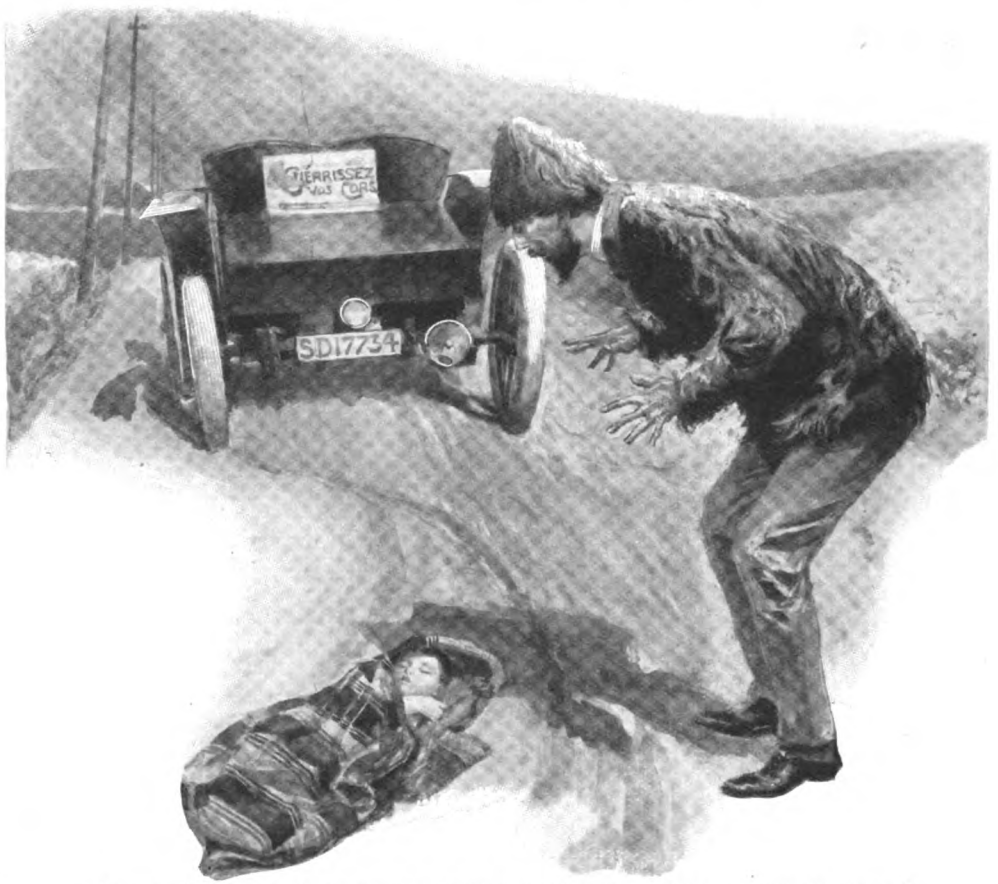
To walk through it would be a task as depressing as mortal could execute. But to the speed-drunken motorist it is a realization of dim and tremulous visions of Paradise. What need to look to right or left when you are swallowing up free mile after mile of dizzying road? Aristide looked neither to right nor left, and knew this was heaven at last.

Suddenly, however, he became aware of a small black spot far ahead in the very middle of the unencumbered track. As he drew near it looked like a great stone. He swerved as he passed it, and, looking, saw that it was a bundle wrapped in a striped blanket. It seemed so odd that it should be lying there that, his curiosity being aroused, he pulled up and walked back a few yards to examine it. The nearer he approached the less did it resemble an ordinary bundle. He bent down, and lo! between the folds of the blanket peeped the face of a sleeping child.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried Aristide. "*Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!*"

He ought not to have said it, but his astonishment was great. He stared at the baby, then up and down the road, then swept the horizon. Not a soul was visible. How did the baby get there? The heavens, according to history, have rained many things in their time: bread, quails, blood, frogs, and what

not; but there is no mention of their ever having rained babies. It could not, therefore, have come from the clouds. It could not even have fallen from the tail of a cart, for then it would have been killed, or at least have broken its bones and generally been rendered a different baby from the sound, blue eyes opened and stared Aristide solemnly and wonderingly in the face. So must the infant Remus have first regarded his she-wolf mother. Having ascertained, however, that it was not going to be devoured, it began to cry lustily, showing two little white specks of teeth in the lower gum.



"BETWEEN THE FOLDS OF THE BLANKET PEEPED THE FACE OF A SLEEPING CHILD."

chubby mite sleeping as peacefully as though the Aceldama of Provence had been its cradle from birth. It could not have come there accidentally. Deliberate hands had laid it down; in the centre of the road, too. Why not by the side, where it would have been out of the track of thundering automobiles? When the murderous intent became obvious Aristide shivered and felt sick. He breathed fierce and honest anathema on the heads of the bowelless fiends who had abandoned the babe to its doom. Then he stooped and picked up the bundle tenderly in his arms.

The wee face puckered for a moment and the wee limbs shot out vigorously; then the

"*Mon pauvre petit*, you are hungry," said Aristide, carrying it to the car racked by the vibrating and clattering engine. "I wonder when you last tasted food? If I only had a little biscuit and wine to give you; but, alas! there's nothing but petrol and corn-cure, neither of which, I believe, is good for babies. Wait, wait, *mon chéri*, until we get to Salon. There I promise you proper nourishment."

He danced the baby up and down in his arms and made half-remembered and insane noises, which eventually had the effect of reducing it to its original calm stare of wonderment.

"*Voilà*," said Aristide, delighted. "Now we can advance."

He deposited it on the vacant seat, clambered up behind the wheel, and started. But not at the break-neck speed of twenty miles an hour. He went slowly and carefully, his heart in his mouth at every lurch of the afflicted automobile, fearful lest the child should be precipitated from its slippery resting-place. But, alas! he did not proceed far. At the end of a kilometre the engine stopped dead. He leaped out to see what had happened, and, after a few perplexed and exhausting moments, remembered. He had not even petrol to offer to the baby, having omitted—most feather-headed of mortals—to fill up his tank before starting, and forgotten to bring a spare tin. There was nothing to be done save wait patiently until another motorist should pass by from whom he might purchase the necessary amount of essence to carry him on to Salon. Meanwhile the baby would go breakfastless. Aristide clambered back to his seat, took the child on his knees, and commiserated it profoundly. Sitting there on his apparently home-made vehicle, in the midst of the unearthly silence of the sullen and barren wilderness, attired in his shaggy goat-skin cap and coat, he resembled an up-to-date Robinson Crusoe dandling an infant Friday.

The disposal of the child at Salon would be simple. After having it fed and tended at an hotel, he would make his deposition to the police, who would take it to the Enfants Trouvés, the department of State which provides fathers and mothers and happy homes for foundlings at a cost to the country of twenty-five francs a month per foundling. It is true that the parents so provided think more of the twenty-five francs than they do of the foundling. But that was the affair of the State, not of Aristide Pujol. In the meanwhile he examined the brat curiously. It was dressed in a coarse calico jumper, very unclean. The striped blanket was full of holes and stunk abominably. Some sort of toilet appeared essential. He got down and from his valise took what seemed necessary to the purpose. The jumper and blanket he threw far on the pebbly waste. The baby, stark naked for a few moments, crowed and laughed and stretched like a young animal, revealing itself to be a sturdy boy about nine months old. When he seemed fit to be clad Aristide tied him up in the lower part of a suit of pyjamas, cutting little holes in the sides for his tiny arms; and, further, with a view to cheating his hunger, provided him with a shoe-horn. The defenceless little head he managed to squeeze into the split mouth of a woollen sock. Aristide regarded him in triumph. The boy chuckled gleefully. Then Aristide folded him warm in his travelling-rug and entered into an animated conversation.

Now it happened that, at the most interesting point of the talk, the baby clutched Aristide's finger in his little brown hand. The tiny fingers clung strong. A queer thrill ran through the impressionable man. The tiny fingers seemed to close round his heart. . . . It was a bonny, good-natured, gurgling scrap—and the pure blue eyes looked trustfully into his soul.

"Poor little wretch!" said Aristide, who, peasant's son that he was, knew what he was talking about. "Poor little wretch! If you go into the Enfants Trouvés you'll have a devil of a time of it."

The tiny clasp tightened. As if the babe understood, the chuckle died from his face.

"You'll be cuffed and kicked and half starved, while your adopted mother pockets her twenty-five francs a month, and you'll belong to nobody, and wonder why the deuce you're alive, and wish you were dead; and, if you remember to-day, you'll curse me for not having had the decency to run over you."

The clasp relaxed, puckers appeared at the corners of the dribbling mouth, and a myriad tiny horizontal lines of care marked the sock-capped brow.

"Poor little devil!" said Aristide. "My heart bleeds for you, especially now that you're dressed in my sock and pyjama, and are sucking the only shoe-horn I ever possessed."

A welcome sound caused Aristide to leap into the middle of the road. He looked ahead, and there, in a cloud of dust, a thing like a torpedo came swooping down. He held up both his arms, the signal of a motorist in distress. The torpedo approached with slackened speed, and stopped. It was an evil-looking, drab, high-powered racer, and two bears with goggles sat in the midst thereof. The bear at the wheel raised his cap and asked courteously:—

"What can we do for you, monsieur?"

At that moment the baby broke into heart-rending cries. Aristide took off his goat-skin cap and, remaining uncovered, looked at the bear, then at the baby, then at the bear again.

"Monsieur," said he, "I suppose it's useless to ask you whether you have any milk and a feeding-bottle?"

"*Mais dites donc!*" shouted the bear, furiously, his hand on the brake. "Stop an automobile like this on such a pretext——?"

Aristide held up a protesting hand, and fixed the bear with the irresistible roguery of his eyes.

"Pardon, monsieur, I am also out of petrol. Forgive a father's feelings. The baby wants milk and I want petrol, and I don't know whose need is the more imperative. But if you could sell me enough petrol to carry me to Salon I should be most grateful."

The request for petrol is not to be refused. To supply it, if possible, is the written law of motordom. The second bear slid from his seat and extracted a tin from the recesses of the torpedo, and stood by while Aristide filled his tank, a process that necessitated laying the baby on the ground. He smiled.

"You seem amused," said Aristide.

"*Parbleu!*" said the motorist. "You have at the back of your auto a placard telling people to cure their corns, and in front you carry a baby."

"That," replied Aristide, "is easily understood. I am the agent of the Maison Hiéropath of Marseilles, and the baby, whom I, its father, am carrying from a dead mother to an invalid aunt, I am using as an advertisement. As he luckily has no corns, I can exhibit his feet as a proof of the efficacy of the corn-cure."

The bear laughed and joined his companion, and the torpedo thundered away. Aristide replaced the baby, and with a complicated arrangement of string fastened it securely to the seat. The baby, having ceased crying, clutched his beard as he bent over, and "goo'd" pleasantly. The tug was at his heart-strings. How could he give so fascinating, so valiant a mite over to the Enfants Trouvés? Besides, it belonged to him. Had he not in jest claimed paternity? It had given him a new importance. He could say "*mon fils*," just as he could say (with equal veracity) "*mon automobile.*" A generous thrill ran through him. He burst into a loud laugh, clapped his hands, and danced before the delighted babe.

"*Mon petit Jean,*" said he, with humorous tenderness, "for I suppose your name is Jean; I will rend myself in pieces before I let the Administration board you out among the wolves. You shall not go to the Enfants Trouvés. I myself will adopt you, *mon petit Jean.*"

As Aristide had no fixed abode whatever, the address on his visiting-card, "270 bis, Rue Saint-Honoré, Paris," being that of an old greengrocer woman of his acquaintance, who received and forwarded his letters, there was a certain amount of rashness in the undertaking. But when was Aristide otherwise than rash? Had prudence been his guiding principle through life he would not have been selling corn-cure for the Maison Hiéropath, and consequently would not have discovered the child at all.

In great delight at this satisfactory settlement of little Jean's destiny, he started the ramshackle engine and drove triumphantly on his way. Jean, fatigued by the emotions of the last half-hour, slumbered peacefully.

"The little angel!" said Aristide.

The sun was shining when they arrived at Salon, the gayest, the most coquettish, the most laughing little town in Provence. It is a place all trees and open spaces, and fountains and *cafés*, and smiling, sauntering people. The only thing grim about it is the solitary machicolated tower in the main street, the last vestige of ancient ramparts; and even that, close cuddled on each side by prosperous houses with shops beneath, looks like an old, old, wrinkled grandmother smiling amid her daintier grandchildren. Everyone seemed to be in the open air. Those who kept shops stood at the doorways. The prospect augured well for the Maison Hiéropath.

Aristide stopped before an hotel, disentangled Jean, to the mild interest of the passers-by, and, carrying him in, delivered him into the arms of the landlady.

"Madame," he said, "this is my son. I am taking him from his mother, who is dead, to an aunt who is an invalid. So he is alone on my hands. He is very hungry, and I beseech you to feed him at once."

The motherly woman received the babe instinctively and cast aside the travelling-rug in which he was enveloped. Then she nearly dropped him.

"*Mon Dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*"

She stared in stupefaction at the stocking-cap and at the long flannel pyjama legs that depended from the body of the infant, around whose neck the waist was tightly drawn. Never since the world began had babe masqueraded in such attire. Aristide smiled his most engaging smile.

"My son's luggage has unfortunately been lost. His portmanteau, *pauvre petit*, was so small. A poor widower, I did what I could. I am but a mere man, madame."

"Evidently," said the woman, with some asperity.

Aristide took a louis from his purse. "If you will purchase him some necessary articles of costume while I fulfil my duties towards the Maison Hiéropath of Marseilles, which I represent, you will be doing me a kindness."

The landlady took the louis in a bewildered

"NEVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN HAD BABE MASQUERADED IN SUCH ATTIRE."

way. Allowing for the baby portmanteau to have gone astray, what, she asked, had become of the clothes he was wearing? Aristide entered upon a picturesque and realistic explanation. The landlady was stout, she was stupid, she could not grasp the fantastic.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "To think that there are Christians who dress their children like this!" She sighed exhaustively, and, holding the grotesque infant close to her breast, disappeared indignantly to administer the very-greatly-needed motherment.

Aristide breathed a sigh of relief, and after a well-earned *déjeuner* went forth with the car into the Place des Arbres and prepared to ply his trade. First he unfurled the Hiéropath banner, which floated proudly in the breeze. Then on a folding table he displayed his collection of ointment-boxes (together with pills and a toothache-killer which he sold on his own account) and a wax model of a human foot on which were grafted putty corns in every stage of callosity. As soon as half-a-dozen idlers collected he commenced his harangue. When their numbers increased he performed prodigies of chiropody on the putty corns, and demonstrated the proper application of the cure. He talked incessantly all the while. He has told me, in the grand manner, that this phase of his career was distasteful to him. But I scarcely believe it. If ever a man loved to talk, it was Aristide Pujol; and what profession, save that of an advocate, offers more occasion for wheedling loquacity than that of a public vender of quack medicaments? As a matter of fact, he revelled in it. When he offered a free box of the cure to the first lady who confessed the need thereof, and a blushing wench came forward, the rascal revelled in the opportunity for badinage which set the good-humoured crowd in a roar. He loved to exert his half-mesmeric power. He had not the soul of a mountebank, for Aristide's soul had its high and generous dwelling-place; but he had the Puckish swiftness and mischief of which the successful mountebank is made. And he was a success because he treated it as an art, thinking nothing during its practice of the material gain, laughing whole-heartedly, like his great predecessor Tabarin of imperishable memory, and satisfying to the full his instinct for the dramatic. On the other hand, ever since he started life in the steel-buttoned shell-jacket of a *chasseur* in a Marseilles *café*, and dreamed dreams of the fairy-tale lives of the clients who came in accompanied by beautifully-dressed ladies, he had social ambitions—and the social status of the mountebank is, to say the least of it, ambiguous. Ah me! What would man be without the unattainable? An incredible cynic at my elbow says: "A jolly happy fellow!"

Aristide pocketed his takings, struck his flag, dismantled his table, and visited the shops of Salon in the interests of the Maison Hiéropath. The day's work over, he returned to inquire for his supposititious offspring. The landlady, all smiles, presented him with a transmogrified Jean, cleansed and powdered, arrayed in the smug panoply of bourgeois babyhood. Shoes with a pompon adorned his feet, and a rakish cap decorated with white satin ribbons crowned his head. He also wore an embroidered frock and a pelisse trimmed with rabbit-fur. Jean grinned and dribbled self-consciously, and showed his two

little teeth to the proudest father in the world. The landlady invited the happy parent into her little dark parlour beyond the office, and there exhibited a parcel containing garments and implements whose use was a mystery to Aristide. She also demanded the greater part of another louis. Aristide began to learn that fatherhood is expensive. But what did it matter?

After all, here was a babe equipped to face the exigencies of a censorious world; in looks and apparel a credit to any father. As the afternoon was fine, and as it seemed a pity to waste satin and rabbit-fur on the murky interior of the hotel, Aristide borrowed a perambulator from the landlady, and, joyous as a schoolboy, wheeled the splendid infant through the sunny avenues of Salon.

That evening a bed was made up for the child in Aristide's room, which, until its master retired for the night, was haunted by the landlady, the chambermaids, and all the kitchen wenches in the hotel. Aristide had to turn them out and lock his door.

"This is excellent," said he, apostrophizing the thoroughly fed, washed, and now sleeping child. "This is superb. As in every hotel there are women, and as every woman thinks she can be a much better mother than I, so in every hotel we visit we shall find a staff of trained and enthusiastic nurses. Jean, you will live like a little *coq en pâte*."

The night passed amid various excursions on the part of Aristide and alarms on the part of Jean. Sometimes the child lay so still that Aristide arose to see whether he was alive. Sometimes he gave such proofs of vitality that Aristide, in terror lest he should awaken the whole hotel, walked him about the room chanting lullabies. This was in accordance with Jean's views on luxury. He "goo'd" with joy. When Aristide put him back to bed he howled. Aristide snatched him up and he "goo'd" again. At last Aristide fed him desperately, dandled him eventually to sleep, and returned to an

"IT IS A FEARSOME THING FOR A MAN TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WITH A YOUNG BABY."

excited pillow. It is a fearsome thing for a man to be left alone in the dead of night with a young baby.

"I'll get used to it," said Aristide.

The next morning he purchased a basket, which he lashed ingeniously on the left-hand seat of the car, and a cushion, which he fitted into the basket. The berth prepared, he deposited the sumptuously-apparelled Jean therein and drove away, amid the perplexed benisons of the landlady and her satellites.

Thus began the oddest Odyssey on which ever mortals embarked. The man with the automobile, the corn-cure, and the baby grew to be legendary in the villages of Provence. When the days were fine, Jean in his basket assisted at the dramatic performance in the market-place. Becoming a magnet for the women, and being of a good-humoured and rollicking nature, he helped on the sale of the cure prodigiously. He earned his keep, as Aristide declared in exultation. Soon Aristide formed a collection of his tricks and doings wherewith he would entertain the chance acquaintances of his vagabondage. To a permanent companion he would have grown insufferable. He invented him a career from the day of his birth, chronicled the coming of the first tooth, wept over the demise of the fictitious mother, and, in his imaginative way, convinced himself of his fatherhood. And every day the child crept deeper into the man's sunny heart.

Together they had many wanderings and many adventures. The wheezy, crazy mechanism of the car went to bits in unexpected places. They tobogganed down hills without a brake at the imminent peril of their lives. They suffered the indignity of being towed by wine-wagons. They spent hours by the wayside while Aristide took her to pieces and, sometimes with the help of a passing motorist, put her together again. Sometimes, too, an inn boasted no landlady, only a dishevelled and over-driven chambermaid, who refused to wash Jean. Aristide washed and powdered Jean himself, the landlord lounging by, pipe in mouth, administering suggestions. Once Jean grew ill, and Aristide in terror summoned the doctor, who told him that he had filled the child up with milk to bursting-point. Yet, in spite of heterogeneous nursing and exposure to sun and rain and piercing mistral, Jean throve exceedingly, and, to Aristide's delight, began to cut another tooth. The vain man began to regard himself as an expert in denticulture.

At the end of a fairly-wide circuit, Aristide, with empty store-boxes and pleasantly-full pockets, arrived at the little town of Aix-en-Provence. He had arrived there not without difficulty. On the outskirts the car, which had been coaxed reluctantly along for many weary kilometres, had groaned, rattled, whirred, given a couple of convulsive leaps, and stood stock-still. This was one of her pretty ways. He was used to them, and hitherto he had been able to wheedle her into resumed motion. But this time, with all his cunning and perspiration, he could not induce another throb in the tired engines. A friendly motorist towed them to the Hôtel de Paris in the Cours Mirabeau. Having arranged for his room and given Jean in charge of the landlady, he procured some helping hands, and pushed the car to the nearest garage. There he gave orders for the car to be put into running condition for the following morning, and returned to the hotel.

He found Jean in the vestibule, sprawling sultanesquely on the landlady's lap, the centre of an admiring circle which consisted of two little girls in pigtails, an ancient peasant-woman, and two English ladies of obvious but graceful spinsterhood.

"Here is the father," said the landlady.

He had already explained Jean to the startled woman — landladies were always startled at Jean's unconventional advent. "Madame," he had said, according to rigid formula, "this is my son. I am taking him from his mother, who is dead, to an aunt who is an invalid, so he is alone on my hands. I beseech you to let some kind woman attend to his necessities."

There was no need for further explanation. Aristide, thus introduced, bowed politely, removed his Crusoe cap, and smiled luminously at the assembled women. They resumed their antiphonal chorus of worship. The brown, merry, friendly brat had something of Aristide's personal charm. He had a bubble and a "goo" for everyone. Aristide looked on in great delight. Jean was a son to be proud of.

"*Ah! qu'il est fort—fort comme un Turc.*"

"*Regardez ses dents.*"

"The darling thing!"

"*Il est*—oh, dear!—*il est ravissante!*"—with a disastrous plunge into gender.

"*Tiens! il rit. C'est moi qui le fais rire.*"

"To think," said the younger Englishwoman to her sister, "of this wee mite travelling about in an open motor!"

"He's having the time of his life. He

enjoys it as much as I do," said Aristide, in his excellent English.

The lady started. She was a well-bred, good-humoured woman in the middle thirties, stout, with reddish hair, and irregular though comely features. Her sister was thin, faded, sandy, and kind-looking.

"I thought you were French," she said, apologetically.

"So I am," replied Aristide. "Provençal of Provence, Méridional of the Midi, Marseillais of Marseilles."

"But you talk English perfectly."

"I've lived in your beautiful country," said Aristide.

"You have the bonniest boy," said the elder lady. "How old is he?"

"Nine months three weeks and a day," said Aristide, promptly.

The younger lady bent over the miraculous infant.

"Can I take him? *Est-ce que je puis*—oh, dear!" She turned a whimsical face to Aristide.

He translated. The landlady surrendered the babe. The lady danced him with the spinster's charming awkwardness, yet with instinctive feminine security, about the hall, while the little girls in pigtails, daughters of the house, followed like adoratory angels in an altar-piece, and the old peasant-woman looked benignly on, a myriad-wrinkled St. Elizabeth. Aristide had seen Jean dandled by dozens of women during their brief comradeship; he had thought little of it, as it was the natural thing for women to do; but when this sweet English lady mothered Jean it seemed to matter a great deal. She lifted Jean and himself to a higher plane. Her touch was a consecration.

It was the hour of the day when infants of nine months should be washed and put to bed. The landlady, announcing the fact, held out her arms. Jean clung to his English nurse, who played the fascinating game of pretending to eat his hand. The landlady had not that accomplishment. She was dull and practical.

"Come and be washed," she said.

"Oh, do let me come too," cried the English lady.

"*Bien volontiers, mademoiselle,*" said the other. "*C'est par ici.*"

The English lady held Jean out for the paternal good-night. Aristide kissed the child in her arms. The action brought about, for the moment, a curious and sweet intimacy.

"My sister is passionately fond of children," said the elder lady, in smiling apology.

"And you?"

"I, too. But Anne—my sister—will not let me have a chance when she is by."

After dinner Aristide went up, as usual, to his room to see that Jean was alive, painless, and asleep. Finding him awake, he sat by his side and, with the earnestness of a nursery-maid, patted him off to slumber. Then he crept out on tiptoe and went downstairs. Outside the hotel he came upon the two sisters sitting on a bench and drinking coffee. The night was fine, the terraces of the neighbouring *cafés* were filled with people, and all the life of Aix not at the *cafés* promenaded up and down the wide and pleasant avenue. The ladies smiled. How was the boy? He gave the latest news. Permission to join them at their coffee was graciously given. A waiter brought a chair and he sat down. Conversation drifted from the baby to general topics. The ladies told the simple story of their tour. They had been to Nice and Marseilles, and they were going on the next day to Avignon. They also told their name—Honeywood. He gathered that the elder was Janet, the younger Anne. They lived at Chislehurst when they were in England, and often came up to London to attend the Queen's Hall concerts and the dramatic performances at His Majesty's Theatre. As guileless, though as self-reliant, gentlewomen as sequestered England could produce. Aristide, impressionable and responsive, fell at once into the key of their talk. He has told me that their society produced on him the effect of the cool hands of saints against his cheek.

At last the conversation inevitably returned to Jean. The landlady had related the tragic history of the dead mother and the invalid aunt. They deplored the orphaned state of the precious babe. For he was precious, they declared. Miss Anne had taken him to her heart.

"If only you had seen him in his bath, Janet!"

She turned to Aristide. "I'm afraid," she said, very softly, hesitating a little—"I'm afraid this must be a sad journey for you."

He made a wry mouth. The sympathy was so sincere, so womanly. That which was generous in him revolted against acceptance.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I can play a farce with landladies—it happens to be convenient—in fact, necessary. But with you—no. You are different. Jean is not my child, and who his parents are I've not the remotest idea."

"Not your child?" They looked at him incredulously.

"I will tell you—in confidence," said he.

Jean's history was related in all its picturesque details; the horrors of the life of an *enfant trouvé* luridly depicted. The sisters listened with tears in their foolish eyes. Behind the tears Anne's grew bright. When he had finished she stretched out her hand impulsively.

"Oh, I call it splendid of you!"

He took the hand and, in his graceful French fashion, touched it with his lips. She flushed, having expected, in her English way, that he would grasp it.

"Your commendation, mademoiselle, is sweet to hear," said he.

"I hope he will grow up to be a true comfort to you, M. Pujol," said Miss Janet.

"I can understand a woman doing what you've done, but scarcely a man," said Miss Anne.

"But, dear mademoiselle," cried Aristide, with a large gesture, "cannot a man have his heart touched, his—his—*ses entrailles, enfin*—stirred by baby fingers? Why should love of the helpless and the innocent be denied him?"

"Why, indeed!" said Miss Janet.

Miss Anne said, humbly: "I only meant that your devotion to Jean was all the more beautiful, M. Pujol."

Soon after this they parted, the night air having grown chill. Both ladies shook hands with him warmly. Anne's lingered the fraction of a second longer in his than Janet's. She had seen Jean in his bath.

Aristide wandered down the gay avenue into the open road and looked at the stars, reading in their splendour a brilliant destiny for Jean. He felt, in his sensitive way, that the two sweet-souled Englishwomen had deepened and sanctified his love for Jean. When he returned to the hotel he kissed his incongruous room-mate with the gentleness of a woman.

In the morning he went round to the garage. The foreman mechanician advanced to meet him.

"Well?"

"There is nothing to be done, monsieur."

"What do you mean by 'nothing to be done'?" asked Aristide.

The other shrugged his sturdy shoulders.

"She is worn out. She needs new carburation, new cylinders, new water-circulation, new lubrication, new valves, new brakes, new ignition, new gears, new bolts, new nuts, new everything. In short, she is not repairable."

Aristide listened in incredulous amazement. His automobile, his wonderful, beautiful, clashing, dashing automobile unrepairable! It was impossible. But a quarter of an hour's demonstration by the foreman convinced him. The car was dead. The engine would never whir again. All the petrol in the world would not stimulate her into life. Never again would he sit behind that wheel rejoicing in the insolence of speed. The car, which, in spite of her manifold infirmities, he had fondly imagined to be immortal, had run her last course. Aristide felt faint.

"And there is nothing to be done?"

"Nothing, monsieur. Fifty francs is all that she is worth."

"At any rate," said Aristide, "send the basket to the Hôtel de Paris."

He went out of the garage like a man in a dream. At the door he turned to take a last look at the Pride of his Life. Her stern was towards him, and all he saw of her was the ironical legend, "Cure your Corns."

At the hotel he found the bench outside occupied chiefly by Jean. One of the little girls in pigtails was holding him, while Miss Anne administered the feeding-bottle. Provincial France is the happiest country in the world—in that you can live your intimate, domestic life in public, and nobody heeds.

"I hope you've not come to tell Jean to boot and saddle," said Miss Anne, a smile on her roughly-hewn, comely face.

"Alas!" said Aristide, cheered by the charming spectacle before him. "I don't know when we can get away. My auto has broken down hopelessly. I ought to go at once to my firm in Marseilles"—he spoke as if he were a partner in the Maison Hiéropath—"but I don't quite know what to do with Jean."

"Oh, I'll look after Jean."

"But you said you were leaving for Avignon to-day."

She laughed, holding the feeding-bottle. "The Palace of the Popes has been standing for six centuries, and it will be still standing to-morrow; whereas Jean——" Here Jean, for some reason known to himself, grinned wet and wide. "Isn't he the most fascinating thing of the twentieth century?" she cried, logically inconsequential, like most of her sex. "You go to Marseilles, M. Pujol."

So Aristide took the train to Marseilles—a half-hour's journey—and in a quarter of the city resembling a fusion of Jarrow, an unfashionable part of St. Louis, and a brimstone-manufacturing suburb of Gehenna, he interviewed the high authorities of the Maison Hiéropath. His cajolery could lead men into diverse lunacies, but it could not induce the hard-bitten manufacturer of

quack remedies to provide a brand-new automobile for his personal convenience. The old auto had broken down. The manufacturer shrugged his shoulders. The mystery was that it had lasted as long as it did. He had expected it to explode the first day. The idea had originally been that of the junior partner, a scatter-brained youth whom at times they humoured. Meanwhile, there being no beplacarded and beflagged automobile, there could be no advertisement; therefore they had no further use for M. Pujol's services.

"Good," said Aristide, when he reached the evil thoroughfare. "It was a degraded occupation, and I am glad I am out of it. Meanwhile, here is Marseilles before me, and it will be astonishing if I do not find some fresh road to fortune before the day is out."

Aristide tramped and tramped all day through the streets of Marseilles, but the road he sought he did not find. He returned to Aix in dire perplexity. He was used to finding himself suddenly cut off from the means of livelihood. It was his chronic state of being. His gay resourcefulness had always carried him through. But then there had been only himself to think of. Now there was Jean. For the first time for many years the dragon-fly's wings grew limp. Jean —what could he do with Jean?

"ONE OF THE LITTLE GIRLS IN PIGTAILS WAS HOLDING HIM, WHILE MISS ANNE ADMINISTERED THE FEEDING-BOTTLE."

Jean had already gone to sleep when he arrived. All day he had been as good as gold, so Miss Anne declared. For herself, she had spent the happiest day of her life.

"I don't wonder at your being devoted to him, M. Pujol," she said. "He has the most loving ways of any baby I ever met."

"Yes, mademoiselle," replied Aristide, with an unaccustomed huskiness in his voice,

"I am devoted to him. It may seem odd for a man to be wrapped up in a baby of nine months old—but—it's like that. It's true. *Je l'adore de tout mon cœur, de tout mon être,*" he cried, in a sudden gust of passion.

Miss Anne smiled kindly, not dreaming of his perplexity, amused by his Southern warmth. Miss Janet joined them in the hall. They went in to dinner, Aristide sitting at the central *table d'hôte*, the ladies at a little table by themselves. After dinner they met again outside the hotel, and drank coffee and talked the evening away. He was not as bright a companion as on the night before. His gaiety was forced. He talked about everything else in the world but Jean. The temptation to pour his domestic troubles into the sympathetic ears of these two dear women he resisted. They regarded him as on a social equality, as a man of means engaged in some sort of business at Marseilles; they had invited him to bring Jean to see them at Chislehurst when he should happen to be in England again. Pride forbade him to confess himself a homeless, penniless vagabond. The exquisite charm of their frank intimacy would be broken. Besides, what could they do?

They retired early. Aristide again sought the message of the stars; but the sky was clouded over, and soon a fine rain began to fall. A bock at a *café* brought him neither comfort nor inspiration. He returned to the hotel, and, eluding a gossip-seeking landlady, went up to his room.

What could be done? Neither the sleeping babe nor himself could offer any suggestion. One thing was grimly inevitable. He and Jean must part. To carry him about like an infant prince in an automobile had, after all, been a simple matter; to drag him through Heaven knew what hardships in his makeshift existence was impossible. In his childlike, impulsive fashion he had not thought of the future when he adopted Jean. Aristide always regarded the fortune of the moment as if it would last for ever. Past deceptions never affected his incurable optimism. Now Jean and he must part. Aristide felt that the end of the world had come. His pacing to and fro awoke the child, who demanded, in his own way, the soothing rocking of his father's arms. There he bubbled and "goo'd" till Aristide's heart nearly broke.

"What can I do with you, *mon petit Jean?*"

The Enfants Trouvés, after all? He thought of it with a shudder.

The child asleep again, he laid it on its bed, and then sat far into the night thinking barrenly. At last one of his sudden gleams of inspiration illuminated his mind. It was the only way. He took out his watch. It was four o'clock. What had to be done must be done swiftly.

In the travelling-basket, which had been sent from the garage, he placed a pillow, and on to the pillow he transferred with breathless care the sleeping Jean, and wrapped him up snug and warm in bedclothes. Then he folded the tiny day-garments that lay on a chair, collected the little odds and ends belonging to the child, took from his valise the rest of Jean's little wardrobe, and laid them at the foot of the basket. The most miserable man in France then counted up his money, divided it into two parts, and wrote a hasty letter, which, with the bundle of notes, he enclosed in an envelope.

"My little Jean," said he, laying the envelope on the child's breast. "Here is a little more than half my fortune. Half is for yourself and the little more to pay your wretched father's hotel bill. Good-bye, my little Jean. *Je t'aime bien, tu sais*—and don't reproach me."

About an hour afterwards Miss Anne awoke and listened, and in a moment or two Miss Janet awoke also.

"Janet, do you hear that?"

"It's a child crying. It's just outside the door."

"It sounds like Jean."

"Nonsense, my dear!"

But Anne switched on the light and went to see for herself; and there, in the tiny anteroom that separated the bedroom from the corridor, she found the basket—a new Pharaoh's daughter before a new little Moses in the bulrushes. In bewilderment she brought the ark into the room, and read the letter addressed to Janet and herself. She burst into tears. All she said was:—

"Oh, Janet, why couldn't he have told us?"

And then she fell to hugging the child to her bosom.

Meanwhile Aristide Pujol, clad in his goatskin cap and coat, valise in hand, was plodding through the rain in search of the elusive phantom, Fortune; gloriously certain that he had assured Jean's future, yet with such a heartache as he had never had in his life before.

Next month: "The Adventure of The Kind Mr. Smith."

Woman's Rights—and Men's.

By THE HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART and MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

We hear a great deal in these days about the privileges which Law and Custom afford to men but deny to women. There is, however, no doubt another side of the question—namely, the case of privileges which women enjoy but from which men are barred. Both sides are set forth in the following interesting articles, and the reader is left to decide for himself which of the two ladies puts forth the strongest case.

I.—Some Special Rights and Privileges of Women.

By THE HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART.

"THE LAW IS LENIENT TO WOMAN."

FOR centuries past all the forces of life have been ranged on the side of the woman. The origin of this bias is of deep interest. But it is hard to trace, as it dates back for centuries, and may be in a measure the result of the inborn chivalry of Englishmen. But no one can deny that the pro-feminist prejudice exists, and has become transmuted into rules of law, commerce, and social life by means of judges, juries, the Press, Parliament, and, what counts for more than all, popular feeling and public opinion. It is an accepted fact that the law is lenient to woman, and that the settled bias of the tribunals is in favour of the woman complainant.

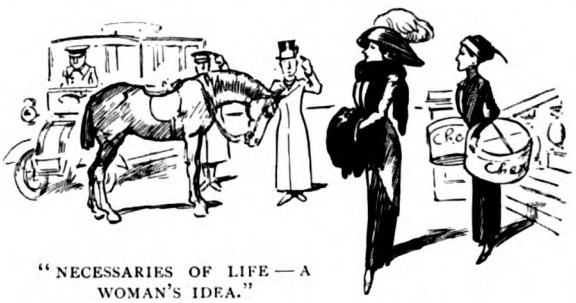
The criminal law shows in no uncertain way how great is the distinction drawn between men and women. Even in the case of a trial for murder it seems a rare event for sentence of death to be passed on a woman. The least excuse is enough to reduce the crime to manslaughter, and a jury almost invariably recommends to mercy in the rare instances when they do convict. And during her trial and after, if young and single, she often poses as a heroine, and gets proposals of marriage in all directions.

Then the law decrees that no woman must be flogged, not even if she is a female garrotter, nor for the most serious breach of prison discipline. And her sentences are shorter than those of a man, and her treatment in prison is of a far milder kind than that meted out to the male miscreant. And for many offences a woman often escapes punishment. In cases of slander and libel a criminal prosecution against a woman is almost unknown. A nominal penalty, such as a promise not to repeat the offence, is the usual end of the business. Small crimes are visited on a woman by a trifling fine, and it is an open secret that perjury is the perquisite of the female litigant. Then, if a crime is committed by a married woman in the presence of her husband, the law presumes that she acted

"DURING HER TRIAL SHE OFTEN POSES AS A HEROINE, AND GETS PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

under his immediate coercion, and will award her no punishment. This does not, of course, apply to murder, but it has often been applied to such serious crimes as forgery, larceny, burglary, and various forms of robbery.

But it is upon the civil side of the law that the woman is most frequently favoured. Take, for instance, the question of imprisonment for debt (or for contempt of Court), which is retained under the Debtors Act of 1869 and 1882. Men are liable to the law, but no married woman can be imprisoned for debt, and it is enacted that she is not personally liable. Then a married woman's property is exempt from seizure, which again marks her out as a member of a specially protected *noblesse*. And this absence of power over a woman's person or a married woman's property gives her, if she likes to take it, a licence to break any contract at pleasure. Then, too, a woman is allowed by the law to bring an action against her husband for what is termed the protection of her separate property. This means that she can obtain an injunction to restrain her husband from entering her house, and may bring an action against him for trespass to her separate property.



"NECESSARIES OF LIFE—A WOMAN'S IDEA."

Then women have an immense advantage in the matter of maintenance. A wife, no matter how rich, is not obliged to pay a penny towards her husband's support, even if he is penniless and incapacitated from work by illness or accident. But the husband must maintain his wife, even if she deserts him or if they are separated. Then there is the common case where a wife can pledge her husband's credit for necessaries, while he can pledge her credit for nothing. This is when they are together; but if a woman lives apart from her husband, and he does not make her a separate allowance, she can pledge his credit for all necessaries. And the term "necessaries" is elastic, and before now has been made to include such things as men-servants, motors, or carriages. And—this is the last straw—if her husband dies, a married woman, even if she has a separate estate, is not legally forced to pay for his funeral; but in all cases when a married woman dies, her husband is bound by law to provide a funeral that is suitable to her position.

Then the law gives to woman some happy immunities. She may be a singer, an actress, a painter, a writer, or a journalist, or she may keep a shop, an hotel, or a post-office; but she is never required to sit on juries, and, as a result, to leave her business at important moments. But men are mulcted in many working days in order that they should go forth when bidden and help to administer the justice of their country.

Enough has been said to show that the law favours women in a marked manner, and that the letter of the law is supplemented by the bias of the Press and of public opinion. The late Baron Huddleston once said that men stood more in need of protection against women than women do of protection against men; and if one studies facts one must subscribe to the opinion of that great lawyer. The man of to-day is at a disadvantage; and not the wrongs of women, but the slavery of men, may be a pet outcry of the next decade.

Then the "rights of man" are at a discount

"WHILE A MAN HAS TO SIT ON A JURY HIS WIFE MAY ENJOY HERSELF AT HOME."

"A VISION OF THE FUTURE."

in many social circumstances. When with women he is expected to act the part of a paying Providence. His hand must be in his pocket on all occasions. As a matter of course he pays a woman's cab-fare, and finds the money for tips and the shilling entrances to an exhibition. And he pays for programmes at the play, newspapers at the bookstalls, and for tea at stations, at bazaars, and at Hurlingham or Ranelagh. And at race-meetings the calls on his purse are heavy and frequent. He not only gives his fair friends tea and luncheon, but backs horses for them, and, if they lose, must trust to their honour for payment. All this may be fair play in the case of rich men, but much the same is expected from a younger son, a clerk in the City, or an officer in a line regiment. A poor man or a hard worker must pay his social footing at much the same rate as a peer or a millionaire—and this quite irrespective of the fortune and position of the lady in question. A midshipman must give tea to his admiral's daughter, and a young City man put a pound on a horse for a woman who spends on her dress a cool two thousand pounds per annum.

Then much the same sort of demand is made on men as regards their physical endurance. No man could hold his own who did not give up his place to a woman. We ride and shoot, play golf and hockey, and drive our own motors; yet we cling to our *rôle* of the "weaker vessel"—a pose which pays well as regards comfort and convenience. So if a first-class carriage is full a man makes room for a woman, gets out, and goes into a third-class compartment. If the Tube is crowded, a woman must at once sit down, and a man meekly becomes a strap-hanger; and as for an omnibus, a man must go outside and face an icy wind or torrents of rain, so that a woman should have warmth and shelter. And one often sees this done by men who are by no means the physical equals of the women to whom they yield deference. A pale, thin, weakly man, or a boy with a blind eye or a hacking cough, will give up his place to a strapping girl with golf sticks, or to a stout woman with a red face, rich furs, and a rude manner. And the same may be seen in all classes and under all circumstances. At a ball or party an old man will hand his chair to a lady even if she is young enough to be his granddaughter. And at the play or the opera a man sits meekly at the back of the box and sees little or nothing of the performance. Men are more or less in the background. Woman is now the privileged sex; but if she gains the vote, will she win or lose on the transaction? Time alone can tell.

"THE STRAP-HANGER AND THE GOLF-GIRL."

AT THE THEATRE—"THE MAN SITS MEEKLY AT THE BACK OF THE BOX AND SEES NOTHING."

II.—Some Special Rights and Privileges of Men.

By CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

STRANGE as this seems in the light of the facts of everyday life, there are some people who actually argue that women have the advantage of men in matters of law and custom. The Criminal Law, they say, is more lenient towards women than towards men. In point of fact, however, any discrimination between the sexes allowed by the Criminal Law operates to the advantage of men. The false impression in question seems to be derived from the fact that women are the more law-abiding sex, and therefore come in comparatively small numbers within the grasp of the law. Here are some official figures bearing on the point: In the year 1909–10 there were charged with criminal offences before the Assizes and Sessions 11,511 men, and only 945 women.

There are two directions in which the Criminal Law places a heavier responsibility upon women than upon men. Thus, the offence of accosting is one for which the law makes only women liable; again, the law holds the woman alone responsible in the cases where a woman, in her loneliness and despair, has destroyed her new-born child, although the father of that child is equally responsible for its birth, and is also responsible for the tragedy which has occurred.

The recent case of Annie Woolmore provides an example of the harsh way in which the law is applied to women. This woman, the mother of five children, all of tender years, living in a house condemned as uninhabitable, a quarter of a mile away from any water supply, and herself ill, has been imprisoned for six weeks because her children, though healthy, were not in the cleanly state to be desired. The father, who, it should be noticed, had not made any effort to help his ailing wife to fulfil her task more adequately, has had inflicted upon him no punishment at all.

Turning to the Civil Law, we find that women are in possession of certain so-called advantages, which are a survival of the old and now disappearing view of woman as chattel. In the old days a wife was as much the property of her husband as his ox or his ass, a being who had no separate existence of her own. Upon marriage a woman's identity became absolutely merged in that of her husband. Her property passed into his possession. Even her earnings were not her own, and the husband could actually demand of her employer that his wife's earnings should be paid, not into her hands, but his. Although this state of the law has been greatly modified during the past half-century, it still, to some extent, survives, notably in the law that prevents a married woman being imprisoned for debt. This prohibition exists, not for her sake, but for her husband's sake. It exists because a debtor may not seize a third person's property in satisfaction of his debt. That is to say, the reason why a married woman cannot be imprisoned on this score is that her husband may not be deprived of her society and services. But a married woman can be made bankrupt, and is subject to all the other penalties, short of imprisonment, to which a man debtor is liable.

The upholders of the theory that woman is the spoilt child of the law point to the fact that a woman's property may be so settled upon her that her creditors have no claim upon any income becoming due to her at some future time. Here, again, is a survival from the time when women were by law and custom regarded as beings without an independent existence or judgment. This "restraint upon anticipation" was instituted in order to prevent the property of a wife from being squandered by her husband. In the old days, when it was so customary for young and untrained girls to marry men of twice their age and experience, there was much reason for thus protecting a wife's property, not for her own sake alone, but also for the sake of her children. At the present time, when women are so much better educated and more self-reliant than they used to be, the need of such aids and crutches is disappearing. The modern woman is prepared to abandon all these so-called privileges in exchange for equality of right and opportunity. We may here point out the injustice whereby the wife of a bankrupt who has lent him money gets not a single penny until all other creditors have had their debts paid in full.

From these same people who regard women as holding a specially favoured position we hear a great deal of the wife's right to maintenance by her husband, and their reference to this matter is often coupled with the utterly false assertion that the law lays upon the wife no corresponding liability to maintain her husband. This, of course, is quite untrue,

because, now that women are empowered to hold property of their own, they are also legally liable to maintain their husbands. It is not so widely understood as it ought to be that the wife's right to maintenance by her husband is of a very shadowy and attenuated kind. It amounts simply to this: so long as a man keeps his wife off the parish the law cannot interfere to compel him to maintain her in a suitable way. He may be rich and yet give her a starvation allowance to keep the house, but the law, as it stands to-day, is powerless to help her. If a wife goes to the Guardians and becomes a pauper (usually it is necessary for her actually to enter the workhouse), then the husband's liability can be enforced. For in that case the Guardians will take proceedings and get an order against the husband for a few shillings a week.

"IN THE OLD DAYS A WIFE WAS AS MUCH THE PROPERTY OF HER HUSBAND AS HIS OX OR HIS ASS."

In cases of legal separation a maintenance order can be made against the husband. This remedy, however, involves expense, because the wife must maintain herself and her children until the case has been heard, for a wife cannot take proceedings while living with her husband. She must leave her home, taking her children with her, and must maintain herself and them till the case has been decided. Even if she is successful, the allowance made by the magistrate is a small one; and, moreover, it is very difficult to enforce payment of it. Only a few days ago a magistrate in the North of England, asked by a wife for help in recovering from her husband the weekly allowance which he had been ordered to pay, yet refused to pay, referred to the frequency with which such difficulties arose, and expressed regret that the wife's allowance could not be deducted by the husband's employer before the weekly wages were paid.

The wife's right to maintenance is too often spoken of as being a free gift from the husband, but it should be remembered that the wife performs a service in most cases more than equivalent. A housekeeper, who would do less arduous and faithful service than the wife, would have to be given board and lodging, and would demand a salary in addition. Not only as a housekeeper and as the mother of his children has the wife a moral claim to share the family income, but in the majority of cases she has a further claim in virtue of the share she takes in promoting her husband's business and social interests. Yet, in spite of her share in building up the family fortunes, a wife has not a penny she can legally call her own, and into the bargain is too often taunted with being "kept."

In this connection it should be noticed that what is called the wife's maintenance is, in reality, the children's maintenance too, and they in general get a larger share of it than their mother.

The very people whose arguments we are now considering are the first to say, when women ask for a wider life and opportunity than they now enjoy, that woman's sphere is the home. In general, these people object to the entrance of women—especially of married women—into professional and industrial life. Therefore they are surely bound to admit that, if this ideal of theirs is to be upheld, the maintenance of women by men is a *right*, not a privilege at all! Women must have it one way or the other. Either their right to maintenance is to be recognized as such, or they must be given the education which will fit them to earn money for themselves; and they must be given freedom of employment. At present women are too often denied a good education on the plea that they will afterwards marry and be maintained by their husbands. The Government more and more makes a practice of dismissing its women employées on marriage, and private employers are apt to follow this example. If married women are expected to keep themselves, they must be trained and employment must be kept open

"THE MAINTENANCE OF WOMEN BY MEN IS A RIGHT."

"WOMEN EMPLOYÉES ARE OFTEN DISMISSED ON MARRIAGE."

to them. Many a married woman, especially the childless wife separated from her husband, would much prefer to maintain herself were it not made difficult, and almost impossible, for her to do so.

What is in some quarters regarded as another injustice to men is the fact that a wife can pledge her husband's credit, but, I would point out, so can those who act as his agents in business, unless his authority is expressly withdrawn. Failing this right to pledge her husband's credit, a wife and her children might starve for want of the ready cash which he has omitted to provide. As a matter of fact, the husband can at any moment make it impossible for his wife to do this by announcing that he refuses to be responsible for debts contracted by her.

The custom according to which a man pays the expenses of the woman in whose company he is is also a survival from the old system according to which women possessed no means of their own. Even to this day women are, save in exceptional cases, much poorer than men. If men alone hold the purse, they alone can pay.

An injustice existing as between husband and wife springs from the fact that on the death of the wife intestate all her property passes to her husband, her children taking nothing. On the death of a husband intestate, if there are children, the wife takes one-third, and the children take two-thirds between them. If there are no children, then, contrary to what one might expect, the wife takes half only, and her husband's next-of-kin, even though he might have been a complete stranger to him, takes the other half.

The case of Mrs. McCann, whose infant children were taken from her by her husband, draws attention to a great wrong done by the law to British women. They are not, in the legal sense, the mothers of their own children. The father can take away the children and give them whatever education, religious or secular, he pleases, without consulting the wishes of the mother; she has no more power over them than a mere nursemaid. Only in a very extreme case can the law interfere on the mother's behalf, and that after costly legal proceedings have been instituted. Broadly speaking, the mother has no rights at all.

In addition to unjust laws, there are customs which severely handicap women. According to custom, women are given unequal pay for equal work. Their labour is exploited, and they are paid starvation wages. In the words of the late Lord Salisbury, "The condition of working women is a blot upon our civilization."

The greatest injustice of all is, of course, that which prevents women from voting at Parliamentary elections. A woman, although she may possess a qualification which would entitle a man to vote, is classed with the politically unfit and treated as an outlaw in her own land. Not only does this put a stigma upon women, and lower their general position, but it deprives them of all real power to defend their interests and get their various wrongs redressed. Accordingly, the advocates of equality for women concentrate their efforts upon getting the vote, because they believe it to be the essential means of winning the other reforms they have in view.

"THE FATHER CAN TAKE AWAY THE CHILDREN."

WHAT TO DO IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

By LEONARD R. DANBY.

IN the United Kingdom, happily, the loss of life amongst passengers is annually very small, although the figures have taken a sudden jump within the past year or two, when several big accidents have occurred. But, despite all the arrangements and appliances for the safety of passengers, there is always an element of adventurous risk in travelling behind the iron steed. "I never take my seat in a railway carriage," wrote Sydney Smith in the early days of railway-travelling, "without a most disconcerting conviction that two trains will attempt to achieve the impossible by passing each other on the same track." Railway accidents are of such long standing and possess such a permanent character that their study has become a science, and there is a Government Department specially appointed to consider them. This is a thing for the reader, then, to remember—that an accident is a fixed factor in railway-travelling, that so many hundreds occur every year of different kinds and extent, and that what he has got to do is to minimize their effect upon himself. To do this he ought to study the nature and causes of railway accidents, to investigate their form, diagnose their peculiarities and then render himself immune, if he can, by a careful system of prevention.

Take the case of a collision — the most ordinary form of railway accident. In a party of commercial travellers the question was recently propounded, "What would you do in case of a collision at full speed?" One man said that if he had two seconds' notice he would jump for the rack. "I have been in three serious collisions, and in each case the danger-zone has been the lower part of the carriage. In the first I sustained a fracture of both legs. In the second I clung to the rack-railing the moment I felt the brakes hard down, and escaped injury, although three fellow-passengers were pinned in the wreckage. The third experience was rather curious. I was alone in a compartment on a German railway, and the train was going at great speed when suddenly there came a terrible jolting, which convinced me the train had left the metals. I had just climbed into the rack when the carriage fell over, striking a stone siding with such force as to rip the roof off. The shock stunned me, but when I came to I was lying in the rack, with the

GETTING UP ON THE RACK.

blue sky and two German policemen above me, with not a bone broken or a jot the worse, and I resolved after that the rack was good enough for me."

Another of the company remarked : " Your experience was a very unusual one. Take my word for it, the safest action in view of impending disaster is to throw oneself on the floor as quickly as possible. The chances

GETTING UNDER A SEAT.

are that the impact of the two seats will to a great extent satisfy the force of the momentum and furnish a refuge space beneath. I have tried it and know. Hundreds of deaths and injuries have been escaped in this way. And now," the speaker concluded, turning to the third man, " what would you do ? "

" Jump," replied that individual, promptly. " Statistics long ago convinced me that jumping was the safest course, provided you had warning and knew how to jump. Have you ever noticed that in reports of a collision you read that the engine-driver and stoker jumped and thereby saved their lives ? But they don't jump as an ordinary man jumps. Jumping off a train moving at a good rate of speed is one of the fine arts. You have to be proficient in it, and it wouldn't do for a timid old lady with gout in both feet."

The fourth man of the party said he would sit still, put his feet on the seat, hold on with his arm through the window-strap, and take his chances. " The great danger," he continued, " does not come from a fatal blow, but from being pinned down by splinters, and from fire. I am old enough to have been in the Staplehurst accident, where I was pinned down with a splinter through my leg for hours, and the whole cause of the trouble that killed many was that they were thrown together in a heap in one corner of the compartment, all except one man who had his arm through the window-strap, and so maintained his position and his safety."

No doubt readers of this magazine overhear similar opinions, and it therefore occurred to the writer to ascertain from official statistics and various railway authorities what measure of truth there is in these opinions—whether they can be supported by facts. To begin with, the reports issued by the Board of Trade confirm what is here said about the utility of the corner window-straps in many cases of serious accidents, such, for example, as that of the Salisbury disaster a few years ago. Here more than one passenger testified that his life had been saved owing to his having a hold of this support, and so not being flung violently into the danger-zone.

An analysis of the reports of one hundred railway accidents reveals some curious points about the immunity and danger of passengers. In these one hundred accidents two hundred and seventy people lost their lives and four thousand two hundred and thirty-two were injured. They include some of the worst accidents of recent years, which present typical features bearing on this question of comparative danger.

An interesting point is that in no fewer than eighty-three of the disasters the greatest damage occurred *to the left-hand side of the train*, and that, consequently, the loss to life and limb was greater on that side. This would

seem to establish the fact that the right-hand side of the carriage was the safest, in spite of the large number of accidents in which the train, leaving the metals, plunged down an embankment or off a bridge on the left. In these cases the loss to life and limb to the passengers chiefly occurred on that side, which is accounted for by the occupants of the carriages being thrown forcibly to the left and there pinned down amongst the wreckage. It may be noticed that in this country a passenger facing the engine on the right always looks out upon the other line of metals.

It is further established that the popular belief that the middle of the train is the safest is based on reason, because in all cases of collision save two the middle coaches escaped serious damage. One clear fact also emerges, and that is that in collisions, when the coaches collapse, it is the passengers' legs which suffer by being caught between the seats, the evidence showing that after general shock, usually involving concussions and fractures, the great majority of injuries and fatalities are due to the lower limbs being shattered or imprisoned between seats. The best ways of avoiding injury in such cases are those indicated by two of the speakers already quoted—*i.e.*, to throw oneself either into the rack or under the seat—presuming, of course, that there was time to do so.

But when one has ascertained the safest part of a train, the safest part of the carriage, and even just what attitude and position the passenger should adopt in case of accident, it were all to little purpose if the innocent traveller be taken unawares. In nineteen cases out of twenty he has no warning, while in nineteen cases out of twenty the engine-driver has sufficient intimation to enable him to jump and save his life—though he does not always save his life, and he does not always jump. Yet a question arises, Would it be possible for the driver, face to face with certain calamity, to make the passengers as wise as himself, to apprise them of their advancing doom? At an inquest a survivor stated that he had heard an injured passenger cry out, "If I'd only had two seconds' warning!" It is those two seconds—which might often be three, four, and five—which would make all the difference to the tale of a disaster. Suppose, therefore, the driver or guard were to be able to operate a signal which would communicate to the carriages and compartments, and so warn the occupants of impending danger? At present it is possible for any passenger at a moment of crisis to communicate with the driver—why not a reversal of this system? In each compartment a bell might be placed, accompanied by a dial which would indicate the direction from which the danger was approaching. Given a few seconds, the pent-up passengers might make their dispositions for safety according to the ideas expressed by the four travellers whose colloquy figures at the opening of this article.

At the same time, it must not be supposed that the companies and the special Government officials are not keenly alive to the necessity of adopting any and all means for minimizing risks to life and limb on railways. Hardly a week passes but some appliance or system is brought to their attention—many

MAKING USE OF THE WINDOW-STRAP.

THE BEST WAY OF JUMPING OUT OF A TRAIN—AND THE WRONG.

of the most fantastic character; but, in the words of Colonel Yorke, the chief Government Inspector, and one of the greatest living authorities on railway accidents, "The work of life-saving should begin before the accident has taken place. It is not wonderful that there are so many accidents—the wonder is that there are so few. Bear in mind the causes of accidents. Suppose it is a wheel gone wrong—a single wheel. On the railways of the United Kingdom alone there are running to-day four hundred thousand wheels. Suppose for some technical cause or other one is faulty and an accident, even a disaster, occurs; is not such almost beyond the bounds of human prevention? One is reminded of the story told in the early days of railways of the old and conservative stage-coach driver who expressed his sentiments thus: "Now, look 'ere, it's this way—when you're in a stage-coach and a wheel comes off, why, *there you are!* But supposin' you're in a railway train and a wheel comes off, why, *where are you?*"

With regard to saving life by leaping from trains in motion, a German acrobat, Carl Weinthal, recently made some curious experiments. He caused a siding to be constructed two hundred yards in length, along which a coach ran with considerable velocity, beginning its momentum on the main line, and reaching, before rejoining it, a speed of nearly forty miles an hour. The idea was to show that at a given point a collision was inevitable with a large pasteboard screen across the metals, upon which was delineated a large locomotive, viewed by the spectators in perspective. A few yards from the point of collision Weinthal, who had previously opened a carriage door and was standing on the footboard, jumped, precipitating himself feet foremost, so that his body assumed almost a horizontal position, the angle of which was violently reversed by the motion of the train, so that he was pitched forward, and invariably alighted on all fours, but unharmed. Weinthal offered to perform the feat on any regular train, and declared that if it were practised it might be the means of saving many lives, not only on trains, but on tram-cars and motors; but the Government declined to allow him to proceed, and, indeed, gave him warning that if it was attempted the intrepid acrobat would be arrested.

The conclusion of the whole matter appears to be this. For safety in a train take a centre carriage and the right-hand seat; in case of a coming collision, throw yourself either into the rack or under a seat; if you leap, jump, as far as possible, horizontally.

Appleton's Election.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier.

ON Oxford platform a ticket-collector had jerked his elbow into the ribs of a colleague at his side.

"That's the new P.M.G.," he said, knowingly. "Going down to Netherwich for the by-election!"

"Which one?" asked the other, panting a little from his scurry through the coaches. Then, as the train began to move slowly away, "That big, good-looking bloke in the corner? All I can say is, he looks a sight smarter than most M.P.'s!"

He was right. The new Minister was a very smart person indeed. But he had been a democrat once, and before that a telegraphist in a great north-country town.

Appleton had come round, not through; had reached the apex by devious, self-cut, difficult ways. For him Faith had removed mountains: Faith and a selfishness that almost touched the sublime. And his path of progress up the hill of Fortune was strewn with friendships that he had used and flung away.

He had stayed in the telegraph gallery two defiant years, miserable always, chafing at the strangling bonds of departmental tape. He had no taste for examinations; he was in a blind alley, beating his head against a wall. The Socialist movement of the 'eighties reached Murchester in fullest flood. Appleton plunged in, sowed discord amongst his colleagues, was suspended, then dismissed. But the flood carried its flotsam into safety again. He became a mob-orator with a pittance which a well-meaning philanthropist supplied. A smattering of economics helped him along. He became a recognized lecturer; learned the trick of swaying crowds. Then the *Trumpet-Call* started. He wrote for it under a pseudonym that half England has heard. His articles were, largely, nonsense. But the nonsense was *alive*.

"HE BECAME A MOB-ORATOR."

Some men have the gift of wearing their clothes with an air, of looking spruce always, of catching a woman's eye. Appleton, virile, fine-figured, upstanding, debonair, had it too. It was to prove the pseudo-democrat's trump card.

One day a Cabinet Minister's wife, famous for collecting curiosities of the human kind, asked him to

lunch. He went, he pleased, he conquered. The Cabinet Minister liked him too. A week later the statesman, partly wife-persuaded, partly from an instinctive *flair* for the qualities which he was himself without, asked the Socialist to become his private secretary. These two old people dreamed, perhaps only half-consciously, of drawing fresh youth from this alert and virile man. Appleton leaped at the offer. Within three months Socialism knew him no more, save only as its bitterest, ablest, most penetrating foe. His books brought him money and a reputation among people who could help him on.

He never looked back. Sheer self-confidence carried him along. The fact that his employer was a fool spurred him on his way.

"If a dullard like that can be Home Secretary," he thought, "I have no need to despair."

Then it was that his dream of the Postmaster-Generalship first took root and shape. The idea, once admitted, stayed always at the back of his brain. With ambition a certain savagery was allied. He had suffered; he was determined to repay. He would stir up the mandarins as no head of a Department had dared to stir them before.

So, then, he made friends, used them, wrung them dry. His employer, middle-class, bourgeois, commonplace—above all, old—must soon drop out of political life. At the precise psychological moment Appleton cut adrift. He became secretary to a man in the opposite camp—a man of vast influence in the social world. The ex-democrat served him well, and, serving, climbed. At last, seizing the swift occasion, Appleton laid siege to and married a peer's daughter, rich in her own right. Netherwich needed a candidate. Appleton won the seat against enormous odds. It was a working-class constituency, and he had not forgotten how to talk to working men.

In the House he was listened to because he knew his facts and spoke with sheer horse-sense. In five years he was an Under-Secretary. Five years later, in the third year of a Parliament's life, the Postmaster-General of the minute fell ill and died. Appleton was named to succeed him—with a seat in the Cabinet besides. But he had to seek re-election first. And his constituency was shaky; far shakier than he knew.

They met him at the station—his agent, his principal supporters, the dapper, smug-faced little landlord of the ancient, black-beamed, white-walled Feathers, where he always stayed. Outside, in the sloping roadway, the mob had gathered, salt-workers and their wives, mainly; rough, ill-clad men, and rougher, worse-clad women, hatless and wearing shawls. Appleton exchanged greetings, passed the saluting porters, strode townwards through a human lane. Here and there a cheer greeted him. The Cabinet Minister raised his hat and smiled. Then, presently, an unmistakable groan. Appleton, hitherto the salt-workers' idol, winced as if he had been lashed in the face.

And again, as he passed through the hotel porch to the sitting-room within, another groan came to him, louder, angrier than before.

Left alone with his agent, Appleton went to the point like a flash.

"There does not seem to be much enthusiasm, Mr. Lambert. It looks as if the money I sent you at Christmas had been inefficiently spent!"

The agent—a solicitor with a practice that extended over half a county, able as Appleton himself, ambitious as high example may make a solicitor to-day—hesitated before he spoke. His employer's success was vital to him; failure would be a set-back terrible to endure.

Yet he was as straight as politics permit an agent to be. And he gave Appleton the truth.

"It is going to be a tough contest, sir—a very tough contest indeed. The people are fickle, and I think they are a little tired. It is only human that they should want a change. We must manage to persuade them that they are wrong. Then——" He hesitated a little, mouthing the unpalatable words. "Then there was that factory, sir, that you promised to put up. There's a shortage of work in the town, and some of the younger men are going round saying that you—well, sir, 'deceived them' is the way they set it about."

Before the keen, slate-coloured eyes that fixed him over their pince-nez Appleton's blue ones shifted and fell. He *had* promised to build the factory, to set a new and sorely-needed industry on foot. But that was only in the heat of the last contest, and his memory had been conveniently short. All the same, he did not like to be reminded that he had failed to make good his pledge. He looked up again, and spoke lightly, ready as ever with his excuse.

"Oh, yes. I remember something about it. In fact, I sent a man down to look at the ground; but he reported unfavourably. The canal was too far away from the only available site, and the thing couldn't possibly have been made to pay. And then, in the bustle

and worry of my work at the Colonial Office, the matter escaped my memory. Otherwise I should have made the facts of the case known."

The agent, watching Appleton shrewdly, saw that he was not telling the truth. But it was no part of his job to quarrel with his chief. All that he (Lambert) had to do was to get him elected. So he fell in with the explanation readily enough.

"Oh, I understand, Mr. Appleton. I perfectly understand. I only mentioned it as a difficulty that we shall have to face."

and his power over the mob, which his early training had left him, would turn the scale and send it bumping down. Besides, his personality—it was absurd to glimpse for one second at defeat!

When he had finished dressing he did not immediately descend. He passed along the corridor to the room that served as nursery for his children, who had come down earlier in the day. The governess was sitting there alone. She rose at his approach.

"Are the children in bed, Miss Ames?" he asked.

"THEY MET HIM AT THE STATION."

Then he rose to his feet.

"With your permission," he said, "I will come in later and go through the canvass-cards and settle the meetings and all that we have to do. I'm sure you must want your dinner, and it's getting late."

Appleton nodded, glad, for the moment, to be left alone.

"Thank you, Lambert," he answered. "That will do nicely."

And with that the agent passed out.

Appleton went upstairs to his own room, bathed, and changed his clothes. He was worried, but did not—would not—admit it even to himself. After all, he was sure of success. Trouble and hard work there might—there certainly must—be. But his oratory

"Yes, Mr. Appleton," she answered. "And asleep, I think." Then, sensing her employer's wish, she ventured: "Would you like to go into Harry's room? He is sleeping alone. I am looking after the two girls."

Appleton smiled, touched on his one weak spot.

"Yes, please, Miss Ames. I am obliged to you for the thought."

The governess tip-toed out, went a little way down the corridor, opened a door, held it open for her employer to pass in, then stood waiting without. Appleton crossed the threshold and walked over to the bed. Harry slept dreamlessly, drawing fair and easy breaths.

The father watched him, proud thoughts

rioting in his heart. This was his son, his heir, the inheritor of the line that he meant to found. For Appleton, a child of the people, dreamed always of the House of Lords. In his telegraphist's days he had read the story of Maréchal Lannes. And not till he could say, as the Frenchman said it, "I am an ancestor!" would he deem that his destiny had been fulfilled.

He lingered a little while beside the bed; then, stooping, kissed a vagrant, red-brown curl. The action drove him into a remembrance that he crushed most mercilessly back. It was of Harry's mother that he had thought, of the mother who had given for the boy not her life but her brain, who had become, a month after the boy's birth, hopelessly, irrevocably insane. Appleton, iron in what touched other people's lives, was, like most selfish men, most human in all that concerned his own sorrows and joys. And he did not believe in thinking of yesterday, lest to-morrow might find him unmanned.

At last, with a nod to the governess, he passed out and down the stairs again. He dined sparingly, and worked with Lambert till the small hours.

Ten days lay before him—ten fierce, wearing, fibre-wresting days. He strove like a giant; his helpers caught his fire. He promised, placated, soothed, and, where needed, drove. A brother Minister, great in name and action, came to his help. At the end of the week the town was his vigorous own. Only the country stayed hostile. It was, save for one industrial village, solid for the other side. This village must turn the scale.

His opponent—a rising barrister, poor as Appleton was rich, but in sheer ability a most worthy foe—had help in turn. The Leader of the Opposition, motoring townwards, honoured the village with a forty-minutes' speech. His name, his arguments, carried weight, seemed to have convinced. Lambert was in despair. Appleton, who, as yet, had never tasted the bread of defeat, turned, all but beside himself, his full broadside upon two hundred wavering men.

And the issue stayed uncertain, trembling in equal scales.

On the morning of the polling day Appleton, after a long drive in the country, held consultation once more. It was a different Appleton who faced Lambert now—a man ravaged by ambition whose fruits bade fair to elude him—a giant in distress, whose face, whose figure even, told of the battle's heat. Lambert, a shadow likewise, could give no real hope.

"We've done our best, sir," he argued. "We've done all that men can do. One way or the other those salt-workers at Stanger's Green will settle it. We can't guess what they'll do. They poll always at the last hour. The village has been an unknown quantity always. Before your time, when the elections were so close, we never knew which way they'd go. You must be prepared for the worst, sir. We can only hope for the best."

Appleton sat silent, plucking at the tablecloth with nervous hands. He had never failed yet; he was overwrought; he had lost his sense of proportion, was afraid, terribly afraid. If his star were once obscured, would it ever gleam again? Suddenly he leaned forward, looking wildly into Lambert's eyes.

"I *mustn't* lose," he cried. "I can't face it. You must do something. Man, can't you find a way?"

The agent came over to him and put a consoling hand upon his arm. He, too, was afraid—and of something worse than defeat. It would be terrible if the giant became a pigmy; if, when the poll went against him, the ex-member should fail to play the man.

"Come, Mr. Appleton," he said. "The game isn't up yet. There's no need to despair. And if you *are* beaten, someone with a safe seat will resign to let you get in."

But the other drew no comfort. Blood—or the want of it—was telling its tale. He would be a bad loser. Lambert knew it and was ashamed. Shrugging his shoulders, the agent returned to his chair.

"It's the women," he said, idly. "Somehow or other they sway the men."

Appleton gave him a bitter glance.

"Yes, I know," he said. "The hand that rocks the cradle, and all that. Sentimentality again. Ugh! I suppose my opponent slobbered over their babies and won their silly hearts."

Then, even as the words left his lips, a counter-stroke, a masterpiece of tactics, flashed across his brain. Heedless of the agent, he jumped to his feet, rushed to the door, plunged headlong up the stairs.

"Miss Ames!" he shouted. "Miss Ames!"

And, as the governess faced him outside the children's room, he clamoured his instructions out.

"Dress Harry—dress him for a ride. Put on Stella's and Winifred's smartest clothes. As soon as the three are ready bring them down."

Lambert, who had followed him as far as the hall, began, dimly, to understand.

In another minute Appleton was in the proprietor's private room,

"I want a carriage and pair," he cried. "And your child's pony for my boy. How soon can they be round?"

The proprietor looked up from his accounts and hurried over to the telephone.

"In ten minutes, sir. I can promise you that."

He kept his word. It was Miss Ames who was late. Appleton wandered, fuming, up and down the hotel.

At last she came: the two little girls holding her hands, rosetted, dressed in their delicious best. Harry followed—also rosetted, covert-coated, white-scarved, fawn leggings ending, spat-wise, upon brown shoes. The hotel porter opened the front door, armed with many rugs. The carriage waited; the governess and her two charges got in. Appleton pushed Lambert after them, shut the carriage door, and helped Harry to mount the Shetland that an ostler held. Then, suddenly, he dashed back into the hotel. The proprietor stood watching in the hall.

Appleton caught him by the arm.

"I want some small silver," he whispered, quickly. "Give me five pounds."

The man, bewildered but complacent, ran into his office and returned with the sum. Appleton snatched it, and hurried to Lambert's side.

"Take the children to Stanger's Green. Let them talk to the women, send them through the village, house by house. Give them the money before you arrive—let them throw it about. They're so young they can do it without the slightest risk. Then telephone me later what impression they make."

And before Lambert could answer him he turned to the driver and cried:—

"Stanger's Green. Go quickly. Mr. Lambert will tell you what to do!"

Appleton stood for a moment, with his hand on Harry's rein.

"Harry!" he cried, eagerly. "There are some people I want you to be nice to. You won't like doing it, perhaps, but it'll help daddy. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father." The boy's eyes gleamed. "I understand. I'll be ever so nice. And, daddy, may I make a speech—a real speech—like you?"

Appleton's fingers closed instinctively on his son's wrist.

"Harry," he cried, "I'm proud of you. Yes; talk to them. Tell them that if they vote for your father he'll see that they get plenty of work. Don't forget that, whatever you do!"

He released the rein. Harry cantered gallantly on. Presently he turned and waved merrily, lifting his hat. The father, very proud of him, stood watching in the porch. At last, when Harry was out of sight, he went back into the hotel. There he found lunch awaiting him. It was only then that he began to wonder whether the children had had theirs.

Three hours later he came back, exhausted by a drive in the biting wind. The proprietor met him. "Mr. Lambert has called you up," he said. "The number is one nine five."

Appleton went to the telephone, and got through at once. Lambert was in the committee-room at the other end.

"Well," blurted the candidate, "what luck? What sort of a reception have they had? Have you satisfactory news?"

The answer was balm to his jangled nerves.

"Magnificent. Your daughters are being received enthusiastically at every house. But Harry is the real draw. They've cheered him again and again. He stood up in his stirrups and asked them to vote for you. If you get in it'll be *his* doing. And I think he's turned the scale. I'm giving them tea, and keeping them here till the men have voted. The works don't close till six!"

For a moment Appleton stayed, speechless. Pride and triumph had taken away his breath. Then he managed to blurt out:—

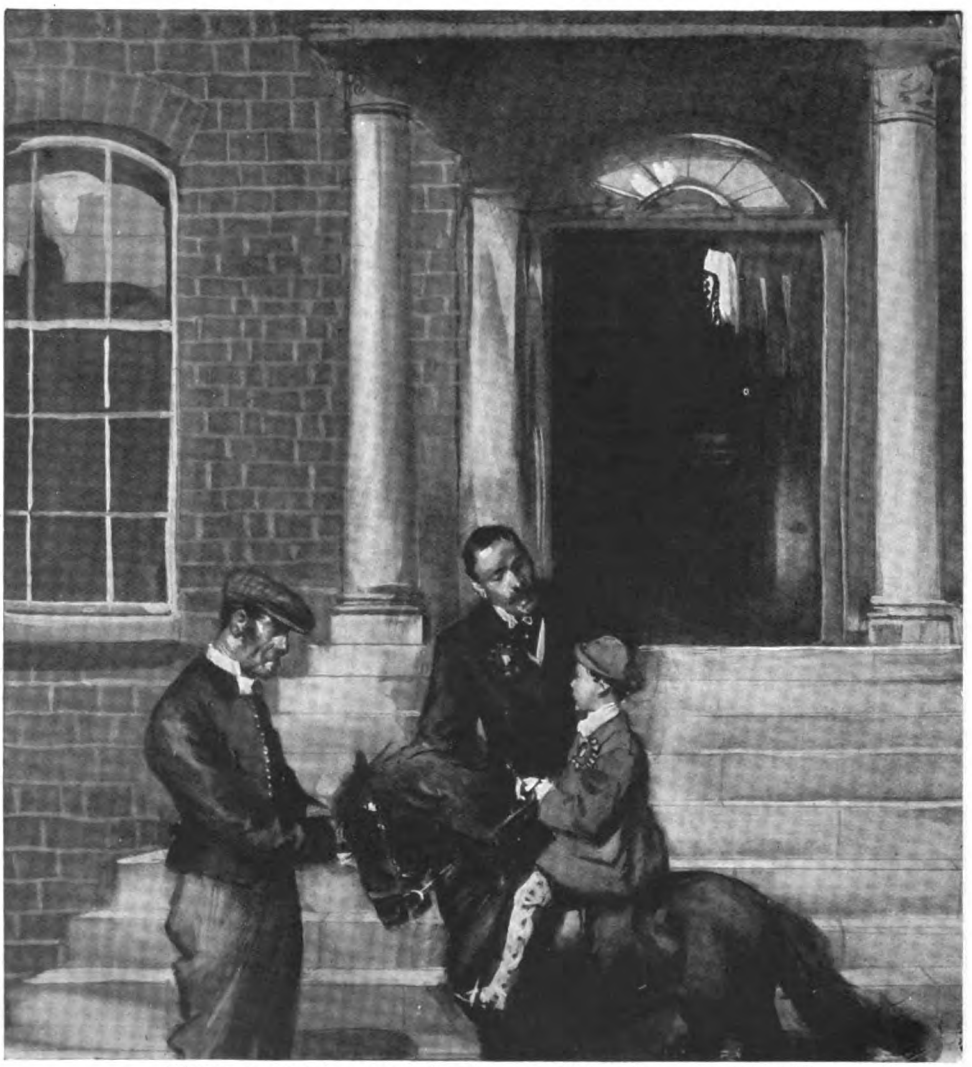
"Finish it, Lambert. Stay and see it through. Do it thoroughly while you're there. Never mind about the town. I'll look after that."

Then, jaded but full of fight, he went out to visit the polling stations once more. Ten minutes after eight he was back again. The children had not returned. Appleton, beat to the world, went to bed.

They called him in the morning—otherwise he would have slept half the day. He breakfasted; Lambert appeared midway through the meal.

"It's a certainty, Mr. Appleton," he said. "Your children—your son, rather—did the trick. He was magnificent. You *would* have been proud of him if you'd been there. I've never seen such a gallant little figure as he made. The village fairly rose at him—and there were tears in half the women's eyes. All my doubts have gone. You'll owe your election first of all to *him*. I came in to tell you all about it last night; but I found that—very wisely—you'd gone to bed."

Appleton nodded; then, to hide his tremendous pleasure, rose and rang the bell. To the servant who answered it he said:—



"'YES, FATHER.' THE BOY'S EYES GLEAMED. 'I UNDERSTAND.'"

"Tell Miss Ames I want her, please."

Miss Ames entered almost at once.

"Good morning," said Appleton. "I want the children ready by noon. They must come with me to hear the poll declared."

For the long sleep had made a new man of him, and he felt now absolutely certain of success.

Miss Ames hesitated—then brought out the news.

"Harry is unwell, Mr. Appleton. He has a chill—we weren't back last night till after nine, and he got terribly tired. I think we ought to send for a doctor at once."

Appleton looked at her, saw her serious face. He went suddenly cold.

"By Jove, that's bad," he said. "But I don't suppose he's much the matter with him Women always look on the blackest side of children's ailments. Eh, Lambert?"

"Ye—es," conceded the agent, doubtfully. "But there was a bitter wind, sir, yesterday, and I think it would be wise to send for the doctor, as Miss Ames suggests."

"Oh, I don't know," demurred the father, still unconvinced. "I expect he's only tired. Anyway, I must have a look at him first."

He held open the door for the governess, and followed her up the stairs.

Harry, flushed and hot-handed, was lying in his bed.

"Is that you, daddy?" he asked. "I've had *such* bad dreams. I thought I was trying to make a speech, and that I couldn't find

anything to say, and I knew you wouldn't get 'lected if I didn't. It was awful, daddy. I tried and tried, but it was no good. And now I've such a horrid pain in my chest!"

His father bent and kissed him, then looked at Miss Ames. Her eyes showed him something that was not pleasant to see. And he opposed a mulish obstinacy to the unvoiced reproach.

"He's all right," he said, cheerfully. "He only wants a rest. But perhaps you may as well send for a doctor. It can't do any harm. And never mind about the girls. You'll be too busy to get them ready. Look after Harry carefully, please. It's a great nuisance he can't be there."

He regarded the boy anxiously, kissed him again, and went downstairs, more frightened than he dared to admit. But official papers had reached him from London—urgent matters that clamoured to be done. He dismissed Lambert, telling him to return at noon.

"I'll just dash through these," he thought. "Then I'll go and see how Harry's getting on."

The papers took longer than he had expected. Lambert was back again before they were three-quarters done.

"Now, Mr. Appleton, please. You are wanted at the Union. The counting is going on very fast. You have no time to wait." He had brought with him the Minister's coat and hat and gloves.

"I'm ready for you, Lambert," said Appleton, jumping up. Lambert's manner of the morning had expelled all doubt, and, sure of triumph, the father had forgotten Harry in the sweet anticipation of success.

Outside a crowd was waiting to escort him Unionwards. He entered that building amid a storm of cheers. In half an hour, all smiles, he came out of it again. He took up his position on the returning-officer's right hand. There was a frenzy of applause from his supporters. Then silence while the figures were read:—

APPLETON	6,541
MILWARD	6,390

Stanger's Green had turned the scale. Harry—poor Harry—had not canvassed in vain!

Appleton thanked the sheriff, thanked graciously all those who had officiated in any way. Then, turning to his opponent—the barrister who could so ill afford to lose—he spoke most felicitous, most reputation-enhancing words. And he added: "I can never hope to have a more courteous opponent or an election more fairly fought!"

They carried him back to the hotel, calling for speech upon speech. And, even as he addressed his constituents, the new Postmaster-General thought of the power which at last had come into his able hands. He remembered that he had once been a telegraphist, and that on those who had dismissed him he was going to be revenged. "Those cursed mandarins," he was thinking. "They shall pay. Heavens, how they shall pay!"

At the first moment that she found him free Miss Ames hurried to his side.

"The doctor is with Harry. Will you come upstairs?"

Then the father, who had forgotten his son's very existence, remembered all that triumph had expelled. Happiness died swiftly like a suddenly-extinguished lamp. Terror usurped it. He turned, and, pushing past an impeding committee, hurried up the ancient, easy-falling stairs.

He found the doctor, side-whiskered, groom-like, cautious-faced, waiting in the room.

"No danger—none at all. Er—no immediate danger, that is. But great care is advisable, for fear that pneumonia should supervene. We had better have a nurse at once."

"Have two nurses," said Appleton, curtly, but with fear cold at his heart. "And at the first sign of danger wire for Sir William Pell."

The doctor nodded, anything but displeased. It was not often that consultations with great physicians came his way.

"You're right, Mr. Appleton," he agreed—"quite right. As I said, I do not think there's danger, but we must take care—yes, care."

Appleton said nothing, but went back beside the bed. The child greeted him dully, turning over on his side. The father went out again, frowning and with tight-pressed lips. He lunched with his committee. It was a Barmecidal feast. In the midst of it they brought a telegram which the Prime Minister had sent:—

"Hearty congratulations. Shall expect you to dine with me to-night. Want to see you specially. Cabinet meeting to-morrow at noon."

Appleton, who, in a restless team, had allied himself heart and soul with his chief, motored, after another talk with the doctor, straight to town. Harry was not in danger; he could do nothing at Netherwich, and anything was better than sitting still. In the delight of verbal battle with his intellectual peers he forgot, that evening, the fear which had voyaged with him in his car.

"NO DANGER—NONE AT ALL. ER—NO IMMEDIATE DANGER, THAT IS."

But in the morning a message from the doctor came:—

"Your son has developed pneumonia. Have wired for Sir William Pell."

Appleton spent the day in terror—with the Post Office Estimates on his desk. In forty-eight hours he would introduce them to the House. Upon the speech that he would make his growing reputation hinged. Very late at night he sought the specialist in his home.

"We can do nothing but wait," he was told. "The fever must take its course. Your boy has a good constitution and is in excellent hands. If necessary, I will go down to Netherwich again."

Such was the gist of a long and anxious talk. At last the specialist took the reluctant Minister almost forcibly to the door. Appleton was livid with terror and remorse.

"Shall I go down?" he asked for the twentieth time. "I can get away, somehow. Carter will put up someone else to speak on Friday. He s the dearest of dear good chaps."

"Madness," said the other, curtly. "You'd do no good, and might do infinite harm. Go home, my dear man, and stick to your work. It's the best anodyne, after all!"

He pushed Appleton across the threshold and shut the door. The next two days Appleton spent in anguish. Harry was no better. The illness was taking its course. That was the almost hourly bulletin. They could tell him nothing more. And the Post-master-General lashed himself into preparing his speech. But remorse stood sentry behind him, and in the height and midst of a battle with baffling figures he would look up, his power of application sapped, and, remembering another battle—that of life and death—in a little Midland town, would stare blankly at the fronting wall.

"Harry will die," he kept telling himself, with fierce bitterness. "And I shall have killed him. It was all my fault. The name will die too; I can never have an heir."

Appleton—to whom sleep had become a stranger and from whom, incapable now of viewing things justly, hope was utterly gone—walked early Westminsterwards on the third day. With an hour to kill, without conscious

volition, he went into the Abbey, driven by some impulse that he did not understand. He wandered restlessly up and down, looking idly at monuments whose form passed unnoticed and whose inscriptions stayed unread. At last, from sheer weariness, he dropped into a pew. Then the great quiet of the high, cool place assumed its placating own. He felt calmer, easier, strangely soothed. He wanted to pray—he, who had almost forgotten how.

And he thought, bitterly, that though he had everything to ask, he had nothing, nothing in the world to give. His life had been spent in taking and in throwing away.

He rose again and wandered aimlessly, hopelessly, up and down the aisles, looking at the monuments as he had looked before. But the atmosphere and the peace of it had soothed him more than he knew. His eyes were no longer unseeing; he beheld the monuments now, he could read the words they showed.

"All these people," he thought—"all these people have *given* something. That is why they were great. They had their ambitions, their selfishnesses, they were human, they were often small. But they *gave* something to the people—gave something that the people save and keep. The poet offered his exaltations, the statesman added provinces to the Empire or lightened the poor man's load, the soldier—that we intellectuals pretend to despise—poured out his life's blood that such as I might be free—free to talk and to play for a selfish hand. And I—I am successful, but I have offered nothing of my own free will. That is why Harry is being taken from me—is dying, inch by inch. And with Harry's death all that is worth living for is gone."

Again, in his fierce weariness, he dropped into a pew. In those moments of agony all his life came back.

Sitting there, with his head in his hands, he remembered his hot youth, his disappointments, his struggles, his thirst for revenge upon those who had kept him shut in. The pendulum had swung for him—yes. But how was he going to put his power to use? He was going to bring misery upon those who had, after all, done their duty as it seemed best for them to do. The mandarins had had reason. The brilliant, selfish individualist is a danger, not an asset, to the State.

Then, in the hour of utter blackness, light came to him, beautiful, illuminating, swift. His way of atonement showed itself, lay before him, sharp-defined and clear. For the first time in his life he realized what duty and service meant. "I will make reparation. I will go through with it," he told himself, "whether Harry lives or dies."

And he fell upon his knees and prayed.

His speech that afternoon was easy, lucid, sure—untouched of marring, cheapening jests, such as his predecessors had loved. He made statistics simple, he held the House close-gripped. Presently, leaving figures, he struck a loftier note. Then the peroration came.

"It may not be within the knowledge of this House that in the present conditions of this great Department merit has but little chance, and that it is impossible under existing regulations for a man, however able, to make his way from the bottom to the ruling caste. It has long been my opinion that in a business institution examinations—which are no true test of intelligence or administrative capacity—count for too much; that they are, indeed, a positive nursery of incompetence and red tape; that they absolutely prevent development upon sound commercial lines. Henceforward, then, I intend to make it possible that every man shall have the opportunity—at present denied to him—of rising from the bottom to the very top.

"More still. So long as I rule at St. Martin's-le-Grand I mean to work unceasingly to better the conditions of the rank and file—of which I myself was once a member—and to remedy, so far as lies in my power, grievances which only those who have suffered them can even begin to understand."

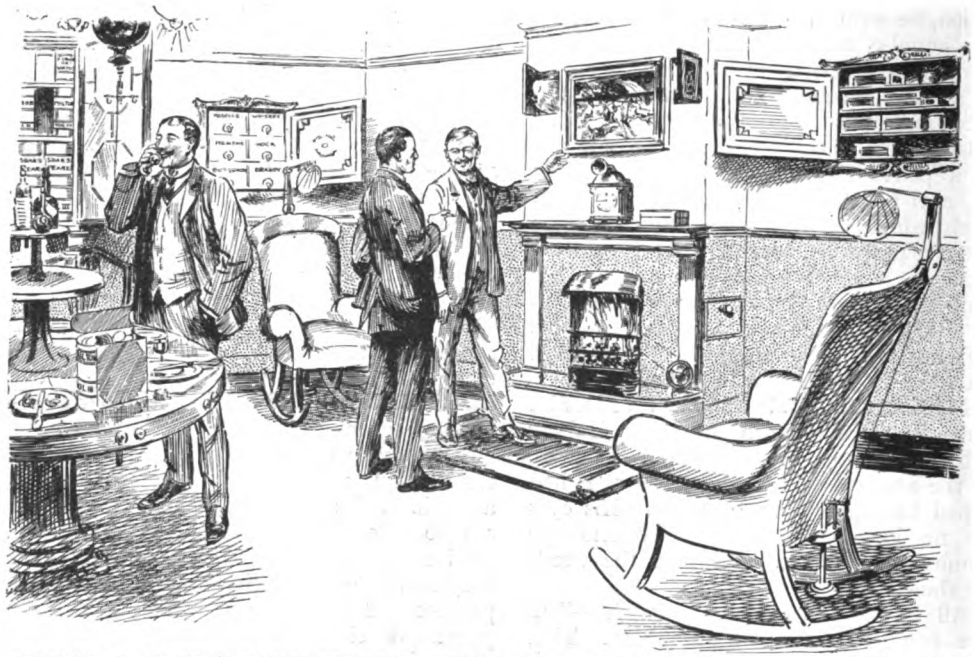
He resumed his seat amid cheers that were spontaneous and prolonged. His obvious sincerity, his unusual, equally obvious, yet well-suppressed emotion had carried him further into men's esteem than brains could ever have done alone. While, on the Opposition benches, a very cynical ex-Under-Secretary, turning to a colleague, leaned over and voiced his thought:—

"By Jove, that chap spoke from the heart. I've misjudged him after all. He's less—much less—of a snob than I've always believed!"

But Appleton, deaf to applause, blind to his success, sat twisting an envelope that had been pushed into his hand. And as an ex-Postmaster-General rose in criticism the new one thrust a shaking finger under the orange flap.

"Harry is dead!" he told himself. "Harry is dead!"

But, no. Harry was out of danger—Harry was going to live.



A ROOM IN MR. BLINKS'S HOUSE, IN WHICH EVERY ARTICLE IS A PATENT. NOTE THE ROCKING-CHAIR THAT WORKS A FAN, THE FIRE-COALING APPARATUS, THE CHANGEABLE PICTURES, THE CLOCK THAT CALLS OUT THE TIME, AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES DESCRIBED BELOW.

A Paradise of Patents.

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull and H. A. Hogg.

Each of the curious inventions mentioned in the following article is to be found amongst the inventors' specifications at the Patent Office.

THERE are some people, by no means a majority in this world, who are never satisfied with things as they really are. They are always wanting to improve things; and the improvements they suggest cover every department of life, and are not restrained by any consideration for the feelings of our ancestors. One cannot honestly say that these suggested improvements in the arts of life are in every case based upon the highest wisdom. But every year, every month, every day there flows into the Patent Office of this country, and of the kingdoms, principalities, and governments of the earth, a host of applications for patents of articles which are going to revolutionize the household, the wardrobe, and the inner man. They may be said to begin at birth. Only last year a gentleman —and, be it noted, a bachelor—applied for a patent for a device for administering milk to new-born babies. And from this point onward through the vale of tears the procession goes, until we read of a patent "soother" for moribund persons, to make the act of dying as convenient and as pleasant as possible.

Mr. Edison Blinks, who inherited a tidy sum of money from his great-aunt a couple of years ago, has resolved at all odds to be up-to-date. He has built himself a charming little house at Peckham Rye. Even in its external structure it presents every improvement; it has even a sliding roof for sultry evenings; and as Mr. Blinks heats his dwelling and cooks his dinner by electric light, that which ought to be chimney-pots is represented by tall urns of flowers and evergreens. There is a movable staircase from the ground to the front door, and, in fact, every device calculated to expedite and astonish has long been installed. But it is in the interior and

in their own personal equipment that Mr. and Mrs. Blinks may be said to shine.

"I have invented nothing myself, dear boy," he said to me on the occasion of my first visit to his domicile; "you will find each thing properly entered at the Patent Office. The fact is, we are all too much slaves of convention, we are suffering from antiquated methods, we are all caught in the trap of habit. I am emancipating myself, Mrs. Blinks is emancipating herself. We are happy. No, no! Don't hang up your hat; just back up against the wall here; there, that is a patent hat and coat remover; there, you see, it is done in a jiffy."

"A PATENT HAT AND COAT REMOVER."

We forthwith ascended on the moving staircase to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Blinks awaited my arrival. I had never made the acquaintance of the lady, and my first impression was that she was extremely good-looking. To my horror, however, when she arose to greet me the beautiful features at which I had cast a glance of admiration were removed, and my hostess began to fan herself coquettishly with a fan in the shape of a mask.

"Capital idea, that, don't you think?" exclaimed Blinks, noticing my confusion. "No more plain wallflowers. If a woman cannot be beautiful she can at least appear beautiful at intervals."

I looked about for a chair, but without seeing any.

"I am so sorry," cried Blinks, and, reaching up to the wall, he took down a couple of picture-frames. "Not a bad notion, this, you see. You touch a spring and, presto! here you have a nice little ottoman for a small room. All my chairs contrive a double debt to pay. The cushions are at the back. One of the greatest mistakes made in the building, or rather the appointment, of modern rooms is the amount of space wasted by windows at such a time as a window is of no earthly use except for ventilation. As I do all my ventilating by a patent revolving ventilator, for twelve hours out of the twenty-four the window is of no use whatever. And what is more unsightly than a window-blind? Even the best sorts get out of gear, and they *will* rumple. Why not occupy the space by oil-paintings on canvas which fit snugly into a surrounding gilt frame, and at night have a splendid effect? Look at this, for instance."

"NO MORE PLAIN WALL-FLOWERS" — A COMBINED BEAUTY-MASK AND FAN.

My host pressed a spring and the whole of the window-space was covered by a rapidly-descending portrait of a gentleman, which had previously been kept concealed on a roller.

"My ancestor, Sir Jocelyn Blinks—came back in the *Mayflower*. You hear of such lots of Americans who went over on the *Mayflower*, the Colonial aristocracy. Mine came back in that ship, the only one who did, and was knighted by Charles I. Portrait—after Van Dyck. You have no idea how it brightens up a room to have full-length family portraits occupying the window-space."

Mr. Blinks turned on the electric light, and one after another the family portraits descended.

"Now, isn't this cosy? Isn't this snug? Isn't it artistic? It looks like a charming mediæval picture gallery. All those flats in London, though, with two windows to a room can hang quite large pictures. All you have got to do is to see that the surrounding space is encased in a heavy gilt frame, and slide out the bottom portion of the frame from the wainscoting.

"What do you think of my wall-paper?"

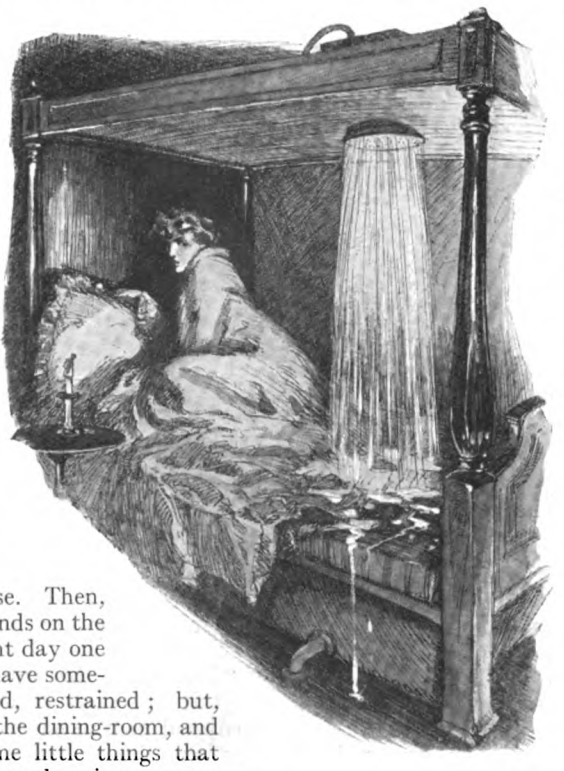
I said I thought it was subdued.

"Subdued! Bless you! Of course it is. That is our afternoon paper, isn't it, my dear?" asked Blinks, turning to his wife. "There is nothing so ridiculous

as the idea people have got that they can only have one wall-paper at a time. People get so tired of having the same wall-paper morning, noon, and night, not to mention every week and every month. One change of wall-paper a year is what most people allow themselves. I think I have heard of it lasting as long as five years. Now, if wall-paper were regarded as a sort of paperhanging or movable screen, you could have two or three kinds of wall-paper, worked on precisely the same principle as the window-blind. You pull a cord or touch a button, and one pattern is promptly rolled up like this —see?"

Whereupon Mr. Blinks suited the action to the word, and a very flamboyant design, in which tulips, horseshoes, horses' heads, and riding whips were grotesquely intermingled, instantly appeared on one side of the wall.

"I reserve this," he explained, "for my bachelor friends when they come to dinner, or on occasions of uncommon festivity. It is hardly quiet enough for general use. Then, again, it largely depends on the weather. On a bright day one naturally wishes to have something more subdued, restrained; but, come, let us go into the dining-room, and I will show you some little things that you really ought to introduce in your own house."



"A SLIGHT MISADVENTURE WITH THE COMBINED BED AND BATH."

Just then we heard a piercing scream at the end of the passage. "I wonder what's up?" cried Blinks. "I am afraid my wife is in trouble."

He darted from me, and returned in a few minutes to say that Mrs. Blinks, who had been lying down for a moment on the bed, had come to grief owing to a dislocation of the machinery.

"Machinery? What machinery is there about a bed?"

"Ah! you don't understand," replied Blinks. "All the beds in this house are combined beds and bath-tubs. It seems such a shameful waste of space to have beds and bath-tubs separate. It works beautifully. I will see that the reservoir of your bed is full, and you shall try it in the morning."

"But Mrs. Blinks?" I interposed.

"It is all that silly plumber," he said. "I cannot get them to understand the mechanism. If I send for a carpenter or an upholsterer, he tells me to send for the plumber; if I send for the plumber, he says it is a joiner's job. But it is all right—she only had a little splashing. You cannot live in an up-to-date household without having an accident now and then."

We slid downstairs on a patent stair-slider, and entered the *salle à manger*.

"May I offer you some refreshment?" asked Blinks. "You notice we have no sideboard here. Our drinks are served through tubes. You see this row of buttons? Well, these immediately connect with wine and spirit bins."

It would almost seem as if the difficulty of obtaining drinks had occurred to dozens of inventors, for there are at the Patent Office specifications of all kinds of appliances for reducing the effort of obtaining liquor refreshment at all hours of the day and night to a minimum. There is the lamp-bracket siphon, which squirts out soda-water and is always on tap. There is the table-leg designed to contain the second, the third, and even fourth bottle. There are various designs of mock bookcases, each with its own array of liqueurs.

Mr. Blinks exhibited a most ingenious table candlestick, which, when the top containing the candle was removed, was found to contain Chartreuse and Benedictine liqueurs.

In perambulating the house one found all kinds of invented novelties; for instance,

more picture-frames which were not picture-frames but patent cupboards.

"You have no idea," explained Blinks, "what a lot of space there is to be saved in this way. I don't say that it would be prudent to hide a loaf of bread behind a Meissonier, or use a Velazquez as a screen for concealing the oil and vinegar cruet; but the wall, especially in London houses, is ridiculously wasted.

"One moment," ejaculated my host, as the telephone bell rang. He reached up and took the receiver from the electrolier. "Rather a good idea, this," he observed; "all telephone arrangements should be combined with the electrical fittings."

"A PNEUMATIC CAP."

At this point I was startled by hearing a voice call out with great distinctness, "Seven o'clock," from the mantelpiece.

"That is my gramophone clock," said Blinks. "In another fifteen minutes you will hear it call out 'A quarter past seven'; a much better idea than a foolish set of chimes.

"Try this chair," remarked my host. "It's very useful in hot weather."

I observed that it was a rocker, and that as it rocked a fan was actuated over the head of the sitter. As I sat there, being fanned, Blinks pointed out that both the tables in the room revolved upon an axis.

"Saves no end of trouble," he explained. "Very handy when you want to find things."

Eventually the dinner-hour approached. "I suppose I ought to give you twenty minutes to dress," said Blinks. "As for me, I wear patent dress-clothes, and it takes me under five."

"Patent dress-clothes!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, it's only doing away with that stupid convention that the three chief top items of masculine attire should be separate. Why shouldn't they all be in one piece—shirt, coat, and waistcoat? They are put on in one operation, and were invented by a clever Dutch actor who gave a lightning quick-change act in London some years ago. Of course, it might not do for a ball, but it is all right for a dinner-party, and saves no end of time."

My friend followed my inquiring glance.

"I see you are looking at that cap. Rather a pretty one, isn't it? I always wear that on railway journeys. Come—blow me up, and I will show you what an advantage it is; or perhaps I can manage it myself." Blinks seized a bicycle inflator and commenced inflating his singular headgear. "A splendid travelling-cap. You can't beat it for comfort," he said; "and it is awfully useful in case some scoundrel should try to sandbag you. Here, give me a blow yourself; no—not that stick—this other thick one; *now*, with all your might."

"A VENTILATING HAT."

I clenched my fist firmly round the weapon and did as Blinks directed. The blow promptly felled him to the floor. He got up a little disconcerted, but not in the least indignant, and began rubbing his pate. "You have got more strength in that arm of yours," he said, "than I fancied, or else I did not blow myself up enough. I feel sure it cannot be the fault of the cap. We will try it again later on."

My friend replaced the pneumatic cap with a tall silk hat of the fashionable shape. "There is an awful lot of nonsense about present-day headgear. Any kind of hat is healthy if it is only properly ventilated. It is no use punching a hole in the top of a hat and then thinking you have ventilated it. The whole top ought to come off, like this."

Having firmly adjusted it on his head, he gave an effective illustration of its ventilating properties by lifting the top disc of the crown from the top of the hat. On releasing it, it sprang instantly into place. "Now, that is what I call sensible. I never wear anything else."

"Except on railway journeys?" I suggested.

HEADGEAR FOR LADIES IN DOUBTFUL ATMOSPHERE. THE MUFF SUPPLIES OZONE TO THE HELMET.

Blinks shot a furtive glance at me. "Of course," he assented, replacing the hat on its bracket, and reminding me that a patent has been taken out for a sun and dust hat. Immediately above the brim there are two apertures for the eyes, filled with fine transparent gelatine or with similar material. When the wearer suffers any inconvenience from sun or dust the hat is made so as to pull down over the ears, and the transparent eye-holes come opposite the eyes of the wearer.

"By the by," Blinks continued, "my wife also wears hygienic headgear. The whole top is released by a pressure on the hat-pin. But you would never guess what this is," he pursued.

"Looks like a diver's helmet," I said.

"No; it is a patent head-protector and travelling muff. You see, ladies when travelling are subjected to all sorts of inconveniences and embarrassments, and even indignities. Now, this purifies the air with ozone carried in the muff, and you know what the air of some of those stuffy railway-carriages is. By its use she can enter and remain without impurity in any smoking-compartment. Once a man got in and smoked strong shag all the way from Carlisle to Crewe and Mrs. Blinks was none the worse—thanks to this invaluable invention."

AN UMBRELLA WITH A WINDOW.

Another peculiarity of my friend Blinks was that his umbrellas all had windows of transparent oil-silk, so that there was no danger of collision in making headway against a storm. Each umbrella was also provided with a rain absorber to prevent the rain from running down the article. These absorbers were really small sponges sewn into the fabric at the ends of the ribs.

Another umbrella, for ladies' use, was attached to an arrangement for fastening to the waist, where it was supported without the use of the wearer's hands, which were left free for other purposes.

A pair of mud-guards for boots was another ingenious idea, although they looked to me more likely to catch all the mud there was going.

Mr. Blinks showed me his collection of walking-sticks. They were all fitted with attachments—swords, pistols, pipes, perfumes, inkpots; one held liquor, another contained a razor, shaving apparatus, and toothbrush.

A SELF-SUPPORTED UMBRELLA.

It is impossible to describe the marvels of dinner at the Blinkses'. Dishes were always coming out of other dishes. And there was a combination of spoon and knife which gave a great deal of trouble. The supply of hot soup proceeded from a tap in the middle of the table. Pepper and salt were supplied from tiny swinging receptacles suspended at the side of each place.

MUD-GUARDS FOR BOOTS.

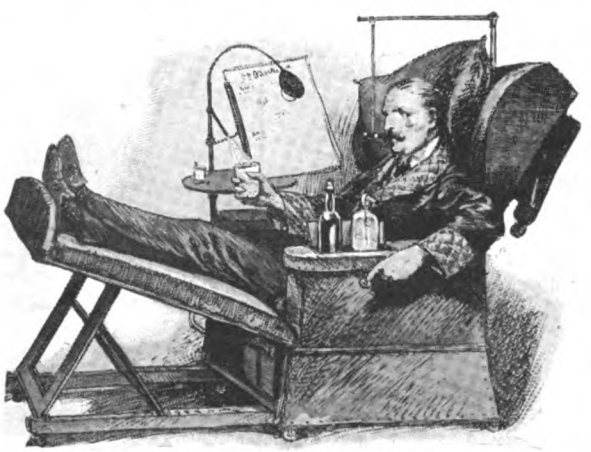
After dinner we repaired to Blinks's den and smoked. Blinks called it a den, but it reminded me more of a gallery of machinery at the White City. There was one chair that he offered me in which you never did anything at all yourself. Having adjusted the various parts of the chair to the exact angle of comfort to your body, you then followed a similar course for your arms and feet; and by a trifling pressure of the fingers upon certain artfully-placed buttons at the end of the arm-rests a cigar was fixed in your mouth, and in response to another movement a wonderful cigar-lighter darted out from the side of the chair and threw out an elbow, and hey, presto! your cigar was lit. Only you had to go to the trouble of smoking it. It seemed rather a pity that the ingenuity of the scheme should break down at the most interesting and perhaps the most important point.

Then another device furnished you with a drink. And to save you the trouble of sitting up and drinking it, the exact tilt was actuated by a sinuous and invisible rod.*

I confess when the hour came for retiring, after an evening passed in the company of Mrs. Blinks's pianola, gramophone, and electrophone, I rather funked the bath-bed; and it was not until Blinks had positively assured me that he had removed every drop of water from the cistern that I consented to yield my person to its amenities. But if I imagined that I had exhausted the Paradise of Patents I was undeceived, for no sooner had I closed my eyes than my gaze was transfixed by a huge, luminous moon, which sent its beams upon me through the ceiling of a dark-blue ground. At first I thought that the roof was off, and that I was in truth gazing upon the blue sky; but a slight investigation convinced me that it was only an illusion. To sleep beneath the moon may be calming to some spirits, but it was too novel an experience for me. I began to toss restlessly from side to side, and this must have released some mechanism concealed in the bed, for the soothing melody began to waft up from somewhere beneath the bolster, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother; Rock Me to Sleep!" This was followed by another lullaby. Its only purpose was defeated by the fact that it did not lull. The more restless I became the more the melody went on. I got up and began pacing the floor, but I got back into bed again when my foot went down about fifteen inches into what Blinks told me afterwards was a "floor-cupboard," which one of the maidservants had left with the lid off.

"We always use our floor for cupboard room," he said. "By the use of patent carpets each square of pattern can be lifted, and is very handy for storing away clothes and brushes, and so forth."

With something of relief was it that I got home, with all its conventions and obsolete appointments. I made a careful inspection to see if there was any lurking innovation anywhere. In my present frame of mind I couldn't stand it. My eyes fell on the gas-brackets. I at once gave orders for them to be taken down and the gas turned off. I then lit the candles, wrote to the company to remove the telephone, and sent out and bought a warming-pan.



A UNIVERSAL-UTILITY-CHAIR.

* This device is actually in use at one of the great hospitals.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

MR. GEORGE CADBURY.

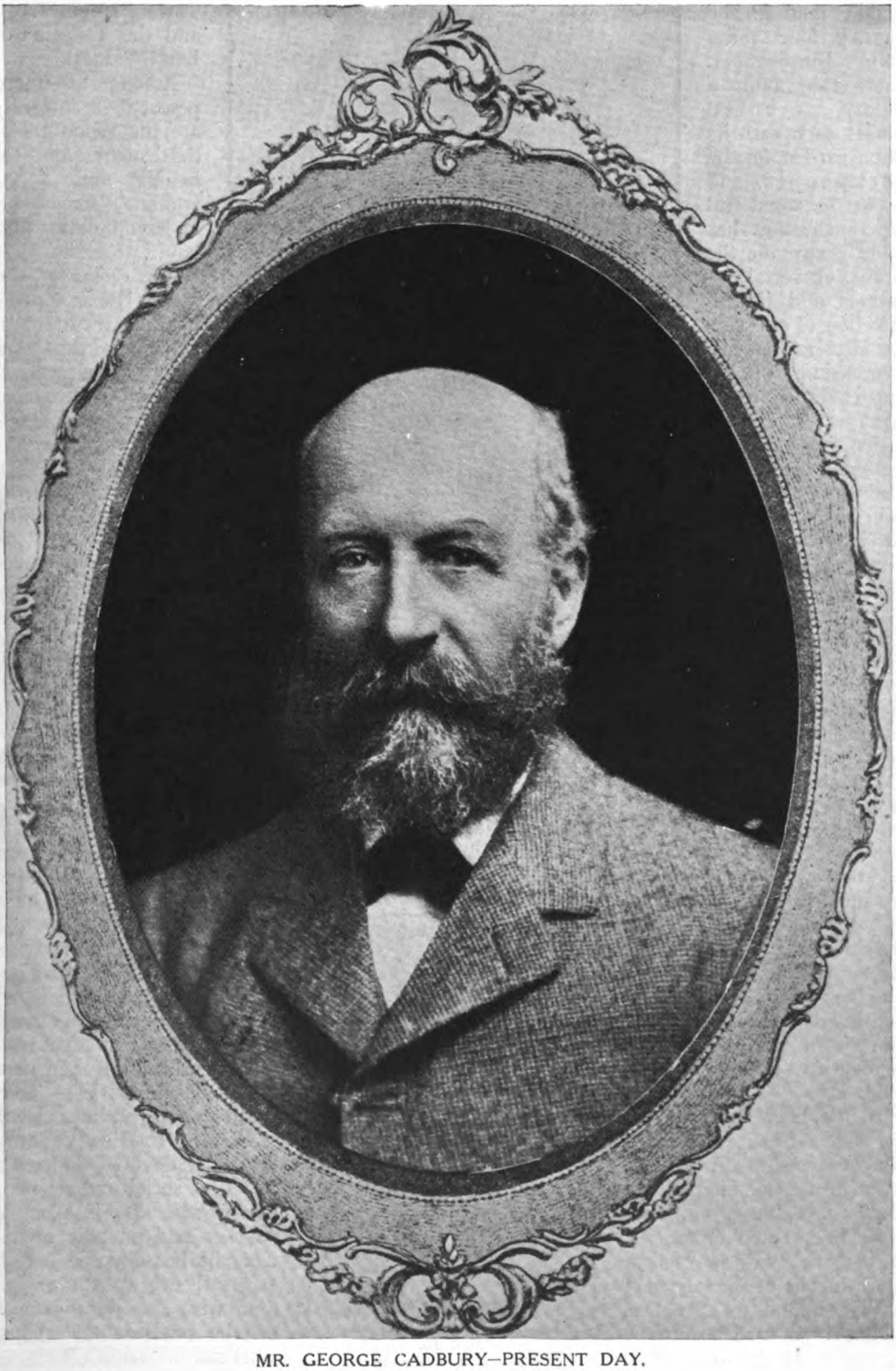
From a] AGE 3. *[Photograph.*

THE famous tribute to Wren, carved on St. Paul's Cathedral —" Si monumentum requiris, circumspice "—comes to mind as you walk through Bournville. If you want a memorial of George Cadbury, look around. Here, in this city in a garden, you will find the soul of a man. It is as though a thought has taken root in the soil and flowered into a thousand gracious manifestations. Hither come pilgrims from all lands to carry away the seed of the idea, and far and near that idea is working a silent and beneficent revolution in the thought of the world. " All may grow the flower now they have got the seed," said the poet, a little scornfully. George Cadbury would say it with gladness, for there is no sense of personal pride or exclusiveness in his experiment. He has only one passion, the passion for humanity, and Bournville is not a toy for his amusement, but a model of social regeneration.

Born in Birmingham in 1839 of an old West-country Quaker stock, the grandson of the famous Richard Tapper Cadbury, who was known as the " King of Birmingham," brought up in the severe school of self-discipline and unselfish labour, his youthful ambition had been to enter the medical profession. But the family affairs claimed him. His father handed over the business in Bridge Street to him and his brother Richard in 1861. It was small and struggling. The brothers, each with a small fortune at command, set themselves to rescue it. They worked early and late, they travelled for the firm, they refused to enter into any obligations they could not meet. Their resources came near vanishing-point, and George prepared to go out to Assam as a tea-planter. Then the tide slowly turned. The business grew, its activities became world-wide, new premises were necessary.

Then the idea that had been germinating took shape. From his earliest youth George Cadbury had been working among the poor in Birmingham. The Adult School movement had brought him face to face with the great problems of social wrong. The horrors of the slums had made him a housing reformer when housing reform was unknown. The miseries of the slum children, the sorrows of the aged poor, had entered like iron into his soul. Now the time had come to act. He would show that business could be made the bedrock of social reform.

From a] AGE 16. *[Photograph.*



MR. GEORGE CADBURY—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.

From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

In 1879 the firm bought land in the country four miles from Birmingham. There they built a factory, erected houses, each with its ample garden, for the workpeople, and began the wonderful experiment that has made Bournville the Mecca of social reformers and the inspiration of the garden-city movement. Gymnasium, cricket grounds, tennis courts, swimming baths, recreation grounds were established for the workers. Drill instructors were provided for the young, pensions for the aged worker. George Cadbury erected a noble pile of school buildings for the children, his brother almshouses for the old. To crown all and to secure the model for ever, the five hundred and sixty acres which surround the works George Cadbury made over to a public trust for the benefit of the community. But Bournville is only one phase of his activities. He is the motive-power behind a multitude of movements. The Society of Friends has no more devoted member. He was one of the founders and the most liberal supporter of the National Free Church Council, and it was he and his eldest son Edward Cadbury who kept the National Old Age Pension Society in operation until its triumphant victory in the Budget of 1908.

To his liberality was due the famous Sweating Exhibition of 1906, which resulted later in the passing of an Act for receiving a minimum wage in sweated industries. He embarked into journalism as a means of propagating his ideas, and to that fact is largely due such reforms as the Small Holdings Act, the Housing and Town Planning Act, and the Taxation of Land Values.

AGE 49.
From a Photo. by Mowll.

Among his more personal interests are the Woodbrooke Settlement for religious and social training, for which he gave building and land after he left Woodbrooke for the Manor House, Northfield; the Beeches, which he keeps as a home of rest for tired workers in the social field; and The Woodlands, which he has given as a home for crippled children. But the Adult School is perhaps nearer his heart than any movement. For over fifty years he has gone Sunday by Sunday to teach in Birmingham. He has seen the movement branch out into many centres and a multitude of good works. His own class has become the mother of twenty-eight centres. His pupils are scattered all over the world, and his happiest memories are associated with those whose lives he has seen transformed by this remarkable movement.

Throughout the summer he entertains thousands of the poor of Birmingham at the Manor, where he has built a great rustic barn for their accommodation. It is there that he is seen at his best, moving with his bright laugh and cheerful greetings among the poor, whom he loves with a simple, brotherly affection.

Mr. Cadbury has been twice married, and has eleven children. In Mrs. Cadbury he has a devoted supporter in all his social and religious enterprises. An intellectual speaker and an able organizer, she has devoted herself especially to causes associated with the improvement of the condition of women workers.

INFANTRY AT THE DOUBLE.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by René Bull.

WHIT-MONDAY was late in the year, and, astonishing to tell, the holiday was bright and warm, gay and sunny. The ordinarily quiet suburban village in which Mr. Septimus Deacon lived was crowded, hilarious, uproarious. The common was become a fair, where swings swung, roundabouts rotated, cocoanuts stood undisturbed in an atmosphere of whizzing sticks, and ear-piercing tunes, evolved by steam power, tore the affrighted air. With a corner of the common all to itself, Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus contributed a large part of the general uproar and animation, and not far away Challis's Show of Natural Wonders and Tasty Talent hinted its presence through the medium of two big drums and a key-bugle, with an occasional interlude on a megaphone. The Green Dragon was crowded within and without, and the ample and busy space about it was edged with a fringe of small children, in perambulators and out of them; so that an innocent foreigner might have supposed them to stand in waiting to supply the legendary meal of the Green Dragon, when that monster should find business slackening, and snatch a moment to take a little sustenance on its own account. But the free-born Briton would have passed by unalarmed, recognizing the operation of the Act of Parliament that hallows all licensed premises from youthful intrusion.

Mr. Septimus Deacon always took a philanthropic delight in the Whit-Monday fair on the common, though it was not often that the weather permitted him so thorough an enjoyment of its cheerfulness. He was called, accurately enough, an old bachelor, though he had few or none of the characteristics of the conventional bachelor type; it was, in fact, merely by accident of sex that he was not an old maid, as perhaps he should have been. He had been coddled at home as a boy, and remained his mother's companion when he grew up; and now that he was alone and had never had to work, or rub against the rude world, he coddled himself, and would have been happier, perhaps, and busier, if Miss Wicks, the old maid next door, had taught him wool-work.

Mr. Deacon, short-sighted, benevolent of aspect, wrapped about the neck—for one is liable to a chill in the brightest of weather—and carrying an umbrella—for showers come very suddenly, no matter how close home one may be—stared through thick spectacles at everything in the fair, and benignantly approved of it all.

"Fine, hearty, whole-hearted enjoyment," he said to himself, smiling at a game that looked like football with no ball, wherein the sons and daughters of toil exchanged hats and thumped each other, hard, between the shoulder-blades, with howls of laughter. "Healthy, unrestrained merriment," he added, brushing vaguely at his ear, and there

encountering a long feather "tickler," extended from the hand of a thick-set damsel with a still longer feather in her hat. He turned quickly, and met a sharp squirt of chilly liquid, which for a moment wholly blinded him to the charms of the thick-set damsel's two companions, who danced off with jubilant shrieks, leaving him hurriedly intercepting the streams that ran down his neck. He wondered rather at the smell, as he would not have done had he been out early enough to see the "tormentor" merchant filling his "scent-fountains" at the ditch across the common.

Mr. Septimus Deacon occupied some few minutes in adjusting his wrappers and reconciling his adventure with his general delight in the proceedings, and then found himself politely begging pardon of a solitary son of toil, very husky, who ran into him sideways and hung heavily on to his coat-lappet, hiccupping dismally.

"You s-seen my missis anywhere?" demanded the son of toil, disregarding Mr. Deacon's apologies.

"No," said Mr. Deacon, "I haven't."

"*Qui' sure?*" pursued his questioner, with piercing emphasis, supporting himself now by both lappets of Mr. Deacon's coat, and regarding him with an apparent suspicion that the lady might be artfully concealed in his tail-pocket.

"I'm really quite sure," replied Mr. Deacon, fervently; "absolutely sure that I haven't seen her at all, anywhere."

"I dunno wha's become of 'er," mused the bereaved husband, disconsolately shaking his head. "I biffed 'er in the eye, an' I ain't seen 'er since. *I* dunno wha' she wan' go 'way like that for. No accountin' for a woman. Comin' out for 'nollidy an' goin' off soon's we begin!"

"Quite unaccountable," agreed Mr. Deacon, gently seeking to detach his new friend's grasp. "You must be most anxious, and I am sorry to have detained you. Good morning!"

"But look 'ere—you'll tell me when you see 'er, won' yer?"

"Certainly—of course; at once!"

"Tell 'er I'm worry outomelife 'bout 'er. I'm very fon' my wife. I jis' biffed 'er in the eye, an' I ain' seen 'er—ain' seen 'er noffor a long time. Answers to the name o' Soosan. Goo' bye, ol' pal! I'll never forgeshyer. I'll go'n ask s'mother feller."

"A fine, affectionate character under a rough exterior!" bleated Mr. Deacon, inwardly, as with some relief he observed the anxious spouse's intricate progress through the crowd. Then he went his way in the direction leading by the Green Dragon.

"Charming sight! Charming sight!" he mused, beaming on the fringe of small children; when he found himself addressed by a somewhat worried-looking woman with a large double perambulator, of the sort called a bassinette, with two hoods.

"*Would* you jist give a 'and to my pram, sir, while I go an' fetch my 'usband?" pleaded the woman. "He's in the Green Dragon, an' I been a-waitin' 'ere 'alf an hour."

"Certainly!" replied Mr. Deacon, beaming more than ever. "He's a little forgetful of the flight of time, no doubt, on so fine a holiday."

He took the handle of the unaccustomed vehicle, and the woman, with an appearance of great relief, disappeared in the main door of the Green Dragon. Mr. Deacon waited with a great deal of patience, with his eyes fixed on the door. "Another affectionate husband, no doubt," he thought. "He is distressed to find he has kept his wife waiting so long, and now insists on her sharing his refreshment."

But there was no sign of the anxious mother, and Mr. Deacon's patience suffered a certain strain. He began to feel a little apprehensive. The re-united parents had apparently forgotten all about their offspring. He looked anxiously about him, and presently his attention was arrested by a long, steady chuckle from a man who leaned on a neighbouring post, smoking a pipe.

"It's a do, guv'nor," he said, as Mr. Deacon's gaze met his. "You're landed with them kids, like what she was afore you."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Deacon, conscious of a distinct change of temperature under his clothes.

The man at the post chuckled again.

"I've been a-watchin' that there pram some time," he said. "Three or four parties 'as bin landed with it what I see myself, an' others afore that, no doubt. As soon as they tumbled to the do they jist looked round an' found another mug an' passed it on. You'll 'ave to find another mug."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Deacon, with a sharper change of temperature still. "Do you mean that these children don't belong to that woman?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the man at the post. "It was a man as lumbered 'em on to her. Arst her to mind 'em while he went arter his wife, 'e did; an' it was a woman as

landed 'im with 'em—said she was waitin' for 'er 'usband."

"But where are all these people?" demanded Mr. Deacon, as the state of the case dawned on him. "Aren't they in the Green Dragon?"

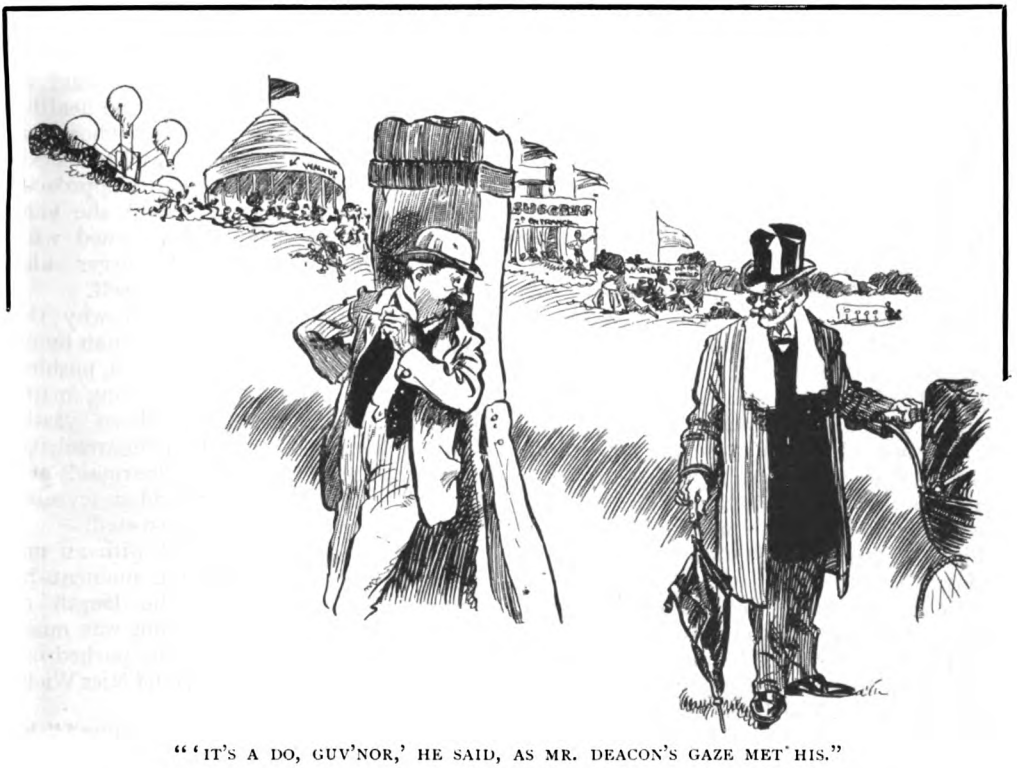
"Not them. They 'ooked it out the back way as fast as they went in, you bet. *You'll* have to find a mug too, I tell ye. Go on—I won't give you away."

"That's quite out of the question," returned Mr. Deacon, conscientious in his sweat of panic. "Where are the police?"

"Don't believe there are none—I never see none 'bout 'ere on Bank 'Oliday."

what you've bin landed. 'Ere's a woman comin' along now. Tell 'er to ketch 'old while you go into the pub an' give your wife a 'idin'. That'll fetch 'er!"

But it became plain that Mr. Deacon fell far short of his prompter's ideal of a sportsman. He allowed the suggested victim to pass, and desperately collected his scattered faculties to face the situation. He separated the two hoods, which made something like a complete roof, and peeped at the babies. They seemed a particularly ugly couple, he thought, as they lay at opposite ends; but then Mr. Deacon was exceptionally inexperienced in babies, and with all his philan-



"'IT'S A DO, GUV'NOR,' HE SAID, AS MR. DEACON'S GAZE MET HIS."

Mr. Deacon recognized that this observation was not far from truth. For the place was outside the Metropolitan Police district, and the neighbourhood was apt to be given over wholly to the beanfeasters on these occasions. The police-station was a cottage some distance off, and the policeman might be anywhere. Moreover, the workhouse was eight miles away. The situation was shocking.

"Never mind, guv'nor," urged his adviser. "Don't spile the fun. It's bin a fair beano for me, lookin' on. Land somebody else like

thropy could not conscientiously recall any baby that he hadn't considered ugly. Fortunately both appeared to be asleep, so he quietly closed the hoods together, and with a last hopeless glance at the door of the Green Dragon began to push the perambulator toward home, to the audible scorn of the sportsman on the post. For Mr. Deacon could think of only one resource; he must consult Miss Wicks, the old maid next door.

"Well, you *are* a mug," remarked the man on the post, bitterly, as he saw his morning's

diversion leaving him. "I must say I wish you joy o' that lot!"

Mr. Deacon pursued his unaccustomed exercise in deep perplexity. The parting shot from the humorist at the post made him uneasy. Suppose this pair of infants were never claimed—would they remain for ever on his hands? All his recollections of cases of foundling children tended to reassure him in that respect, and yet—his experience of the world was small, and of babies nothing; and he could not help feeling a little uneasy. They looked as though they might be rather ill-tempered babies.

He was disposed to take another peep, and presently a fancied movement under the hoods decided him. He was in a quieter spot, and unobserved. He pulled back the hoods and looked again. Certainly they were most unprepossessing babies. Both appeared to have moved since Mr. Deacon's last peep, so he ventured to lift the mouthpiece of the feeding-bottle that lay conspicuously on the coverlet and gently insinuate it between the lips of the baby that seemed a trifle the less ugly of the two. But instantly mouth and eyes screwed tighter, and turned in toward the pillow with unmistakable rejection. So Mr. Deacon conveyed the bottle to the opposite end and tried the other baby, with a more pronounced result. For there was a spit and splutter from that mouth, and as the face turned pillow-wards one screwed-up eye half opened with a momentary gleam of evil rage that caused Mr. Deacon to drop the feeding-bottle with something like a gasp. Obviously they were most ill-tempered babies. It was a mercy they hadn't started crying.

"Go it, nuss-maid," growled a voice at his elbow. And Mr. Deacon turned quickly to perceive the disgruntled humorist, late of the post, who, apparently despairing of better diversion, had followed his tracks.

"Go it," repeated the philosopher. "Pick 'em up an' cuddle 'em. My eye, your missis'll comb your 'air for you when you take that lot 'ome!"

He glanced about him in search of a post—he looked curiously incomplete with no post—and, finding none, relapsed into morose contemplation.

Mr. Deacon closed the hood and went on. At any rate, the scoffer was baulked of one triumph; there was no Mrs. Deacon. But his persevering steps could be heard following behind, albeit with an easy languor proper to Bank Holiday. It was Mr. Deacon's pause that had enabled him to catch up; plainly he was making the best of an economical holiday free of personal exertion.

Mr. Deacon hurried forward, and the scoffer lagged unswervingly behind. The garden of Miss Wicks's house, as of Mr. Deacon's own, was enclosed with a thick hedge, in which stood a gate; and it was with a sense of relief that Mr. Deacon heard this gate clang behind him.

The house stood well back in the garden, and he had a winding course of gravel path to traverse, amid many flower-beds of diverse shapes. Miss Wicks was visible near the house, but her back was turned, and the contorted ingenuity of her garden-planning caused Mr. Deacon and the perambulator to execute many tacks and long reaches, like a ship beating up wind. As he executed these laborious manœuvres Mr. Deacon grew aware of the delighted regards of a housemaid at a first-floor window, whose round and healthy face grew suddenly broader, and whose fist was stuffed convulsively against her mouth as she contemplated the deviously-approaching phenomenon. For an instant she vanished, and in the next had returned with another grinning housemaid, larger and shinier and more hilarious than herself.

Vaguely Mr. Deacon wondered why the spectacle of an elderly single gentleman living next door, rather warm with exertion, pushing a perambulator-load of babies along many curvilinear garden-paths should so vastly entertain housemaids; and as he wondered he added a clause including parlourmaids and cooks, for presently another window revealed two more faces similarly exhilarated.

Mr. Deacon became afflicted with an unreasonable sheepishness; for a moment he contemplated retreat, but the length of intricate garden-path behind him was much greater than that before, and he pushed on, with confused misgivings. Would Miss Wicks laugh at him too?

"Ha—good morning, good morning!" he said, with feeble geniality; and Miss Wicks turned.

She did not laugh. Laughter was not a common habit of the exceedingly correct Miss Wicks, who now regarded Mr. Deacon and his charge with a gaze of chilly amazement.

Panic spread through Mr. Deacon's bones.

"Good morning," he repeated, with a flurried bow and a ghastly smile. "I've—I've brought some babies!"

"Indeed!"

The word is easy to write; but as Miss Wicks said it—not in twenty volumes! Mr.

Deacon dimly felt himself guilty of some unimagined atrocity.

"I—I hope you don't mind?" he bleated, anxiously.

"Really, Mr. Deacon," came the reply, as from frozen altitudes, "why should I mind?"

"So glad you're so pleased," he answered, desperately. "I felt sure you'd take to them. Your motherly instincts——"

"Mr. Deacon—really!"

Wicks turned toward the rose she had been tending.

"Then, perhaps," pursued Mr. Deacon, desperately gathering his scattered faculties, "perhaps you'd rather not take charge of them?"

"Take charge of them, Mr. Deacon? Most certainly I shall do nothing of the kind!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud shout from the gate.

"Garn! Don't you believe 'im, mum,"

"'THEN, PERHAPS,' PURSUED MR. DEACON, 'PERHAPS YOU'D RATHER NOT TAKE CHARGE OF THEM?"

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Deacon, blankly. "I—of course, what I meant was, with all your experience——"

"My *experience*, Mr. Deacon?"

"Yes—that is, of course, what I really mean is—very extraordinary how I got hold of them, really. You'd be most interested——"

"Indeed, you are mistaken; I am not at all interested, I assure you." And Miss

came the voice of the scoffer from the post. "It's a yarn, mum. Don't you 'ave nothink to do with 'em. Oh, he's a shockin' old bloke, that 'usband o' yours! You 'ave a separation at the p'lice-court!"

"What outrage is this?" cried Miss Wicks, turning on the unhappy Mr. Deacon, who quailed and cowered over the handle of the perambulator. "What ruffian associate have you brought to help insult me, sir?"

"It's a Toiler," explained Mr. Deacon, feebly. "A Toiler under a misapprehension. He only does these things on Bank Holidays. I—I—perhaps I'd better be getting along!"

"I certainly think it most desirable," bridled the indignant lady.

And Mr. Deacon, much impeded by his umbrella, made a stumbling shift to turn the heavy perambulator about, and began to reverse his divagations among the garden-beds.

But his visit had been observed afar from an upper window, through a pair of binoculars kept for such purposes by Mrs. Griffin, the most scandalous moralist in the village. A glance was enough, and in a trice Mrs. Griffin, in such articles of outdoor attire as could be drawn about her as she descended the stairs, was waddling furiously in the direction of Miss Wicks's front gate. Consequently, Mr. Deacon had barely made the first tack on his return journey when Mrs. Griffin, in hasty disarray, burst into the garden and began from her end strategic movements designed to cut off the retreat of the perambulator.

Miss Wicks regarded this invasion with horror unspeakable. Even the impenetrable Mr. Deacon, tacking about with his perambulator, was startled by the tragic distress of her demeanour. He could not in the least understand it, except as a part of the general unaccountability of the female mind, but he vaguely guessed that she had some decided objection to Mrs. Griffin making acquaintance with the babies, and that he was expected to prevent it.

"Oh, good morning, good morning!" cried Mrs. Griffin, bearing down on the perambulator as directly as the sinuosities of the gravel paths permitted. "Why, bless my soul, Mr. Deacon, what *have* you got there?"

"Samples!" cried Mr. Deacon, desperately.

"Samples?" repeated Mrs. Griffin. "What sort of samples?"

"Oh, just the ordinary kind," replied Mr. Deacon, trying his best to push past. "Quite ordinary! Sort of samples you see every day!"

At this moment the garden gate opened once more, and a new figure appeared; a tall, stout, tightly-buttoned man in a frogged and furred coat, a man with a red face, a black moustache, a bell-topped hat, and a cigar. Skipping the corners of garden-beds and striding quickly over the paths, he thrust himself, with many bows and flourishes, between the perambulator and Mrs. Griffin, who seemed on the point of forcibly seizing the hood, spite of Mr. Deacon's struggles.

"Samples, madam, samples, as me de-arr friend says," interposed the stranger, in a round and fruity voice, placing himself bodily before the object of Mrs. Griffin's ambition. "Merely samples of an ordinary, everyday description, I assure you, madam, on me sacred honarr!" Here he bowed again twice, and signalled quickly with a hand behind him to hasten Mr. Deacon's departure. "As to the exact species of sample, therre, madam, you place me, as a gentleman, in a certain difficulty. Perhaps it will suffice if you allow me to observe, me de-arr madam, that the subject would be better discussed with another of your own charming sex, when I have withdrawn. Permit me, me de-arr madam, to indicate the lady up the garden, who will no doubt give you every information; and pardon me if I seize the opportunity to rejoin me de-arr friend with the—the samples!"

Mrs. Griffin, stimulated beyond measure by this mysterious communication, made straightway for the hapless Miss Wicks; while the magniloquent stranger hurried after the fast-retreating Mr. Deacon.

In the mind of Mr. Deacon perplexity and panic were succeeded by bewilderment. Who was this affable stranger, and why should he come to the rescue out of nowhere? Revolving this puzzle, Mr. Deacon emerged from the gate, and barely noticed that the scoffer had found himself another post, and now accepted its support with a gloomy relish of the domestic revolution he supposed to be in progress in Mr. Deacon's household. He barely noticed it because his whole attention was taken by a voice—a distinct voice, audible from under the hood of the perambulator.

"Maria!" said the voice. "I'll swear that was Filer!"

Mr. Deacon's bewilderment was doubled. How soon did babies begin to talk like that? It was most extraordinary. He stopped to listen again, and with that he found the stranger by his side.

"Well, my joker," said the stranger, in a low voice, looking him hard in the eye, "what's the game?"

"The game?" repeated the mystified Mr. Deacon. "I don't understand you."

"Cheese that," replied the stranger. "I suppose you want a bit for yourself, eh?"

"A bit? A bit of what?" asked Mr. Deacon, amazedly, laying his hand by instinct on his own gate as they reached it.

The stranger took another hard look at him, and then at once resumed his earlier flowery manner.

"I beg your pardon, me de-arr sir—I humbly beg your pardon! Of course, I should nevarr have doubted I was talking to a gentleman. Your own premises, sir? Ah—permit me!" He pushed open the gate and flourished and crowded Mr. Deacon and the perambulator into the garden. "Better in private, of course. Now, my de-arr sir, touching the contents of this, ah—vehicle?"

"They seem very extraordinary babies," said Mr. Deacon.

"Ah, wonderful—wonderful babies indeed, sir"—this with a quick glance at Mr. Deacon's puzzled face. "Truly wonderful babies, as you say. Family man yourself, sir?"

"No, I'm a bachelor."

"Ah, precisely. You would be all the more surprised, I can well understand. May I inquire how they came into your charge?"

Mr. Deacon made shift to tell the tale in a dozen words.

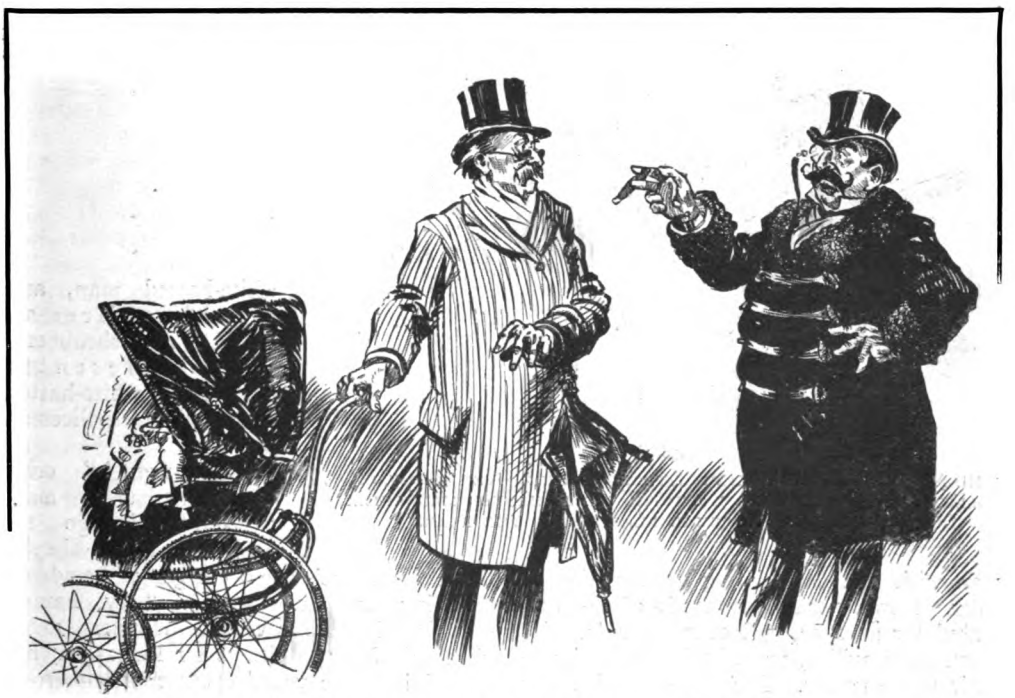
"My de-arr sir, accept the heartfelt gratitude of a—what one might almost call more or less a father! Your devotion to these helpless infants has been equal to anything recorded in the annals of heroism. I will trespass no longer on your noble philanthropy. Their nurse is close at hand—a de-arr creature, devoted to these darling infants——"

"Ah-h-h!" came a startling voice from the hedge, like a bull's. "Me heart's bleedin' for thim blessed babbies!"

"Shut up, Lanigan!" cried the tall man, angrily. "A *male* nurse," he went on, to Mr. Deacon, "who is devoted to the de-arr children, and who was in charge of them this morning till he foolishly entrusted them to the care of a stranger on an emergency——"

"Met a frind I hadn't seen for years!" came the voice from the hedge again.

"Was unavoidably detained——"



"'WELL, MY JOKER,' SAID THE STRANGER, IN A LOW VOICE, LOOKING HIM HARD IN THE EYE, 'WHAT'S THE GAME?'"

"They're that moighty slow behoind the bar at the Green Dragon!" wailed the voice.

"*Will* you shut up, Lanigan? Was detained, as I say, and the stranger basely handed over her charge to somebody else. Fortunately, my de-arr sir——"

"Misther Filer! Misther Filer!" came the voice once more, this time in a stage whisper.

"What now? What?"

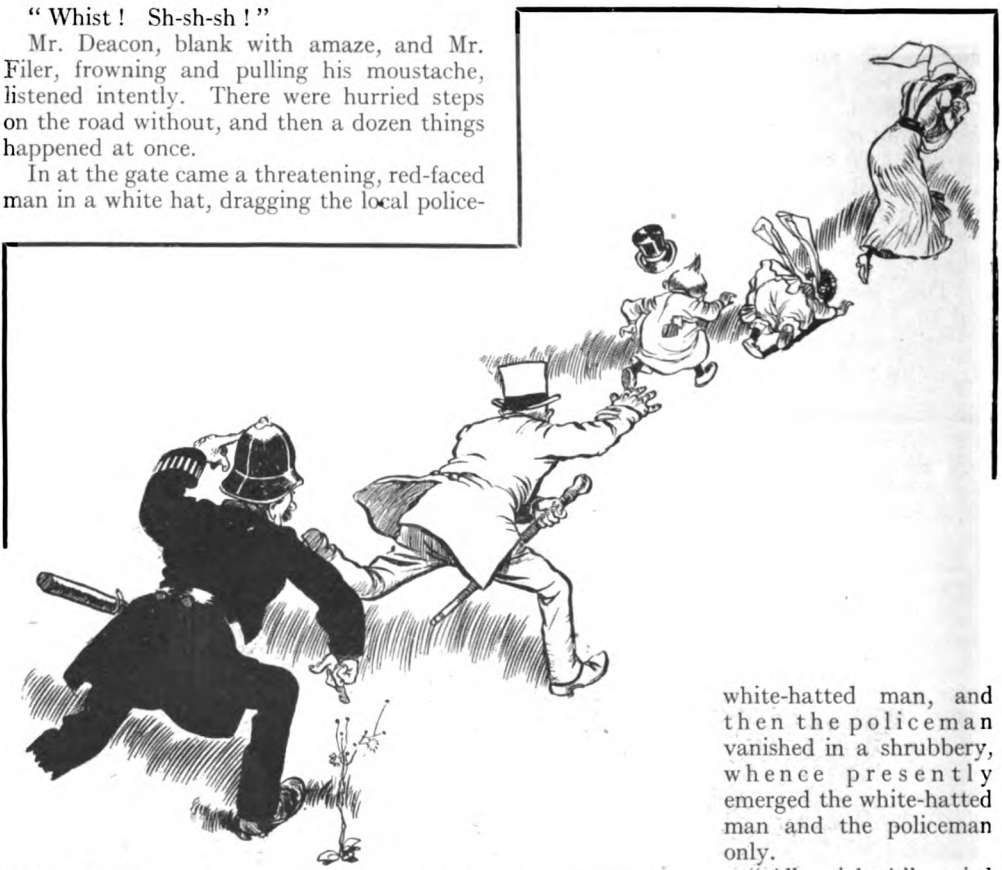
"He's there—he's comin' wid a policeman! They're talkin' wid the man at the post!"

"Who are? Who is it?" Mr. Filer's voice was hushed now.

"Whist! Sh-sh-sh!"

Mr. Deacon, blank with amaze, and Mr. Filer, frowning and pulling his moustache, listened intently. There were hurried steps on the road without, and then a dozen things happened at once.

In at the gate came a threatening, red-faced man in a white hat, dragging the local police-



"MISS WICKS FLED SHRIEKING WITH HER APRON OVER HER FACE, FOLLOWED BY THE BABIES, WITH THE WHITE-HATTED MAN AFTER THEM AND THE POLICEMAN BRINGING UP THE REAR."

man with him and blaring denunciation at Filer. Down went both hoods of the perambulator at once, and over the side, with astounding agility, went both the babies in their white gowns. The nearest hedge was that dividing the two gardens, and through a hole in that hedge by the ground the two babies bolted like rabbits. The white-hatted man and the policeman turned and ran round by the gate for Miss Wicks's garden, and Mr. Deacon, three-fourths demented, ran after them.

Once returned within Miss Wicks's gate an appalling sight met the eye. Mrs. Griffin sat gasping in a bed of geraniums, while Miss Wicks fled shrieking with her apron over her face, followed by the babies at a most amazing rate, with the white-hatted man after them and the policeman bringing up the rear. First Miss Wicks, then the babies, then the white-hatted man, and then the policeman vanished in a shrubbery, whence presently emerged the white-hatted man and the policeman only.

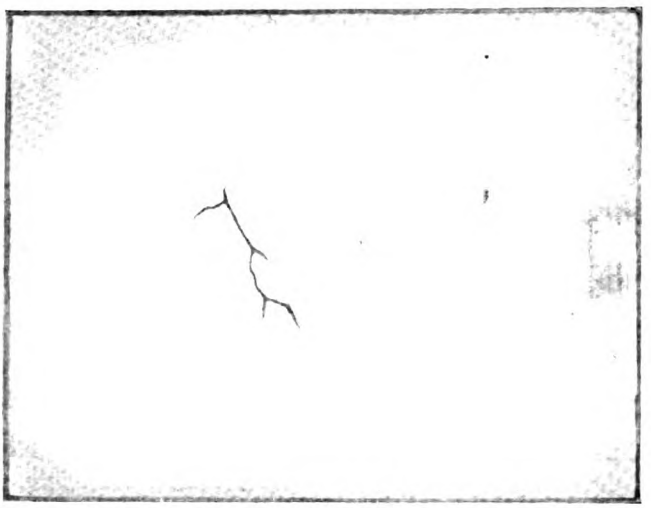
"All right!" cried the white-hatted man. "They can't go far now we know they're here. But here's one o' the gang," he added, pointing to Mr. Deacon. "My name's Challis, of Challis's Nat'ral Wonders, an' I give this feller in charge for kidnappin' my dwarfs! Three years' contract that married pair had with me, straight and legal, and Filer and this chap 'ticed 'em away from me in a p'rambulator! Promised 'em double salaries or summat, I s'pose. They'd find salaries want some gettin' out o' Filer, when it comes to the pinch! I'll 'ave the lor o' them all right, but just you make sure o' this feller!"

The scoffer at the post was a difficult man to please, in general, but he always admitted that this particular Bank Holiday was a complete success. Mrs. Griffin, also, *did* manage to make something out of it, after all, when the first shock was over, at tea-tables; and Miss Wicks is slowly recovering under medical care.

A "Follow-My-Leader" Picture.

IN last month's STRAND MAGAZINE Mr. Arthur Morrison, at the end of his interesting article on Japanese *sekigwa* or impromptu-pictures, alluded to an amusing Japanese game which might be spoken of as a sort of pictorial pool—and "snooker" pool at that. Each artist "plays on" to his predecessor, and does his best to snooker his successor. "One artist," says Mr. Morrison, "will fling a few strokes on the paper and stop, leaving it for the next to interpret these first touches as best he may, and add to them. Then follows the turn of the third artist, and the fourth, if so many be present." It struck the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE that the idea might be tried among Englishartists, and he added a footnote to Mr. Morrison's article announcing that he had made arrangements to that end. The results of theexperiment are interesting and amusing.

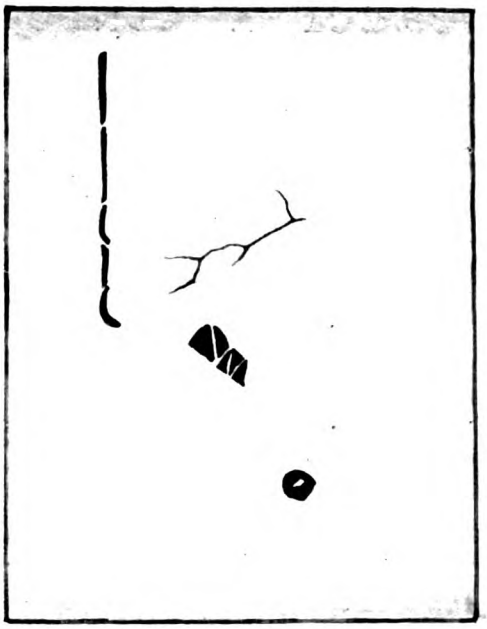
It was decided to appeal to nine well-known black-and-white artists for their co-operation—Messrs. Granville Fell, Dudley Hardy, René Bull, John Hassall, H. M. Brock, E. J. Sullivan, Joseph Simpson, Alec Ball, and H. R. Millar. Each was to add his instalment to that of his predecessor, sending to the Editor at the same time a drawing showing the completed design he had in mind and of which his instalment made a part. These finished drawings, of course, were seen by the Editor alone, and the next artist, after each addition had been made, started with no information beyond the fragments contributed by his predecessors. The "pool-picture" was photographed at each stage of its progress for the benefit of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and here is the result.



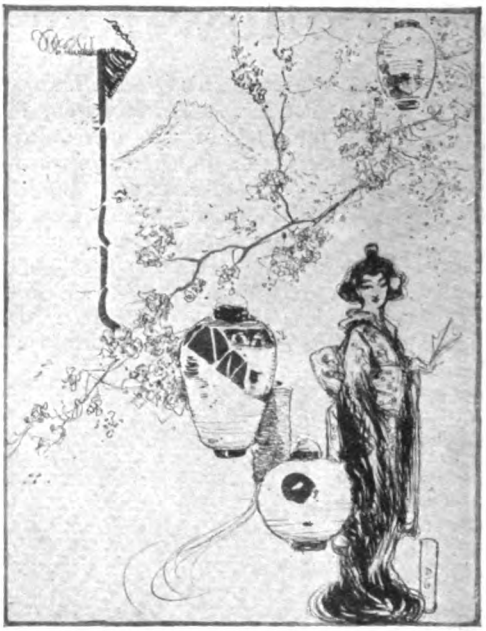
THE DESIGN STARTED BY MR. H. GRANVILLE FELL AND SENT ON TO MR. DUDLEY HARDY. THE LINES FORM THE FORE PART OF A HORSE, AS SHOWN BELOW.

THE COMPLETE PICTURE WHICH MR. GRANVILLE FELL HAD IN MIND.

Mr. Granville Fell began. He placed on the blank sheet the simple branching lines reproduced in the first illustration. A twig, perhaps, one might say. In that view the next artist might go on to drawa tree,ora water-diviner with his forked hazel-stick. Obviously it might be a river on a map, and the map might hang on a wall, thus beginning a school scene. Further, in the hands of an ingenious artist it might grow into the branching horns of a deer,



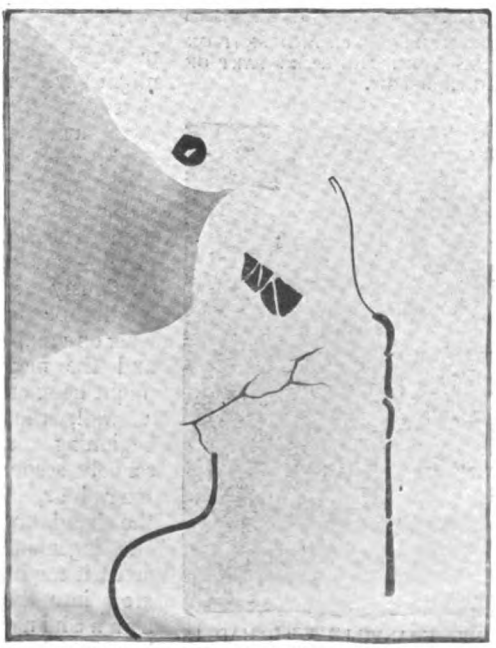
THE DESIGN, AS LEFT BY MR. DUDLEY HARDY. R.I.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S COMPLETED PICTURE.

or it might be a fissure in a rock or a hillside, beginning a landscape. One might make a hundred such guesses and never divine what Mr. Fell had in mind—which was no other than the scene reproduced in the second illustration. The branching lines belong to the throat and chest of a horse, with the beginning of the jaw-bone and a little of each fore-leg. And the horse is our old friend Rosinante, with Don Quixote astride.

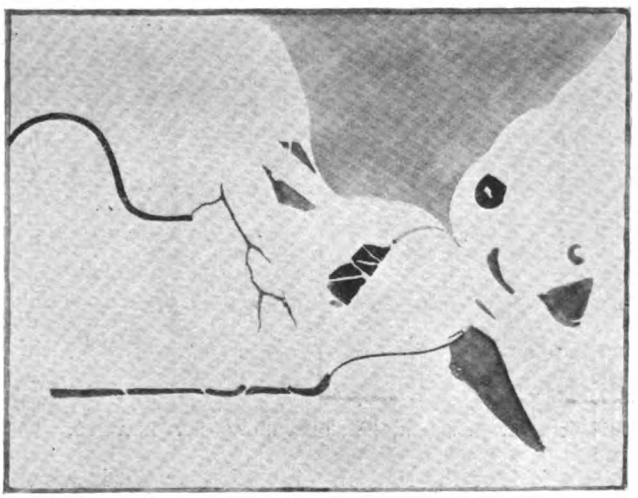
At any rate, the idea of the horse never occurred to Mr. Dudley Hardy, or if it did



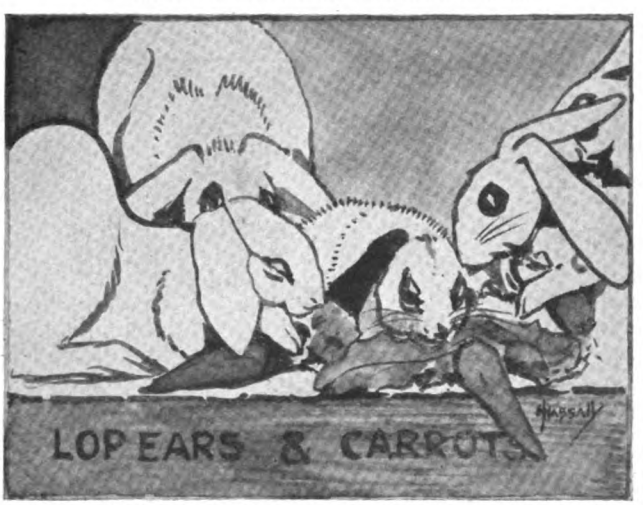
THE DESIGN AS IT LEFT MR. RENÉ BULL.

MR. RENÉ BULL'S COMPLETED PICTURE.

he preferred an idea of his own. He left the branching lines standing by themselves, and contented himself with dotting in the mysterious detached marks seen in the third illustration. Of course, as the illustrations appear here the drawing is placed in the way intended by the artist last working on it; but it must be remembered that as it came to each artist it had no right or wrong way up, and might be taken any way. So that the drawing must be turned about in all directions if one is to understand the problem presented after each instalment. Already, as we see, Mr. Granville Fell has begun with the paper placed laterally, and Mr. Dudley Hardy has turned it end up.



THE DESIGN REACHES MR. JOHN HASSALL, R.I., TO WHOM IT SUGGESTS AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT IDEA.



MR. HASSALL'S REMARKABLE IDEA OF THE COMPLETED PICTURE.

Mysterious as Mr. Dudley Hardy's blobs and dashes seem, they are clearly enough explained by his finished sketch, which is a Japanese scene. The line of the horse's chest and neck is turned into a flowering branch on which lanterns hang, and beneath which stands a lady with a fan. The thick black lines, which might seem to have been the stable-yard paving for Rosinante to walk on, have become the side of a thatched cottage or pavilion looking out toward the distant mountain. Already we are whisked from Spain to the opposite side of the world, and from Cervantes' comic epic to a poetic view of old Japan in blossom-time. But this again was not what Mr. René Bull saw in Mr. Hardy's blots and lines. Something weird and strange was what they obviously suggested, and Mr. René Bull trumped the trick with something weirder and stranger. Out from the jaw of Mr. Fell's horse he drew a firm, thick double curve, reaching to the edge of the picture. From the last of Mr. Dudley Hardy's row of strokes he drew another double curve, thinner and less pronounced in bend, with a hook at its end; and at the opposite side he threw in a grey wash irregular and puzzling in outline. The rest he left for the bedazement of Mr. John Hassall.

It was indeed a difficult problem, for Mr. René Bull had been aiming at a fantasy wholly of the imagination, as a glance at his finished drawing will show. Mr. Dudley Hardy took us at a stroke from a Spanish tale to a Japanese garden, and now Mr. Bull, finding the whole width of the world already covered by Mr. Hardy's leap, struck away out of the world altogether, "east of the sun, west of the moon," to the planet of the fantastic. To be sure, he borrows a hint from Japan in the queerly-designed signature on the label in the corner; but then every idealist who imagines something

wholly unreal is driven to use earthly elements, and a touch or two of suggestion from Japan is always useful to strike the outlandish note. Here we have a seated female figure in a costume perhaps distantly suggested by a combination of Chinese and Japanese elements with a touch of the European in the V-shaped neck, of the Indian in the ear-ornaments, and of the Egyptian in the vase in the foreground. Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-designs have become an ear-ornament and part of a shoulder-strap, and Mr. Granville Fell's Rosinante is swallowed up in the folds of the Martian (or Utopian) cloak.

MR. H. M. BROCK, R.I., CLEVERLY WORKS IN A DOG.

Truly Mr. John Hassall was set a terrible task if he were to scent out this exotic design; but his native ingenuity gave him a design of his own, so entirely fresh and unexpected, yet so exactly adapted to the puzzling elements put before him, as to make his performance perhaps the most striking and successful of the lot. Mr. Bull's weird curves and wash are left exactly as they stood, and a few almost shapeless touches of ink are added here and there, as the illustration shows. The puzzle for the newcomer is as great as ever—greater, in fact. But see and admire Mr. Hassall's complete design. Could anything be more wholly unlike what has gone before, and yet more completely adapted to the clues left by Mr. Bull? Once again the picture is turned about and placed as Mr. Fell placed it in the beginning. But here is no horse, no Japanese garden, no lady, no lanterns, no quaint citizen of the City of the Odd. Nothing but a peaceful group of lop-eared rabbits eating carrots, with the title of the picture beneath! Mr. René Bull's grey wash is adapted exactly to the contours of three of the rabbits; Mr. Fell's horse-outline serves for a rabbit's ear, eye, and paw, and a part of another rabbit's eye; but it was obviously one of Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decorations that inspired Mr. Hassall's idea, with the outline of Mr. René Bull's grey wash placed so suggestively above it. That lantern-decoration became without addition or alteration the eye of the bunny to the right. The double curve that marked the outline of the Utopian lady's back is now the midrib of a leaf destined for immediate nibbling; and altogether there never was such another transformation in the whole history of black-and-white art — except, perhaps, the next one.

THE COMPLETE PICTURE IMAGINED BY MR. H. M. BROCK.

For here Mr. H. M. Brock has clearly imagined as complete a change as Mr. Hassall's, but in an almost opposite direction. And yet the additions to the fragments

MR. E. J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S., CARRIES ON THE IDEA.

MR. E. J. SULLIVAN'S COMPLETE PICTURE.

already existing are by no means large. The chief, and one of the cleverest in the whole series, is the adaptation of Mr. Fell's rudimental horse, which has already been used as a branch, a dress-fold, and a rabbit's ear, to the outline of a dog. This is clear, and almost complete. So much so, indeed, that, as will be seen, it practically decides the fate of the picture in all its succeeding instalments. Beyond this dog-outline Mr. Brock's additions to the growing skeleton are wholly confined to a line or two which convert one of Mr. Hassall's carrots into a pretty obvious sleeve and cuff, and a touch or two above it, the intention of which

MR. J. SIMPSON, R.B.A., ADDS A FEW TELLING DETAILS.

MR. J. SIMPSON'S COMPLETE PICTURE.

THE PICTURE NOW HAVING REACHED A STAGE WHERE NO GREAT ALTERATION IS POSSIBLE, MR. ALEC BALL CHIEFLY WORKS OUT THE HANDS AND FACES.

is almost, if not quite, as clear. The dog is excellent, but we must turn to Mr. Brock's completed picture to appreciate to the full the ingenuity and precision of his adaptation. There sits a lady in an arm-chair, with the dog reclining partly on her lap and partly on a cushion. She wears a great hat with feathers, and Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decoration, which was Mr. René Bull's ear-ornament and Mr. Hassall's rabbit's eye, is now—what? Nothing but a mask, seen from the side, which the lady is removing from her face. A gentleman with the carrot-arm and an eyeglass leans on the back of the chair, and the lantern-decoration which has also been a shoulder-strap and a rabbit's ear has now, amplified, become a bodice-decoration. But more especially to be noted is the ingenuity with which the accidental breaks in two of Mr. Hassall's touches have been utilized to admit the dog's tail, while one of the touches has itself been repeated several times to represent a fan in the lady's hand. Also particularly notice the artfulness with which the row of straight and curved thick lines, first used by Mr. Dudley Hardy for the side of his cottage wall, has been worked into one of the stripes of the chair-upholstery. Every break between these lines is left, and is logically accounted for in Mr. Brock's design, first by the curve of the "roll" on the arm of the chair, next by the intrusion of the end of the cushion, and last by the seam across the side upholstery. Once more we have the drawing turned up on end, and Mr. Brock's adaptations, in their own way, are quite as ingenious as Mr. Hassall's.

But the lap-dog has done the trick, and very radical alterations of design are no longer possible. Mr. E. J. Sullivan receives the incomplete picture and adds his contribution. He fills in the big hat that Mr. Brock has left to the imagination, but his hat and the one in Mr. Brock's mind are of different patterns. All the rest he leaves, except that he throws in unmistakable indications of evening dress for the gentleman. In the sketch, showing Mr. Sullivan's complete idea we see that the chair is now of wicker, that a curtain hangs behind the lady's head, and that her dress has a cross-over bodice, while her neck is adorned with collar and necklace and her arms are at her sides.

So the game reaches Mr. Joseph Simpson, who, though he finds no scope for wide changes, still manages some very good notions of his own. Oddly enough, Mr. Brock's idea of a mask occurs to him in a totally different way, and he paints it across the lady's face. Plainly he contemplates a scene at a masked ball. He places a touch to give the contour of the lady's neck, and another to hint his opinion that the gentleman should grow a

MR. H. R. MILLAR ADDS A PATTERN TO THE LADY'S CLOAK.

heavy moustache. Two strokes more of the brush, one just below the gentleman's cuff and another diagonally across where one now inevitably places the chair, and Mr. Simpson passes on the task. But he shows us his full intent in the complete sketch that follows. The arm-chair is abolished, the lady is in the character of a Watteau shepherdess, her costume covered with a black domino, which she has flung back from her shoulders. Mr. Dudley Hardy's long-suffering cottage-wall is now the shepherdess's crook, which the gentleman has taken up and is now using to rest his hand upon. Lastly, Mr. René Bull's grey wash is now the sky, from which a new moon shines.

THE FINISHED PICTURE, COMPLETED BY MR. GRANVILLE FELL, WHO STARTED IT.

Mr. Alec Ball receives the picture with the lines so far laid down for him that he cannot be expected to effect any revolutionary change. He brings up the lady's hand and what has been a bodice-ornament is a cuff. In the hand he places a paper —a ball-programme, evidently; and to correspond he seizes on the line which Mr. Simpson meant to make part of the shepherdess's crook and makes that part of the outline of the gentleman's programme. He carries out the face also, and the gentleman's hand, as well as his programme, is finished, with his collar, tie, and stud. More, the lady has no black domino, but one of white with a flounced edging. Finally Mr. Ball will not cover the chair as Mr. Simpson desired, but carries its outlines farther.

Now comes Mr. H. R. Millar, whose work has been familiar to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE for many years. What can he do? Precious little indeed, and it is scarcely fair to expect much. He gives the lady's domino its patterned design, and straightway the drawing goes to its completion at the hands of Mr. Granville Fell, who started it, thus completing the circle and bringing this round game of the co-operative picture to its end. The detached mask which was Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-ornament and Mr. Hassall's rabbit-eye becomes the head of a bonnet-pin fastening the large hat. The pattern on the domino is spread to the white space beyond the dog's tail, which thus becomes part of the garment; and the chair which has gone through so many vicissitudes has settled down to a peaceful existence as a chair of bamboo.

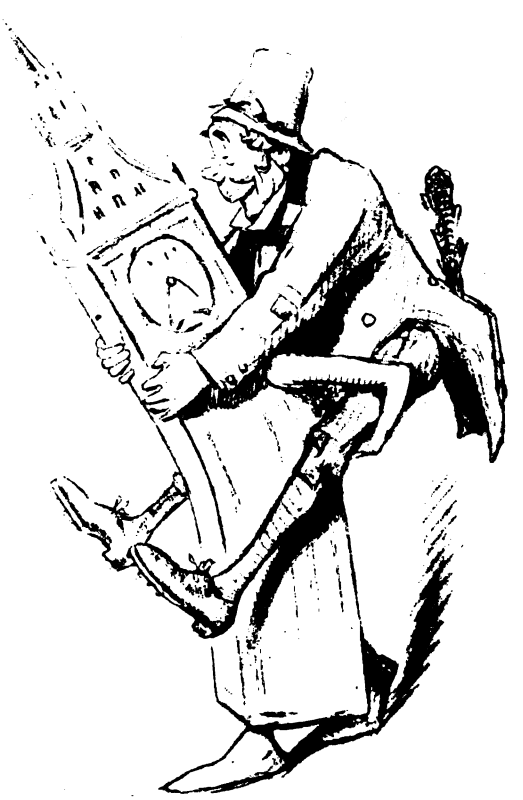
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES)—IV.

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

IT is a peculiarity with the new House of Commons, rare among predecessors, that no complaint has yet been made of insufficiency of accommodation in the matter of seats. It has in times past been so frequent that the Ministerial answer is stereotyped. The difficulty is admitted, regret expressed, and confident hope professed that in a short time pressure will relax and there will be room enough and to spare. This forecast never fails to be realized. Members freshly returned to Westminster, the ambition of their life gratified, cannot have enough of the place. They crowd the benches at Question-time and remain seated through dreary stretches of dull debate. When novelty wears off attendance flags, and before the first Session has sped half-way the Chamber reasserts its sufficiency of room.



"THE IRISH NATIONALIST IS NOT HABITUALLY OR CONSTITUTIONALLY INCLINED TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT FOR A SAXON PARLIAMENT."

LACK OF SEATS.

In the Parliament elected in 1906, when, as Mr. Neville, in a gush of poetry, said, "The Radicals came down like a wolf on the fold," inadequacy of accommodation was sharply felt. The Opposition, a mere handful, were barely able to fill the benches above the Gangway. In the present Parliament, as in its predecessor, though Ministers have what Gladstone in the prime of his power would have regarded as an overwhelming majority, forces are more evenly divided. The Irish Nationalists, not habitually or constitutionally inclined to make things pleasant for a Saxon Parliament, retain permanent quarters below the Gangway on the left of the Chair. Ministers may come and Ministries may go, but there they sit on for ever. Since, necessarily, the Opposition are the fewer number, this arrangement assists in apparently redressing the balance of parties established at the polls. In the Parliament of 1906 a section of the Labour Party lived up to their *soi-disant* title of Independent by also sitting on

the Opposition side, facing a section of their party whom they derided for alleged subserviency to Ministerial influence.

In the present House the Labour members, under the able leadership of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, sit together below the Gangway on the Ministerial side. With the approval of the Speaker, they have appropriated the two front benches. In the last Parliament they of their courtesy and in recognition of long Parliamentary service left Sir Charles Dilke in possession of the corner seat on the front bench, where he had been a familiar figure through a long succession of Parliaments. When the new Parliament met and the seat was vacated by the ever-lamented death of Sir Charles, the statesman familiarly known as "Tommy" Lough hopped into it. He retained it only for a single sitting, retiring upon intimation from the Labour Party that the tribute personally made to Sir Charles Dilke was not transferable. It was assumed that in these circumstances the leader of the Labour Party would appropriate the envied corner seat. He, however, prefers the one immediately behind. He has, he tells me, an inexplicable but well-defined objection to speaking from the level of the floor. He is more at his ease when in laager behind a front bench.

"MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD IS MORE AT HIS EASE WHEN IN LAAGER BEHIND A FRONT BENCH."

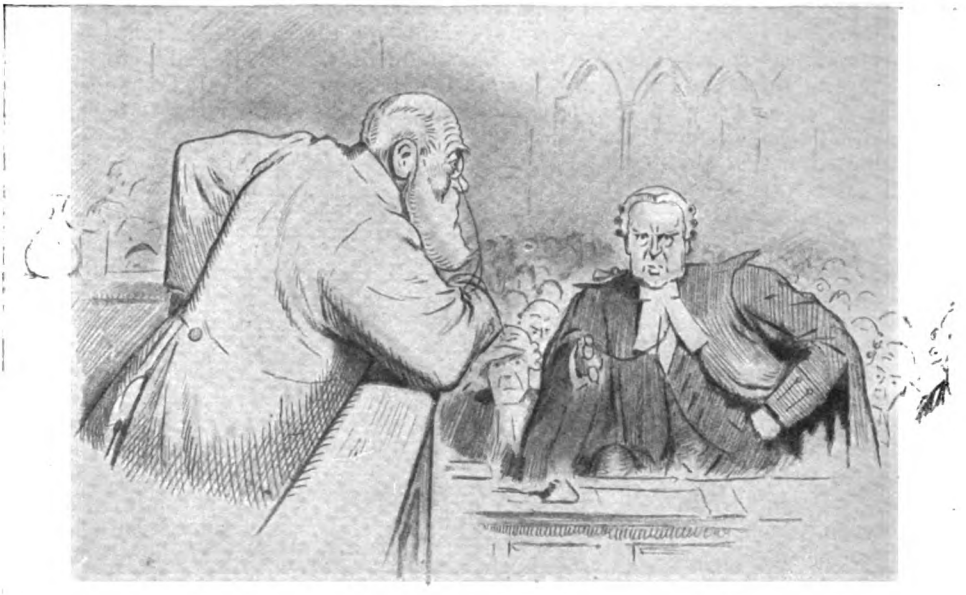
CORNER MEN.

The passion for corner seats which possesses the souls of leaders of sections of independent parties has a notable exception. Neither in the height of his power nor in the abyss of his fall did Parnell ever address the House from a corner seat. It was his habit to quietly approach from the side door under the Strangers' Gallery and make his way midway along the second bench. Thus he entered on the historic night when London was aflame with news that Pigott had fled from the torture of Charles Russell's cross-examination before the Royal Commission. At signal of cheers from the Nationalists the Liberal Party, led by Gladstone, rose to their feet to honour the Irish statesman. To the row of ex-Ministers who stood up with their chief one figure was lacking. It was Lord Hartington, who scorned ebullient demonstration of this kind.

Mr. William O'Brien, designedly or otherwise, at this day follows the custom of the lost leader. He is content to sit some way down the second bench below the Gangway, which, as the result of the General Election, supplies room and verge enough for what last year might, counting heads, have claimed to be the Eleven of All Ireland. On the other hand, Tim Healy, whilst yet with us, liked a corner seat, and, in spite of doctrinal difficulties, was punctual at prayer-time, an indispensable condition to securing one. Now that the gaiety of Parliament is eclipsed by his temporary absence, Mr. John Dillon has claimed reversion of the coign of vantage. Mr. Redmond, in whom, under a Liberal Government, the Ulster members recognize a Parliamentary Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all he surveys, still lords it from the corner seat of the fourth bench. Deference to a genial presence and wide store of information freely communicated has secured for Sir Gilbert Parker unchallenged possession of the corner seat immediately behind the front Opposition bench.

A MEMORABLE SIEGE.

Other aspirants for similar distinction have to fight for their own hand. It is an old story how Mr. Tommy Bowles, for the full length of a Session, battled for posses-



"THE TORTURE OF CHARLES RUSSELL'S CROSS-EXAMINATION."

sion of the corner seat behind the Treasury bench, whence he could conveniently lean over and declaim admonition in the ear of his esteemed leader, Mr. Balfour. As in earlier ages two loyal knights took upon themselves the task of making an end of A Becket when he became a thorn in the side of the King, so two faithful Ministerialists resolved to deliver the Prime Minister from the obnoxious proximity of the rebel member for King's Lynn. The plan of campaign was simple. Whilst, according to the Standing Orders, an unofficial member can secure a particular seat only by attendance at prayers, he may assert a preliminary claim by placing his hat on the seat. Mr. Macdona and Mr. Gedge took it in turn, day by day, to be down at the House bright and early and place a spare hat on the bench. When, later but still in good time, the member for King's Lynn arrived on the scene, also with a spare hat withdrawn from the privacy of his locker, he discovered he had been forestalled. On the first occasion, the surprise of Robinson Crusoe (already alluded to) on discovering a human footprint on the sands of his island territory was nothing compared with Mr. Bowles's consternation. He concluded the apparition was due to the ignorance of a new member. When, later in the day, he found one of the two conspirators installed in his place he understood the situation and resolved to master it.

"MR. TIM HEALY LIKED A CORNER SEAT."

At the next sitting he was first in the field—to be precise, in the House—with his hat. The next day Macdona was ahead of him by three-quarters of an hour. With varying changes of fortune the conflict, keenly watched by an assembly almost childish in its desire for

amusement, proceeded. According to current report, resting upon the authority of the police in the Lobby, there was no chance for either combatant who arrived later than five o'clock in the morning. In the end, in spite of odds of two to one, Mr. Bowles won, retaining the corner seat till the fickleness of his constituents dismissed him.

Analogous but less insistent and prolonged warfare waged in the last Parliament round the corner seat of the fourth bench above the Gangway on the Ministerial side. It was much affected by Lord Robert Cecil. But Mr. Lawrence Hardy had reason to regard his claim to possession as at least equal. On days when he intended to address the House he took care, by early attendance, to establish it. On such occasions Lord Robert's appearance presented a study not to be pursued without emotion by the most adamantine heart. Detained a while by pursuit of some fresh triumph in the Law Courts, he, when Questions were half-way through, entered briskly by the glass door intent on making a bee-line for the corner seat. His eye falling on the occupant, he halted suddenly at the Bar. A peculiarity in the little comedy was that Mr. Hardy never saw him. Contemporaneously with his arrival on the scene the Question-paper held in his hand became increasingly engrossing. If he had chanced to look up he would have observed Lord Robert, partially recovered from a state of coma, withdraw by the way he had entered and, passing round the

"MR. REDMOND, A PARLIAMENTARY ROBINSON CRUSOE, MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS."

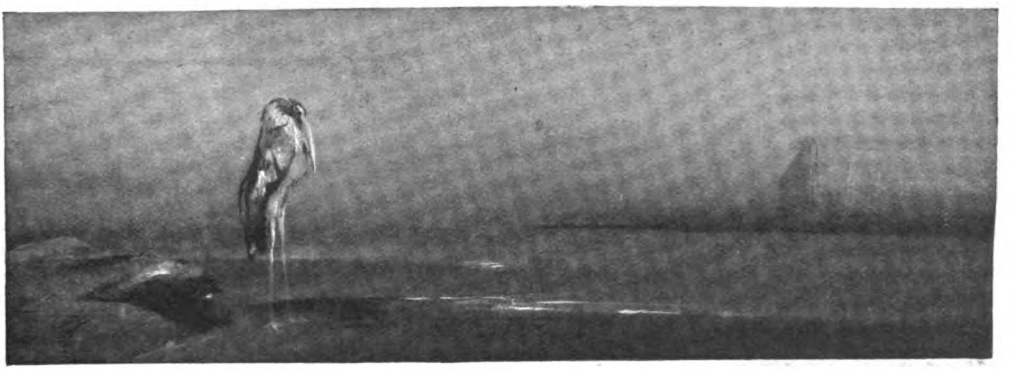
"LORD ROBERT CECIL'S APPEARANCE PRESENTED A STUDY NOT TO BE PURSUED WITHOUT EMOTION."

corridors, re-enter from behind the Speaker's Chair, and with countenance expressive of extreme dejection seat himself on the back bench in the rear of his familiar place. I always felt it a peculiarly good thing that Mr. Hardy, one of the kindest-hearted men in Kent, never happened to become aware of the despair he had undesignedly wrought in the breast of an esteemed friend.

CHANCE FOR A NEW MEMBER.

At the opening of the first Session of the Parliament of 1880–5 the overcrowded state of the Chamber incidentally led to disclosure that startled some of the oldest members. When Questions were over the House was amazed to hear the Speaker addressed from the long gallery flanking the Chamber to his right. The audacious intruder was recognized as Mitchell Henry, who, by happy thought, seized this dramatic fashion of making complaint of lack of accommodation. Angry cries rebuked what was regarded as a gross breach of order. But Mitchell Henry, as he had been careful to ascertain beforehand, was quite within his right. The side-galleries linking the Press Gallery with the Strangers' Gallery are as much a part of the House as are the benches below them. It is true they are never used for debating purpose. But there is no reason why they should not.

A new member anxious of making a mark with maiden speech might do worse than, perched in the Gallery, try to catch the Speaker's eye. From relative positions the task would be difficult. If success were achieved, that would make the triumph greater. It would, perhaps, be well, in order to avoid delicate points of controversy, not to stray nearer the clock than the line marked by the Cross Benches. As a new member in the last Parliament discovered, the space beyond that point is technically out of the House. By earliest effort the member in question attempted to address the Speaker from the Cross Benches where he had been seated. Haled forth by well-meaning but unnecessarily vigorous friends, he proposed to continue his remarks standing well out on the floor beyond the red line on the matting. Suffering fresh assault, he was dragged to an empty seat within the Cross-Bench line, kindly vacated for his accommodation, and finally succeeded in making the few remarks he had prepared, which, as far as I remember, were not equal in interest to the sort of ju-jitsu performance that preceded their utterance.



BURDON'S TOMB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

I.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

MRS. LANGLEY and her companion, Miss Gilderay, both thought rather well of Mr. Agravine. It was their first visit to Egypt, and Mr. Agravine's greater experience had been of use to them. He was quiet and without presumption, an elderly man with tired and rather magnetic eyes. "He has a story, of course," said Miss Gilderay.

"We all have," said Mrs. Langley; "and we never tell them."

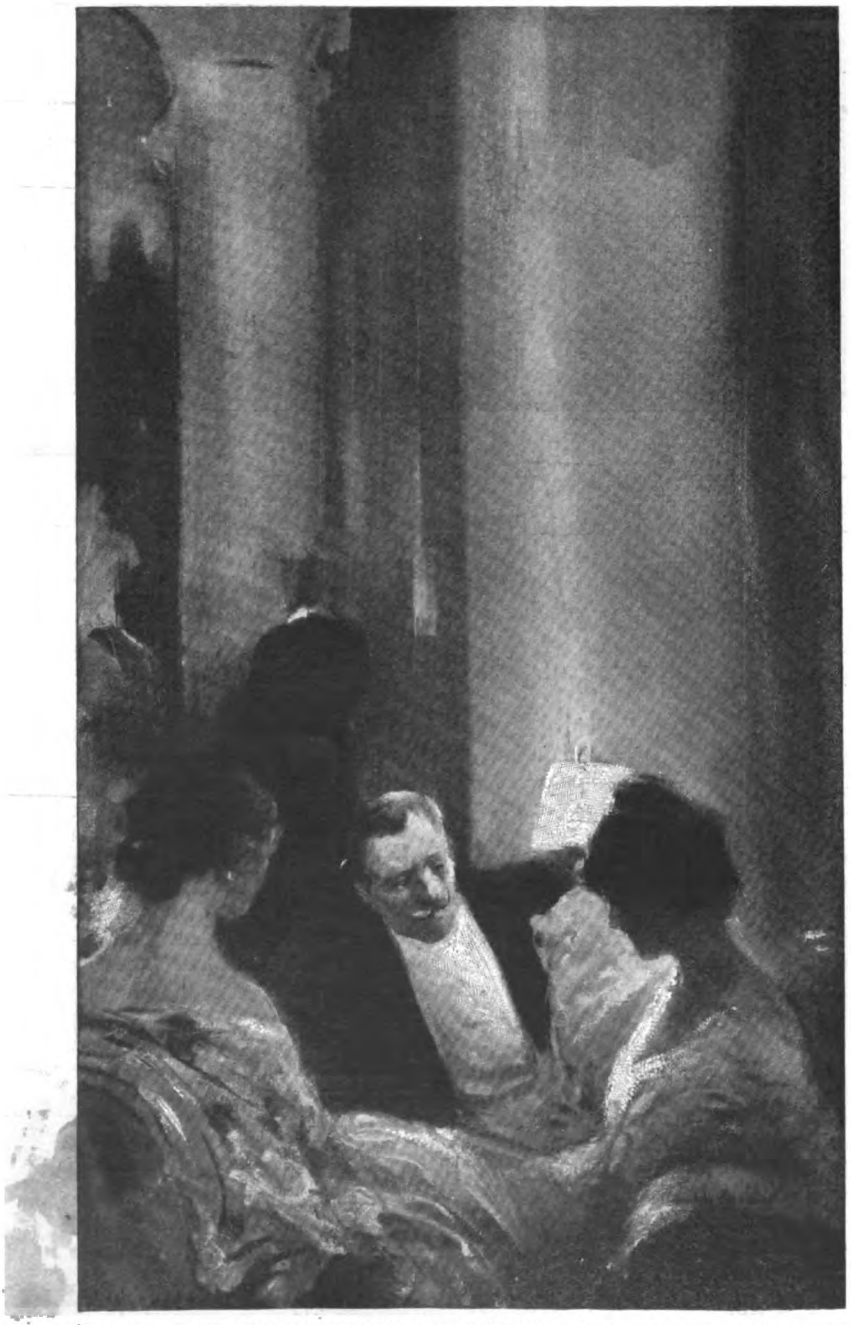
Miss Gilderay blushed. She was plain, kindly, sincere, and thirty-five. Mrs. Langley was five years older and looked five years younger. She was not beautiful, but everybody said she had nice eyes and a pretty figure.

"I am glad he is coming on the *Rameses*," said Mrs. Langley. "He is useful. He has done it all before, and he knows more than the dragomans. Of course, Mr. Castle is useful too. A frightful nuisance, though."

"Oh, frightful!" Miss Gilderay assented. "Still, one feels sorry for him."

In the lounge of the hotel after dinner that night Mr. Agravine spoke to them about Sir Felix Burdon's tomb. The tomb was thus spoken of by careless people in Cairo and Luxor, but Sir Felix had merely been its excavator, and the work of excavation was not yet quite complete. It was the tomb of a high priest who had died in Thebes twelve hundred years before Christ was born. It was of considerable size and importance, and its mural paintings were interesting and well-preserved. Mr. Agravine wished particularly to see this tomb, and said he should try if anything could be arranged through the dragoman on the boat. He was describing some interesting points about this tomb when young Mr. Castle came up and joined the group. He was always doing that, and sometimes he was a nuisance. He was a young man of twenty-eight, travelling by himself and paying a good deal for excess luggage. He was possessed of many and elaborate clothes. Chance propinquity at the hotel dinner had introduced Mr. Agravine, and Mr. Agravine had in turn presented Mr. Castle. This had been at Mr. Castle's request, for he had very nearly decided to fall in love with Mrs. Langley. She was just enough interested in him to flirt with him, and only just. To-night she sent him away at once. "Go and find out the name of that very beautiful girl with the red hair."

The girl with the red hair was travelling with two elderly ladies, who were set in a



"IN THE LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL AFTER DINNER THAT NIGHT MR. AGRAVINE SPOKE TO THEM ABOUT SIR FELIX BURDON'S TOMB."

totally different key from her. The old ladies were Victorian. The girl looked as if she had walked straight out of a German fairy tale.

Mr. Castle did not know his way about at all. At the end of the evening he had not got the required information. He came back to Mrs. Langley, and, though she laughed, she sent him away again. She was definitely not going to speak to him any more until he could tell her what she wanted to know.

Chance gave it to him next morning. He happened to see the girl come out of her room, and he noted the number. He had only to look now at the numbers in the hall and see what name was attached. He went to Mrs. Langley in triumph. "I've got it," he said. "She is Miss Averil."

"Who is?"

"The red-haired girl that you wanted to know about. She is travelling with two sisters — Miss Bryans. They are probably her aunts."

"I don't think I care," said Mrs. Langley. "It was really her first name that I wanted to know."

The subject turned up again on the first day of their departure from Cairo on the *Rameses*. Miss Averil and her two aunts happened also to be going on to Assouan on the *Rameses*, and Mrs. Langley, in a comparatively short space of time, had taught Miss Bryan an entirely new patience. As she walked the deck that evening after dinner

with Mr. Castle by her side she said, "What an idiot you are, if you do not mind my saying so. You never found out that girl's name at all. I give two minutes to it, and find out everything myself."

"And what is her first name?" asked Mr. Castle, patiently.

"Well, you ought to know. You ought to be able to deduce it from looking at her."

"Yseult?" suggested the young man.

"Oh, goodness, no. Her name is Zoe. Don't you think that's right?"

"No," said Mr. Castle. "Zoe is a maid of Athens, very nearly as black as the ace of spades."

"Rubbish! Anyhow, Zoe Averil is not a maid of Athens. She is a maid of Oxford. And what Oxford has done to deserve it I don't know. Her aunts are highly cultivated and belong to a Browning society. Now, why don't you find out interesting things and tell them to me? You never seem to know anything."

She sent him to fetch French coffee for her, and when he brought it decided that she would take Turkish coffee that night. Really she did not treat him very well. Her manner with Mr. Agravine was quite different.

On the day that they arrived at Luxor Mr. Agravine told them that there was quite a chance that they would be able to see Burdon's tomb. The dragoman of the boat had been Sir Felix Burdon's dragoman during his first season in Egypt. He had assisted him since in some trouble that Sir Felix had had with his labourers. It was quite possible that he would be able to arrange it.

The dragoman did arrange it. Chance favoured him. Sir Felix was waiting for some heavy timbers, and meanwhile the work of excavation had ceased. He cursed the dragoman sincerely. He said most insulting and improbable things about the dragoman's ancestry. He told him that if he ever suggested such a thing again he would break his head with a stick; but none the less he permitted him to bring up his gang from the *Rameses* on the following day. They were not, of course, to enter the two chambers of the tomb which Sir Felix used as his living-room and stores.

The party from the *Rameses*, about thirty in number, crossed the river from Luxor and rode five miles. They halted and dismounted at the top of the long slope which led down to the tomb.

Led by the dragoman, the procession of tourists passed down the sandy slope into the darkness, under a crest piled with great rocks. Then came the burning of magnesium wire and the dragoman's lecture—a little sketchy, because he did not know the tomb—on the paintings and inscriptions. He was most impressive. "This tomb never been shown before, ladies and gentlemen. Special permit. No other dragomans can show it."

He scooped up two inquiring Germans, who would have made a dash for that part of the tomb which they had been particularly requested not to enter, and shepherded his party out into the open again—all but five of them.

Just as these five were leaving, they found themselves confronted by a man in grey flannel trousers and an old Norfolk jacket of brown canvas. He reminded Mrs. Langley at once of Don Quixote. He began to speak to them about what they had seen, and he spoke with evident knowledge and authority.

Miss Gilderay whispered a word to Mrs. Langley, and Mrs. Langley said, "I suppose so," and turned to the stranger:—

"You are Sir Felix Burdon, are you not?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"I asked you because we wanted so much to thank you for letting us come in here. It's too interesting for words. I hope we haven't been interrupting your work?"

"Not at all," said Sir Felix. "We don't start digging again till to-morrow. I was just waiting for some stuff to come up from Luxor. I shall be living here for the next two months, you know."

"Living here?" said Miss Gilderay. "Actually in this tomb?"

"Why not? In here or in a tent just outside. I make myself very comfortable, and it saves the bother of going backwards and forwards."

"It seems wonderful. I supposed that you lived on the *Lotus*. We saw it just above Luxor."

"Last year I used the dahabeeyah a good deal, and I am meaning to dine and sleep there to-night; but the *Lotus* leaves to-morrow for Assouan, taking some friends of mine who are to go on to the Second Cataract."

As he spoke he glanced over the party. Mr. Castle carried Mrs. Langley's camera and fly-whisk. Mrs. Langley looked charming and Miss Gilderay earnest, and a pretty girl with red hair was talking to Mr. Agravine on one side.

"I tell you what," said Sir Felix, cheerfully; "there's a very interesting bit of painting in that second chamber on the left there, and I think your dragoman missed it. I should

really like to show you that. I will get candles."

"It's very, very kind of you," said Mrs. Langley. "But won't they be waiting for us?"

"Oh, I hope so. Your dragoman knows that you are speaking with me, and therefore he must wait. We sha'n't keep them five minutes."

He dived away into the darkness as he spoke, and returned with a box of candles.

As they were lighting their candles it chanced that he heard Mr. Agravine's name mentioned.

"I wonder," said Sir Felix, "are you Mr. Agravine, the collector, the great authority on Corot?"

"A great authority on nothing, I'm afraid. But I've been a collector of pictures all my life, to my sorrow."

"But why to your sorrow?"

"A long story, and I should be ashamed to tell it."

"When we get back to the boat," said Miss Gilderay, as she lighted her candle, "the rest will be very jealous of us."

"What on earth for?" asked Sir Felix, laughing.

"Because we have special privileges. The others have only had a dragoman; we get the real explorer."

"Can't understand jealousy," said Sir Felix, "even if it's anything of importance."

"Why not?" Mrs. Langley asked.

Sir Felix shrugged his shoulders.

"To the ancient Egyptian," he said, "death was the only important thing that happened to him in his life. Once one gets that point of view one ceases to be jealous."

"But it's rather amazing that you should have that point of view," said Miss Gilderay.

"Oh, well, explanations are long and tiresome things. Now, then, here is the thing I wanted to show you. Hold your candles up very high, please. That's right. It's really an astonishingly modern idea, considering the date at which it was painted. You see that figure——"

He never finished that sentence. The floor of the chamber seemed to sway upwards. They staggered against one another. Miss Gilderay caught at a sliding surface of wall, and fell to the ground grotesquely. There was a sharp hissing sound, followed by a roar like a cannonade, that drowned their exclamations. Then came a heavy thud—thud, as of some Titanic hammer beating down soft earth. And then all was still. Sir Felix alone still held his lighted candle in his hand. The other candles had fallen and gone out.

Sir Felix helped Miss Gilderay to her feet again, and assured himself that nobody was hurt. They found and relit their candles.

"But what on earth was it? What terrible thing has happened?" cried Miss Gilderay.

"It appeared to me," said Mr. Agravine, "like a shock of earthquake. It was as if a mountain had come down on us."

"That is probably what has happened. If you don't mind waiting a moment, I'll go and see what I can find out. I'll be back as soon as I can."

It seemed a long time before he returned. They spoke together in awed tones, speculating on the chances. When Sir Felix came back to them, he saw white, grave faces, but no sign of panic. He hesitated. He had practically to pronounce a death-sentence on these five people and on himself. And then Mrs. Langley spoke.

"You have bad news, I see," said Mrs. Langley. "But we have expected it. The entrance to the tomb is blocked?"

"That is so," said Sir Felix. "It is bad for me, because I brought you back here. The rest of your party are safe outside. However, we must see if we can work a way out. I have a pick and a couple of shovels here."

"Can't we do anything too?" asked Miss Gilderay.

"Nothing at the moment, I think. Make yourselves as comfortable as you can there."

He pointed to the chamber which had been furnished as his own living-room.

The men returned to the entrance-hall, stripped to the waist, and began their labour. It was absolutely ineffective, and Sir Felix had known from the first that it would be ineffective. But everything had to be tried. The sand and rubble fell in on them, and they could make no way. At last they gave it up.

"Will you call the ladies who were with you?" said Sir Felix. "They had better know."

II.

THE CONFESSION OF SIR FELIX BURDON AND OF MR. CASTLE.

DECK-CHAIRS had been found for the three women. Agravine and Castle sat on the ground, their backs to the wall. Sir Felix remained standing. There were plenty of candles and the hall was brightly lit.

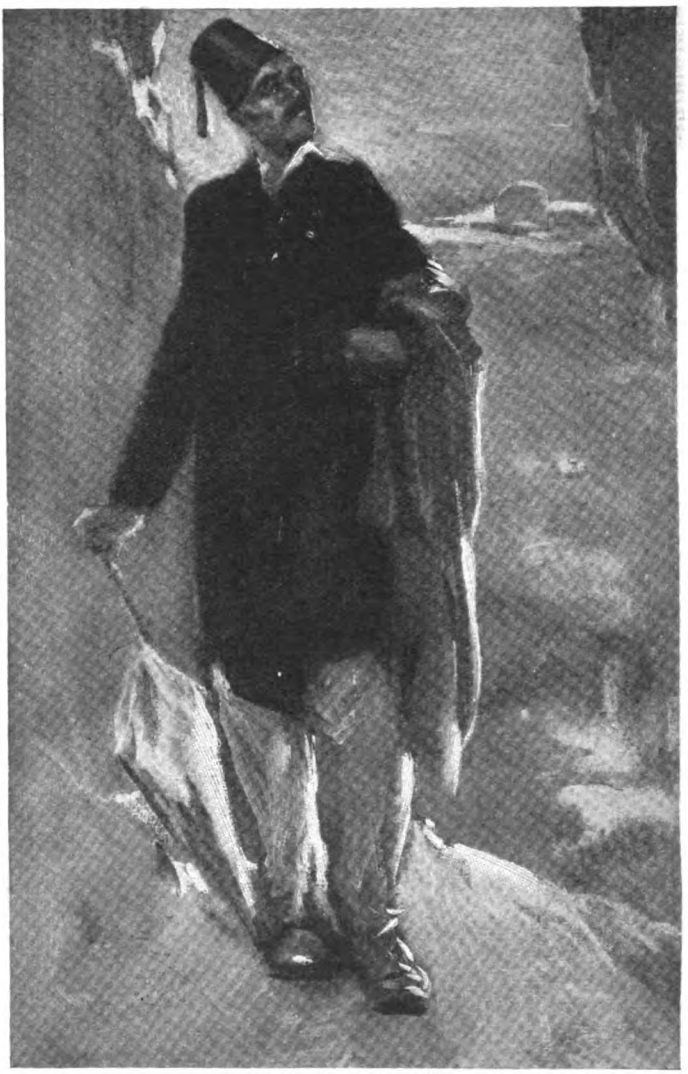
"Tell us now," said Mrs. Langley, "what the chances are."

"We will look at the best side first," said Sir Felix. "We are five hours from Luxor,

and Luxor is on the rail. The tools and the men needed for an attempt at rescue ought to be available and to be here within a very few hours. You're with Thomas Cook and Son, and they won't lose anybody if they can help it, and they are pretty potent people in Egypt. The natives will probably be scared, and may be reluctant to come to work here. But baksheesh and the hide whip are good arguments. I think we will take it for granted that everything that can be done to save us will most certainly be done."

"I see," said Zoe Averil, "that you think it will be of no use."

"I do, but I may be wrong. I am guided by the sounds we heard and by my knowledge of the conformation of the ground round here. I believe that we're buried too deep for them to reach us in less than a week's work. You must remember that they will probably find it difficult at first even to determine the point at which they shall dig. I've been talking it over with Mr. Agravine, and we don't think that the air here will last more than three or four days. So now you see what I've done."



"THE DRAGOMAN."

"You must not say that again," said Mrs. Langley. "Nobody here would be mad enough to hold you in any way responsible. Besides, we've talked it over, Miss Gilderay, Zoe Averil, and myself, and we also had come to the conclusion that there was very little hope. As it happens, we three, more, perhaps, than most women, can take this quietly and wait for death without making any fuss."

"Yes," said Zoe. "I see you're looking at me, and I know I've been crying. But that was because of my people, and not for myself at all. So far as I myself am concerned—I'll tell you a secret—I'm glad."

"How horrible!" said Agravine.

And then they began to discuss together the best arrangements that could be made for the three days left to them. On one point they were unanimous. Those days were to be made as easy as possible. The candles that lit them, and the flame of the spirit stove, would burn up air. But the tomb was to remain lit, and they would eat and drink, though to-morrow they would die. And when there were signs that the last moments were approaching, they would not prolong the period of headache and malaise and nausea. Sir Felix had a charcoal stove, which he used for cooking on in the open. If this were lit, all would soon be over.

There was not the slightest fear of any suffering from hunger or thirst. The chamber

which Sir Felix used for his store-room had already been filled for the season, and even a modified luxury would be possible. The women claimed for themselves the slight household work that there would be to do. Sir Felix used paper plates and dishes that would not need to be washed, and when used could be thrown, with all other refuse, down the deep shaft at the farther end of the tomb. At night the men would camp in the entrance-hall, on deck-chairs. The women would fare a little more easily, dividing such bedding as there was among them, in the room at the other end of the tomb. The big tank had been filled, and there was bottled water for drinking besides. The only thing that seemed likely to distress them was the waiting, the actual waiting for three days before death came.

At present they did not feel this at all. The earthquake shock had thrown them into something approaching stupor. Now came the reaction. They were excited, and talked eagerly. There was much to be done. The floor of the big hall had to be sprinkled with water, that the dust might not bother them. A table and seats had to be improvised, and a meal prepared. Young Castle, under direction, opened tins. Miss Gilderay busied herself at the spirit stove. Mr. Agravine and Sir Felix were occupied with a little rough carpentry. There was much activity and good temper. There was even laughter at minor mishaps. It was an astounding and fantastic picnic in the very face of death.

Presently Mrs. Langley came up to Sir Felix.

"Zoe—Miss Averil—and I have found among your stores a big package of native costumes—women's costumes. May we use them?"

"Of course you may. But please ask permission for nothing again. All that is here is common property. It belongs to all of us. I was commissioned by a lady in England to get those dresses for her. And the commission bored me terribly. Now I feel grateful to that lady."

An hour later they all met at dinner. The materials of the repast had mostly come out of tins, but Miss Gilderay had been very clever. The champagne was excellent, though two of the men were compelled to drink from tea-cups. Mr. Castle's voice began to be heard rather frequently. There was a faintly triumphant note in it, and it was not entirely due to champagne. The propinquity of Mrs. Langley affected him.

At the end of the repast Mr. Castle opened a gold cigarette-case and presented it to Mrs. Langley. She did not appear to see it, taking no notice of it. Selecting a cigarette himself, he took from his pocket a gold match-box. All his waistcoat-pocket furniture was of pure gold, and silver was nothing accounted.

"Wait one moment, Mr. Castle," said Sir Felix. "What do you think about it, Agravine? It's not as if we could open the windows and make the whole thing fresh again to-morrow."

"By Jove! I hadn't thought of that," said Castle, and returned the cigarette to his case.

"Well," said Agravine, "our principle was that we were to make it as easy for ourselves as possible. This hall is fairly lofty as compared with the smaller chambers. Suppose we permit each person one cigarette after dinner to-night, and then see what it is like to-morrow morning? I imagine we sha'n't notice it, but, if we do, we can set one of the smaller chambers of the tomb apart as a smoking-room, hanging something over the entrance."

"Good!" said Sir Felix. "I think you are right." He produced his own cigarette-case, and Mrs. Langley and Miss Gilderay both took cigarettes from it. Zoe Averil did not smoke.

There was a little buzz of conversation, and then a sudden silence. And into the silence broke the clear, silvery voice of Zoe Averil.

"I want to ask you something, Sir Felix. You look rather anxious, and I don't understand anxiety when the end is so certain. What is it you are afraid of for us?"

"I'll tell you frankly. I'm afraid of reaction. I have got no words to say how splendid I think you three women have been. You all seem without fear. But we have many hours before us yet. There will be little or nothing to do. Here we shall be in prison together glaring at one another. If our cheerfulness broke down, if we ceased to be good-tempered, if we got to long for the end—well, it's possible."

"Tell us your story, Sir Felix," said Mrs. Langley.

"My story? What do you mean?"

"The story of yourself."

"I've never yet told it. I'd never meant to tell it at all. Yet, now that I come to think about it, I don't know that it wouldn't ease my mind to make a confession before I died. You will none of you think very well of me when you've heard it, and so I must make one condition. There is not to be one word of comment."

To this all agreed.

"I am at present thirty-eight years of age. When I was a boy of fourteen, early one summer morning I wrecked the whole of my life. It is in consequence of what I did, or failed to do, then that I succeeded to the baronetcy—if that is worth anything—and became a rich man, and have never since had one moment of complete happiness. What I've got to tell you is that I was a coward. Even now, in similar circumstances, I think I might be a coward again. There are people who have no fear. There are people who are brave enough for the ordinary things of life, but have one special fear which overmasters them. I believe there are many such, and I was one of them. With some men the overmastering horror is connected with fire. They live in dread of it. They never go to an hotel or a house for the first time without looking from their windows to find what they would do in case of fire. The thing haunts them. My case was different. I was supposed to be a particularly courageous and high-spirited boy, but I also was haunted—by the dread of drowning. I was afraid of the water. As a child, when I first saw the sea I screamed with terror. As I got older and went to school I had to get over this to some extent. I managed, with the greatest agony to myself and with the strictest concealment of my real feelings, to learn to swim. In the summer holidays I bathed every morning with my elder brother in the river before breakfast. I used to pretend that I loved it. And yet every day it was all I could do to get myself to go in. There, can't you guess the rest of it? No, don't speak."

He took a sip of champagne, and continued his story.

On the morning in question Adrian, his elder brother, who was an expert swimmer, had remained long in the water after Felix had left it. Suddenly Adrian was attacked by cramp and cried for help.

"THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB IS BLOCKED."

"I was unable to move," said Sir Felix. "I stood there on the bank half-dressed, looking at him, and I was actually unable to move. I could not make myself do it. I pictured him dragging me down into the green water. I also began to call loudly for help. I told myself that when he was insensible, and it would be safe for me to tackle him, I would go in and rescue, but it was not till I heard steps and became afraid of being

found on the bank that I managed to fall into the water. I never reached my brother. Fear had taken all the power from my muscles. I could not swim at all. I went down at once. When we were taken out by the men who came in answer to my call, he was dead and I was insensible. I recovered, told a lying story, and let people praise my heroism. Can you wonder that the recollection of that morning has haunted me all my life? I, who hate cowardice and lies and selfish brutality, have to look upon myself as a coward, a liar, and a murderer. Since then I have done everything I could, short of actual suicide, to end it. In South Africa the Boer bullets and the enteric took better men and left me free. Here in Egypt I found a fascination. Here also lived people who all their lives through had looked forward to their death. Excavation, too, has its risks, or can be made to have them. I have shirked none of them. I have even invented them. And all the time I have had to put a good face on things before the world. I dared not let people know what I really was. I joined in sports, I laughed at jokes, I pretended to be interested in all manner of things. It is a relief unspeakable to me that from this moment, for the few hours that will elapse before I die, I need pretend no longer. I have shown myself as I am."

There was complete silence when he finished speaking. It had been agreed that there was to be no word of comment. Then openly, across the table, Mrs. Langley stretched out her hand to him, and he held it for a moment. Miss Gilderay, rising, with Zoe Averil close to her, began to clear away things. Mr. Agravine, helping them, sought and found an occasion to say something absolutely commonplace.

Suddenly Mr. Castle brought his hand down on the table.

"Wait a minute," he said. "If you don't mind, I mean. If I don't do it now, I never shall."

"What is it, Mr. Castle?" asked Mr. Agravine.

"My name's not Castle, but that's no matter. It's the only name you'll ever know me by. I've got a story to tell, a true story. The night's young, and in any case we shall be getting a long sleep soon."

"Don't get excited about it, Mr. Castle," said Mrs. Langley, quietly. "We are quite willing to hear you."

Those who had risen from their places sat down again, and the young man began.

"I suppose I ought to blame myself alone for what I am going to tell you, but I don't. I blame my father more than myself. He's a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I dare say you'd know the name if I gave it. I have been on bad terms with him all my life. All my life he has kept me short of liberty and short of money. He forced me to take, or to pretend to take, his views in religion and politics and everything. It was only by hypocrisy that I could make life with him tolerable. He insisted upon it that I should follow his profession, although he knew that I hated it. I don't care now whether I'm laughed at or not, and I'll tell you what I wanted to be. I wanted to be an actor. He would not hear of that, of course. He'd given me a good education, public school and Oxford, and I was to go into his office. I hated it, but I did what I was told. I went through my articles, I passed all necessary examinations. I became admitted as a solicitor, and then, for years, I did the work of managing clerk for him for about half a managing clerk's salary. At twenty-seven I had very little more freedom than I had at seventeen. I was not allowed a latch-key. I had to give an account of everything that I did and almost everything that I thought. It would have been just if I had been taken into partnership, but my father would not hear of that. I was to inherit the business when he died, and until then I might wait. So it went on. Month after month of formal and uninteresting routine. Month after month of snubs and checks. If ever a man hated his father, I hated mine. Well, he'd screwed down the safety-valve, and after that it was his own look-out. What happened was inevitable."

He paused a moment, irresolute.

"Go on," said Mrs. Langley.

"Oh, I'm not going to shirk it. One day last July my father handed me the firm's cheque for nine hundred pounds. I was to cash it and go on to the office of another solicitor to complete a purchase on behalf of a client. It was the kind of thing I had often done before. As you know, of course, payment is generally made in Bank of England notes. Until the moment when I had that cheque in my hands I had formed no plan at all. I had had a specially exasperating week with my old father, and was determined that something would have to be done. As I slipped that cheque into my pocket I decided what it should be. I got cash for the cheque, taking the greater part of it in small notes and twenty pounds in gold. I was very well known at the bank. If I had asked for the

"'I NOTICE,' SAID MR. CASTLE, BITTERLY, 'THAT YOU DO NOT GIVE ME YOUR HAND.'"

whole of it in gold I doubt if it would have aroused any suspicion. Then I got into a cab and drove round to one or two shops and bought a dressing-case and some other things. The change had begun already. My father did not permit me to take cabs when a bus would serve, or a bus when it was an easy walk, though he never went anywhere except in a cab himself. I knew that the last place in which they would look for me would be in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and so I went to a small hotel in Holborn. For two or three days I lay low and watched the papers carefully morning and evening, expecting to find some account of my disappearance. There was never a word about it, and then I knew that I was quite safe. My father had not taken the view that I had been abducted by thieves, but that I myself was a thief. To save his name and the name of his firm he would be quite willing to pay that nine hundred out of his own pocket. I laughed at the thought of that. It occurred to me, however, that he would probably have put private detectives on to me, and for some weeks I was careful, going out only at night in closed cabs. It was dull, because I knew nobody. I still watched the papers, and still found no allusion to myself. I had expected a veiled notice in the agony column of the *Times*, but there was nothing. The old man had evidently determined to cut me off altogether. At last, one night, more because I was sick of the solitude than because I thought it was safe, I crossed over to Calais by the night boat. I remained in Paris for a few weeks, and then started off on a kind of walking tour. I made a good many acquaintances and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. I never had the slightest qualm of conscience, and I am not sure that I have any now. I said to myself that I had not stolen the nine hundred pounds, I had merely drawn my back pay. I got plenty of amusement, and incidentally I improved my French. On my return to Paris I happened to be in Cook's office one day and heard a man inquiring about Egypt. It was now November. My walking tour had cost me very little, and I still had plenty of money left. That is how I came here. There is my story, and you can think what you like."

"Thank you for telling us," said Mrs. Langley. "It is better to make no other comment."

"I notice," said Mr. Castle, bitterly, "that you do not give me your hand."

"I do not," said Mrs. Langley.

"You can treat me as a leper if you like."

"Nor do I do that."

Miss Gilderay broke in hastily. "But what did you mean to do when the money was all gone?"

"I was willing to do anything, except to arise and go to my father. If I had found an opportunity I should have taken it. If I had found none I should probably have committed suicide. Burdon's tomb has spared me my pains."

And from that time onward Mr. Castle began to give trouble.

III.

THE CONFESSION OF MISS GILDERAY AND OF MRS. LANGLEY.

THE night seemed interminable. Sir Felix Burdon, an old campaigner, slept well enough in his deck-chair, but all the others were restless. In the passage one candle burned. Its flame, absolutely motionless in the still and yellow air, was like a piece of burnished metal. At the farther end of the tomb, in the chambers where the women slept, low voices could be heard at intervals all through the first hours of night.

At five in the morning all was still. Mr. Agravine, who had tried a thousand positions, had found one in which he was able to sleep. Castle, who had stretched himself at full length on the sandy floor, lay with his face on one arm, breathing heavily.

Suddenly Castle sprang to his feet.

"I want to get out of this," he shouted, wildly. "I'm not going to die like a rat in a trap. Let me out. I've got money to spend, I tell you. I must get out."

Sir Felix Burdon, awakened by the noise, sprang to his feet. He was rather angry.

"Hold your row," he said. "D'you want to wake everybody? If you start that screaming again, I'll gag you."

Castle collapsed. He sat on the floor, with his head in his hands, rocking to and fro. "Give me a drink and I'll keep quiet," he said. "If I can't get out, give me a drink."

"Oh, go and get what you want," said Sir Felix, contemptuously.

Agravine, who had lighted his candle, watched the scene with grave and dispassionate eyes.

Castle went off to the stores. They could hear him moving about there. Presently he returned with a cup and a bottle of whisky. His exceedingly elaborate knife contained a corkscrew amongst other implements, and he drew the cork.

"Why don't you all join me?" he asked. "Best thing you can do."

The other men refused, as briefly as

possible. Castle poured the whisky into the cup and began sipping it.

"This is doing me good," he said. "I was suffering from chill. That is what it was. Might happen to anybody. This is the finest thing on earth, taken medicinally."

Nobody paid any attention to him. For half an hour he went on sipping steadily, then he drove the cork into the bottle with one blow of his fist, and flung himself at full length on the sand again. A moment later he was snoring. Sir Felix and Mr. Agravine were both awake now. They glanced at him and their eyes met.

"Yes," said Agravine. "I'm afraid he's a skunk. He was all right in the hotel and all right on the boat. But this experience has tried him a little too high. What ought we to do?"

Sir Felix shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see that we can do anything. It's only a short time now, anyhow. I don't know if it's my fancy, but the air here seems to me to be worse and closer already. If he wants to die like a hog, he must. Of course, if he gets noisy, we shall have to take some measures, but as long as the stuff makes him sleep—well, he's best asleep."

And then for a while they dozed fitfully. At seven o'clock they could hear sounds of movement at the farther end of the tomb, and then Zoe Averil appeared at the entrance of the hall. She wore a long native robe of dark blue.

"We're making some tea," she said. "Shall I bring you some?"

"That would be very kind of you," said Sir Felix. "I hope you've slept."

"I slept very well indeed. I had a little room all by myself. But I think the other two did not sleep so well. Miss Gilderay looks very tired and worn out."

Miss Gilderay and Mrs. Langley brought in the tea, but waited only for a moment and then went back to their own quarters. Hot tea, a wash in cold water, and a change of clothing refreshed the two men. They sat up and talked in low voices, while Castle still lay and snored.

"An experience like this," said Agravine, "makes one realize what an absolutely fantastic and foolish thing property is. One begins to wonder why one ever attached any importance to it. As you know, I simply gave up my life to the acquisition of one form of property—beautiful things—pictures. How absolutely absurd! Nothing of it is any good to me now, and I cannot take it along with me. Here in this small, imprisoned society for a few hours we lose the sense of property altogether. I am wearing one of your shirts, Sir Felix. It doesn't seem to me to matter in the least whose shirt it is. I really hardly thanked you. Community of goods becomes quite easy when one knows that one will soon be dead. And," he added, sardonically, "becomes still easier when one man in the society finds all the goods, and the rest simply do the communing."

Sir Felix laughed. He pointed with his foot to the prostrate Castle. "Shall we wake the beggar," he said, "and let him clean himself up a bit?"

"No," said Agravine. "The longer he sleeps, the better his nerves will be when he wakes."

An hour later Castle awoke of his own accord. He certainly did seem very much better. He was ashamed of himself and apologetic.

"Afraid I kicked up rather a row last night. Sorry. I suppose my nerves gave way. I shall be all right now that I have had a sleep."

"Oh, yes," said Sir Felix, kindly. "You'll be all right. You've missed some very good tea by your slumbers. I dare say they'll make some more for you."

"Thanks," said Castle. "I don't want to trouble them. I'll wait till they join us."

Meanwhile he proceeded with his toilet, and accomplished the rather difficult task of cutting himself with a safety razor. Of his own accord he washed the cups which had been used, and took them and the whisky-bottle back to the store-room. There he found Zoe Averil and Miss Gilderay, and remained talking with them for a little time. Presently the whole party gathered together again round the trestle table in the entrance-hall of the tomb.

The table was laid just as neatly and carefully as if it had really mattered. The women had seen to that. Zoe Averil still wore the native robe, the other two were in their ordinary clothes.

Castle was quite good-humoured at lunch and very talkative; it was fairly obvious that he was drinking too much. Suddenly Miss Gilderay, who sat next to him, said, in a low voice, "I used to do that, too."

"Do what?"

"I'll tell you." She raised her voice and addressed the others. "I was just saying to Mr. Castle that I, too, have a confession which I might make. It does not seem to be fair that you, Sir Felix, and you, Mr. Castle, should tell the worst of yourselves and that I should still let you believe the best of me."

"I don't want you to suppose," said Sir Felix, "that there's the slightest compulsion upon you to say even one word. You mustn't feel bound to disclose anything."

"Down here, so near the end, disclosure is really very easy. You see, it does not matter any more. I shall not be mixing with other people. I have not got to pretend that I am almost without fault. The only thing I am afraid of is that you will laugh at me, or want to laugh at me. I've got no illusions about myself. I know that I am not pretty and never have been pretty. I am elderly, and it must seem absurd for me to speak of romance and love."

"I feel sure," said Mr. Agravine "that we shall not want to laugh at you. No one ever wants to laugh at anything which is quite genuine."

"Hear, hear," said Castle, rapping noisily on the table.

Miss Gilderay moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue, looked at them unflinchingly, and began to speak.

"My father was the vicar of a London church which was in its way rather celebrated. The music was very good. The ritual was very ornate, and the sermons were very short. My father was a good musician and a very fair man of the world. He understood business thoroughly, and the greater part of his income was derived from careful speculations. There was a stockbroker in his congregation, an old man called Baldwin, who thought very highly of my father—as, indeed, most people did—and he used to advise him. My father was very careful that the world in general should know nothing of these business transactions, but to me he always defended them. He said that there were many calls upon his charity, and that one could only give in proportion to one's income. If he made money in Steel Commons, then he had the more to give away. He reminded me that some of the apostles themselves got their living as fishermen. It did not seem to me the same thing at all, but I did not criticize him. I was too fond of him to be critical.

"I used to help my father a good deal, doing all his secretarial work for him. I would type out his sermon and his instructions to his broker all in the same morning.

"The choir of the church was for the most part paid, and paid by my father out of his own pocket. He said it was almost impossible to get good music except from professionals. But one day he came to me in a state of great delight. He had found a new and admirable singer, a tenor, who was willing to give his services for nothing. 'He's a gentleman,' said my father, and paused. 'Or almost,' he added. I laughed, and told him that I knew that kind.

"When I saw the new tenor—Henderson his name was—I still felt that I knew that kind. He had good looks of rather a common description. His eyes were too small, his face too fat. He was slightly under the average height, I should say. I was quite prepared to take no interest in him whatever.

"And then I heard him sing, and forgot the man in the voice. He had a real tenor, and his singing was perfectly true. Somehow it was impossible to hear it without believing that behind that voice there was a beautiful and noble temperament. As a matter of fact, I know now that this is one of the commonest of illusions. Music has its special beauty, which is quite isolated. It does not imply any other beauty of any kind.

"But that was ten years ago. Every Sunday I heard that man sing. I do not think now that I fell in love with the man, but I fell in love with the voice, and began to make inquiries about him, and found nothing very romantic. He was employed in an insurance office and was doing very well. He was unmarried and lived with his two sisters. One Sunday night he had been taking the solo part in the anthem, and I suppose that I was more than usually impressed. At any rate, when I got home I wrote a foolish letter and sent it to him.

"It was my belief that I had not committed myself in any way. I had given no address and put no signature. In case my handwriting should be recognized I had typed the letter.

"Some weeks later my father thought he should take some notice of this Mr. Henderson, and told me to ask him to dinner. He came, and every minute I liked him less and less. In the drawing-room afterwards he got a chance to speak with me apart.

"'You do all your father's typing for him, don't you?' he said.

"I assented. I had typed lists and notices for the use of the choir, which, of course, he would have seen.

"'You ought to have a new letter "f" put on that machine,' he said. 'The top of it's got broken off. I notice these little things. I have noticed that broken "f" in everything that you have typed.'

"I did not lose my head. I said it was very likely, that the machine was always open, and that it was my belief that one of the

housemaids used it to type her love-letters on. I said that I would have the 'f' key put right, but that I could not make out how on earth he came to have noticed it. This was as good as I could do, but it did not deceive him, and I saw that it had not deceived him. Before the evening was over I hated him far more than I had ever loved him.

"I spent a sleepless night in an agony of humiliation, and next day I was tortured with neuralgia. That was the beginning of it. To relieve the pain of the neuralgia, for the first time in my life I drank wine."

"Look here, Miss Gilderay," said Sir Felix; "we quite understand. You need not tell us the rest of it."

Miss Gilderay smiled mournfully. "I am not going to tell you the whole story. It is quite loathsome. I do not think I could do it. It is the story of endless effort and endless failure. The thing became public at last, and my father had to leave that parish. He died a few months afterwards, and I suppose his death saved me. At any rate, I have been able to do the most difficult thing of all. I am not what I once was, neither am I an abstainer. I drank a glass of wine at lunch just now. I shall drink another at dinner. But don't imagine that I am proud of my victory over myself. I could not be that, knowing as I do at what cost it was bought. Nor can it ever blot out of my mind the shame of so much previous defeat. I have spoken of it with a reason, though."

She looked full at Mr. Castle. "All right, all right," he said, impatiently. "All these things have a physiological explanation."

"Yes," said Mr. Agravine. "And what explains the physiology?"

Mr. Castle glared and said nothing. Zoe Averil changed her place and now sat next to Miss Gilderay.

"It always seemed to me a pity," Mr. Agravine continued, "that any convention which is entirely false should be generally accepted. That is the case of the convention that divides people into saints and sinners. There are no saints, and in a sense there are no sinners. We are human beings, defective, but with some goodness. If we could only get that to be recognized, if that were the general opinion of society, society would be all the better for it."

"I've often thought," Sir Felix said, "that the case is very hard of a man who goes to prison once. What happens to him when he comes out? By most people he is not forgiven, and in the other cases forgiveness is patronage. Both are as bad as can be. And yet I don't see what other line is to be taken. To treat crime solely as disease is more amiable than practical."

"I have no panacea," said Mr. Agravine. "I can't make a new heaven and a new earth. But in my time I have often wished I could make a new earth."

"The fact of the case is," said Mrs. Langley, "that one can't make any general rules at all. We can only deal with special cases as they arrive as intelligently and as humanely as possible."

"I see," said Mr. Castle, "that you take a very superior standpoint, Mrs. Langley. You pose as a righteous person, who is to do her best for people like—well, like Miss Gilderay and myself."

"I do not pose at all," said Mrs. Langley. "I was not thinking of how I should judge, but of how I should wish to be judged. If you want to know, I have already made my confession. Miss Gilderay has been a friend of mine for three years past. Last night I told her something that I had never told her or anybody else before. I am not going to tell you any more now, except that some time after my marriage I went through a week of madness. My punishment has been that I have had to be a coward, that I have had to join in the general combination against more than one woman, though I knew that they were little if at all more guilty than myself. You have made me face this shame before you men. Now are you content?"

"You know perfectly well that I had intended nothing of the kind."

He moved away from the table, and sat in the farthest corner of the hall with his back to the others. Presently he took a cigarette from his case and lit it.

"I say," said Sir Felix. "Just put that down, will you, and stick your heel on it."

Mr. Castle scowled, but did as he was told. The others rose and began to clear away the things on the table.

IV.

THE CONFESSION OF MR. AGRAVINE AND THE STORY OF MISS AVERIL: AND SO TO A CONCLUSION.

THE three women spent most of the afternoon in their own quarters. In the hall Mr. Agravine, with his pocket-knife in his hands, sat and carved a peach-stone; he was astonishingly clever at work of that kind. Sir Felix wrote with the writing-block on his knee. If, as seemed likely, their bodies were ultimately dug out, he wished to leave behind him some instructions with reference to his property, and

also with reference to the excavation work which he had in hand. Castle did nothing but sit in sulky silence.

At five o'clock Sir Felix looked at his watch. "Agravine," he said, "we've been shut up now for twenty-six hours. What d'you think of it?"

"I think another twenty-two hours will see the end of it. Before that time we shall have to light the charcoal stove and finish quickly. Have you got it ready?"

"Not yet. Come along to the store-room, and I'll show you how the thing works."

Castle followed the two men and stood watching them, his hands in his pockets. Once or twice he asked a brief question. The visit to the store-room gave him an opportunity to resume possession of the whisky-bottle. Before dinner-time he had finished it. The other two men remonstrated with him, but he said gloomily that a man condemned to death had the right to eat and drink what he liked. He refused to join the others at dinner.

In truth dinner had become a farce. Confinement and oppressive air had destroyed the appetite of all of them. Even their conversation was at first quite without animation. But presently Miss Gilderay said:—

"Do you know what Zoe Averil has been telling us this afternoon? She says that she hears somebody coming."

"Don't laugh at me," said Zoe Averil. "I'm quite sure."

Sir Felix looked across at Mr. Agravine. Were they all of them going mad, then?

"I don't see the possibility of it," said Sir Felix.

Suddenly from his corner Mr. Castle burst into a loud laugh. "What else did you expect?" he shouted. "It is the high priest come back to see the Christians who have defiled his tomb, and to watch their last agony."

"I think," said Mr. Agravine, "that you would do better to be quiet, Mr. Castle."

Castle growled that in future he would do what he liked.

"The question rather is," said Miss Gilderay, "if we want anybody to come—I mean, if we want to be rescued. I don't think I do particularly. Life does not hold very much for a plain and unmarried woman of my age, and yet——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley—"and yet. I know what you mean. Instinct is too strong for us. We thought we were sick of the world, but we would both go back to it if we could."

"I also," said Sir Felix.

"Not me," shouted Castle. "Not me. I would go back alone, but not with the rest of you. You all know too much. One would never be safe. At least, you think you know too much. That story I told you was make-up, to draw you all on. Idiots! Fools!"

Sir Felix stood up. "Get out of this, Mr. Castle. We cannot have you with us."

Castle did not move till Sir Felix was quite near him. Then he rose and lurched out of the hall and down the passage, flinging himself into one of the chambers at the side.

They went back to the point at which he had interrupted them. "Personally," said Mr. Agravine, "I think I should be contented either way. The effect of being buried alive for a few hours has been to show me that the whole of my life has been a mistake. I have been a collector, as you know. True, I have collected beautiful things. That makes no difference. Property has been my master. Property has made me do base and degrading things. Of one thing I am certain. If by any chance Miss Averil were right, and we were rescued, I would change my way of life. My pictures should go to the nation. I would be the slave of property no longer."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Mrs. Langley, "what you mean by that."

"I will tell you. It can hardly be called a confession. It is really too paltry for that. I was hypnotized, fascinated, by the collector's mania, and that drove me into stupidities."

"Still," said Mrs. Langley, "tell us. It will make the time pass."

"I suppose," said Mr. Agravine, "that it is not the love of beautiful things which degrades. I hope not, for I have always had that love. Degradation comes, not from love, but from possession, and that applies to more things than pictures. Until quite recently I was not a wealthy man. All that I could possibly spare was spent in the acquisition of what might be called stagnant capital. The possession of a thousand-pound picture costs a man forty pounds a year, whether he knows it or whether he does not. I was frequently hard pressed for money. I was frequently tortured by being compelled to relinquish some purchase on which I had set my heart.

"Such things do one no good. Again, I have not been a picture-dealer in the accepted sense of the word, but I have often sold one beautiful thing in order to acquire something which I thought more beautiful. I made the greatest profit that I possibly could. I brought commerce very near to a swindle.

One instance particularly lingers in my memory. It was a thing which I did quite deliberately, and it now seems to me both cruel and absurd to have done it. A friend of mine told me that he knew an old Frenchman living at Eastbourne who wished to dispose of a picture. He knew nothing of its history, but believed it to be good. He wanted an expert opinion upon it, and I was an expert. To oblige my friend I went down to Eastbourne one Saturday to see this Frenchman—Janvier his name was. Janvier was a bachelor living in a small house, with just sufficient income of his own. In all matters of art I soon found that he was absolutely ignorant, but none the less he had from time to time bought pictures, some twenty of them. He brought out his great prize, the picture which he believed to be good, and I was able to tell him at once whereabouts in the National Gallery he would be able to find the original of which it was rather a poor copy. But among the twenty there was one other picture which I saw at once I should have to buy. I asked him about it. 'It was sold me,' he said—he spoke admirable English—'as being, in all probability, by Corot.'

"I laughed, and told him that a great many pictures were sold in that way, and that if Corot had lived to a hundred years and painted every minute of his time he could not have covered all the canvases that have since been assigned to him. All the same, that picture was a genuine and very fine Corot, and I knew it.

"'I gave ten pounds for it,' said Janvier, 'and I would not take less than twenty.'

"I told him that a hundred per cent. seemed rather a large profit to expect, but after a certain amount of grumbling I wrote him a cheque for twenty and took the picture back to town with me. It is one of the best things in my collection and it is worth a very large sum, and I am heartily ashamed of it."

"But," said Miss Gilderay, "is there, after all, anything dishonest about it? If the people who are ignorant try to do business with the people who are expert, has not the expert got the right to profit by it?"

"It ought not to mean that he should buy a fine Corot for twenty pounds. Do you still hear someone coming, Miss Averil? For I assure you that if we are ever released Janvier shall have his picture back."

"Well," said Sir Felix, "we have all told our stories now except Miss Averil. And she is too young to have any story to tell."

"I have done good things and bad things, but nothing very good or very bad," said Zoe.

"And yet," said Sir Felix, "you said you were not sorry that this had happened, and that your life was to come to an end."

"That is true. But it is the future, and not the past, from which I was eager to escape. I will tell you just a little thing, a scrap of family history. My parents died when I was a child, and one of my earliest recollections is that I was rather proud of my hair, because an artist had admired it and had asked to paint me, and that my mother told me not to be proud of it, and that if I knew it would be a cause of grief to me. I did not know. She was speaking of a tradition which had been in our family for six generations. It was only a year ago that in some papers of my father's I came upon the story. From time to time during the last six generations a girl had been born in the Averil family with hair like mine, and in every case she had come to disaster. In most of the cases recorded she had died insane. During their lifetime my father and mother had said nothing of this to me, and I believed that, if my father had not died so suddenly, he would have destroyed those papers, in order to spare me. Ever since I read them I have been haunted. For it is true that I am not quite normal. Every now and then, not at my own wish, and often to no serious purpose, I have had what Mrs. Langley calls that special sense. I have seen things that were happening far away. It's a pity, because I love life."

"And if we are rescued?" said Mr. Agravine.

"What is to be is to be. If I had meant to take my life, I should have done so a year ago. If I am rescued, I shall go back and meet whatever fate has got for me. And I think we shall be rescued, for now I hear far more distinctly the sound of people coming. Listen! Can you not all hear it?"

For a moment all held their breath. There was a tense, deep silence. And then suddenly Mr. Agravine rose and put his ear to the wall.

"It is so," he said. "Come here, Burdon, and listen."

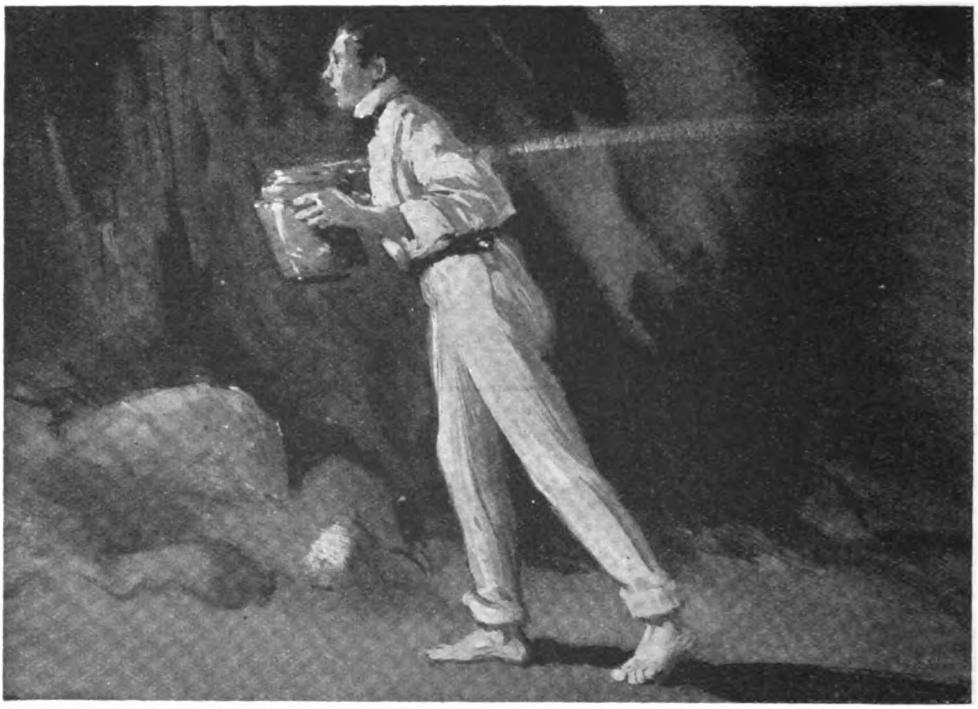
Sir Felix listened for a moment.

"There can be no mistake about it. That is the sound of picks. There are many of them at work. In a few hours now they should get through to us."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing if I went and told Mr. Castle?" said Zoe Averil. "I think it was he who most wanted to get back to the world again."

"No," said Sir Felix. "Don't do that. I will go and tell him myself."

He went, and in a few moments returned.



"SILENT AND BARE-FOOTED, CARRYING THE GLOWING CHARCOAL STOVE IN HIS HANDS, CASTLE CREPT INTO THE STORE-ROOM."

He said nothing until Miss Gilderay questioned him.

"Yes," he said. "I've told him."

"Hasn't that made any difference?" asked Mrs. Langley. "What did he say?"

"He says that the spirit of the high priest is in him, and that this is his tomb. Nothing else. Mad, of course. But he is perfectly quiet. He will probably recover when he gets out of this."

The women had a feeling that their rescuers should find them ready, and that everything should be in order. Helped by Sir Felix and Mr. Agravine, they cleared the table out of the hall altogether. In the chamber where he lay, they could hear Mr. Castle breathing heavily, as though asleep.

About an hour later, as Sir Felix and Mr. Agravine sat listening to the sound of the picks, the women entered. Mrs. Langley was drawing on her gloves and carried her camera. Zoe had changed into her own clothes again. Miss Gilderay had rearranged her hair. They were all quite ready.

"This is good of you," said Sir Felix. "It will be much pleasanter if we five all wait together. There is only another hour or two now. Listen!"

They could hear the blows of the picks. They sat down, and for a time talked a little, wondering who had organized the rescue and how it had been accomplished. And presently, because the air was very heavy and they had been short of sleep the night before, and a great strain had been taken off their minds, they became drowsy.

"I believe I'm going to sleep," said Miss Gilderay, leaning back in her deck-chair.

"I too," said Sir Felix. "Why not? It will help to pass the time of waiting."

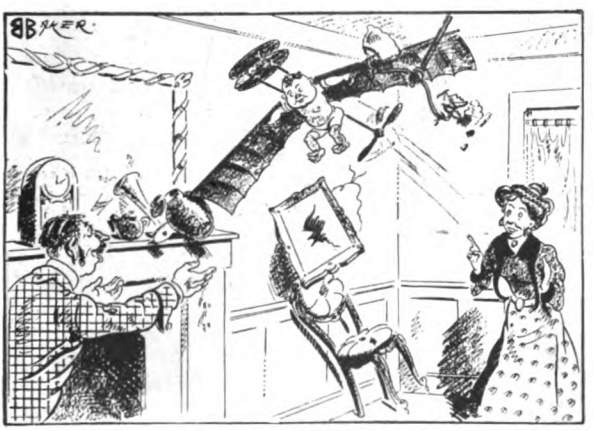
Soon they were so soundly asleep that they did not hear the stealthy footsteps from the adjoining chamber.

Silent and bare-footed, carrying the glowing charcoal stove in his hands, Castle crept into the store-room. With deep breaths he drew in the poison. He turned to tear down the curtain that filled the entrance to the room, in order that the fumes might spread and all might die together. But before he could reach it he swayed and fell, and lay motionless.

And now the picks broke down into the entrance-hall of the tomb. Through the opening streamed in a glorious sunlight that made the candle flames pale, and fresh, untainted air. And with these came fresh life and fresh courage to face it—for all, save that dead boy lying behind the curtain by the charcoal stove.

Uncle Sam's Humour.

Uncle Sam has always been noted for his sense of humour, and his country has produced several of the world's best-known humorists. Some characteristic specimens of his gift of raising laughter are reproduced in the following pages, which comprise examples taken, by special permission of the proprietors, from recent numbers of "Life," "Puck," and "Judge," the three leading comic papers of America.



TEACHING BABY TO FLY.—Common household incident in the year 1950.
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"Shake, Ol' Fel'!"
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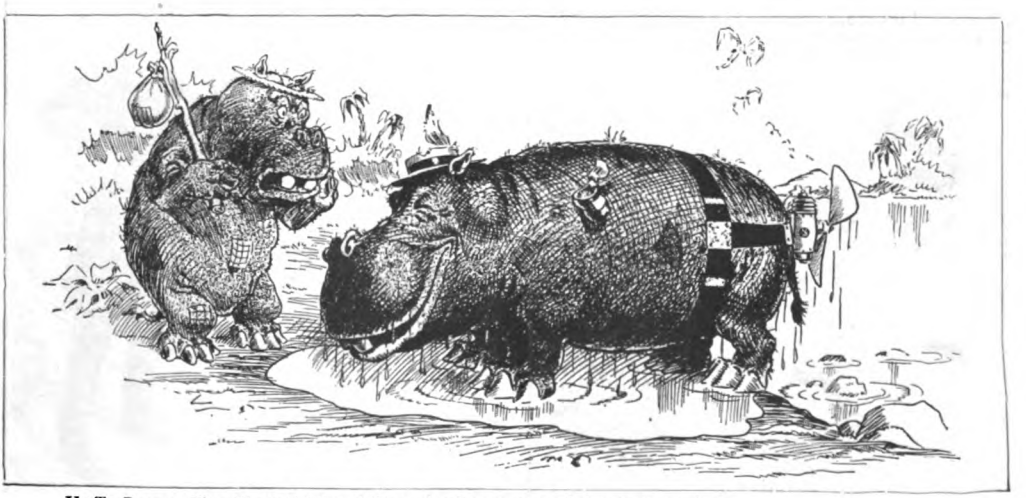

UP-TO-DATE.—First Weary Willie: "Why, what have you got tied on to your tail?"
Second Weary Willie: "That's a ten-horse-power motor. You don't catch me wastin' me energy swimmin' around in these days of modern inventions!"

Copyright, 1910. By permission of "Judge."

THE RIGHT BOY.—Employer to Applicant: "Are you truthful?"
"Y—e—s, but not enough to queer your business."
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"Oh, Ma! the Browns have six kittens, an' I believe I could get them to swop one for a twin."
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YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.—Near-Sighted Old Gentleman: "How he's grown, Mrs. Smith! How he *has* grown! But aren't you afraid to let him go without his hat?"
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"I don't know what their names are, Ma, but it is easy to see they were firemen."
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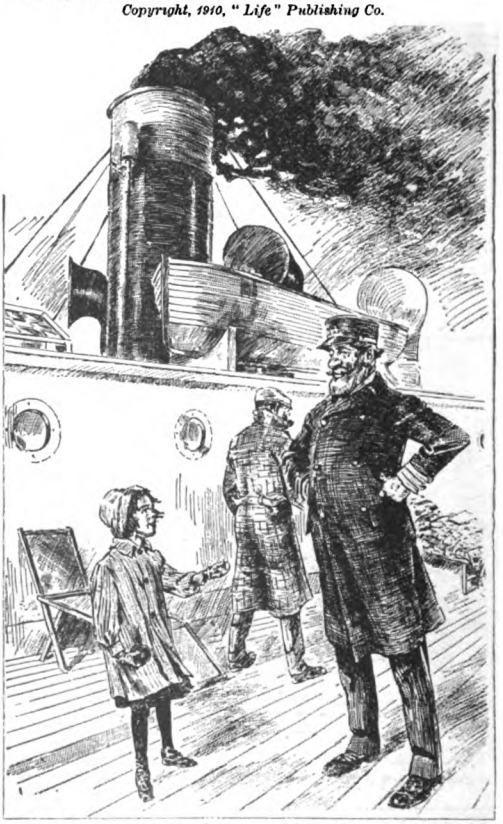
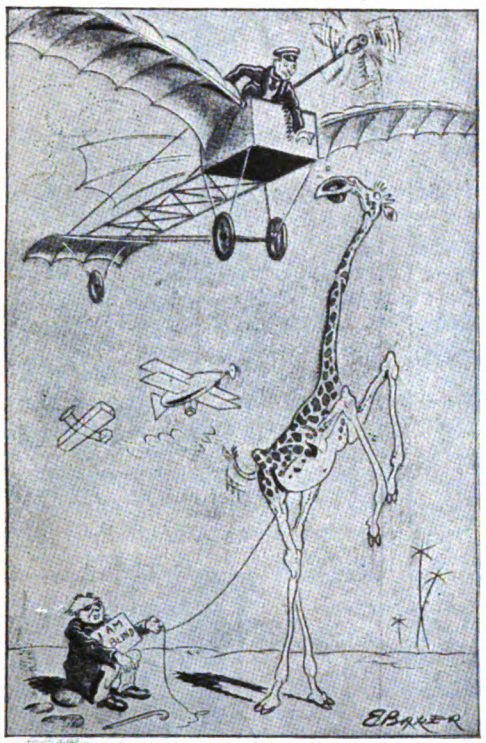


CHRISTMAS ON THE DEEP.—"Mr. Captain, won't you please make your chimley stop smoking, so that Santa Claus can come down to-night?"
Copyright, 1910. By permission of "Judge."



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND."—Probable successor of the faithful dog.

Copyright, 1910. By permission of "Puck."

"Oh! Gran'ma, won't you please stop breathin'? You're crowdin' me right off."

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SATIRICALLY SPEAKING.—Lost and Snowbound Motorist: "These signs are a big help when you don't know the road, We might have taken that turn on the high speed."

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The One in the Tree: "Hi! there. Don't let him get those sandwiches."

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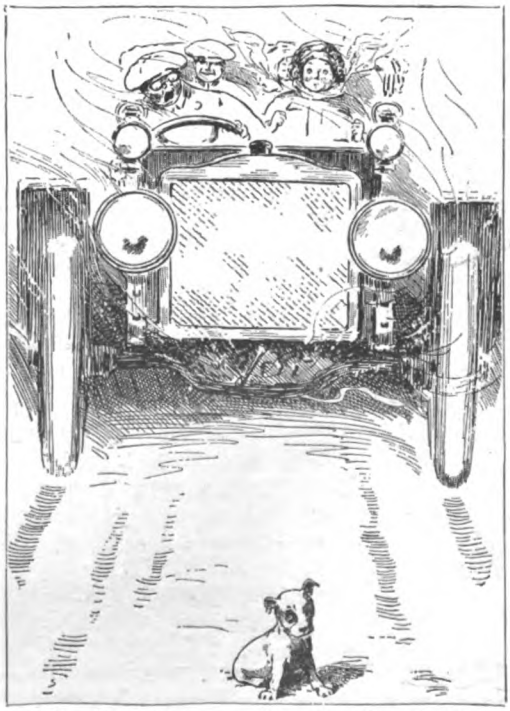

"Our Faith Triumphant O'er Our Fears."—Puppy: "Here comes something that wants to play with me."

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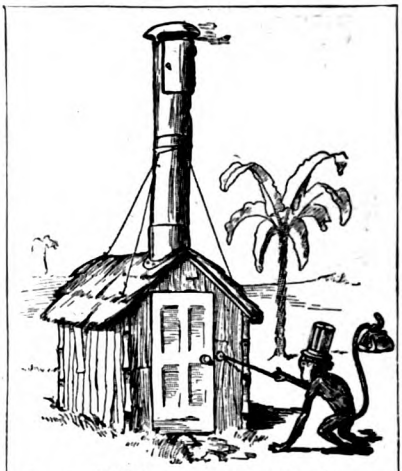

Agent: "This is the oddest bungalow I've seen. Wonder if anybody's at home. Methinks I'll ring."

Mr. Giraffe: "Hello, son."

Copyright, 1910, "Life" Publishing Co.

A Present to Papa.

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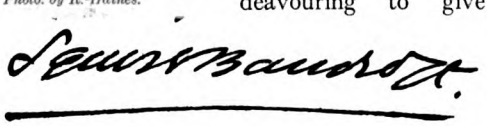
The Stage as a Profession.

A Symposium of Well-Known Actors and Actresses.

IS the stage a calling in which there is a reasonable chance of earning a fair income? How does it compare in this respect with other professions? Only those who have attained success in the theatre can be really competent to reply with conviction to this interesting query. In order, therefore, to provide readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with an answer to the problem, we have collected the opinions of many of the leading actor-managers, actors, and actresses of the day on "The Stage as a Profession."

Sir Squire Bancroft.

Photo. by R. Haines.



As one whose privilege it was once to render practical encouragement to many promising novices, I would do much to help aspirants to histrionic success to overcome the many difficulties which beset the path of those who take up the stage as a profession. I trust, therefore, that by endeavouring to give some advice to dramatic aspirants I may, at the same time, do something to render them material assistance in the battle of life.

For my own part, I shared the burden and the strain of theatrical management for many years, beginning at a strangely early age, and, therefore, it is my wish that anything I may say may be regarded by would-be theatrical stars as the expression of opinion of a friend who, although now out of the fighting line, still loves as dearly as ever the calling they have taken up, or propose to take up.

In the first place, let me say that the rewards bestowed by the theatre when they happily befall those who go upon the stage are hardly earned and fully merited, for I know of no other career so arduous, so exacting; passing, as much of it always must be passed, both in failure and success, in the full glare of electricity and publicity—a remark which applies to the rank and file as well as to its leaders. Hard as I know it is to avoid that glare, to shrink from its seductive glitter, something in that direction may at least be wisely done; remembering always, instead of forgetting constantly, the charm which ever haunts the theatre—mystery.

It is a sad mistake to break that charm, to parade its secrets, and the gainer, in my judgment, would be he who sometimes shields himself behind the veil. When the young actor enters the stage-door he soon learns that the palace or hovel are alike but paint and canvas. He should be careful, however, to keep the disillusion to himself, instead of being in a hurry to let his friends know that he has found his new world out. Let novices recollect that they have embarked upon a life which, so to speak, begins backwards—being one of the professions in which youth is an asset—sometimes, I fear, the only stock-in-trade; the outlook then is sad indeed. Let them start with the resolve to leave their calling richer than they found it, by striving to add a stone to the monument of its greatness, and to write, if not a page, at least a phrase in its history; for I contend that, although the gifts and qualities essential to make a really great actor are as rare as those needed to excel in the other arts, moderate adaptability, backed up by patience, will earn a fair and useful position on the stage. Let Shakespeare's precepts to the players abide in their memory, and let me remind them that the refined and cultured Barton Booth—to whose memory there is a monument in Poets' Corner, although his bones rest elsewhere—argued that the longest life was too short for the endless study of the actor. Let them remember that Rubinstein said that if he neglected one day's practice he knew it the next day, the critics knew it the day after, and the public knew it the day after that. Let them not be too elated when praised, nor too cast down when found fault with; accepting criticism when it comes from a capable pen, as a valuable stimulant. Let them beware of the tendency of the day to overdo the necessary use of cosmetics—even the light of genius

cannot shine through a mask. One final warning: let them believe that they would lose little but gain much in standing more aloof from some forms of notoriety; fewer interviews, fewer paragraphs, and fewer photographs would in the end better serve them than their perpetual and irritating so-called advertisement. Shakespeare knew well the meaning of his words, "All the world's a stage," and would not admire their corruption by any of its followers into "The stage is all the world."

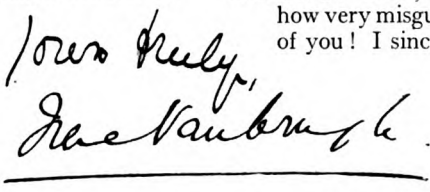
To those who are able to keep this advice in mind at all times I would say: "Take up the stage—and God-speed to you."

To the rest I would say: "Shun the stage as a thing which can only bring you unhappiness, disappointment—and poverty."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

I AM certainly not one of those pessimists who seem to take such a delight in damping the ardour of would-be actors and actresses by cheerfully saying, with an air of wisdom, "So you propose to take up the stage as a means of livelihood? Dear, dear, how very misguided of you! I sincerely



hope you may never live to regret your decision. But I fear you will, for the stage is so terribly overcrowded these days that not more than ten per cent. of members of the profession succeed in even making both ends meet."

No, although one so often hears this opinion expressed, my own experience compels me to say that I do not think it is even a reasonably just one. Certainly the stage is overcrowded—for that matter most professions to-day are suffering from extremely keen competition—but it is merely overcrowded with the incompetent and not with serious and capable artistes. In fact, it has often struck me that the stage is regarded as a sort of last means of refuge by members of the public of both sexes who have tried, and failed, in every walk of life. That is why the stage is overcrowded—rather, perhaps I should say, is said to be overcrowded.

I am, however, strongly of the opinion that to those who possess even a modicum of dramatic ability the dramatic profession offers an excellent means of earning a reasonable livelihood. True, to a certain extent it must always be rather a precarious profession. But for that matter many callings are equally precarious, and it is unfair to blame a profession as "utterly hopeless" because it has merely failed to prove a money-maker to people who have served no apprenticeship at all, but who have just drifted in, hoping that some misguided manager may be sufficiently absent-minded to offer them engagements.

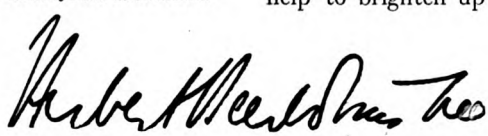
I suppose the reason of this curious fascination which the stage seems to exercise over so many members of the general public lies in the fact that, from an audience's point of view, the theatrical profession is apparently always a bright, cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort of calling. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort, as every actor and actress who has taken it seriously knows only too well. Indeed, I am not exaggerating when I say that the drudgery which is essential to success on the stage is probably infinitely more cheerless than are the years of apprenticeship which are demanded from the devotees of other "bread-winning occupations."

In conclusion, I should like to add that in my opinion the stage is a profession which should hold many good things in store for those who have sufficient continuity of character to start at the bottom of the ladder and work up patiently and cheerfully. For it is only by experience that any meed of success can be obtained. In my own case I have always felt that I owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Sarah Thorne, in whose company, as a girl, I studied every imaginable kind of part, sometimes playing as many as four *rôles* a week, while in my "off" hours making my stage costumes and studying the mechanism of life in a theatre.

If Miss Sarah Thorne were alive to-day I should unhesitatingly advise any aspirant to stage honours who may chance to read these lines to place herself in her school. As, however, she has passed away, I would counsel would-be searchers after fame and fortune in my calling to try to gain as much experience as possible in the provinces by playing any and every part that may happen to come their way. By this means they will attain that versatility which is certainly of the greatest marketable value in the histrionic profession, for the demand for versatility far exceeds the supply.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Photo. by Dover Street Studios.



THE stage as a profession! Ah, me, what a long, dreary tale of disappointments these five words conjure up in my mind! And yet it is not just that I should instinctively turn to disappointments, and disappointments only, for happily I can recall a few successes which help to brighten up the dull, grey, drab picture which the words first bring to my mind.

Still, to be quite frank, the successes are largely, if not altogether, swamped by the failures. For, truth to tell, those who make a success of the stage as a profession are far, very far, outnumbered by others who never obtain any appreciable meed of real success at all.

Why is this? It is not for lack of courage, hard work, continuity of purpose, or, maybe, some sort of ability, that most actors and actresses have to bow the knee to disappointment, for, as none know better than I, faint-heartedness is not, as a rule, a characteristic trait in the composition of members of my profession.

What is it, then, that has caused those who really know the stage as a profession to regard it as one of the most precarious of all callings? It is because the few successes, real successes, in the theatre cast a false perspective on the prospects of the others who, starting in life, seem blinded by these few successes to the very large percentage of failures—a percentage, by the way, which, unhappily, yearly appears to increase rather than to grow less.

Therefore, knowing the stage as I do know it, to the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE'S query, "Do you think it is a desirable calling for ambitious young men and women to take up?" I would say in reply, "Yes" and "No."

"Yes" to those who possess real ability and have proved to their more experienced brothers and sisters that this ability really is theirs; "No" to those others—and their number is appallingly large—who only think they have ability.

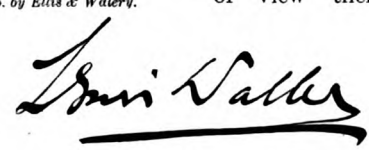
How to differentiate between the two? A difficult question indeed to answer to the crowd, for, in truth, it is a query which each and every would-be star must answer individually—and answer truthfully, too. After all, it should be no difficult matter to do this.

The barrister knows in his heart of hearts whether or no he is a capable advocate; the lawyer does not deceive himself as to his power of interpreting the law; the artist, to himself, is no untruth-teller as to his skill. Why, then, should the actor and actress err in weighing up their reasonable chances of success? It is, I think, because, as I have said, the glamour cast by the reputation of those who succeed blinds others who would tread in their footsteps to the fact that they have not the real stock-in-trade with which to attract the public.

The stage is the most democratic of all arenas; and real ability in such an arena must command success. But let me humbly counsel those who confidently hope to succeed on the stage to satisfy themselves by the severest tests possible that they possess that ability before they cheerfully volunteer to carry a burden the weight of which may cause them to fall out altogether in the long and arduous march to fame and—perhaps—fortune.

Mr. Lewis Waller.

Photo. by Ellis & Walery.



I COULD not conscientiously advise anyone searching for a profession in life to take up the stage unless they were assured beyond all manner of doubt that they possessed more than ordinary histrionic ability. From a money-making point of view there are certain very powerful drawbacks attached to an actor's life. Thus, no matter how hard he may work, no matter how earnest may be his endeavours, he cannot possibly command work all the year round.

In consequence, certain "black periods"

must occur in his life, periods when managers show not the slightest inclination to demand his services. The result is that he finds himself situated in that awkward position when, financially speaking, "everything is going out and nothing coming in." Of course, he may perhaps have succeeded in saving when times were better, in which case he may weather these troublous times. But if he has been unable to "put anything by," things must inevitably be black for him.

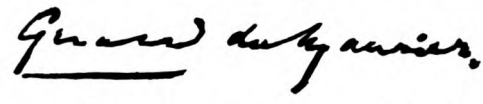
In regarding the stage as a profession, it has often occurred to me that young actors and actresses overlook the fact that, let us say, a three months' engagement at, for the sake of example, five pounds a week, does not by any means prove that they are entitled to regard their annual income at two hundred and sixty pounds a year, which sum, nevertheless, they are earning "at the rate of" when in work. But when work ceases they are, for the time being, paupers, for their income has ceased altogether; and, to strike a fair average, I scarcely think that the income of an actor who can command five pounds a week for his services when in work probably averages much more than a hundred and twenty-five pounds a year. In other words, were he to secure a billet in some other walk of life at even three pounds a week, his annual income would be considerably more than that which would fall to him as an actor at five pounds a week.

On the face of it this point of view should be very obvious. But I have noticed on innumerable occasions that young actors and actresses, starting out full of hope at having secured a first engagement, entirely overlook this side of the question. The result is that they are apt to live "at the rate of" what they are earning weekly when in an engagement, apparently blindly oblivious to the fact that in doing so they are probably living at twice their annual income—result, unhappiness and misery.

In looking at the stage as a profession, I am endeavouring to do so from a purely practical, common-sense point of view, which I hope may prove of some value to those particular readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who may be thinking of joining the histrionic art. I would suggest, therefore, that unless they have some small private means, or unless they possess acting ability out of the ordinary, and unless they enjoy occasional very bad times when money is conspicuous by its absence—an unlikely contingency, the latter—they would probably do better financially to take up some other calling.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.



I TAKE it that, in these days of ever-increasing competition, the odds against any particular man or woman—I am speaking of aspirants to fame and fortune collectively—ever rising to the head of any particular profession are very great indeed. Still, although I am no statistician, I would give it as my honest opinion that the chances against the attainment of great success on the stage are probably more remote than in most other callings, for it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that those who have only a superficial knowledge of the difficulties of trying to "command success" in the theatrical profession are prone to regard it as a safe harbour of refuge which is open to them when, maybe, failure has been their lot in other walks of life.

To a great extent it seems to me that the overcrowded state of the stage is largely due to the fact that so many members of both sexes take it up in a casual, off-hand sort of way. Perhaps they begin by securing a "walk on" at some theatre, either in London or the provinces. Then, maybe, such good fortune does not come their way again for several months. In the meantime, to the world, they profess to have thrown in their lot with the stage. But can a man or a woman whose only experience of theatrical life has been an occasional "walk on" call himself or herself actor or actress? Obviously they can, because they do; but are they justified in doing so? I think not. Is a man justified in calling himself a journalist because he has written three or four articles? Theoretically, yes; practically, no. A like simile applies to other precarious professions open to all who care to take their chance without apprenticeship and experience.

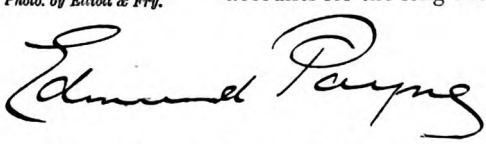
But to come down to hard facts. Every thinking man and woman who will weigh their prospects of success carefully in the balance before taking up the stage must surely realize that acting calls for as rigid and careful an

apprenticeship as does any other calling. I fear, however, that the thousands of newcomers who annually decide to "cross the Rubicon" and join "the profession"—why "the" profession, I wonder?—never ponder on their qualifications for an instant. Still, when engagements are conspicuous by their absence they probably bemoan their fate even more acutely than do their brother and sister artistes who have devoted years of hard study to learning their business thoroughly from A to Z. Only a few nights ago a public school and University man came to me and asked me to help him to "get on the stage." "Have you ever done any acting?" I asked. "Not yet," he replied. "Do you think you can act?" I asked. "I haven't the slightest idea," he said, sententiously, "but I might be able to." "Then, before you dream for an instant of going on the stage," I said, "go to a school where the dramatic art is taught—there they will soon tell you whether you have, or have not, the makings of an actor."

Precisely the same advice would I give to all others who propose to take up the stage as a means of earning a livelihood. Past a doubt there is room and to spare for real talent in the dramatic profession, but there is not a square inch of space available for the incompetent.

Mr. Edmund Payne.

Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



Of all professions of which I have any knowledge I think the stage calls for the most dogged perseverance from those who hope to make any lasting mark in it. And it is the lack of that said dogged perseverance which really accounts for the long list of failures who, starting out full of hope of "future favours to come," finally commence to stumble, and, later on, give up the struggle in despair altogether.

I think I can give no better example of what aspiring actors may have in store for them than to cite my own experiences in this respect. As a boy I felt that I had only to go on to the stage to grow immediately into a budding Irving. I certainly grew—but not into an Irving; to be quite frank, I grew into a snowball, and in my first engagement, for the magnificent sum of fifteen shillings a week, I had to play five parts. In the first act—the play was "Robinson Crusoe"—I was cast for a snowball; in the second an old man, in the third a smuggler, in the fourth Man Friday; while, in case I might be beginning to imagine that I was earning my salary too easily, I was also commandeered to play the part of harlequin in the harlequinade.

For several years I continued to enjoy life in this hilarious sort of manner, sometimes earning fifteen shillings a week, generally less, and more generally being out of an engagement altogether. Still, I can at least say that I was undeterred in my efforts to succeed by such a gloomy series of "downs," and finally, after having experienced the unpleasant pangs of hunger, thirst, and stony-brokenness on countless occasions, I succeeded in persuading managers that they required my services—in fact, that they could not possibly get on without me, with the result that to-day I am earning—well, never mind—but, any way, more than fifteen shillings a week.

I must here apologize for boring readers of The Strand Magazine with these few details of my chequered past. I have, however, met so many able-bodied, stage-struck men in my time that I feel, by citing these cheerful extracts from an actor's life, I may succeed in deterring similarly-disposed individuals from taking up a profession for which, maybe, they possess few, if any, of the essential qualifications.

Frankly speaking, I would not recommend the stage as a profession to even my worst enemy unless he really and truly felt that he either possessed more than average ability or that he wished to experience a series of disappointments of the most excruciatingly heart-breaking order. In the former eventuality, providing he would only work seriously, success of some sort would almost surely come; while, so far as the latter contingency is concerned, if any poor mortal is really desirous of tasting misfortune, it seems to me that he has only himself to blame if he does not find trouble so inspiring as he originally anticipated.

No; while there is room for real talent on the stage, I must nevertheless regretfully give it as my honest opinion that "the profession" is not a walk in life for those who only imagine they possess talent. And the name of the latter is "Legion upon Legion." In the first place, the man earning a small salary—say, from two to five pounds a week—must be in

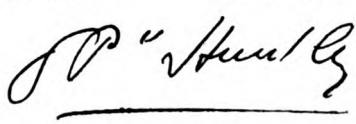
work eight months out of the twelve to avoid running into serious debt. Secondly, unless he is very lucky he will probably not get this amount of regular work. The obvious inference is that he will be unhappy.

I would add, in conclusion, that, as one who has been through the drudgery of the stage from A to Z, I feel compelled to write thus. I would say, however, that the stage is as promising a profession as the majority of other callings to those who really have a bent in this direction, who will cheerfully work in the face of a series of disasters, and, last but not least, who have a sufficient income to enable them to keep body and soul together through those black weeks, which, by the by, in an actor's early career, are more often months, when engagements are not forthcoming. For my own part, as a comedian, I have known how depressing it is to have to try to make people laugh when hungry and thirsty, and, as I hope I am at least a moderately good Christian, I would wish none of my fellows to suffer likewise.

Mr. G. P. Huntley.

Photo. by Bassano.

A LENGTHY experience of life as an actor, with its invariable ups and downs, its many trials and troubles, and merely occasional compensations from the fickle goddess, has induced me to form the belief that it is probably harder to make a real success in the



theatrical profession than it is in almost any other branch of business life. Where one new-comer succeeds a hundred and one fail. Therefore, if I may be pardoned for parodying the expression "take up the stage," I would suggest that many "actors and actresses" who, without studying elocution, acting, the art of walking the stage, and many other aids to success, flit in to "the profession" in a happy-go-lucky sort of way would do far better, from a financial point of view, were they to study the art of carpentering, and henceforth devote their time to literally "taking up the stage."

It is said that there are far too many theatres these days; if this be true, in the near future there should be plenty of stages for them to try their skill upon.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

Photo. by Dover Street Studios.

As a profession acting is, like all others, very crowded on the lower rungs of the ladder, but there is heaps of room at the top. A lot of rubbish is spoken about influence and interest, but, as in most

other professions, it will generally be found that the men at the top of the tree had little or no outside influence at the outset of their careers. Influence may introduce you to the boards, but once you are there and the curtain is up, the audience, knowing nothing of how you got there, will look to see what you can do.

I am certainly of the opinion that most aspirants for the stage should go through a thorough course of training before making their *début* in public. It is not really fair to the public that they should have the raw material set before them. There is less excuse for this sort of thing nowadays than was formerly the case. Even so short a time back as my early days there was practically only one school of acting in England, the admirable establishment kept by Sarah Thorne at Margate. But nowadays it is quite different. Headed by the Academy of Dramatic Art, founded by Sir Herbert Tree, there are excellent schools scattered about London and the country, many of them offering free scholarships to pupils of genuine promise and talent unable to afford the tuition fees.

There are also, of course, the famous Benson companies, which give the would-be actor invaluable grounding and experience. There is, in fact, very little excuse for a genuine aspirant for stage honours to present himself at a West-end theatre without a thorough grounding in the rudiments of his or her art. No other profession, perhaps, makes such a varied demand upon one's faculties as acting does, and an actor or actress, to be properly

equipped, should certainly be proficient in the arts of speaking, singing, walking, moving, fencing, and so on.

As to the best way of getting on the stage, there are many, one or other of which is sure to present itself where there is a will. The great thing is for the actor, once on the boards, to be willing to work hard and do what he is told by his producer.

If every young actor and actress would set out on their careers bearing in mind one motto at all times: "Work, work, keep on working," I am convinced that we should seldom hear the old parrot-like cry: "The stage is the most overcrowded of all professions."

Miss Gertie Millar.

Photo. by Rita Martin.

I COULD not conscientiously advise any member of my sex to take up the stage — I am referring, of course, to the musical-comedy stage in particular— were she to have to depend entirely upon her earnings in the theatre for

her means of livelihood. In the early days of almost every actor and actress lengthy intervals must sometimes occur between the finishing up of one engagement and the securing of another. To make both ends meet, therefore, in anything like a satisfactory manner the new-comer to the stage should have some little capital or nest-egg on which to rely when engagements are not forthcoming. With a fall-back of this sort there should be more than a reasonable chance of success in musical comedy for the actress who will take her profession seriously, and will conscientiously study singing, dancing, and elocution before she "goes to market"—in other words, before she presents herself as a candidate for work on the stage.

There would appear to be a common belief among many people that it is next door to an impossibility for a new-comer to make a success in musical comedy unless she be backed up by interest and influence. This notion, however, is utterly and altogether erroneous. In no calling that I can think of are the powers that be more eager to recognize true merit than in the theatrical profession.

Miss Phyllis Dare.

Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

I AM afraid the only way in which I can try to help aspirants to success on the stage is with regard to musical-comedy. Most people, I know, seem to consider that the musical-comedy stage is more overcrowded than any other

branch of the theatrical profession. I am convinced, however, that this is not so in reality, for but a very small percentage of "actors and actresses" who try to get on the musical-comedy stage ever seem to remember that to make their mark there they must possess a stock-in-trade peculiar to this class of entertainment. Good looks alone will never point the way to a leading part.

I feel sure, however, that if only would-be leading ladies in musical comedy would seriously study dancing and singing before they try to get on the stage they would have a far better chance of success. When once a girl finds a place in the chorus it is certainly no easy matter for her to get promotion. But if, when she is being tried for engagements, she shows that she possesses considerable promise as a singer and dancer, a manager is almost sure to mark her down for something better whenever opportunity occurs. I can recall many occasions since I have been in musical comedy when the stage-manager has been at his wits' end to find even a passably-competent understudy to one of the leading ladies. Surely, therefore, this conclusively points to the fact that there is room and to spare for serious workers on the musical-comedy stage?

A Hand at Baccarat.

By CHARLES GARVICE.

Illustrated by A. K. Macdonald.

FORREST, standing on the broad terrace of the only hotel at Puys, thought the place would suit him very well. There were few houses in the valley, and these were mostly chalets let for the season; there was a tiny promenade with an exceedingly primitive bathing establishment; the absence of a casino did not distress Forrest, who, if he wanted to gamble, could go to Dieppe. But he did not want to gamble just at present, for he had been playing at a more exciting game even than baccarat—gold-mining in Rhodesia—and, in his own phraseology, he had "scooped the pool."

Forrest was rather a reticent young fellow, as men who have had to fight the world usually are; but he was by no means morose or unobservant, and both Puys and Dieppe interested him very much. He was a bachelor; one or two of the mines with which he was connected were paying enormously, and he was asking himself what he was going to do with the money which he had wrested from the hands of Fortune. However, there was no particular hurry, he told himself on the fourth morning as he came down from his room; at twenty-eight a man has only just crossed the threshold, and all kinds of vistas lie before him. When he had quite rested—he was feeling particularly fit already—he would go to London, Paris, anywhere; and perhaps he would find that without which a man's life is a very incomplete affair—a wife.

Occupied with these reflections, he paused on the terrace one morning, on his way to the bathing establishment, to watch the arrival of the bus from Dieppe. There stepped out of it four new visitors: two young girls, a smaller one—a child of eight or thereabouts—and an elderly man, presumably their father. The extraordinary beauty of the middle girl struck Forrest sharply; she was a blonde, with bronze hair, china-blue eyes, and a complexion like cream; she was apparently little more than out of her teens. The older girl was by no means so lovely, and of quite a different type; dark hair, grey eyes, and a face of an ivory tint. Something about her affected Forrest more strongly than had even the extraordinary beauty of the younger sister. He thought it was a certain curve of the delicately-cut lips, a touch of pensive sadness, amounting almost to anxiety, in the grey eyes. She was taller than her sister, and very graceful. With the child, a fascinating mite with a round face and lion's-mane hair, he fell in love at first sight. The father, as he proved to be, was an elderly man of the simple, ordinary type.

As the porter was lugging the baggage from the bus, the elder girl betrayed some anxiety in regard to a small wooden box, an entomologist's specimen-case; and in taking it from the man she let it drop. Forrest was near enough to pick it up for her, and begged permission to carry it into the hotel. She thanked him in a voice which Forrest's keen and critical ear appreciated. He went down to his bath, conscious of an interest in the new arrivals which the other visitors had not succeeded in rousing; and he was glad to find, at *déjeuner*, that they were seated at the table next to his.

The party was very quiet; but they spoke with the unaffected clearness and distinctness of well-bred people, and it was impossible that Forrest should not hear something of their conversation. Of the four, the child, of course, talked the most; but the younger girl—she was addressed as Bella—talked a great deal too. She evidently was blessed with high spirits. The elder girl, Lilian—Forrest soon learnt their names from the child's thin voice calling to them—spoke but little, and devoted herself to seeing, in a quiet way, that her father got what he wanted. When he had finished his lunch, Forrest sauntered into the hall, and, after a long hesitation, was

guilty of the banality of inspecting the visitors' book. The entry had been made in due form :—

"Mr. Wallace Waldon, Miss Waldon, Miss Isabella Waldon, of Morchester."

The name of the child had been omitted by the transcriber of the others ; and she had written it in herself in round and glaringly-distinct characters : "Cottie Waldon."

Just as Forrest was turning away from the book Miss Cottie herself came tearing out of the room, and ran full tilt against him. He caught her, held her off her feet, and, with the smile before which children went down like skittles, he said :—

"Dear me ! So you are a motor-car ! I thought you were a little girl ! Stupid of me ! "

He was still holding her, and she looked up at him and laughed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, demurely, her lips parted with a laugh. "But I do so want to go on the beach at once. I've been looking forward to it ever since we left stupid old Morchester. Which is the way, please ? "

"I'll show you," said Forrest. "Let me ! " he added to Miss Lilian, who came forward with the sweetness and self-possession of a lady. "I'll take care of her."

"I'm afraid that is easier said than done," said Lilian. "She will be very troublesome."

"I rather like trouble," he said. "Come along, Miss Cottie." He saw a swift look of surprise on the elder sister's face, and added coolly, "Yes, I overheard you address each other. The tables are close."

Lilian smiled and passed up the stairs, and Cottie and he walked down to the beach.

"It's really awfully good of you," said the child, as she plumped down on the stones and began to tear off her boots and stockings.

With a little gurgle of delight, she ran down to the edge of the sands and gingerly stepped into the wavelets. Presently she called to him imperiously to show him a piece of seaweed of strange growth ; and she commandeered his attention with the half deprecatory, half imperious, and wholly frank manner of her sex and age.

"I told you so," said Lilian's musical voice behind him. "It is never safe to give my little sister an inch ; she will be sure to demand a full ell."

"She's welcome to a yard, if that's more than an ell," he said. "I'm fond of children ; and they seem to know it, like the dogs. She is a very pretty child."

"Yes," said Lilian, with a touch of tender

"LILIAN."

pride which Forrest appreciated. "She was very ill a little while ago, and we were afraid. So she got spoilt; but she's quite well now, and more of a romp than ever. The place where we live, Morchester, is inland and very quiet; and we rarely leave home. My father is fond of botany and entomology, and we came here because——"

She stopped, as if suddenly conscious that she was growing loquacious with a perfect stranger; and Forrest took up the thread quickly but easily, to prevent any embarrassment on her part.

"Yes, it's a nice place. I hope you will enjoy the change. Don't know much about butterflies; but I've seen several since I've been here. There was a very smart blue one——"

"Blue? I think that must be the one my father wants."

"And don't want to, I imagine. Here's your other sister. She, at any rate, doesn't look as if she'd been ill. I wonder whether you will mind if I say that she's a very beautiful girl—an older edition of Miss Cottie there?"

"Isn't she?" assented Lilian, her face lighting up with pride. "But Cottie will never be as beautiful." As she spoke there came to her lips a peculiar curve, and to the soft grey eyes the touch of sadness which Forrest had noticed when they were getting out of the bus. "Oh, no, Bella is never ill. Perhaps that is why she is so gay and light-hearted

"BELLA THREW HERSELF DOWN BESIDE HER SISTER."

"I'll tell him where I saw it," said Forrest. "Yes; I hope you'll like the place; the country is rather pretty back and beyond. And Dieppe's only two miles off. I suppose you'll go and do a little gambling?"

"Gambling?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes. There are baccarat-rooms——"

She shook her head and smiled. "I don't understand anything about it," she said. "I have never gambled,"

and—and careless," she added, rather to herself than to him.

Forrest got up and went down to Cottie. Bella threw herself down beside her sister and exclaimed:—

"Look at that child, Lilian! In the water already."

Then, in a low voice, a hurried whisper, Bella said, not, as might be imagined, referring to Forrest:—

"Do you think *he* will find out where we've gone? Do you think he will write, Lil?"

"No, no," said Lilian, in an answering whisper, and with more agitation in her voice than there had been in Bella's. "How should he? Hush!"

During the operation of drying her feet Cottie rattled on at the rate of nineteen to the dozen; and principally with Forrest, who was employed in unlacing her shoes and turning out the sand.

Forrest watched them, as they went up to the hotel, with a sense of pleasure. The conquest of the child, her absolute surrender to his blandishments, warmed his heart with that glow which only the child-lover can understand.

After dinner that evening he made friends with the father, who listened eagerly to Forrest's account of his meeting with the blue butterfly. When they went out on the terrace they found the two girls the centre of a small group, principally consisting of men who had been naturally attracted by the younger girl's grace and beauty. Bella was in high spirits, and laughing and talking freely; though every now and then there were intervals of depression, notably when Lilian's eyes rested on her with a grave regard. The bus came round, and one of the young men said to Lilian:—

"Of course, you're going to the Casino? Oh, but really, you must come! It is worth seeing, and the music is very good. They've got quite a wonderful conductor there; one of the best in Europe."

Lilian hesitated for a moment or two; then, with a little shrug of her shoulders, she nodded an assent to Bella's eager appeal. They got their outdoor things from the hall and entered the bus.

A dance was on that night, and as they entered the brilliantly-lit place it was evident to Forrest, who, perhaps because he had been the first to make their acquaintance, acted as a kind of escort, that Bella was somewhat excited. Her rich colour came and went in rapid succession, her blue eyes glittered like stars, and, as they stood on the edge of the crowd watching the dancers and listening to the really beautiful music, he could hear her breath coming in little gasps. Contrasted with her younger sister's excitement, Lilian's calm seemed almost statuesque. She stood by his side, her eyes not fixed on the dancers as were those of the others, but cautiously and half fearfully scanning the faces of the onlooking crowd; and when Forrest said, "Would you care to dance, Miss Waldon?" she started slightly and shook her head firmly.

"Oh, no, no," she said, in a low voice; and she laid her hand on his arm checkingly as he turned to Bella. "Don't ask my sister, please. Is there not some other place or room—quieter?"

He understood that she wanted to get her sister away, and he led them across the vestibule to the salon where a kind of roulette was being played. They drew near one of the tables—Bella eagerly, Lilian reluctantly and with a kind of shrinking.

"This is quite new to you?" said Forrest, in a low voice.

"Yes," she replied, almost in a whisper. "It is not at all like what I imagined it to be. They are all so business-like, so—so calm and apparently indifferent."

"It's the manner of the place," he said. "And they're only playing for small stakes here. But it's just as quiet and well-ordered in the baccarat-rooms. We'll go up and look at them presently. Are you going to stake anything here?"

"Do! Let me, then!" said Bella, excitedly; and before Lilian could prevent her she thrust a five-franc piece into Forrest's hand.

He threw it on a number at haphazard; it came up, and the croupier flung seven five-franc pieces towards Bella's stake.

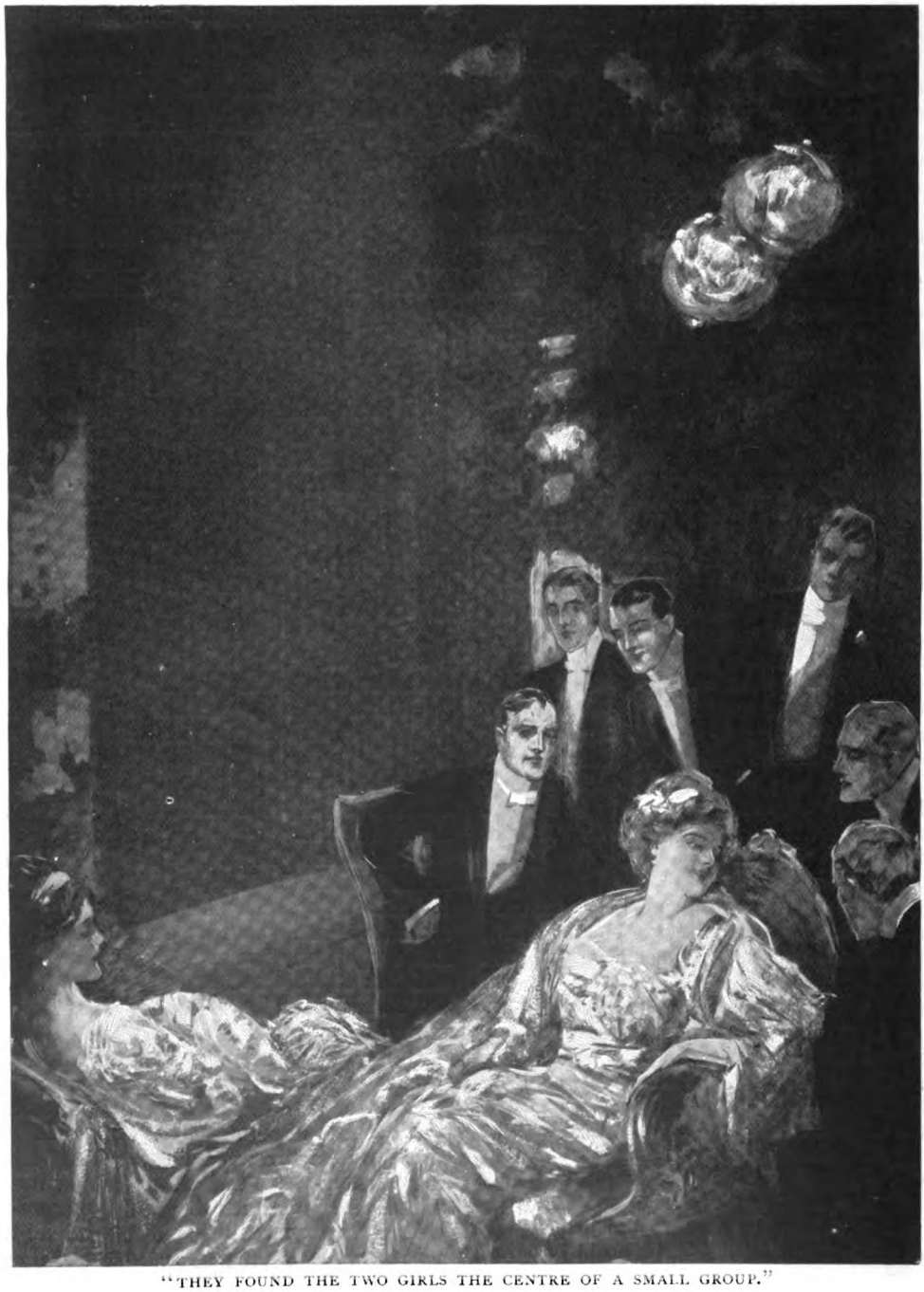
"Put it all on the same number again," she said to Forrest, breathlessly; but Forrest shook his head.

"Better not," he said. "It's an insidious kind of game. Besides, you'll be sure to lose; the odds are against you—as, of course, they should be—and you'd be almost certain to lose every penny you've got. Come upstairs and look at the baccarat."

"Thank you!" murmured Lilian, fervently, in his ear.

There was a little ceremony to be gone through before they could enter the baccarat-rooms; for the authorities exercise due care in the matter of admission. Forrest filled in their names, addresses, and ages—Lilian gave hers as twenty-five and Bella's as twenty—paid the fees, and took them into the rooms.

The party approached one of the tables and looked on at the players. Most of them were of a different, a higher, class than those they had seen in the room below. As is always the case in a gaming-room, the crowd was a motley one. Most of them were English, but there was a good sprinkling of Continentals. Some of the women were young, quite girls, and many of them were beautifully—too beautifully—dressed; but there



"THEY FOUND THE TWO GIRLS THE CENTRE OF A SMALL GROUP."

were older women of less prepossessing appearance. Some of the latter were perfect hags.

At the table at which our party were standing the play ran high; the banker was winning, and quite a large pile of gold and notes lay in front of the croupier. Forrest felt his arm touched, and turned to see Bella looking up at him imploringly.

"Put some of my money on," she said, in a whisper, glancing warningly at Lilian on the other side of him.

"Better not," he said, with a shake of the head. "It's rather hot here. You've seen as much of the game as you care to, I dare say. Let us go! Oh, well, we'll just take a glance at the other tables," he said, yielding to the girl's pout and shake of the shoulders.

They moved round the rooms for ten minutes or so; then Forrest resolutely led them out. As they passed through the door he heard Lilian draw a long breath of relief.

The next morning Forrest walked with the three girls to Belleville, where they inspected the little church and got some tea at the quaint restaurant, at which, impressed by Forrest's distinguished appearance, the waiter addressed him as "milord." This mistake of his was amusing; but as they were departing he gave a touch of embarrassment to the comedy by bowing to Lilian and bidding her "*bon jour*, milady." Lilian smiled with well-bred composure; but Bella laughed and glanced at Cottie mischievously, and the little imp sprang at Forrest's arm, shook it, and shrilled:—

"He thinks Lil is your wife! The idea! You're going to marry me, aren't you?"

"Most certainly," said Forrest, promptly.

They were quite merry on the homeward way; but—it is strange how persistently sorrow dogs joy—trouble was waiting for them at the hotel. Bella and Cottie had gone on ahead; the porter handed the former a couple of letters; she glanced at the envelopes and uttered a cry; and Lilian, coming up at the moment with Forrest, turned swiftly and took both letters from her sister's hand. Lilian uttered no cry; but her face went very white and her lips quivered. She returned one letter to Bella, put the other in her pocket, and went up the stairs. As Forrest moved away he heard Bella call up to Lilian in a quavering and half-fearful voice:—

"Oh, Lilian, Rufus is coming to-morrow!"

Lilian paused for a moment, nodded, and then went on.

When they came down to dinner Lilian was rather pale; her dark brows were drawn together, her lips were set. She ate little, and seemed to evade the nervous, questioning glances which Bella now and again cast at her; and she disappeared soon after dinner.

Forrest was very unhappy, not only on her account, but his own, for he knew that he loved her, and, though he was quite ready to tell her so, he was not sure that it would be of any use; and he was not the sort of man to risk, by being too premature, the loss of that which he prized above gold-mines. And, pray, who was Rufus?

The gentleman turned up next day, and proved to be Bella's young man. He was very young; a dark, slim boy, with the air of one who has formed a by no means ungenerous estimate of his own position and worth; but he was not offensively conceited, and after a while Forrest and he became friendly. Forrest was more than ready to like the lad, because of his evident devotion to his beautiful *fiancée*. It appeared that Rufus Maitland was well-to-do and well-connected: a good match for Bella. The family made much of him; and Lilian seemed to keep a watchful eye over the young couple. Rufus was a trifle imperious in his manner, and Forrest came to the conclusion that something of fear was mixed with Bella's love for him.

After dinner Rufus proposed that he and Forrest should go to the Casino.

They did not play. Forrest was not keen on it, and Maitland appeared to object to gambling on principle. They did not stay late, and on going to his room Forrest caught a glimpse of Lilian crossing to her own room from Bella's. There was just sufficient light in the corridor to allow him to see that her face was white, and that her eyes were red, as if she had been weeping.

He found it difficult to get to sleep that night. Several times during the next day he was sorely tempted to ask her what was the trouble, to offer to help her; but no opportunity presented itself. Cottie scarcely left his side, and it seemed to him that Lilian evaded him. She did not appear at dinner, and Cottie informed him that Lilian had gone to bed with a bad headache.

The evening promised to hang heavily on Forrest's hands, for Bella and Maitland had stolen away by themselves; and Forrest was forced to seek relief from his thoughts in the Casino. He was sauntering across the baccarat-room when, with a shock, he saw Lilian standing by one of the tables.

Forrest could scarcely believe his eyes; it was little short of incredible that Lilian should have left the hotel secretly, and have come to this place which she had denounced the other night. His first impulse was to go away at once, before she should see him; but he could not leave her there alone. He went up to her and said, as casually as possible:—

"Are you playing?"

She started, the colour flooded her face, and she caught his arm as if to steady herself, and as if she were glad of his protecting presence.

"No," she said, in a very low and faltering voice. "Not yet. But I want to do so. Will you help me? I can't understand it."

Without asking her any questions or expressing any surprise at this astounding change in her mood, he drew her aside and explained to her the rules of the game.

"I have brought some money," she said. "It is not much—thirty pounds. I am going to risk it all. I—I want to win some money—a large sum."

"That's not at all an uncommon desire," he said, lightly, and affecting to be unconscious of her eagerness and agitation.

They went back to the table, and he told her how to stake her money. At first she won—with the traditional luck of the novice; but after a while luck turned; she lost her winnings and was ten pounds to the bad. Forrest knew that she would soon be cleared out. He saw that she was growing whiter and terribly nervous. He drew her aside and said, in quite a business-like way:—

"I am afraid you don't quite grasp the game yet; there are certain rules which it is well to observe. See here, I've played baccarat a good deal. If you don't mind trusting me with the remainder of your money, I'll play for you. Of course, if you don't care to run the risk, if you prefer to play yourself——"

She looked up at him with a mixture of relief and gratitude, and instantly placed in his hands the remainder of her money.

"Go into the concert-room—get a seat near the door—and wait for me," he said.

Forrest got a chair at the table and played carefully; he, too, won at first, but in less than a quarter of an hour he had lost Lilian's money and twenty pounds of his own. He went up to the desk at the end of the room, drew out his cheque-book, and asked the official if he could cash a cheque for two hundred pounds.

"What name?" asked the official.

Forrest told him; the man smiled and bowed and promptly cashed the cheque.

"Notes, please," said Forrest; and he went down to the concert-room. Lilian turned an eager face to him and waited, with parted lips.

"All right," he said, with a nod. "I've been lucky. You want to know the game, of course. Will you take your winnings now?"

He held out the wad of notes.

"Keep it for me till the morning," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, we won't tempt Fortune any further," remarked Forrest, cheerfully. "Let us go home. How did you come, by the way?"

"Walked over the cliffs," she replied, in a low voice, her head drooping.

"You should not have done so," said Forrest, almost sternly. "It is dangerous; the path is very narrow in places."

"I am rather tired," she said, simply.

He got a voiture; the driver was too close for anything but the passing of commonplaces between them; indeed, she scarcely spoke during the drive home; and, with a mere "Thank you!" and one fervent glance of gratitude, she went straight to her room.

Forrest was waiting for her on the terrace next morning, and she came to him, looking as if she had spent a sleepless night.

"Here are the notes," he said, putting them in her hand.

"Thank you," she said, her eyes downcast, her lips quivering. "You—you don't ask me why I want this money?"

"No; I haven't the right," he said. "Not yet," he added, almost inaudibly. "Is it enough for—for your purpose?"

"Yes," she replied. "It is a large sum. Oh, I can't tell you how grateful I am to you. You—you have been very good to me. And more than good in refraining from asking me any questions. I wish I could tell you how deeply grateful I am. But you know I am."

"Yes, I know it," he said. "But you're making too much of a small matter. I might have lost, you know."

She looked beyond him, drew a long breath, and forced a wan smile.

"Somehow I felt you would win," she said. "So much depended—— Here is Cottie!"

The child came bounding towards them, and sprang into Forrest's extended arms.

"This is a clean collar, young lady," he remarked, as he hugged her and gave her the morning kiss which she exacted with the inflexibility of a tax-collector. "And my collars are running short."

"Never mind; I'll lend you one of mine," she retorted. "Wouldn't he look nice in a Peter Pan collar, Lil? Why, how pale you look! Your eyes are all red. Whatever is the matter? You've been crying. Oh, Lil, what is it? It's no use your saying you haven't, because I heard you this morning. Her room's next to mine."

"It's the salt in the air; it affects some people's eyes," said Forrest, promptly. "Look here, young lady, if you're going to bathe, you'd better come along."

They went off hand in hand, Cottie skipping and jumping and swinging on his arm, Forrest with a sore heart, for he was echoing Cottie's cry, "What is the matter?"

"HE DREW HER ASIDE AND SAID, IN QUITE A BUSINESS-LIKE WAY, 'I AM AFRAID YOU DON'T QUITE GRASP THE GAME YET.'"

Lilian did not appear at *déjeuner*, and Bella came up to him and informed him that her sister's head was bad again. She kept her eyes down as she gave him this information; and it seemed to him that Bella was trying to hide the nervousness of apprehension.

Forrest waited about for some time, hoping that Lilian might come down; then he took his stick and walked over to Pourville, the little watering-place on the other side of Dieppe. He got a drink at the hotel, and strolled on the tiny plage. And there, in the corner under the awning, he saw Lilian seated opposite a rakish-looking young man with a handsome face and unpleasantly bold eyes. He was leaning back in his chair, with his hands thrust into his pockets, a cigarette in the corner of his lips, which were

"LILIAN WAS LEANING FORWARD WITH HER HANDS CLASPED, A LOOK OF APPEAL ON HER WHITE, STRAINED FACE."

as unpleasant as his eyes, and an ugly, sneering smile enhancing the charm of his countenance. Lilian was leaning forward with her hands clasped, a look of appeal on her white, strained face; she was talking swiftly—as it seemed to Forrest, imploringly. He felt physically sick, and he turned away quickly, and nearly ran into Maitland, who was coming up the steps. The instinct of protection rose swiftly in Forrest; he stood right in front of Rufus, dropped his hands on the boy's shoulders, and swung him round.

"How merciful is Providence!" he exclaimed. "I'm dying of thirst, and I've come out without a sou upon me."

But it was too late. The boy had seen the two figures; his face grew red, he stared fiercely, indignantly, at Lilian and her companion; then, as if he were choking back an exclamation, he forced a laugh and went with Forrest to the hotel.

"There's grit in this boy," thought Forrest, and his heart went out to him.

"Seen enough of this place?" he inquired, when they had finished their drinks. "Let's go home, or to Dieppe, at any rate."

A bus was starting, and they got into it. They talked as two men talk before whom looms a ghastly, horrible something to which neither of them dare allude. They parted in the hotel hall; but an hour or two later Forrest heard a knock at his door and Rufus entered.

"I am sorry to intrude, Forrest," he said, with the stiffness of youth, "but you have been very friendly with the Waldons and myself, and I—I think I ought to tell you something—of a very painful nature—which has—which I have discovered. Oh, dash it! what's the use of beating about the bush? You saw Lilian and that infernal bounder together there at Pourville—you tried to

prevent me from seeing them. Of course, I had to ask Lilian what it meant; she is Bella's sister. And—and——" He gulped, and Forrest's hand fell on his shoulder encouragingly, sympathetically. "And she has made a clean breast of it. It seems that this man has—er—got a hold upon her. She met him at a dance at Morchester; he forced his acquaintance on her, letters passed——"

"Letters!" said Forrest, hoarsely. "Nothing else, nothing more serious?"

"Oh, no," responded Rufus, swiftly. "Lilian's been foolish, but she is one of the best of girls. Of course, they were nothing but the letters of a young girl who fancied herself madly in love with this bounder, and told him so. There was just enough in them to give him the chance of threatening her with an action for breach of promise—blackmail—the usual thing. The scoundrel found out that she had come here, wrote to say that he was following her, made her meet him at Pourville. He offered her the letters for one hundred and fifty pounds; and—and, by the most extraordinary fluke, she was able to buy them."

"I know," said Forrest. "She won the money last night at baccarat."

"Yes, she told me. We're deeply indebted to you, Forrest."

He held out his hand. Forrest took it, and gave it a good grip.

"That's all right," he said. "And the man? Would it be possible to have—er—five minutes' conversation with him?"

"I've had it," said Rufus, grimly, between his teeth. "He won't trouble her again. He knows that he has to deal with a man now," he added, drawing himself up, his eyes flashing in a manner that made Forrest want to shake hands with him again.

"Gone, of course?" said Forrest, with a sigh of disappointment. "I'm almost sorry. Did you—er—er——?"

Rufus nodded. "Couldn't help it; he was such an evil beast. I only hit him twice"—regretfully. "But it was the thought of the police that frightened him. Oh, no, he won't trouble her again. Poor Lilian! It's astonishing how she could—— But there, women! My heart aches for her; though—though, of course, she has been very foolish."

"So does mine," said Forrest, in a queer way.

"Of course," said Rufus, a trifle shyly, "I sha'n't tell Bella. I shall never tell her."

"I wouldn't," said Forrest, gravely.

"In fact, no one need know anything about it, excepting you and me."

"Quite so," assented Forrest. "It's very good of you to have explained matters to me."

"Well, I had to tell you; I had to explain Lilian's presence there in that man's company. Besides," he added, generously, "I felt it was due to you. You've been so kind to the girls; and—and—— Yes, I'm glad I've told you, Forrest."

"So am I," said Forrest. "You have destroyed the letters, of course?"

"Lilian did—just now," he said. "She wouldn't let me see them."

"Quite right," remarked Forrest.

Rufus departed, sad, but justifiably satisfied with himself; and Forrest sat on the bed and thought profoundly. It seemed to him incredible that Lilian should have been carried away by a young girl's romantic fancy. If, now, it had been Bella—— Suddenly he got up with a smile—and a lump in his throat.

An hour later he saw a graceful figure with downcast head crossing the terrace in the direction of the valley. He seized his hat and overtook Lilian at the beginning of the little lane which leads to the downs. She turned and looked at him. Her face was rather pale, but her eyes were no longer red, and there was a strangely peaceful expression in their glorious depths.

"Are you going for a walk?" he asked. "May I come with you? I hope I may, for I've something particular to say to you. Let's sit down here."

She seated herself on the bank and waited, with her eyes bent on the ground. She had the air of one waiting for a question to which she was fully prepared with an answer.

"I want to ask you something I've been trying to ask you for some time past," he said. "I want to tell you that I love you and want you to be my wife."

She looked up at him steadily, with all a woman's courage to meet sorrow and disappointment, with all a woman's pity at having to inflict them.

"I can't," she said, simply. "You know the reason. You saw me this morning. It is only right that I should tell you, make confession——"

"Don't trouble," he said. "I know all about it. Rufus told me just now. He was quite right in doing so."

"Yes," she said, meekly. "I should have told you. And knowing what you know about me; feeling, as you must, that I am not worthy to be your wife——"

"I still ask you," said Forrest. "And I know what I am about."

"Oh, it is impossible," she said, in a low voice, her hands gripping each other, her face turned away from him. "I am not worthy to be any man's wife. You know that I have been—wicked, foolish?"

"Well, I should scarcely call it foolishness," he said, trying to drawl, though his heart was beating fast and he was consumed by the desire to catch her to his breast. "I think there is another word that would fit it better."

She shook her head.

"You—you saw the—the man," she faltered, almost inaudibly, and with a shudder. "How can you—care for anyone who was mad enough, weak enough——"

"Well, to be quite candid, the moment I saw you two together I thought I couldn't," said Forrest. "But I've changed my mind. It's all over and done with, that—that—er—folly of yours. He will never turn up again. I'll stake my life on that. And I love you so dearly that not even this shadow of the past shall keep us apart. Dear, I say 'shall' because I believe that you care for me."

The colour rushed to her face, and she turned her head still farther away from him.

"That's why I say 'no,'" she murmured.

He laughed, a strange laugh, snatched her to him, and pressed her so tightly that she could utter no remonstrance, could do nothing but sob and cling to him. And when at last she tried to release herself from his arms he saw that the moment had come, and whispered in her ear, "Lilian, I *know!*"

She started and threw her head back, and looked at him with a mixture of surprise and something like fear in her eyes.

"I ought to have said 'I guessed,'" he said, in a low voice. "But I know now; those eyes of yours are too truthful, dearest. It was Bella who met that gaudy-looking bounder at the ball and, foolish child! wrote him those letters. And you are screening her, Lilian!"

She hung her head, then hid her face on his shoulder.

"I am so much older," she said. "Mother left her to me. And she is engaged — she really loves Rufus, though she's a little afraid of him. He would have been furious, the engagement would have been broken off. It would have broken her heart. And I—it did not matter about me. You see, I wasn't engaged. There was no one who would have cared."

"And there's one who wouldn't have cared if you *had* written them," he said. "But Rufus will have to be told, dearest. You meant well—but Rufus will have to be told."

"Bella will never have the courage," she murmured.

"Then you will have to lend her some of yours, Lilian. Suppose you and she together tell him. You are not afraid of Rufus; there was nothing in the letters—I know the kind Bella would write!—and he's too fond of Bella to leave her for a piece of girlish folly of which she was ashamed as soon as she had committed it."

An hour later, as they demurely approached the terrace, Cottie came rushing towards them.

"Oh, wherever have you been?" she asked, indignantly. "I wanted you on the rocks. There's the most de-lic-ious crabs you ever saw! I want you to catch some of them for me; I can't because they bite. Why—why, what *is* the matter?" she broke off, her sharp little eyes glued to Lilian's blushing face.

"Precocious child!" said Forrest. "There is no keeping anything from those gimlets of yours. Cottie, I think you did me the honour of proposing marriage to me the other morning. I have been giving the matter the consideration due to so important and serious a subject, and, with profound regret, I have come to the conclusion that I must reject your flattering offer."

He paused, and smiled down at Cottie's saucer-like eyes and dear little curiosity-parted lips. "But, Cottie, if it is any consolation to you, I will be your brother."

The child looked from one to the other for a moment; then she sprang at him and, half laughing, half crying, wailed:—

"Oh, it's a shame! That's what it is; a wicked shame! Just because Lilian happens to be older! It's mean of her!"

"It is; but never mind," said Forrest, nestling the little face against him. "At any rate, she can't be a sister as well as a wife. And, after all, in some ways, I assure you, Cottie, a brother is almost as precious as a husband."

The Dickens Testimonial Stamp.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence."—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

THE Dickens Stamp continues to make its way into the favour of the whole English-speaking world. But there are thousands who have not yet paid their tribute to the memory of the greatest entertainer of mankind who ever lived, that "lord of laughter and of tears," Charles Dickens.

Hundreds of willing hands and hearts are busily helping forward this great testimonial. Many men, eminent in public life and leaders of society, are following the lead of Lord Rosebery, who himself subscribed for twelve thousand of the stamps, and vying with each other in their desire to make this Centenary movement a success.

There is no profession or separate calling that does not owe some special debt to Dickens, or to the members of which his writings do not make a special appeal. Take even the Stock Exchange. "There are no jollier fellows alive than stockbrokers," declared Dickens. "I am never depressed in their society, but constantly invigorated and inclined to take a cheerier view of the world and my prospects in it." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, if Dickens liked stockbrokers, stockbrokers liked Dickens. One leading member of their body, Mr. A. W. Aston, set the ball rolling by ordering fifty pounds' worth of Dickens Stamps.

But there are innumerable plans on the part of all classes of the community to help the sale of the Dickens Stamp. There is an ardent Dickensian of the old school who announces his intention of cycling from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and, in token of Dickens's love of innkeepers and good cheer, taking with him one thousand four hundred Dickens Stamps, which he proposes to affix to the signboard of every inn and hostelry *en route*. "When," he writes, "the passer-by sees the head of Dickens, he will see a symbol of good cheer." It is rather singular, when one comes to think of it, that there is no inn which bears the name of the Dickens Head.

From Knutsford comes a letter sent by Mr. G. A. Payne, who writes: "Many lovers of Dickens have already paid one penny for each volume they possess towards discharging a debt they owe. I wish to suggest that in connection with all libraries the stamp should be used. I am glad to say that the Public Library Committee of Knutsford unanimously resolved to affix the stamp in each volume of Dickens on the shelves."

Mr. Gordon Selfridge, the famous Oxford Street merchant, announced that on a certain day, and for a fortnight afterwards, his firm would give away a Dickens Stamp in every book sold by them, no matter what its value. Moreover, he sent out advertisements filling much space in the leading newspapers, filled with praise of Dickens.

Speaking of the newspapers, a whole number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE could be devoted to comments which have recently appeared on the Dickens Stamp in this country and America. In a two-column article in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Hall Caine wrote: "A stamp is a tribute struck in honour of a Sovereign, and Dickens is sovereign over an enormous empire. It is the peculiarity of literary sovereignty that it does not end with life; indeed, it often begins with death; and vast as was the empire Dickens ruled over while he lived, it is now to be measured only by the extent of the civilized world."

Other schemes which will bring the Dickens Stamp before the notice of the public are the Dickens kiosks at the Festival of Empire and the Coronation Exhibition. In the first of these, by the time this number is published, Peggotty's cabin will be reproduced, with Em'ly and David Copperfield within. At the White City Little Nell will be seen seated in a real Old Curiosity Shop, selling what His Majesty the King has called "this beautiful record of the great novelist."

One must be very poor indeed if he cannot pay this tiny tribute to Dickens. It is only a little thing to do. Will YOU do it now?

THE CUCKOO: A Parasite and Bird of Mystery.

Life History Illustrated, from Egg to Age for Migration.

By ALFRED TAYLOR.

Photographs by the Author.

ALTHOUGH the cuckoo is so well known by name, yet much ignorance prevails as to its nature and habits. In the nesting season its ways are truly so remarkable, such a gross outrage on natural affection, and so contrary to the ordinary law of instinct, that if we were not able to see for ourselves it would not be believed. It is here that photography is of great assistance in supplying accurate information.

In the investigations here set forth, the course I proposed to myself was to select a nest containing a cuckoo's egg, and then to follow it through all its stages to maturity and, if possible, to the age for migration. In the second week in May, a fortnight after the cuckoo's arrival, a search was made and three nests of the meadow-pipit were found, each containing a cuckoo's egg. These nests were not far apart, and the type of egg denoted that they had been laid by the same cuckoo. How many eggs the cuckoo lays it is difficult to ascertain; probably four soon after its arrival, and then a second four a month or five weeks later.

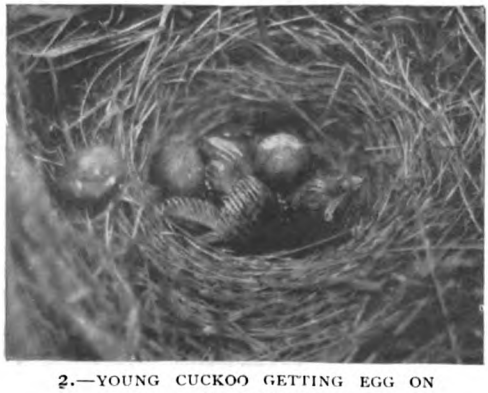
1.—YOUNG CUCKOO PUSHING OUT OTHER CONTENTS OF NEST.

As is well known, the cuckoo makes no nest of its own, but utilizes one built by some other bird, leaving the task of incubation to the future foster-parents. These foster-parents may belong to any small species of bird, such as meadow-pipits, hedge-sparrows, willow-wrens, wagtails, and others—all very tiny birds in comparison with the cuckoo itself.

The cuckoo must, therefore, lay a very small egg to match those of its host, and, for the size of the bird, the cuckoo may be said to lay the smallest egg of any living species.

The procedure adopted by the cuckoo is this. First it lays its egg on the ground, then carries it by beak or claw into the nest of the intended foster-parents, who incubate it along with their own eggs.

It is evident that the cuckoo searches for nests. With a view to testing its proceedings I have, on various occasions, placed deserted and empty nests in tufts of grass on ground frequented by the cuckoo. In some cases the trap has been successful and a solitary



2.—YOUNG CUCKOO GETTING EGG ON ITS BACK.

3.—A SHOULDER HEAVE—YOUNG CUCKOO EJECTING EGGS FROM NEST.

cuckoo's egg was found lying in the dummy nest. Were proof needed, this would tend to show that the cuckoo needs no assistance from the parent birds in finding nests, and further indicates that she is at no pains to ascertain, before depositing her egg, that the nest chosen is destined to be used.

Once the cuckoo's egg is placed in a small

4.—YOUNG CUCKOO FOUR DAYS OLD.

bird's nest, its owners either do not notice the addition or accept the inevitable, and proceed to incubate it along with their own. It is, of course, essential that the cuckoo's egg should be put in a nest where, when hatched out, it will receive suitable food. It must also be put in at a proper time, for if placed in a nest at a period when the other eggs were in an

5.—YOUNG CUCKOO SEVEN DAYS OLD.

advanced stage of developing, the cuckoo's egg might be broken by the movements of the young when hatched.

It is quite evident the time chosen by the cuckoo must be either just before the small bird has begun to lay or before she has finished laying. When the little foster-mother has completed the sixteen or seventeen

6.—YOUNG CUCKOO ELEVEN DAYS OLD.

days on the eggs and the time comes for hatching of the young, the cuckoo's egg will hatch out one or two days before the rest.

When the young cuckoo has come out of

7.—YOUNG CUCKOO FOURTEEN DAYS OLD.

the shell it grows as if by magic, and in two or three hours no one would believe that it had ever been contained in the small egg;

8.—YOUNG CUCKOO'S METHOD OF DEFENCE —HISSING LIKE A SNAKE.

9.—YOUNG CUCKOO AT AGE FOR FLIGHT.

although, when examined, a cuckoo's egg is remarkably heavy, and must be wonderfully compact within the shell.

After twenty-four hours have elapsed the young cuckoo begins to find the presence of anything else in the nest to be objectionable. Instinct probably tells it that very soon there will be no room for others in the nest or that the foster-parents will have quite enough to do satisfying its growing appetite. Therefore the young cuckoo does what its parents have done before—it sets to work to eject the other chicks and eggs.

10.—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE YOUNG CUCKOO AT THE AGE FOR FLIGHT.

The young cuckoo looks so feeble for such a task that the belief has arisen that the old cuckoo returns at the time for hatching and carries away the other tiny competitors for food. This supposition, however, has no observed facts to support it. The process by which the eggs or chicks are ejected is illustrated in Figs. 1, 2, and 3, and may be thus described :—

The young cuckoo works itself well into the bottom of the nest and endeavours to get underneath the eggs or young. Its object is to get one upon the middle of its back ; if success meets the effort the legs are pushed out and the body raised to an angle sufficient to cause the object lifted to roll off its back and out of the nest. It will also try to push the eggs out by the breast or wing. I saw one flicked out nearly a foot by the weak-looking young cuckoo.

In this way the contents of the nest will be removed in a few minutes. The task has not been difficult for the young cuckoo to perform, yet I have found it very averse to repeating the operation. If cold eggs or dead young are then placed in the nest the young cuckoo will probably press them underneath its body.

Warm eggs from another nest will have a different effect, and the young cuckoo may effect a clearance of them. The ejected eggs or young ones soon disappear, carried away, no doubt, by the foster-parents, who now proceed to devote their energies to feeding the usurper.

The young bird will grow with astonishing rapidity, and soon become so strong as to require but two or three days' brooding and to absorb the united efforts of both foster-parents to satisfy its hunger.

In three days the young cuckoo fills the nest, and at this stage it is a coal-black, evil-looking little thing with a large mouth which at the slightest provocation is opened wide to display a great red cavity.

Domestic instinct must be very strong within the breasts of the foster-

11.—YOUNG CUCKOO AT AGE FOR MIGRATION.

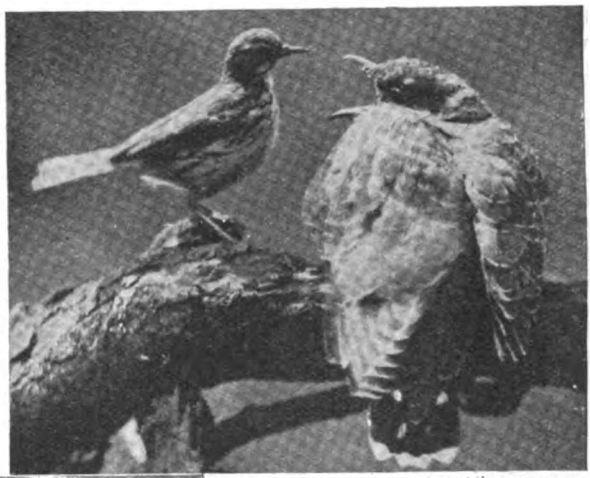
parents, or they would never attend to the wants of such a strange-looking little creature. The performance is, however, not more wonderful or strange than that of a hen when brooding and rearing a family of ducklings.

The first eight days of the life of the young cuckoo are marked more by growth in flesh than in feathers. It is still a vision of ugliness (Figs. 4 and 5). Soon, however, the sheaths of pin-feathers will burst; and a couple of days later the rapidly-acquired plumage will have given it claims to a certain degree of comeliness.

In only one other British bird is the development of the feathers so well marked, and that is in the kingfisher, which, like a chrysalis transformed into a butterfly, emerges with startling suddenness from its unsightly pink and grey into the gorgeous and tropically brilliant plumage of maturity.

By the time the young cuckoo is feathered its weight will have crushed the nest flat, and where reared on the ground, as in the case depicted in the illustrations Figs. 6 and 7, the nest will be vacated some few days before its first flight. The young cuckoo will then crouch in the grass. In the case cited above there were a number of cattle in the field continually grazing about the spot where the young cuckoo was reared, and I felt much concerned lest the cattle should tread or lie upon it, but my fears proved groundless. On the near approach of the cattle the alert young cuckoo was seen to flap its wings as it gaped and hissed, snake-like, at the intruders (Fig. 8). This defence was quite effectual, and showed my young cuckoo was fully able to take care of itself. The nearest cow drew back a little, then passed on one side. Doubtless in the darkness it defends itself by its peculiar cries of alarm.

The time for flight will arrive about twenty-one days after



13.—"MORE, PLEASE!"—FOSTER-PARENT AND YOUNG CUCKOO.

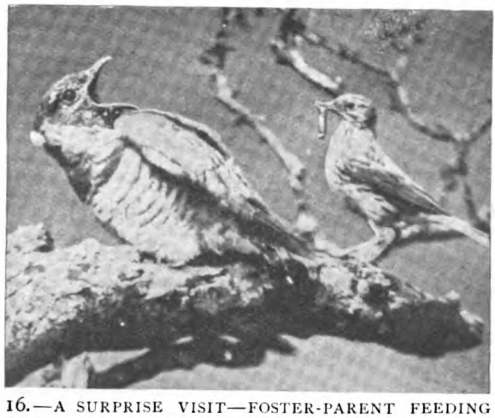
12.—YOUNG CUCKOO IMPATIENT—MEADOW-PIPIT AS FOSTER-PARENT AND YOUNG CUCKOO.

14.—SEEING WHERE THE FOOD GOES TO—FOSTER-PARENT FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

hatching (Figs. 9, 10, and 11). Quite suddenly the first effort will be made, and for a first flight will be a long one, but the foster-parents' task is not yet completed; it will demand their attention for some weeks to come, and the spectacle of the large young cuckoo in flight followed by the two tiny slaves carrying food is a very strange one (Figs. 12 to 17).

After getting well on the wing a young cuckoo would be difficult to photograph. The subject of my photographs was therefore captured at this stage, with the object of observing its peculiarities and recording its appearance at the age for migration three months later.

15.—PERCHED ON YOUNG CUCKOO'S BACK—FOSTER-PARENT FEEDING.



16.—A SURPRISE VISIT—FOSTER-PARENT FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

The meadow-pipits were greatly concerned about the removal of this abnormal offspring. This did not give me any grief, for I knew they were really well rid of the burden, and required a rest after the task which had taxed their energies and strength to the utmost, and a respite was well deserved.

The young cuckoo proved a very awkward pet to keep alive. My first care was to avoid overfeeding, for it would take large numbers of mealworms and still ask for more; so I fed it as naturally as possible—that is, giving the food frequently and in small portions. The food had to be placed in its mouth, or I am quite sure it would have starved to death in preference to making any effort to feed itself. For although food in abundance was placed on the floor of its cage, never to my knowledge for several weeks did it pick any up.

For two months I kept it, until the time arrived when its parents would have left this country on migration.

This young cuckoo became quite finger-tame, and would perch on my shoulder or hand. One day I had it perched on a twig and was giving it a weekly dose of the camera, when without any warning it flew away and into the top of a tall ash tree. I mounted the tree in the endeavour to recapture it, only to see it fly into the next tree. There is a limit to one's powers of tree-climbing, and reluctantly I gave up the chase. I was sorry to give in, for it seemed probable that the young cuckoo, being unable or unwilling to obtain food for itself, would starve to death. For a couple of hours I watched it perching on the tree-top; it must have become hungry by that time, for it commenced calling out for food. To my amazement the call was responded to by a pair of chaffinches, who came flying towards it, and very soon began feeding the stranger.

The whole life of this parasitic bird had been seemingly at variance with the ordinary laws of bird-nature. The concluding incident I had witnessed was surely as strange as any.

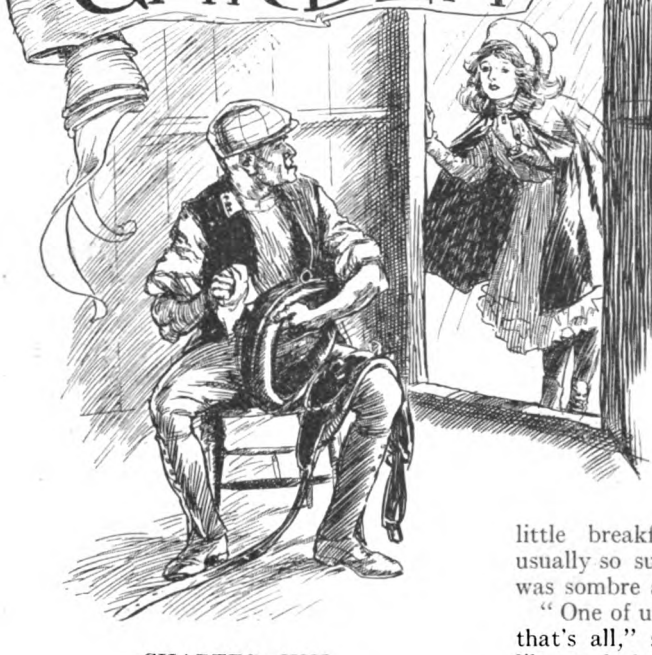
17.—TO GIVE AND TO RECEIVE—FOSTER-PARENT FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

THE WONDERFUL GARDEN

By E. NESBIT

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORNING AFTER.

"WAKE up!" whispered Charlotte, sitting up very wide awake and pinching her sister gently but firmly.

Caroline woke up, and sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

"Isn't it glorious?" Charlotte asked, jumping up and down on the bed; "our splendid secret and the rose and everything? I do think we're lucky, don't you?"

"I suppose so," Caroline answered, yawning. "But what are we going to do with Rupert?"

"Conceal him, of course," Charlotte answered, briskly, "and answer for him with our lives. Until the answer comes to the Indian letter."

"The letter didn't go, you know," Caroline reminded her.

Charlotte bounced off the bed and ran to draw the curtains. "Oh!" she said, and stood quite still with the curtain in her hand.

"What?" Caroline asked, anxiously, for the tone was tragic.

"It's raining," said Charlotte, "that's all. Hard."

And it was a dismal little breakfast party. The dining-room, usually so sunny and delightful at this hour, was sombre and brown and dull.

"One of us must go out and see William, that's all," said Caroline. "I'll go, if you like, and chance the Wilming-cat."

Thus William at work in the harness-room was visited by a small figure in a damp mackintosh and red tam-o'-shanter frosted with rain-drops.

"Now you be off, miss," said William, very loud and plain. "I ain't up to talking so early. Be off with you." As he spoke he pulled a piece of chalk from his pocket and wrote on the table:—

"Come at twelve," and smeared it out with his cuff, just as the gardener came to the door.

"So that's all right," said Caroline, returning to the others. "We're to go at twelve. Only now we must write to Aunt Emmeline and send her some Traveller's Joy, because I said we wanted to send it in a letter."

Presently the gardener brought some roses and clematis to the window.

When the letters were done it was twelve o'clock.

It was still raining. Caroline stood at the

back door with a rose and two buds in her hand, and watched the rain splashing in the puddles and on to the sack-covered shoulders of the gardener and the gardener's boy and the stable-boy as they went off to their dinners. Then she ran across to the harness-room.

"Here's your new secret rose," she said; "and now, can I see Rupert? The others'll be out directly."

"Go and tell them to stay where they are," said William, crossly. "There won't be much secret rosing left if you're all hanging about here. And Mrs. Whatshername's equivalent to a bit of secret nosing herself, if you come to that. Hurry up now, afore they comes along."

The others were not pleased, but they had to own that most likely William knew best.

Thus it was Caroline alone who followed William into the straw-loft, which at first seemed to have nothing in it but straw, very dark in the corners and very yellow under the skylight.

"Where is he?" Caroline asked, and the straw rustled and opened, revealing Rupert, rather tousled and strawy about the head, and the bright eyes and black ears of a small fox-terrier.

"I hid when I heard you on the ladder," he said. "You can't be too careful." He spoke in a low, hoarse voice.

"Now, I'll keep about down in the stable," said William, "and if I whistle, you lay low."

He retreated down the ladder, and they heard him say "Over" to one of the horses.

"Tell me all about last night." Caroline settled comfortably into a nest of straw. "What happened after we left you?"

"Oh, William came and brought me in, and gave me a rug and the dog and some more bread and cheese. And bread and bacon this morning."

"I say, you *are* hoarse."

There was a silence, broken by Rupert's putting his head under the blanket to cough in a suppressed manner.

"I hope you haven't taken a chill," said Caroline, with motherly anxiety.

Suddenly William whistled below. The two children stiffened to the stillness of stone and held their breaths. Voices! Mrs. Wilmington's voice!

"Have you seen Miss Caroline, William?" she was saying. "I am afraid she has run out in the reen."

"She's up in the loft, mum," said William. "I let her go up just to 'ave a peep. 'Ere, miss, you come along down. You seen all there is to see."

Caroline rustled through the straw and down the ladder. Mrs. Wilmington, cloaked and with a brown plaid shawl over her head, stood in the stable door.

"I'm quite dry, really I am," said Caroline, as William climbed the ladder to padlock the trap-door.

"'I HID WHEN I HEARD YOU ON THE LADDER,' HE SAID. 'YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.'"

"You best come in at once," said Mrs. Wilmington. And at that moment a faint sound was heard from the loft. Rupert had coughed again.

"What's that?" Mrs. Wilmington asked, pausing on one golosh to listen.

"My dawg's up there," said William; "'e catches rats now and again."

"Your uncle," said the housekeeper, to Caroline, "was inquiring for you. He is in the dining-room."

From the dining-room came the sound of talking. Caroline paused in the doorway.

"I hope you don't mind the room being a little untidy, uncle," Charlotte was saying. For the others had decided on having a game at wrecks while Caroline was visiting Rupert.

"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE ROOM BEING A LITTLE UNTIDY, UNCLE."

"Not at all, if you don't break things," said their uncle, a little nervously.

"We're most *awfully* careful," Charles explained.

"And so you're not dull, even on this rainy day? I feared you might find it wearisome."

"Oh, *no*," said everyone. "It's the loveliest house in the world." And Charlotte asked him kindly how his magic was getting on.

"Poorly," he said. "And yours?"

There was a silence, full of the thoughts of the magic of fernseed and of the great Rupert secret.

"We've invented a secret society," Caroline said, difficultly and in haste. "The Secret Society of the Rose. You wear one full-bloom rose and two buds, you see."

"I see. And what is the secret?" asked the innocent and kindly uncle.

"We'd tell you in a minute if we could. But you see it *is* a secret society."

"I see. I am very sorry I was so indiscreet. But tell me this," he added, hastily. "You haven't broken anything, have you?"

"Not a thing."

"Quite so. I might have known. I wish I could do something to amuse you. If you had any friends in the neighbourhood you might have the carriage and drive out to see them."

"The clergyman is a friend of ours," Charles remarked.

And Caroline said if only they might go and see him.

"By all means," said the uncle. "Bring him back to tea with you. I am sincerely glad to find that you are making yourselves at home."

With that he went away.

The children dined alone, and the cook remarked on the sudden growth of their appetites. How was she to know that generous double helpings of beef, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes, summer cabbage, rhubarb-pie, and custard were hidden behind the books on the dining-room shelf, for the later refreshment of a runaway boy at present hidden in the straw-loft?

"We must put the things in tumblers," Caroline said, "because plates would be missed; but the tumblers live in the sideboard, and there are dozens."

So a row of tumblers, containing such greasy things as never before had profaned their limpid depths, stood in a row like beakers on the bench of a secret laboratory.

"It's all very well," said Charlotte, replacing the last book and ringing the bell, "but how shall we get them to him?"

CHAPTER IX.

BREWING THE SPELL.

IT was awkward, certainly. And the awkwardness kept worrying and worrying at the back of Caroline's mind all through the pleasure of going out in the carriage to make a call by themselves, and the delight of the call itself.

It was while Charles and Charlotte were busy in the large bare room which had been the last rector's drawing-room that Mr. Penfold took Caroline into the conservatory to show her a pet newt.

"A friend of mine with an orange waistcoat," Mr. Penfold said.

He was a very nice newt, but even his orange-coloured stomach could not drive away the worries from the back of Caroline's mind. How were the tumblers of food to be got to Rupert? Altogether she felt worried; the whole adventure was beginning to feel too big and too serious. And when Mr. Penfold, suddenly asking her if she could keep a secret, showed her a green parrot sitting on a nest behind a big geranium, she longed to say that she would keep his and to tell him her own.

What she did say when she had admired the parrot was:—

"Aren't there some secrets you ought to keep, even if you know that some people would say you oughtn't to if they were to know you were keeping them only of course they don't?"

I think it was rather clever of Mr. Penfold to understand this, but he did.

"There are some things we all have to judge for ourselves," he said. "Could you give me an instance of the sort of thing you mean? Not the real thing you were thinking about, of course. But something like it."

"Of course, not the real thing," she said, and paused.

The temptation to be very clever came to her. She would tell him the real thing, and he would never think it could be the real one.

"You heard about that boy who ran away? And they were looking for him yesterday."

"He wasn't found, was he?" the clergyman asked, carefully picking dead leaves from a salmon-coloured fuchsia.

"No," said Caroline. "Well, suppose the boy had come to you, what would you have done? You wouldn't have given him up, would you?"

"I don't know any of the facts of the case," he answered, slowly.

"But suppose it was a runaway slave?"

"But you see it wouldn't stop with not giving him up. He would have to be fed and clothed, and have somewhere to sleep; and it would be impossible, quite impossible, to keep him concealed. They would be sure to find him."

"Ye-es," said Caroline. "But what could you do?"

"Well, leaving the boy out of the question—he was just given as an instance, wasn't he?—suppose *you* were in any other sort of difficulty, the thing for you to do would be to tell your uncle. You take it from me, you can trust him absolutely. He'll decide what's right. Unless you'd like to tell me. I'd help all I could."

"If ever I have a secret I *can* tell you, I will," Caroline promised. "We're a secret society just at present. That's why we're all wearing red roses."

"I wish I could have joined it," said the unusual clergyman. "Perhaps you'll let me join later?"

"If I ever can, I will," said Caroline, cordially.

And then the others came to look at the newt, and they all went home in the carriage to tea. The uncle and the unusual clergyman talked about things which the children did not understand; or perhaps they might have understood if they had listened, but their thoughts were in tumblers full of beef and pudding behind the books on the shelves, and though they caught a few words—"golden bough," "myths," "folk-lore"—they did not pay much attention till they heard the words "secret rites" and "symbolic"; and then the uncle suddenly said: "Well, come along to my room, won't you? I'll show you that passage I was speaking of."

Of course, the three "C's" hastened to the stable yard. The men had gone to their tea and the servants were having theirs, so it was quite safe. The tumblers of food, now thinly iced with congealed fat and looking very uninviting, were carried in the side-pockets of Charles and under the pinafores of the girls.

William received the visitors with marked disapproval.

"You're late," he said. "I've got to go down to the village to see about a new axle for the light cart. What's all that rubbish? Ain't what I gives him good enough for his lordship?"

He looked sourly at the tumblers the children had stood upon the corn-bin.

"Of course it is," said Caroline, feeling that a fatal error had been committed. "We only thought he'd like a change. Don't be cross, William. You know you're our beany-factor."

"Well, beany or no beany, you don't see 'im to-night. Off with you. I'll see 'e's all right. Yes, you can leave the grub. You come 'bout eight in the morning if you can, and then we'll see."

It was a disappointed party that returned to the dining-room. They talked about Rupert for an hour, and said the same things over and over; and then Mr. Penfold came in to say good-bye.

"I'm getting on with the book," he said. "It's most interesting. I've got some of the manuscript in my pocket."

"Oh, do let us look!" they all said at once.

"Well, just one page, then—only one, or I shall be late for church."

He laid down a typewritten page, and they all sprawled over the table to read it.

"To obtain your suit," it said. "Herbs favourable to the granting of petitions . . ." There was a blank for the names of the herbs, which Mr. Penfold hadn't yet had time, he told them, to translate.

"Suitors to kings and those in high places shall note well these herbs," the translation went on, "and offer the flowers and leaves in bunches or garlands when they go to tender their suit. More efficacious it is, however, if the herbs be bruised and their juices expressed, and a decoction given to drink in a little warm sack or strong waters or any liquor convenient. But for this ye need interest with the household of the king or him who has the granting of the desire. These herbs have the virtue to incline the heart favourably towards suitors if gathered in the first quarter of Luna by the hand of the petitioner in his proper person."

That was the end of the page. The children had to own that they couldn't understand it.

"Oh," said the unusual one, "it only means if you're going to ask a favour of anyone. One of the herbs was balsam, I believe. Now I must fly. Keep the page till to-morrow, if you like."

They did like. And when he was gone Charlotte spoke.

"Look here. We shall have to tell uncle. Let's decoct him some balsam and then tell him."

But the others wouldn't hear of it. They had to hear of it, however, next day, when at twelve o'clock William allowed them to visit Rupert in his loft. Rupert's eyes were very bright and his hands were very hot, and he coughed almost all the time—a very little cough, but most persevering.

"William," Caroline came down the ladder to say, "we must tell uncle. I'm sure Rupert's ill. He ought to have a doctor."

"You're right, miss," William replied. "What did I tell you from the first?"

Caroline expected stern opposition from Rupert, and even feared that he might say that, rather than have his secret given to an uncle, he would indeed run away to sea. But he only turned his head restlessly on the straw, and said: "Oh, I don't care! Do what you like."

The day was, most fortunately, fine. So after dinner they all went into the garden to get the balsam. But there wasn't any balsam.

In finding suitable "herbs," first in the book and then in the garden, the time went quickly. There was a good deal of talk, of course.

"We'll have calceolaria," Caroline finally decided, "because it means 'I offer you pecuniary aid' or 'I offer you my fortune,' and, of course, Rupert'll cost something to keep. And double China aster, if we can find it, because it means 'I share your sentiments.' Straw means agreement, so we'll have that too. It needn't show in the bouquet. And eschscholtzia, because that signifies 'Do not refuse me.'"

They got the calceolarias and the eschscholtzias, but the gardener said the asters weren't out yet.

"It's only two," said Charlotte. "Suppose we wore something in our buttonholes to mean 'We trust in you'?"

Nothing meaning just that, however, could be found in the book. The nearest was heliotrope, "I turn to thee," and rhododendron, "Danger." A bouquet of rhododendron and heliotrope was, however, found to be incompatible with the human buttonhole, so these flowers were added to the uncle's bouquet.

"And now," said Charlotte, "let's go in and express the juices."

The unusual clergyman was, perhaps, partly to blame for what followed. Calceolaria, rhododendron, and eschscholtzia (a word I spell with the greatest pain and difficulty) were cut up very fine indeed with Caroline's nail-scissors and secreted in Charles's handkerchief—a clean one, brought down for

the purpose. When the tea-tray was brought in and the maid had gone to ring the bell which summons uncles, the lid of the teapot was hurriedly raised and a good handful of chopped leaves and petals thrust in.

The magic bouquet was placed on the uncle's plate.

He came in, pale and shadowy as ever, and yet looking, the children thought, somewhat different, and took up the bouquet.

"What's all this, eh?" the uncle asked.

"It's a sim-what's-its-name bouquet."

"Simple?" asked the uncle. "It's anything but that. Sympathetic?"

Six anxious eyes followed his every movement, and his movements from the moment the tea entered his mouth were brisk and unusual. He screwed up his nose in a way that, at any less important moment, would have been amusing, went quickly to the window, and leaned out.

"Excuse me," he said, coming back to the table and taking up the cup. "I beg your pardon for that natural, if impolite, action. I think this tea must be poisoned. Don't drink any of it, and please ring the bell. I must inquire into this."

Nobody moved.

"HIS MOVEMENTS FROM THE MOMENT THE TEA ENTERED HIS MOUTH WERE BRISK AND UNUSUAL."

"No," said Charlotte; "sym—what Mr. Penfold was saying to you yesterday, about magic."

"Symbolic. I see. What does it symbolize?" he asked, kindly, but without smiling.

"We'll tell you when you've had your tea," they all agreed in saying.

The uncle sniffed the bouquet, and that was perhaps why he did not sniff the tea. They wondered how he could possibly not smell it, for as Caroline poured it out it seemed to fill the room with its strange mixed scent. However, he just stirred it and talked about the weather, not at all amusingly, and presently he lifted the cup to his lips.

"Will you kindly ring?" the uncle asked, coldly. It was a terrible moment. But Caroline met it bravely.

"No," she said, "don't ask the servants, please, uncle; it's not their fault. *We* put the stuff in the teapot."

"You put poison in the teapot? For me?"

The uncle suddenly sat down.

"No, no, dear uncle," cried Caroline; "*not* poison. Only calceolaria and eschscholtzia and straw and rhododendron; it isn't poison. It's just a little magic spell to make you say 'yes' to what we want."

"Have I given you reason to suppose that

I would not grant your requirements without spells ? " he asked, severely.

" Oh, no ! But we wanted to make sure."

Charlotte held out the translation and the uncle read it.

" But this doesn't say calceolaria and all the rest of it," he objected.

" No, it doesn't say. That's just it. So we had to get the nearest things we could. Straw for agreement, because we want you to agree to what we want. And calceolaria because it means ' I offer you pecuniary aid ' ; and rhododendron to show it's dangerous not to, and es-what's-its-name for ' Do not refuse me.' "

" Do not refuse you *what ?* " said the uncle, in an exasperated voice.

The three of them looked at each other, and two of them said, " You tell, Caro."

Caroline clasped her hands very tight and drew a long breath, and said very fast indeed :—

" There was a boy ran away from school called Rupert his master was cruel to him and he came here and we hid him and put the police off the scent and he's such a nice boy and his father's in India like ours and he's in the straw-loft now with such a dreadful cold and I know the doctor ought to be sent for and if you give him back to that Murdstone man I know he'll die and I can't bear it and I'm very very sorry it was silly putting the stuff in your tea but we weren't taking any chances and if you're angry about the tea do punish us but stick to Rupert and oh uncle I don't know what to say but what would you have done if you'd been us ? "

" There, there," said the uncle, gently, and not seeming as surprised as they expected. " Don't cry. Don't *you* begin," he added, with more sternness, to Charles, who was becoming subject to sniffs. " There, go and wash your faces. We'll have some fresh tea made in another pot and talk it over."

" It's hopeful, I tell you," said Caroline, washing her face ; " he's not said ' no.' Oh, I believe the spell's working. Stop snivelling, Charlotte. There's nothing to cry about yet."

Over tea, for which nobody felt very hungry, the uncle asked many questions and heard the full story of the escape and the Secret Order of the Rose.

" And don't blame William, will you ? " Charlotte begged—" because he's done nothing but say ' tell ' you ever since it began."

" I shall not blame William," said the uncle.

" I wanted to tell you," said Caroline ; " at least, next day I did, but it wasn't my secret. And Rupert agreed for us to tell now."

Tea was over, and there was a silence. Uncle Charles was looking from one to another of the children.

" And you really believed," he said, slowly, " that putting that abominable stuff in my tea would make me agree to keep your runaway boy ? "

The uncle laughed—faintly, but he did laugh.

" Then you *will* grant our desire ? " cried Charlotte. " You couldn't laugh if you weren't going to. So you see the herbs did do the magic."

" Something seems to have done it," said the uncle. " You had better give me a red rose and two buds, and enrol me as a member of your Royal Order of the Secret Rose."

He found himself suddenly involved in a violent threefold embrace.

" I will give you a word of advice," he said, settling his necktie when it was over. " Never try to administer philtres or potions inwardly. Outward application is quite as efficacious. Indeed, I am not sure but what your bouquet was in itself enough to work the spell. Something has certainly worked it. For I may now tell you that Mrs. Wilmington had her suspicions, and by a stratagem surprised the secret this afternoon. She told me and wished to send for the police. But I heard William's story, and decided not to send for the police till after tea. But now Mrs. Wilmington has seen the boy you may as well make her a Royal rose too. She will not betray you."

The children looked at each other amazed. Mrs. Wilmington ! It was unbelievable.

" The doctor is coming at once," said the uncle. " I hope it isn't measles."

" Then, if we hadn't spelled you, should you have given him up to the police ? " Caroline asked.

" Your telling me, or the spell, or something, has stopped that. Now run away and play in the park. If the illness is not infectious you shall see your little friend later."

" Oh, uncle ! " said Charlotte, in heartfelt tones. " It's a long lane that never rejoices. We have been so sick about it. And now it's all right. And you *are* a dear ! "

" The dearest dear," corrected Caroline.

" I call him a brick," said Charles, with the air of a man of the world.

" There's only one thing more," said the uncle. " Go and get me that red rose. And then I shall know that you'll let me into the next really important secret you have."

They ran to get it, and the uncle took it and the petition bouquet away with him to his study.

When the doctor had paid his visit they

were allowed to see Rupert for a few minutes before bed-time—not in the straw-loft, as they had supposed, but in the blue room, which is hung with tapestry and has blue silk curtains to window and four-poster.

"They brought me in at tea-time," Rupert told them. "That Mrs. Wilmington of yours is first-class. I don't know what you meant by saying she was a rotter. And your uncle. Isn't he a brick? And he's sent a telegram to my people in India to ask whether I mayn't stay on here till school begins again."

"How splendid!" said Charlotte, awe-struck. "How awfully splendid! I didn't think uncles *could* be like that."

"Uncles are all right," said Rupert, "if you treat them properly."

"'THEY BROUGHT ME IN AT TEA-TIME,' RUPERT TOLD THEM."

Then he began to cough, and Mrs. Wilmington came in with lemonade and honey, and told the others that they were tiring him, and it was bed-time, anyhow.

"If you treat them properly," said Charlotte, dreamily, as she brushed her hair, "uncles are all right. Do you think he would have been all right if we hadn't treated him just as we did?"

"No," said Caroline. "Just unhook me, will you, Char? I don't. I think it was the spell."

"So do I," said Charlotte. "Stand still or I can't unhook you. What the eye doesn't see the hook doesn't come out of. I expect the tea was like what Miss Peckitt's sister's mistress had when their house was burglared—nervous shock. I expect that is the same as electric shocks making people walk that couldn't before. I expect the nervous shock made that part of uncle that grants favours wake up and walk, don't you?"

"You make haste into bed," said Caroline. "What's the good of talking all round it? We did what it said in the book, and it happened like it said in the book it would happen. I believe you could manage everything with spells, if you only knew the proper ones. When I grow up I shall be a professoress of magic spells, and——"

"Talk about talking!" said Charlotte. "Come along to bed, do."

(To be continued.)

"CHEEK."

The following article contains a few specimen cases of colossal impudence or, to use the more familiar expression, "cheek." Almost everyone has heard of cases of this kind, and most people have come across one or more in the course of their experience. We invite our readers to send us a brief account of cases resembling these specimens, especially the first two given below. We shall then publish a selection of those which we consider the best sent in, and shall pay for those so used.

FOR ingenious impudence it would be hard to beat the case of the man who called at a shop and said, "I am from Mr. Brown, down the street. He presents his compliments and would be greatly obliged for the loan of your step-ladder for an hour."

"Certainly. We are always pleased to oblige a neighbour."

The man departed with the article. Hours passed, and as the step-ladder was not returned its owner sent to Mr. Brown to inquire about it. "If you have finished with it, could Mr. Robinson have his steps?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Robinson's steps," was the reply; "but a man called here this morning and sold us some steps, which we should be very pleased to lend Mr. Robinson."

Needless to say, these were Mr. Robinson's own steps.

"A MAN CALLED HERE THIS MORNING AND SOLD US SOME STEPS."

A well-dressed person paused in front of a bookshop in Charing Cross Road and, selecting a well-bound volume from a stall outside, walked boldly into the establishment and inquired of the bookseller, not what he would *take*, but what he would *give*, for the book. The bookseller named a price, to which the customer assented, pocketed the money, and disappeared.

On one occasion a gentlemanly-appearing individual walked boldly up the steps of St. Stephen's, passed the various officials, turned into the House of Lords passage, and in a self-possessed manner entered the robing-room.

"Lord Normanby's robes."

The attendant looked surprised.

"But, my lord——" he began.

"I know it's absurd," said the stranger; "but my tailor cannot finish my robes in time, and I must attend this sitting. Lord Normanby was so kind as to offer—— You understand?"

"Oh, certainly, my lord," responded the rober, obsequiously.

The crimson and ermine was produced and donned, and the pseudo-peer strolled into the House, where a few peers were waiting, administered a series of affable nods right and left, and finally took his place on the woolsack. For full thirty seconds he sat there, while those present tried to collect their faculties. Then he slowly arose and, remarking to the clerk, "How stupid of me! I now remember I have an appointment elsewhere," retired from the chamber. In the robing-room he remarked, "Thank Lord Normanby, and tell his lordship I have just recalled a pressing appointment with the King."

"Yes, my lord. What name?"

"What name?" echoed the other, in assumed astonishment. "What name? Really, my good fellow, you must be careful—very careful. It does not do to forget yourself in this assembly. But I will overlook your slip this time. Good morning."

That evening it was known at the Beefsteak Club that Banister, the actor, had won a bet of fifty pounds.

The late Sims Reeves was billed to appear at Newcastle, and a crowded house was assembled to hear the great singer. For

"A WELL-DRESSED PERSON WALKED BOLDLY INTO THE ESTABLISHMENT AND INQUIRED OF THE BOOKSELLER, NOT WHAT HE WOULD TAKE, BUT WHAT HE WOULD GIVE, FOR THE BOOK"

some unexplained reason he did not turn up. Other vocalists were put on and received coldly. The house began to grow impatient, and the manager was in despair. Just as a serious crisis approached a personal friend of the belated tenor resolved to save the situation. Knowing that he bore some physical resemblance to Sims Reeves, he left his place in the stalls, rushed round to the stage-door, and, hurriedly gaining the stage, walked to the footlights, bowed, and was greeted with a tumult of applause.

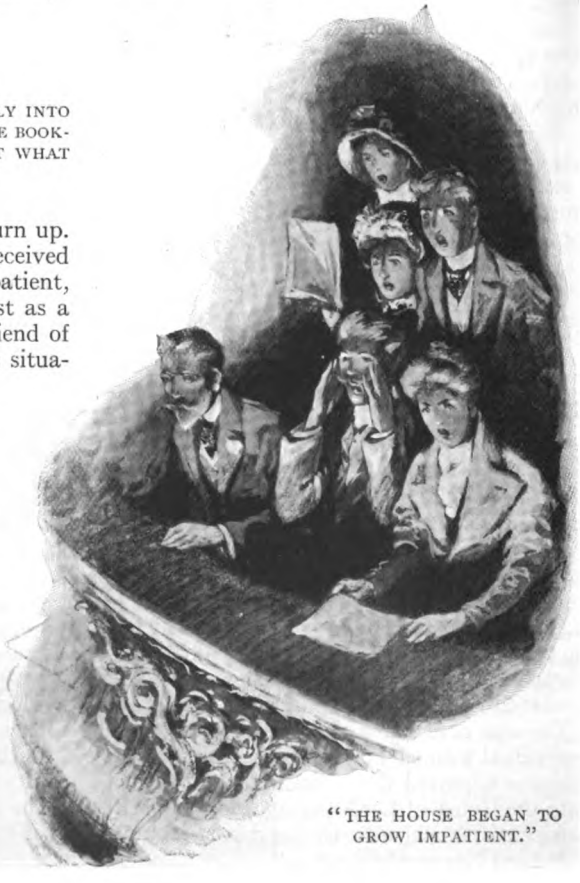
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said; "I offer you my humble apologies for the delay. (More cheering.) But a Power which controls the destinies of us all had——" Here the singer seemed overcome with emotion. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have just had a narrow escape from an awful death. (Sensation.) My nerves are naturally much unstrung. I throw myself on your indulgence. (Great cheering.) In a few moments, however, your patience will be rewarded. (Cheering.) Will you kindly allow the others to proceed with the concert, as at this moment, Heaven is my witness, I cannot sing a note?"

Further acclamations broke forth and the speaker retired to the wings, where he was received by the manager, who was breathless with emotion.

"I only told them the truth," explained the impersonator; "for, as I was rushing out from the front of the theatre, I was nearly knocked down by a cab, and, as Heaven is my witness, I cannot sing a note."

"But suppose Reeves doesn't turn up?" queried the manager. "How are you going to get us out of this scrape?"

Ten minutes later the famous tenor appeared, and explained that he had unluckily overslept himself after dinner at a strange inn. He proved in splendid voice, and quickly caused his audience to forget any discrepancies between his own appearance and that of his audacious impersonator.



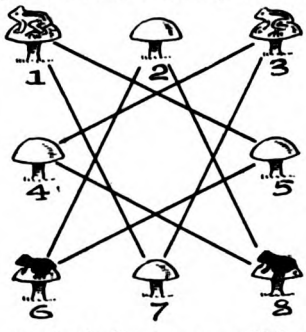
"THE HOUSE BEGAN TO GROW IMPATIENT."

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

40.—THE FOUR FROGS.

IN the illustration we have eight toadstools, with white frogs on 1 and 3 and black frogs on 6 and 8. The puzzle is to move one frog at a time, in any order, along one of the straight lines from toadstool to toadstool, until they have exchanged places, the white frogs being left on 6 and 8 and the black ones on 1 and 3. If you use four counters on a simple diagram, you will find this quite easy, but it is a little more puzzling to do it in only seven plays, any number of successive moves by one frog counting as one play. Of course, more than one frog cannot be on a toadstool at the same time.

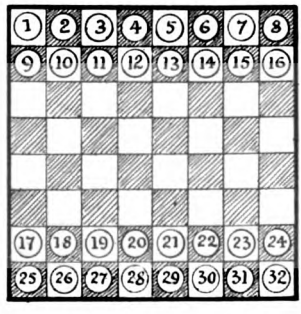


41.—A COIN PUZZLE.

TAKE six pennies in your left hand in a pile. Remove the top one and place it on the table, carry the second one to the bottom of the pile, place the third one on the table to the right of the other, carry the next one to the bottom of the pile, place the next one on the table, again to the right of the others, and so on. When you have finished the line of coins on the table should be alternately head, tail, head, tail, head, tail. If you pick up the coins at haphazard, there is only one chance in sixty-four that they will play out correctly, and even if you happen to have a head at the top of the pile the chances are only one in thirty-two. But if you have found the trick of arranging the pile, and can get them in order without being noticed, it will perplex your friends when you show them "how very simple it really is."

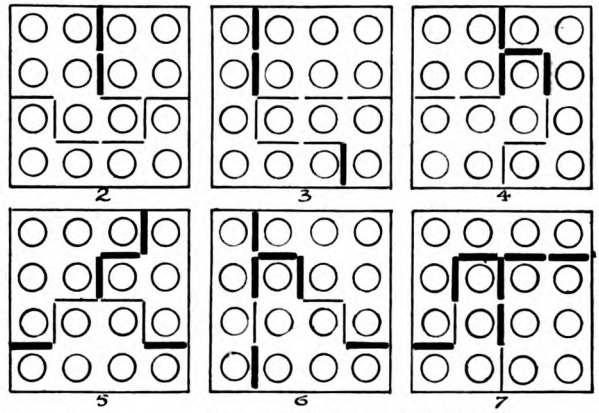
42.—CHESSBOARD SOLITAIRE.

HERE is a new and interesting little game of solitaire. All you need is a chessboard and the thirty-two pieces, or the same number of draughts or counters. In the illustration numbered counters are used. The puzzle is to remove all the counters except two, and these two must have originally been on the same side of the board; that is, the two left must either belong to the group 1 to 16 or to the other group, 17 to 32: You remove a counter by jumping over it with another counter to the next square beyond, if that square is vacant, but you cannot make a leap in a diagonal direction. The following moves will make the play quite clear.



3—11, 4—12, 3—4, 13—3. Here 3 jumps over 11, and you remove 11; 4 jumps over 12, and you remove 12; and so on. It will be found a fascinating little game of patience, and the solution requires the exercise of some ingenuity.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.



37.—THE SIXTEEN SHEEP.

THE six diagrams will show successive solutions for the cases where we replace 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 hurdles. The dark lines indicate the hurdles that have been replaced. There are, of course, other ways of making the removals.

38.—MATE IN THREE MOVES.

1 R—Q B 2	P—Kt 4	1 R—Q B 2	K—Rsq.
2 K—B 7	Any	2 K—B 7	Any
3 R mates.		3 R mates.	

1 R—Q B 2
2 K takes P
3 R mates.

K—Kt sq.
K moves

39.—A PUZZLE FOR CARD-PLAYERS.

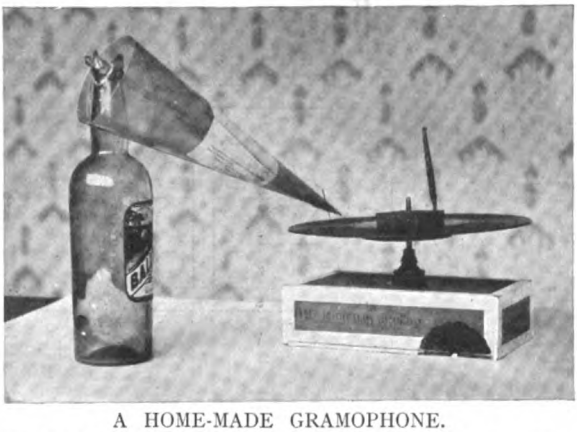
IN the following solution each of the eleven lines represents a sitting, each column a table, and each pair of letters a pair of partners.

A B — I L	E J — G K	F H — C D
A C — J B	F K — H L	G I — D E
A D — K C	G L — I B	H J — E F
A E — L D	H B — J C	I K — F G
A F — B E	I C — K D	J L — G H
A G — C F	J D — L E	K B — H I
A H — D G	K E — B F	L C — I J
A I — E H	L F — C G	B D — J K
A J — F I	B G — D H	C E — K L
A K — G J	C H — E I	D F — L B
A L — H K	D I — F J	E G — B C

It will be seen that the letters B, C, D—L descend cyclically. Although, to simplify the puzzle, it was suggested that the reader should only consider the question of partners, and not of opponents, yet the solution given above is absolutely perfect in all respects. It will be found that every player has every other player once as his partner and twice as his opponent.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

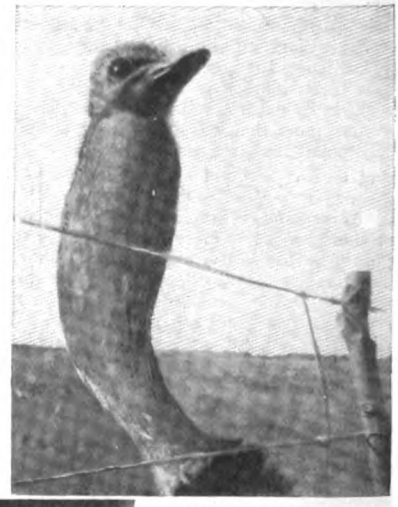


A HOME-MADE GRAMOPHONE.

THIS home-made gramophone was made up of a few odds and ends, including an ordinary flat record. The base is a cigar-box, on which is fixed an empty cotton-reel, and a spindle passes through this, on which the record revolves. The trumpet I made from a piece of celluloid, on the end of which an ordinary sewing needle, stuck through at an angle, acts as the reproducer. On the record being made to revolve by the aid of the small stick at the top, the gramophone reproduces the sound quite clearly and distinctly. The bottle acts as a support for the trumpet.—Mr. J. C. Hill, 22, Govanhill Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

CRABS ON THE MARCH.

MY photograph shows an army of land crabs returning to the hills after a sojourn to the sea-beach to spawn. This happens every November. Sometimes in this part of the world the crabs are so numerous that it is impossible to walk without stepping on and crushing a few. In size these crabs range up to about six inches across the carapace. I may add that the spawn, when hatched in the sea, about six weeks after, have a short water-life, swimming about in what is called the zoea stage, after which they go on shore and follow their parents up the hill in broad streams of crabs, each one only about the size of a split pea. — W. S. Anderson, Christmas Island, Straits Settlements.



HOW AN OSTRICH SHOWS TEMPER.

THIS is not a fish, nor yet an ostrich with a sore throat. It is a snapshot of an ostrich in the act of "drumming" (or booming). When annoyed or angered by the approach of a human being, the male bird slightly arches his neck and, drawing in a big breath, he blows out his neck as shown in the photograph and issues a three-note defiance (Bo-bo-bo-o-h). It is in the last prolonged note that his neck swells out so abnormally. The hen bird never "drums," though I have heard of one that tried very hard to ape the male, but the result was a ghastly failure.—Fred. M. Wilson, P.O. Knapdaar, Albert Division, Cape Colony.

MORE SUPPLE JOINTS.

FROM time to time during the past few months we have published a number of photographs depicting some curious feats performed by those possessed of unusually supple joints. These pictures appear to have acted as an incentive to our readers to test their skill in the same direction, for we continue to receive quite a number of extraordinary photographs, three of which are reproduced above. The first was sent by Mrs. K. Fisher, The Studio, South Woodford, Essex, who is shown with her arms placed in a position which, she tells us, none of her friends have been able to achieve. The second photograph comes from Mr. S. H. Lacey, 119, Grierson Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E., whose picture shows the successful performance of a feat somewhat different from most of those described by our other correspondents, but one which will be found by no means easy of achievement. To pick up an object from behind one's heel in the manner shown may look a simple task, but just try it for yourself and see. The third picture, which is another example of finger-contortion, comes from Mr. P. C. Bamford, 19, Palmerston Park, Co. Dublin, who writes that the lady whose fingers are twisted in such an extraordinary fashion has never yet met anyone who was able to duplicate this feat.

HANDBAG MADE OF APPLE-PIPS.

APPLE-PIPS are probably amongst the last things in the world that one would have thought capable of being utilized in the making of such a useful article as a handbag, yet the one shown in the accompanying photograph was made of nothing else. The pips have been most skilfully strung together to form a pleasing design, and the bag is quite large enough to carry a small pocket-handkerchief.

MADE OF SNAKE BONES

I AM sending you a photograph of what is, I think, a unique curiosity—a collection of snake bones made into a hanging basket, which looks, from a distance, as though it were made with dried flowers. Each bone has four sharp points and a small ball, which works on the ball and socket system, and it is this that gives the snake its marvellous gliding motion.—Mr. H. Irving, G.I.P., Parel, Bombay, India.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT A CAMERA.

"SNAPSHOTS" without a camera, besides being curious, are interesting to produce, and require no photographic knowledge. From the illustration herewith it will be seen that it bears comparison with an ordinary photograph. Flowers and leaves,

insect wings, lace-work, etc., can be readily reproduced, the outfit only costing a trifle over a shilling. One packet of self-toning postcards, 6d.; printing frame and slip of glass to fit same, 6d.; and one pound of hypo., 2d. Directions: Remove back of printing frame, arrange the dry and pressed flower on the slip of glass, lay one of the postcards on same and replace back of frame. Now put the frame in the open, if possible in the sunlight, and allow sufficient time for the flower-markings to show through. The progress of the printing can be seen by carefully unfastening one half of the printing frame and gently lifting the card. The necessary rules for finishing off the card are enclosed in each packet, and are quite simple.—Mr. F. Cox, 39, Winsford Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

A "ONE-LINE" PORTRAIT.

SEEING in your pages some months ago a picture drawn in one continuous line, it occurred to me to see what I could do in the same way, and the accompanying portrait of a lady in a picture hat is the result of my efforts.—Mr. R. J. Brothers, Woodcote, Ashford, Kent.

A NOVEL BURGLAR ALARM.

THIS little house on the pole is not a pigeon or bird house, but it might easily be mistaken for such. In Chicago there are a number of small private banks scattered over the city. Some are located in ordinary stores, and these have to protect themselves from hold-up or burglary in the best way they can. This small iron house is in front of a small private bank; should a burglar attempt to enter, a large bell, electrically connected and located in the small house, would immediately start ringing and arouse the neighbourhood.—Mr. W. F. Hild, 1010, Wells St., Chicago.

PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS.

THE "MISSING WORDS" PROBLEM.

THE word of *six* letters which will complete the verse given in our March issue is Sutler, the variations being Ulster, Lustre, Rustle, Lurest, Rulest, and Result. This solution was sent in by a large number of readers, though nobody supplied a satisfactory solution in *seven* letters, the best being the word Tapster, and the variations Trapest, Spatter, Patters, Pratest, Partest, and Raptest.

LAST MONTH'S BRIDGE PROBLEM.

The following is the solution to Mr. Klein's problem, which appeared in our last issue: Z leads 2 of spades, Y trumps. Y leads a trump, B discards a club (or a diamond), Z does the same. Y leads a club, Z takes it with ace. Z leads ace of spades, Y plays a diamond. Z leads 3 of spades, Y trumps. Y leads last trump; whatever A and B do, Y and Z make remaining tricks.

ANOTHER BRIDGE PROBLEM.

Clubs are trumps, and Z is in the lead:—

Hearts—Queen, 10, 8.
Diamonds—9, 2.
Clubs—9, 5.

Hearts—Knave, 9.
Diamonds—3.
Clubs—4.
Spades—Queen, 9, 8.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

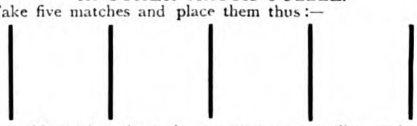
Hearts—3.
Diamonds—8, 7, 6.
Clubs—King, queen, 8.

Hearts—Ace, 5.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 3.
Spades—Knave, 10.

Y—Z want five of these seven tricks. How do they get them, and what is the best defence for A—B?—Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, N.Y., U.S.A.

ANOTHER MATCH PUZZLE.

Take five matches and place them thus:—



Now add another three, in any manner you like, and make a well-known quotation from "Hamlet."—Sergt. J. Roper, British Headquarters, Alexandria.

PICTURE PUZZLES.—The answer to the "Pig Puzzle" (No. 7) in last month's number is fourteen score.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 106 AND 107.

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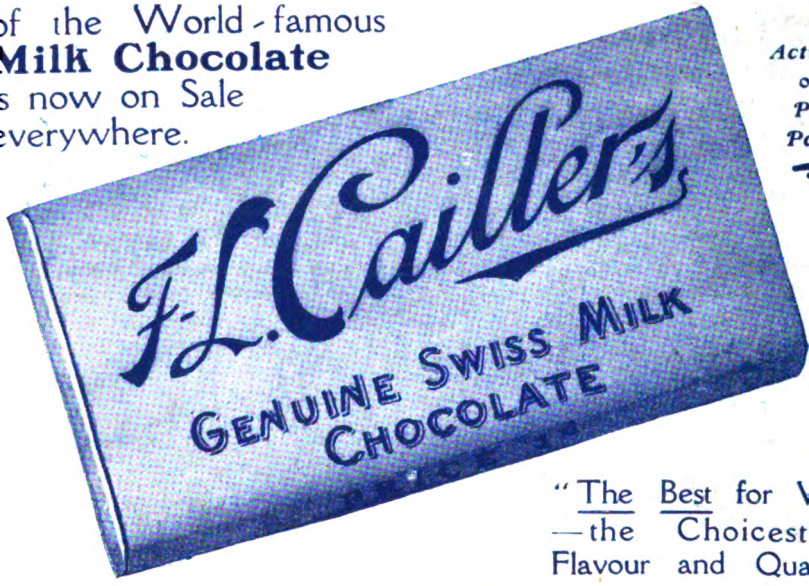

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have enjoyed universal popularity during seven Reigns—and still reign supreme.

See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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SIR HENRY W. LUCY.

June, 1911.

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No. 246
VOL 41

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 106 AND 107

"'LIE STILL!' SAID A SOFT VOICE. 'PLEASE—PLEASE LIE STILL!'"

(*See page* 639.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xli. JUNE, 1911. No. 246.

A Captain of the Air.

By FRANK SAVILE.

Illustrated by René Bull.

THE girl who sat upon the warm sand and leaned back against the rock behind her seemed to express by her pose placid contentment. Sky and sea were radiant lakes of blue, unclouded and unrippled to the far horizon. The summer sun was strong, but the land sucked in a faint breeze from the waters, tossed it against the headland cliffs, and let it fall to temper the still heat of the dunes. The tide was at the ebb, and the glare burnished the shallows to the gleam of silver, except at the river mouth. Here a line of white marked the ceaseless duel between the salt water and the fresh. Elsewhere there were no waves; the sea was silent.

And yet intermittently, rising and falling, there came a sound not unlike the voice of an angry sea, and the girl, as it approached and receded, raised eyes which were watchful and anxious, and clasped and unclasped her hands. Now and again her breath came in a quick little pant.

A huge bird, as it seemed, was spreading its wings over the expanse of sand, swooping, soaring, sliding in swift slants through the waste of air, darting now seaward, now landward, manœuvring, as it were, in very joy of flight. The sunshine was white upon its vast pinions. Its shadow leaped from dune to dune.

In the core of iron stays below the wings of white sat a man, incredibly tiny in comparison with the vast spread of the canvas above him. His hands gripped levers; delicately, unhurriedly, he drew them backward and forward, poising his weight this way and that. And the great artificial bird responded with sweeping curves and upward and downward swoops, spurning the air superbly, soaring and hovering with the triumphant mastery of a hawk seeking its prey.

When the line of flight was low and steady the girl's features relaxed and her fingers were still. When it wheeled in sudden dartings, pounced towards the earth or leaped skyward, she gasped and the look in her eyes became piteous in its appeal. Once, when its shadow enveloped her as it passed right over her head, a cheery laugh rang down to her and a tiny object fell at her feet. She picked it up. It was a buhch of violets, still fresh with morning scent. Before she pinned them to her blouse she pressed them to her lips.

The white bird sailed on, curving back towards the land. It rose, circled twice, and then all sound of its passing ceased. Like an alighting seagull it slipped silently down a plane of air, rose again an almost inappreciable height, and at last took the ground noiselessly. The girl sighed again; her face expressed a radiant ecstasy of relief.

She rose and strolled towards the enclosure into which it had disappeared. A huge fence of timber, armed with barbed-wire entanglements, ringed it in. At each corner a warning in five languages explained that this guarded the secrets of the Military School of Aviation, and that entry could only be obtained by the express and written permission of the commandant. Here and there were huge sheds of corrugated iron. In the centre, dominating the whole, stood the tall mast of a wireless-telegraphy installation.

Before she reached the barricade a door in it opened and a man in undress uniform came out and walked towards her with eager strides. Her eyes shone. As he reached her she slipped her hands into his with a half-proud, half-shy little gesture of welcome.

His eyes answered the message in hers. His fingers closed over her palm and held it.

"There are two sentries giving us their whole-hearted attention, sweetheart," he laughed, "so I must postpone saying good morning for a minute."

"THE GIRL, AS IT APPROACHED AND RECEDED, RAISED EYES WHICH WERE WATCHFUL AND ANXIOUS."

She smiled; she blushed faintly. Then the anxious glance which his appearance had removed suddenly returned.

"And father?" she answered. "He will be coming this way directly with Jack. Did you—did you see him last night, Laurance?"

He nodded.

"I saw him," he said, gravely, and his lips came together in a line which was stern—almost grim. He hesitated. Her anxiety deepened.

"Yes?" she questioned. "Yes?"

He drew her hand under his arm and began strolling towards the shore.

"He would not listen—he would not hear a word," he said. "He told me that an engagement between you and me was a thing which he refused so much as to consider. He said—and from his point of view it is true enough—that an officer of Engineers, with no particular prospects outside his position, was not a fit husband for the daughter of Arthur Winslow. He gave me to understand that that was his last word on the subject."

The colour rose in her cheeks.

"Not fit!" Her voice was almost fierce. "You, with *your* record, not fit for *me*, with no record at all?"

"Military records don't go far to advance civilian prospects, my darling. I gathered that he wishes some day to hear Violet Winslow addressed as 'My lady' or 'Your Grace.' To have to allude to her husband as plain Captain Rayner doesn't at all fit in with his ambition. Besides——"

He hesitated again.

"Besides what?" she cried, and there was almost terror in her voice. "You—you aren't going to give me up, Laurance?"

A sand-dune hid them from the prying sentries. He drew her into his arms, and without words made the one convincing answer which all lovers have used since in Eden Adam wooed Eve.

"If *that's* all right," she sighed, as she drew back her lips from his, "I don't mind—anything. But the besides? What is it? Tell me right out *straight!*"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He said I was not a soldier—only an acrobat. That my life was daily at the mercy of the wind—or of luck. I suppose, in a way of speaking, that was true too, dearest."

She nodded gravely.

"I know," she answered. "Every time you go up my heart seems to—to burst, Laurance. But, then, it's your duty—I don't forget that. If I'm to be a soldier's wife I must just keep on remembering it. If *I* can bear it, what has it to do with *him?*"

He shook his head.

"No, I think that was just—it is a thing any father would oppose. But it so happens that it is no longer an argument in the case."

She looked puzzled.

"How?" she asked. "You have to go on experimenting—you are the man they depend on to perfect the machines and the system."

"Yes," he said. "They are still going to use my experience. But not in the air. That's the news. I have got my majority—it will be gazetted to-morrow. By the regulations no one above the rank of captain is allowed to fly. In future I theorize. Others will practise."

She stopped—she looked incredulous.

"You are to give up flying—*you?*" she cried.

He nodded, stooped, and kissed her again.

"Does that please you?" he asked, smiling. "Are you and duty going to be friends—now?"

Every feature on her face expressed her ecstasy.

"Oh!" she cried, "that makes up for everything! We may have to wait—till I am of age we *must* wait, if father won't give his permission. But now I can wait easily—happily. I don't think you have ever guessed what it has been to me—to know what risks you were taking—to see you do it."

"Perhaps we mustn't blame your father too much, then. Perhaps *he* guessed?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, quickly. "Father's opposition is built on one foundation and one alone—Jack."

He started—he looked plainly amazed.

"Jack?" he cried. "Why, we are the best of friends! Ever since I allowed him to pay a visit to the Flying School he has *adored* me."

She gave a happy little laugh.

"He has—though it's rather conceited of you to say so. But don't misunderstand me, dear. Father's whole existence is concentrated on Jack—he is the centre of his pride. He sees in him all that is to be represented by the name of Winslow, and in me he sees the sister of that representative—no more and no less. He wants *my* husband to be worthy of the great position of being Jack's brother-in-law—somebody titled, somebody famous! Ah, you may smile. I am not exaggerating. I have recognized it for months."

He shook his head again.

"Isn't that going a little far?" he protested. "I don't think I can swallow that—whole."

She smiled.

"I think you've got to, Laurance. Perhaps in some future day, when you've come right out into the limelight owing to your surpassing military talents, you and father will be reconciled. For the moment you've got to be satisfied with me—just *me*."

To the challenge in her eyes and voice there was only one possible answer. For the third time Laurance Rayner stooped and kissed his love with whole-hearted enjoyment.

There was a sound behind them which can only be described as a *snarl*. They wheeled hastily and looked. Two figures were coming towards them—one a tall, grey-haired man; the other a boy, evidently at boyhood's most cheerful age and bubbling with appreciative laughter.

"Oh, Sis!" he bawled, derisively, holding shocked hands in front of his face. "Oh, Sis!"

The man made an impatient gesture for silence. He walked straight towards the waiting pair. His steel-blue eyes were grim. As he and his companion came to a halt the latter would have seized Rayner's hand. The elder man thrust him back.

"Captain Rayner," he said, "last night we had some conversation. Did I not make myself plain?"

The other bowed stiffly. "Perfectly plain," he agreed. "But I did not concur in your conclusions. I do not now."

The new-comer made another impatient gesture, as if he brushed aside something tangible but unseen.

"If you persist in this persecution I'll report you to your commanding officer!" he cried. "I'll—I'll *break* you!"

Rayner drew himself up.

"My service record will stand your investigations, Mr. Winslow, or anybody else's. I am persecuting nobody. Your daughter and I love each other—that is all."

"Love!" Winslow almost stamped his foot. "On her behalf I refuse for her what you are pleased to call love. For myself, for my daughter, and for my son I decline your acquaintance. They hear my orders not to speak to you again!"

The boy gave a sudden startled jump.

"What!" he cried. "I'm not to speak to him—to *him?*"

"No," said his father, coldly. "I do not wish you to endanger your future prospects by an intimacy with a military mountebank! You can go on to the bathing-place. Your sister and I will join you when Captain Rayner sees fit to go."

The boy's face grew dark and obstinate.

"I wanted him to come and bathe with me—at the river's mouth," he muttered.

Rayner wheeled towards him sharply.

"Not there, Jack," he said. "It's spring tide to-day. The water would be up to the higher sands and they would be *quick*."

Winslow frowned and stepped in front of the lad.

"I am perfectly capable of looking after my own son's safety," he sneered; "so you need not attempt to continue a conversation under the guise of solicitude. This, let it be understood, is the last word exchanged between myself, my children, and you."

His daughter looked at him fearlessly.

"No!" she said. "Till I am of age I shall continue to obey you, father, but I am going to marry Laurance. That is *my* last word."

Winslow made no comment. He stood looking at Rayner in stern, silent expectation.

Rayner looked at Violet. Neither spoke, but the message they exchanged was plain to anybody's reading. And they smiled—confidently. Then, with a little gesture towards the boy which expressed friendliness and farewell, the soldier drew back. Still without comment and without a backward look, Winslow motioned his children along the path.

Rayner watched them as they passed across the waste of dunes towards the river, shrugged his shoulders, gave a dreary little laugh, and then smiled again cheerfully. For, as the three figures topped the last sandhill, which would have finally hidden them from his sight, one stopped and a white handkerchief was waved in farewell.

He drew off his cap and swung it round his head. A cheery yell was borne upon the breeze—one in which Jack Winslow's tones were defiantly recognizable. Then the three were lost to view. Rayner turned towards the wooden fence, reached it, and passed into the enclosure. He made his way towards a group of men who were employed upon the roof of a *hangar*. The sentry saluted with a seriousness in which his officer suspected, but could not discover, traces of a grin.

On the sands the three walked silently. Behind his father's back Jack offered his sister the sympathy of a grimace. She nodded and smiled, but the smile was a watery one. The light seemed to have gone out from the sky, the freshness from the breeze. The future was veiled greyly by those two blank years which intervened before Laurance Rayner could come and claim her for his own. She was nineteen; till she was twenty-one she had to wait—to wait—to wait. The word rang through her brain in a weary monotone. Her dejection found witness in a deep-drawn sigh.

Her father looked at her.

"If you are tired, stay here," he said. "I will go on with Jack. He is going to bathe from the rocks at the river headland."

She assented listlessly.

"Very well," she said, and, as the others passed on, sat down upon the wind-swept stretch of grass which marked the limits of the tide. She looked at the wooden ramparts of the Flying School, and as she looked found a ray of comfort to illuminate the depression which was fast filling her mind. Laurance was there, and Laurance's career for the future was *safe*. After to-day there were to be no more life-risking experiments—the terrifying visions which had ceaselessly filled her imagination were to be things of the past; in future she could take up the day's paper without that choking sense of apprehension which had been hers every morning of the last six months. That was a surpassing gain—that filled her heart with thankfulness. But two years—two years? To one of her age it seemed a very eternity. How could she fill all those thousands of hours in which Laurance would hold no part—hours in which she was neither to hear his voice, nor meet his smile, nor touch his hand? A little sob escaped her. Her face sank down upon the sun-dried grass.

Suddenly a sound broke in upon her preoccupation, borne by the breeze from the direction of the headland. Even at that distance she seemed to recognize in it an accent of agony—or fear.

She started to her feet; she listened intently. The sound came again, and this time there was no mistaking it. It was the voice of a man confronted by some sudden stress of despair—her father's voice, calling aloud in anguish, sharp and shrill as the shriek of an animal trapped and helpless before the grim approach of death. She began to run, calling aloud in answer, her feet faltering under the burden of sudden fear.

She passed a corner of the jutting rocks. She came to a halt. Another cry escaped her; she clasped her hands together in an agony, helpless, desperate.

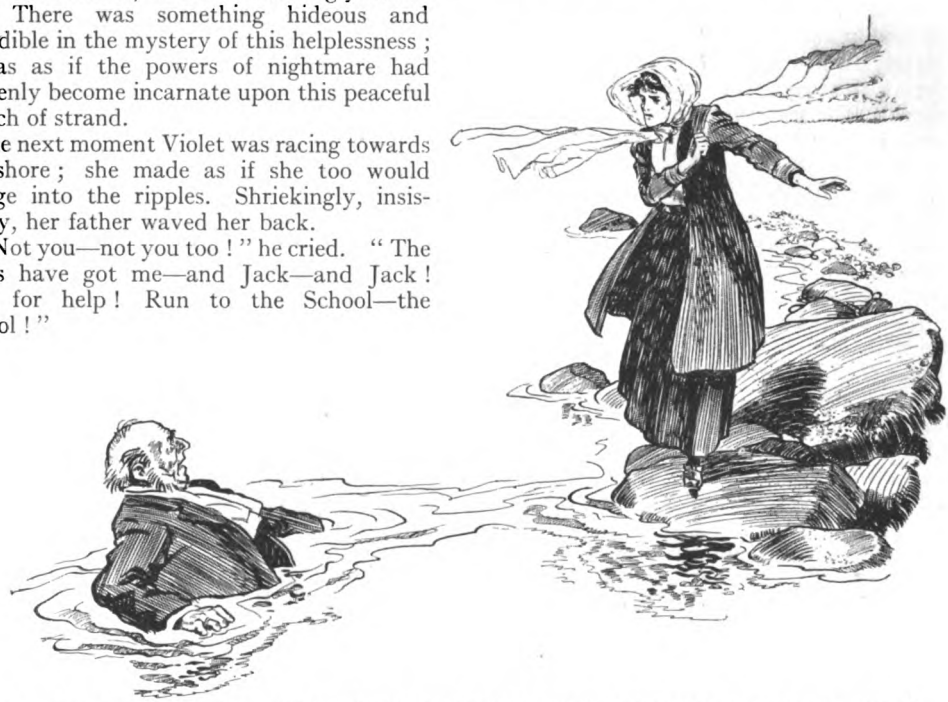
The tide was turning and the white line of breakers at the river's mouth was high. Not far short of it and a full furlong from the river's bank a dark object moved upon the shallow, and yet seemed neither to advance nor retire. It beat upon the surface, sending the spray flying this way and that, but it

was as if chained to the spot. Cries came from it—cries which seemed to rend her very heart, for the voice was the voice of her brother.

But the sounds which had first reached her were not these. They came from other lips which were more heavily burdened, if that were possible, with a weight of despair. Fully-dressed and not twenty yards from the land, caught as it were in the jaws of some unseen gin, her father was fighting fiercely to release himself, but as unavailingly as his son. There was something hideous and incredible in the mystery of this helplessness; it was as if the powers of nightmare had suddenly become incarnate upon this peaceful stretch of strand.

The next moment Violet was racing towards the shore; she made as if she too would plunge into the ripples. Shriekingly, insistently, her father waved her back.

"Not you—not you too!" he cried. "The sands have got me—and Jack—and Jack! Run for help! Run to the School—the School!"



"RUN—FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, RUN! EVERY SECOND MAY MAKE A DIFFERENCE! RUN! RUN!"

She hesitated, bewildered by his vehemence and her own fear.

"But you—*you?*" she cried. "Let me come a few yards nearer! Let me try!"

"No!" he thundered. "No! It won't reach me for hours—hours! But it is rising every minute on Jack! Run—for Heaven's sake, run! Every second may make a difference! Run! Run!"

He waved his hand frantically towards the great wireless mast which topped the circle of the dunes. Pantingly she set her face towards it. She tried to concentrate all her powers into speed, but as she fled across the acres of clinging sand they seemed to widen rather than to narrow between her and her goal.

The bent-grass tripped her; she fell. Doggedly she rose to her feet and tottered on. Her shoes were filled with the sand; as her feet churned it, it seemed to beat up into her very eyes and blind her. Its dry and parching dust filled her mouth. The world had become a mist of dun particles through which the group of buildings loomed unreal and shrouded with haze. She tried to call out; sight seemed to leave her; she could not hear.

And then, breaking through the veil of her despair like a sudden sunray through a cloud, her lover's voice was in her ears, his hand under her arm. She reeled, almost speechless, into the support of his embrace.

"I saw you from the *hangar* roof!" he cried. "What is it—what has happened?"

Ordered speech was beyond her; she could only gasp in syllables.

"The sands—the sands!" she panted. "A boat—get a boat!"

He started. His voice became tense with a new anxiety.

"The sands?" he repeated, fiercely. "Your father is caught—or Jack?"

She made a vehement gesture of assent.

"Yes!" she whispered. "Yes! A boat—a boat!"

He wheeled away from her; he raced back towards the fence.

"Go back to them—go back!" he shouted

over his shoulder. "I'll come—I'll come!" He disappeared behind the wooden wall, his voice ringing out in loud commands to his men.

Suddenly out of the earth, as it seemed to her failing senses, a dozen officers and men were about her, carrying ropes, questioning her vehemently. Her voice was gone; she could only point feebly towards the shore, urging them with trembling gestures which told their own tale of the need for haste. They did not hesitate. Two of them lifted her bodily and ran; the rest sped on ahead, vaguely following the direction of her finger, alert to discover what she had no strength to tell. The sense of nightmare still gripped her. It was as in a dream that she was borne down the path up which she had stumbled, saw her escort halt upon the edge of safety, and fling out the rope which they carried to the expectant hands which twitched for its coming. With the strength of a dozen arms her father was dragged to her feet.

He rose; he gesticulated violently; his voice shrilled into fierce vehemence as the passion of his despair tore him.

"Half my fortune to the man who saves him!" he shouted, pointing to the dark figure which still wrestled in the grip of the sands and the advancing tide. He seized one of his rescuers by the shoulder. He shook him wrathfully.

"It's *him* you should have saved, not me!" he cried. "You fools—you fools! Why are you waiting? Where is the boat—the boat?"

With a restraining gesture the officer laid his fingers upon the gesticulating arm.

"There is no boat, Mr. Winslow," he said, quietly. "If there were it could not reach your son. No force we could employ would cut a passage for it through—*that!*" He pointed to the quaking mass which trembled and shifted beneath the suck of the rising tide. He held up his hand.

"Listen!" he cried, suddenly. "That means rescue if rescue is humanly possible. Be sure of that!"

Winslow looked at him with haggard, uncomprehending eyes. Then suddenly he drew himself up tensely. He and all who stood beside him turned their faces eagerly to the sky.

Superb against the blue, circling in a vast curve towards the river-mouth, came the aeroplane, the propeller drumming out its message of hope to those below. It swept gracefully over the headland, its shadow falling upon the dark figure which still fought valiantly against the advancing hosts of white. The hiss and thunder of the breakers had deafened Jack Winslow—the sound of the aeroplane's passing did not reach him till its shadow touched his face. A sudden light of hope leaped into his desperate eyes. And Laurance Rayner's voice was reassuring—it thrilled the boy's heart with confidence. The machine swept round him. From the central stays a rope was trailed.

"Be smart, Jack!" The soldier's tone was brisk and matter-of-fact. "I daren't go very slow—I must keep moving. But when I come round again—*snatch* it!"

The drone of the engine faded and then rose in sudden volume. The cord came splashing straight at the boy's head.

His hands shot up, got a hold, slipped, caught again, and then settled upon a knot tenaciously. The shock sent a wall of spray flying right and left.

A gasp went up from the watchers' lips, for the great white bird rocked and swayed perilously.

Then it steadied—caught upon the air grudgingly—gained speed—flew, at last, towards them with wide, unfaltering wings. And, dragging like some unseated anchor through the churn of tide and sand came Jack Winslow, white-faced, set of teeth, holding on grimly against the grip of the defeated sea, swept back to life again out of the menacing shackles of death.

A queer, gasping cry went up from Mr. Winslow's lips. As the rope and its burden tossed up the spray through the last few yards of shallow, he sprang forward with arms outstretched.

A dozen voices called to him warningly—a dozen hands were thrust towards him, but too late. The man had eyes for nothing but his recovered treasure, no ears for any voice but the one that had been threatened by the eternal silence of death. He flung his arms about his son.

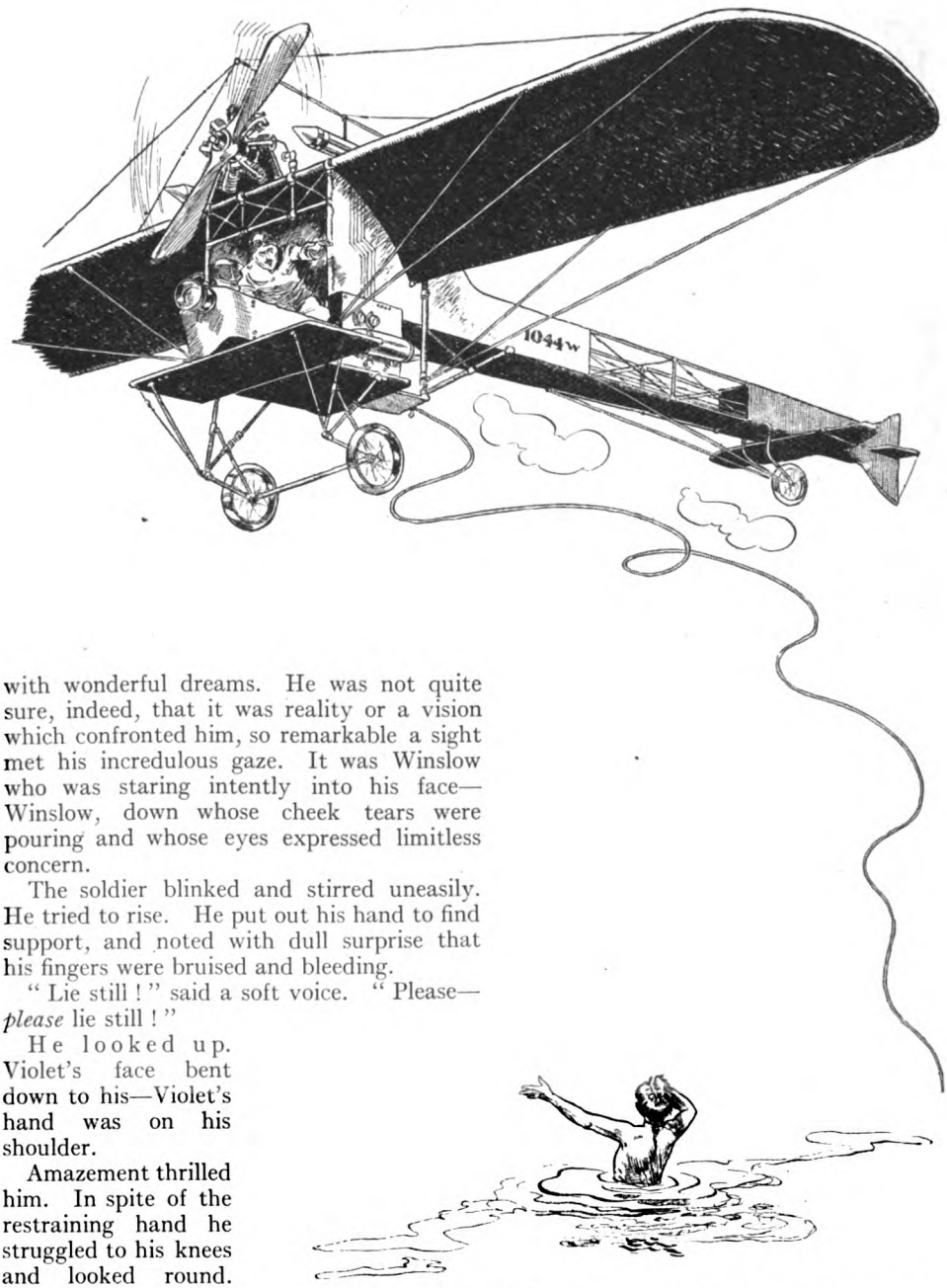
From above there was a rending crash.

Torn by the suddenly-arresting shock, a score of stays parted. The great wings slanted, lost control upon the air, and then were flung upwards by the drag of the descending weight. The stern tilted.

With a sullen thud the wounded machine sank upon the crest of a sea-smoothed rock.

And the pilot? They found him in the core of the wreckage. He lay still—very, very still.

To Laurance Rayner it seemed a long night from which he was waking—one filled, too,



"THE CORD CAME SPLASHING STRAIGHT AT THE BOY'S HEAD."

with wonderful dreams. He was not quite sure, indeed, that it was reality or a vision which confronted him, so remarkable a sight met his incredulous gaze. It was Winslow who was staring intently into his face—Winslow, down whose cheek tears were pouring and whose eyes expressed limitless concern.

The soldier blinked and stirred uneasily. He tried to rise. He put out his hand to find support, and noted with dull surprise that his fingers were bruised and bleeding.

"Lie still!" said a soft voice. "Please—*please* lie still!"

He looked up. Violet's face bent down to his—Violet's hand was on his shoulder.

Amazement thrilled him. In spite of the restraining hand he struggled to his knees and looked round. Immediately opposite him lay a tangle of canvas, stays, and steel. Remembrance came with a rush.

"By Jove!" he deplored, sadly. "Our best machine!"

Winslow made a reassuring gesture. Anxiety was fading from his eyes, to be replaced by intense relief.

"That can be paid for—easily," he said. "Some things—the risk of a life, unselfishness, valour—can never be repaid; one can only try to offer one's best." He took Violet's hand in his and gently closed the bruised fingers upon it. "For a beginning," he said, humbly, "will you accept—this?"

HOW IT FEELS TO BE CROWNED.

By Queen Anne Boleyn—William and Mary—Queen Anne—George IV.—the Empress Josephine—and Queen Victoria.

N spite of the tremendous State and magnificent ceremonial with which they are surrounded—especially on such occasions as their Coronation — Kings and Queens are exactly the same at heart as other people, and often experience the same lively emotions as humble folk. It is not, however, often given to any save their closest intimates to pierce the veil of their reserve in their own lifetime; but if one may reason by analogy the feelings of His Majesty George V. and of his Queen Consort, when they take their seats in the Abbey and receive the Crown from their subjects, will not profoundly differ from the feelings of other monarchs at that supreme moment, including several of their predecessors.

No doubt many interesting passages of Royal autobiography have not been preserved—descriptions of the sensations of Kings and Queens under notable circumstances expressed in letters and diaries, suppressed perhaps for reasons of State. But scattered up and down history, in various annals and memoirs, are some highly diverting fragments which serve to give us a clue as to how some Royal rulers regarded their coronation, and how, therefore, our own gracious King and Queen may not improbably feel on the twenty-second of this month.

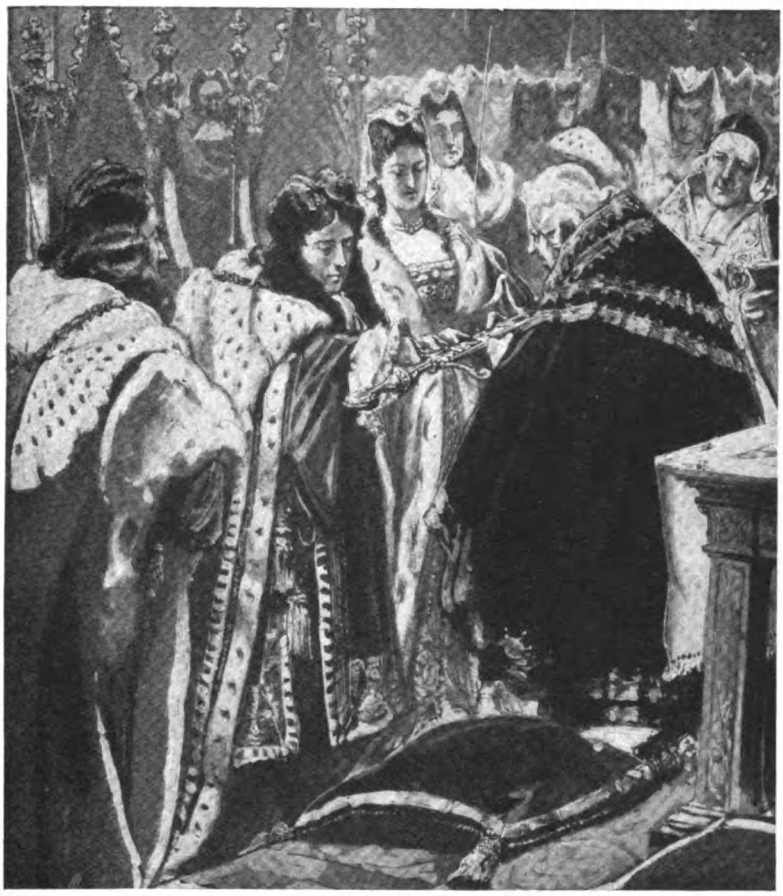
It must be remembered that the Coronation is a long and tedious ceremony; that it has to be rehearsed for weeks beforehand; that an army of officials have bestowed their time and attention upon it for months; that the whole world is present as spectator, and that the smallest hitch or omission of detail, the simplest mistake on the part of any of the performers would go far to rob it of its effect; that the amount of interest concentrated upon the one or two chief performers is a great weight upon both health and spirits. It will be remembered that Shakespeare describes the Coronation of Anne Boleyn as a magnificent spectacle. All London was *en fête*, and the new Queen seemed supremely happy.

> The rich stream
> Of lords and ladies having brought the Queen
> To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
> A distance from her; while her grace sat down
> To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
> In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
> The beauty of her person to the people. . . .
> At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
> Came to the altar, where she kneeled, and saint-like
> Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly,
> Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
> When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
> She had all the royal makings of a queen;
> As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
> The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
> Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
> With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
> Together sung *Te Deum*.

What did the ill-fated lady herself think? Some thirty years ago there was discovered amongst other "Memorials of Anne Bullen, Queen," a letter written by Anne to her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, shortly before her execution, which is almost as touching as that which she addressed to the King. While all the multitude was believing her jubilant and light-hearted, her own feeling was one of bewilderment and humility.

Queen Anne Boleyn.

"I said to myself," she wrote, "on that Whitsunday, when his Grace did do unto me so mightie honour, that I was all in a dreame and that it could not last, but that I should awake out of my slepe unto my own pettinesse. And from the moment when the Mayor and Aldermen did greet me and her Grace of Norfolk did beare my traine from Westminster Hall to the Abbey did I say to mynself a thousand times it is-ne true. The King's Grace could-ne bend to so unworthie as I. And Godde knows and his grace of Canterbury can tell, and Friar Robert, whether or no I shed tears not of joy but astoniment, when the golden bonde of St. Edward was put upon my forehead."



THE CORONATION OF KING WILLIAM III. AND QUEEN MARY.
"I could not restrain a thrill, not of joy, but of awe."
By Walter Wilson, R.I.

Both William III. and his Queen wrote accounts of their Coronation, that of the former being contained in a letter to one Count Hoven, or Koven, at the Hague, where the original still is. A translation first appeared in the *Mercury News-letter* in 1727.

King William III.

"It was a great moment," wrote the King, "when I actually felt the crown descending upon me and touching my temples, and I could not restrain a thrill, but not of joy, my dear Koven, but of awe, at the responsibilities Almighty God has been pleased to put upon me. Bentinck and Schomberg caught my glance, and when they imitated the rest and flung their caps upward knew how it fared with me. Nor did I at that supreme moment forget my own first country, my beloved Holland, but, as they have doubtless already told you, turned directly towards the Ambassadors of the States and they too read my looks as I designed that all the multitudes should. It is a thousand pities that the old Count was apoplectic and had been allowed no rest the night before. The crowning business is sufficiently fatiguing, but I thank God, although last week far from well, the day found me in the best of health and ready for Mr. Powle's matters to-morrow. Likewise was the Queen well and went through the whole ceremony happily, barring a foolish error by a page who handed Her Majesty a wrong Prayer Book, and is to-night none the worse for our great travailing."

The reference to the Prayer Book clearly stands in some need of explanation. It was probably the Order of the Coronation Service which the page had neglected to provide for the Queen's use.

Queen Mary was charged by many with unbecoming levity, in view of the circumstances—the flight and deposition of her father—which had raised her to the throne. How those who thought thus wronged her let herself declare.

Queen Mary.

"Many," she writes, "would not believe it, so that I was fain to force myself to more mirth than became me at that time, and was by many interpreted as ill-nature, pride, and the great delight I had to be a Queen. But alas, they did little know me who thought me guilty of that; I had been only for a regency, and wisht for nothing else; I had never dreaded being Queen, liking my condition

much better (and, indeed, I was not deceived); but the good of the public was to be prefer'd, and I protest, God knows my heart, that what I say is true, that I have had more trouble to b(r)ing myself to bear this so enoyed estate than I should have had to have been reduced to the lowest condition in the world. My heart is not made for a kingdom and my inclination leade me to a retired, quiet life, so that I have need of all the resignation and self-denial in the world, to bear with such a condition as I am now in."

Quite freely did Queen Anne write on the subject of her Coronation.

Queen Anne.

"I need hardly tell you," she says, in a letter addressed to one of her intimates then abroad, "I suffered agonies yesterday, although Lord Jersey very considerately arranged that I should be spared being on my feet as much as possible, for which I owe him much thanks. But in getting into the chair I gave my right foot such a wrench that I was fain to cry out, but the hearing the cries of the multitude sustained me then and afterwards in the Abbey, although when I rose, with the help of the Archbishop, I was forced to keep my eyes on a very gaudy escutcheon on a pillar, little minding his words, until he nudged me to turn to the east. Moreover, what is not usual with me, my finger was so swollen that when the ring was put on it was too small, and caused me much pain in the endeavour to make it pass. They should have provided two, and so I told Somerset to tell the Duke. You can well believe that I had more need for rest than food and further ceremony, but these duties were not to be withstood, and I endured them to the end without complaint as you have heard."

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ANNE.
"When the ring was put on it was too small and caused me much pain."
By H. Forestier.

Amongst the papers of George III. there is, or was, a journal containing a full account of his Coronation from His Majesty's own point of view. But although searched for by Mr. Donne and others, it has not been discovered. As the King was cognizant of the presence of the Pretender in the Abbey gallery, some description of his feelings on that occasion would be most diverting.

The following highly interesting fragment of autobiography was communicated by King George IV. to Major Antaldi, one of the partisans of Queen Charlotte, but who after her death became a member of the Neapolitan Embassy and an intimate of the King. In his "Memoirs," published in 1853, Antaldi describes a dinner-party at the Royal Lodge

THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE IV.
"I would not endure again the sufferings of that day for another kingdom!"
By Stephanoff

in July, 1828. "After dinner," writes Antaldi, "His Majesty called me aside, and after agreeably chatting on several subjects, at last told me that he bore me no ill-will for the part I had taken in the Queen's trial.

King George IV.

'I can look back on that all now,' he went on, with equanimity, 'but kings, my dear Antaldi, are not crowned twice, and this terrible business altogether spoilt my Coronation.'

"I expressed some surprise at this, and ventured to say that both from what I had heard and seen I judged the Coronation to have been a brilliant success. 'Ah, yes,' was the reply; 'I daresay it was all you fancy it to have been, viewed as a spectacle, but to the chief actor in it'—here the King tapped himself with his forefinger on the breast—'the whole affair was most *pénible*. How could I tell any moment of that day that she (meaning Queen Charlotte) would not force an entrance in spite of all my orders and precautions, and so turn everything to riot and confusion? 'For days beforehand Lord Liverpool had been running to me with letters and messages. I had given distinct instructions that the Queen should form no part of the ceremonial, and was under no circumstances to be admitted. Yet how was I to know that Denman and Brougham and all the fellows of your party would not assist the unhappy lady to set my wishes at defiance? And so all that day I was on tenterhooks and suffered inexpressible tortures. I often dream about it now. When I came out of Westminster Hall someone fainted, and there was a rush, and I instantly thought Charlotte had broken in. Then in the Abbey I was haunted by this fear perpetually, which, added to the heat of my robes and the fatigue of the long ceremonial, nearly sent me out of my senses. Yes, you can laugh, Chevalier, now, but it was a sorry business for me then. I seemed to see her face in every old dowager staring at me. Ah, *parole d'honneur*, I would not endure again the sufferings of that day for another kingdom!'"

Nor, it deserves to be added, were the King's forebodings as regarded the excluded Queen to be considered extravagant, for she

made several fruitless attempts to gain an entrance to the Abbey. Accompanied by Lord Hood, Charlotte left her coach-and-six and presented herself at the doors, each time to be turned back by the soldiers and beef-eaters. Once when asked for her ticket she declared, "I am your Queen, fellow, and require no ticket." "I'm sorry, ma am," returned the man, "but my orders are to admit no one without a ticket." Queen Charlotte was furious, but retired, and that night wrote to the Duke of Norfolk demanding to be crowned by herself within seven days, otherwise the King's nation would dearly repent the "insult" put upon her.

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Amongst the long line of French Queens there is, perhaps, none, after Marie Antoinette, so universally popular as Josephine, the consort of the Emperor Napoleon. She who was supposed by the throng to be light-hearted and careless, during the whole ceremony at Notre-Dame in 1804 was, as she herself relates, on the verge of tears.

The Empress Josephine.

"After Napoleon had received the holy unction, and after I had been crowned by him, I was compelled to receive and respond to the congratulations of the members of the Court. The uniformity of the compliments was such that I soon relapsed into the reflections which had given me so much pain and anxiety. While thus wholly absorbed, I heard a voice which was dear to me—'twas my husband's. 'What!' said he, in a low tone. 'What! Josephine in tears? Is she alone, on this glorious day, a stranger to the happiness of him whom she alone ought to love?'

"The part I now had to act was very painful to me. Compelled to be continually *en representation*, I remembered with bitterness of heart the happy moments I had spent at Malmaison, and thought even of my modest hotel on Chantereine Street. I could not help comparing what I was when I inhabited it with what I was at this moment; and I admit with perfect frankness that so heavily did the weight of my present grandeur press upon me that in casting my eyes back upon the past I deeply regretted that sweet liberty which was now ravished from me for ever."

Some few days after her Coronation Josephine said, "You see, all things seem to smile around me. I have arrived at the summit of greatness—my husband is all-powerful. Alas! all this must vanish like a dream." Her companion endeavoured to reassure her, but she continued: "It is for the very reason that I am elevated so high that my fall will be so terrible. Look at Marie Antoinette. Did that capital Queen deserve

THE CROWNING OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE BY NAPOLEON.

"So heavily did my present grandeur press upon me that I deeply regretted that sweet liberty which was now ravished from me for ever."

By J. Louis David.

her fate? I cannot think of it without shuddering. The palace of the Tuileries almost fatigues and frightens me. I am all the time afraid of being compelled to leave it by force."

It is doubtful if any monarch, king or queen, ever left a fuller or more intimate account of a Coronation in which they were the central figure than that sent by Queen Victoria to her uncle, King Leopold.

Queen Victoria.

"I reached the Abbey," she writes, "amid deafening cheers at a little after half-past eleven. I first went into a robing-room quite close to the entrance, where I found my eight train-bearers: Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, Lady Anne Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Grimston, and Lady Louisa Jenkinson—all dressed alike and beautifully in white satin and silver tissue, with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front and a small one of pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses.

"After putting on my mantle, and the young ladies having properly got hold of it and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it, I left the robing-room and the Procession began as is described in the annexed account, and all that followed and took place. The sight was splendid; the bank of Peeresses quite beautiful all in their robes, and the Peers on the other side. My young train-bearers were always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything. The Bishop of Durham stood on the side near me, but he was, as Lord Melbourne told me, remarkably maladroit and never could tell me what was to take place. At the beginning of the anthem, where I have made a mark, I retired to St. Edward's Chapel, a dark small place immediately behind the altar, with my ladies and train-bearers, took off my crimson robe and kirtle and put on the super-tunica of cloth of gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace. I also took off my circlet of diamonds and then proceeded bare-headed into the Abbey; I was then seated upon St. Edward's chair, where the Dalmatic robe was clasped around me by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then followed all the various things; and last (of those things) the Crown being placed on my head—which was, I must own, a most beautiful, impressive moment; all the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets at the same instant.

"My excellent Lord Melbourne, who stood very close to me throughout the whole ceremony, was completely overcome at this moment, and very much affected; he gave me such a kind and I may say fatherly look. The shouts, which were very great, the drums, the trumpets, the firing of the guns, all at the same instant, rendered the spectacle most imposing.

"The Enthronization and the Homage of, first, all the Bishops, and then my uncles, and, lastly, of all the Peers, in their respective order, was very fine. The Duke of Norfolk (holding for me the Sceptre with a Cross) with Lord Melbourne stood close to me on my right, and the Duke of Richmond with the other Sceptre on my left, etc., etc., all my train-bearers, etc., standing behind the Throne. Poor old Lord Rolle, who is eighty-two, and dreadfully infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps, fell and rolled quite down, but was not the least hurt; when he attempted to re-ascend them I got up and advanced to the end of the steps, in order to prevent another fall. When Lord Melbourne's turn to do Homage came there was loud cheering; they also cheered Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington. It's a pretty ceremony; they first all touch the Crown, and then kiss my hand. When my good Lord Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand, he pressed my hand and I grasped his with all my heart, at which he looked up with his eyes filled with tears and seemed much touched, as he was, I observed, throughout the whole ceremony. After the Homage was concluded I left the Throne, took off my Crown, and received the Sacrament; I then put on my Crown again and reascended the Throne, leaning on Lord Melbourne's arm. At the commencement of the Anthem I descended from the Throne, and went into St. Edward's Chapel with my ladies, train-bearers, and Lord Willoughby, where I took off the Dalmatic robe, super-tunica, etc., and put on the purple velvet kirtle and mantle, and proceeded again to the Throne, which I ascended leaning on Lord Melbourne's hand.

"There was another most dear being present at this ceremony, in the box immediately above the Royal box, and who witnessed all; it was my dearly beloved, angelic Lehzen, whose eyes I caught when on the Throne, and we exchanged smiles. She and Spath, Lady John Russell, and Mr. Murray saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey, and again return to the Palace!

"I then again descended from the Throne

and repaired with all the Peers bearing the Regalia, my ladies, and train-bearers to St. Edward's Chapel, as it is called; but which, as Lord Melbourne said, was more unlike a chapel than anything he had ever seen; for what was called an altar was covered with sandwiches, bottles of wine, etc., etc. The Archbishop came in, and ought to have delivered the Orb to me, but I had already got it, and he (as usual) was so confused and puzzled, and knew nothing, and—went away. Here we waited some minutes. Lord Melbourne took a glass of wine, for he seemed completely tired. The Procession being formed, I replaced my Crown (which I had taken off for a few minutes), took the Orb in my left hand and the Sceptre in my right, and, thus loaded, proceeded through the Abbey—which resounded with cheers—to the first robing-room; where I found the Duchess of Gloucester, Mamma, and the Duchess of Cambridge, with their ladies. And here we waited for at least an hour, with all my ladies and train-bearers; the Princesses went away about half an hour before I did. The Archbishop had (most awkwardly) put the ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which I at last did with great pain. Lady Fanny, Lady Wilhelmina, and Lady Mary Grimston looked quite beautiful. At about half-past four I re-entered my carriage, the Crown on my head and the Sceptre and Orb in my hands, and we proceeded the same way as we came—the crowds, if possible, having increased. The enthusiasm, affection, and loyalty were really touching, and I shall ever remember this day as the proudest of my life! I came home at a little after six not feeling tired.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Last, the Crown being placed on my head—which was a most beautiful, impressive moment."

By Edward Thomas Parris.

"At eight we dined. Besides we thirteen—my uncles, sister, brother, Spath, and the Duke's gentlemen—my excellent Lord Melbourne and Lord Surrey dined here. Lord Melbourne came up to me and said: 'I must congratulate you on this most brilliant day,' and that all had gone off so well. He said he was not tired, and was in high spirits. I sat between Uncle Ernest and Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne between me and Feodore, whom he had led in. My kind Lord Melbourne was much affected in speaking of the whole ceremony. He asked kindly if I was tired; said the Sword he carried (the first, the Sword of State) was excessively heavy. I said that the Crown hurt me a good deal. He was so much amused at Uncle Ernest's being astonished at our still

having the Litany. We agreed that the whole thing was a very fine sight. He thought the robes, and particularly the Dalmatic, 'looked remarkably well.' 'And you did it all so well—excellent!' said he, with tears in his eyes. He said he thought I looked rather pale and 'moved by all the people' when I arrived; 'and that's natural; and that's better.' The Archbishop's and Dean's copes, which were remarkably handsome, were from James the Second's time; the very same that were worn at his Coronation, Lord Melbourne told me. Spoke of the Bishop of Durham's awkwardness, Lord Rolle's fall, etc. Of the Duc de Nemours being like his father in face. Of the young ladies' (train-bearers) dresses, which he thought beautiful; and he said he thought the Duchess of Richmond (who had ordered the make of the dresses, etc., and had been much condemned by some of the young ladies for it) quite right. She said to him: 'One thing I was determined about, that I would have no discussion with their mammas about it.' Spoke of Talleyrand and Soult having been very much struck by the ceremony of the Coronation; of the English being far too generous not to be kind to Soult. Lord Melbourne went home the night before, and slept very deeply till he was woke at six in the morning. I said I did not sleep well. Spoke of the illuminations and Uncle Ernest's wish to see them.

"After dinner, before we sat down, we (that is Charles, Lord Melbourne, and I) spoke of the number of Peers at the Coronation, which, Lord Melbourne said, with the tears in his eyes, was unprecedented. I observed that there were very few Viscounts; he said: 'There are very few Viscounts,' that they were an odd sort of title and not really English; that they came from Vice-Comites; that Dukes and Barons were the only real English titles; that Marquesses were likewise not English; and that they made people Marquesses when they did not wish to make them Dukes. Spoke of Lord Audley, who came as the First Baron, and who, Lord Melbourne said, was a very odd young man, but of a very old family; his ancestor was a Sir Something Audley in the time of the Black Prince, who, with Chandos, gained the Battle of Poictiers.

"I then sat on the sofa for a little while with Lady Barham and then with Charles; Lord Melbourne sitting near me the whole evening. Mamma and Feodore remained to see the illuminations and only came in later, and Mamma went away before I did. Uncle Ernest drove out to see the illuminations.

"I said to Lord Melbourne when I first sat down that I felt a little tired on my feet. 'You must be very tired,' he said. Spoke of the weight of the Robes, etc., etc., the Coronets; and he turned round to me with the tears in his eyes, and said so kindly: 'And you did it beautifully—every part of it, with so much taste; it's a thing that you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person.' To hear this, from this kind impartial friend, gave me great and real pleasure. Mamma and Feodore came back just after he said this. Spoke of the Bishops' Copes, about which he was very funny; of the Pages who were such a nice set of boys, and who were so handy, Lord Melbourne said, that they kept them the whole time. Little Lord Stafford and Slane (Lord Mountcharles) were pages to their fathers and looked lovely; Lord Paget (not a fine boy) was Lord Melbourne's page and remarkably handy, he said. Spoke again of the young ladies' dresses, about which he was very amusing; he waited for his carriage with Lady Mary Talbot and Lady Wilhelmina; he thinks Lady Fanny does not make as much show as other girls, which I would not allow. He set off for the Abbey from his house at half-past eight, and was there long before anybody else; he only got home at half-past six and had to go round by Kensington. He said there was a large breakfast in the Jerusalem Chamber, where they met before all began; also, laughing, that whenever Clergy, or a Dean and Chapter, had anything to do with anything, there's sure to be plenty to eat.

"Spoke of my intending to go to bed, etc.; he said, 'You depend upon it, you are more tired than you think you are.' I said I had slept badly the night before; he said that was my mind, that nothing kept people more awake than any consciousness of a great event going to take place, and being agitated. He was not sure if he was going to the Duke of Wellington's.

"Stayed in the dining-room till twenty minutes past eleven, but remained on Mamma's balcony looking at the fireworks in Green Park, which were quite beautiful."

Perhaps the future historian, or the biographer of George V., will give to the world His Majesty's own account of his Coronation. We can only hope that if the hearty loyalty of his people, the assiduity of the Earl Marshal and other officials, civil and ecclesiastical, and the best intentions of the clerk of the weather can make that as yet unwritten fragment of Royal autobiography a bright and cheerful one for posterity to read, nothing will be left undone to bring this to pass.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

IV.—The Adventure of the Kind Mr. Smith.

RISTIDE PUJOL started life on his own account as a *chasseur* in a Nice *café*—one of those luckless children tightly encased in bottle-green cloth by means of brass buttons, who earn a sketchy livelihood by enduring with cherubic smiles the continuous maledictions of the establishment. There he soothed his hours of servitude by dreams of vast ambitions. He would become the manager of a great hotel—not a contemptible hostelry where commercial travellers and seedy Germans were indifferently bedded, but one of those white palaces where milords (English) and millionaires (American) paid a thousand francs a night for a bedroom and five louis for a glass of beer. Now, in order to derive such profit from the Anglo-Saxon a knowledge of English was indispensable. He resolved to learn the language. How he did so, except by sheer effrontery, taking linguistic toll of frequenters of the *café*, would be a mystery to anyone unacquainted with Aristide. But to his friends his mastery of the English tongue in such circumstances is comprehensible. To Aristide the impossible was ever the one thing easy of attainment; the possible the one thing he never could achieve. That was the paradoxical nature of the man. Before his days of hunted-little-devildom were over he had acquired sufficient knowledge of English to carry him, a few years later, through various vicissitudes in England, until, fired by new social ambitions and self-educated in a haphazard way, he found himself appointed Professor of French in an academy for young ladies.

One of these days, when I can pin my dragon-fly friend down to a plain, unvarnished autobiography, I may be able to trace some chronological sequence in the kaleidoscopic changes in his career. But hitherto, in his talks with me, he flits about from any one date to any other during a couple of decades, in a manner so confusing that for the present I abandon such an attempt. All I know of the date of the episode I am about to chronicle is that it occurred immediately after the termination of his engagement at the academy just mentioned. Somehow, Aristide's history is a category of terminations.

If the head mistress of the academy had herself played dragon at his classes, all would have gone well. He would have made his pupils conjugate irregular verbs, rendered them adepts in the mysteries of the past participle and the subjunctive mood, and turned them out quite innocent of the idiomatic quaintnesses of the French tongue. But *dis aliter visum.* The gods always saw wrong-headedly otherwise in the case of Aristide. A weak-minded governess—and in a governess a sense of humour and of novelty is always a sign of a weak mind—played dragon during Aristide's lessons. She appreciated his method, which was colloquial. The colloquial Aristide was jocular. His lessons therefore were a giggling joy from beginning to end. He imparted to his pupils delicious knowledge. *En avez-vous des-z-homards? Oh, les sales bêtes, elles ont du poil aux pattes,* which, being translated, is: "Have you any lobsters? Oh, the dirty animals, they have hair on their feet"—a catch phrase which, some years ago, added greatly to the gaiety of Paris, but in which I must confess to seeing no gleam of wit—became the historic property of the school. He recited to them, till they were word-perfect, a music-hall ditty of the early 'eighties—*Sur le bi, sur le banc, sur le bi du bout du banc,* and delighted them with dissertations on Mme. Yvette Guilbert's earlier repertoire. But for him they would have gone

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to their lives' end without knowing that *pognon* meant money; *rouspétance*, assaulting the police; *thune*, a five-franc piece; and *bouffer*, to take nourishment. He made (according to his own statement) French a living language. There was never a school in Great Britain, the Colonies, or America on which the Parisian accent was so electrically impressed. The retort, *Eh! ta sœur*, was the purest Montmartre; also *Fich'-moi la paix, mon petit*, and *Tu as un toupet, toi;* and the delectable locution, *Allons étrangler un perroquet* (let us strangle a parrot), employed by Apaches when inviting each other to drink a glass of absinthe, soon became current French in the school for invitations to surreptitious cocoa-parties.

The progress that academy made in a real grip of the French language was miraculous; but the knowledge it gained in French grammar and syntax was deplorable. A certain mid-term examination—the paper being set by a neighbouring vicar—produced awful results. The phrase, "How do you do, dear?" which ought, by all the rules of Stratford-atte-Bowe, to be translated by *Comment vous portez-vous, ma chère?* was rendered by most of the senior scholars *Eh, ma vieille, ca boulotte?* One innocent and anachronistic damsel, writing on the execution of Charles I., declared that he *cracha dans le panier* in 1649, thereby mystifying the good vicar, who was unaware that "to spit into the basket" is to be guillotined. This wealth of vocabulary was discounted by abject poverty in other branches of the language. No one could give a list of the words in "al" that took "s" in the plural, no one knew anything at all about the defective verb *échoir*, and the orthography of the school would have disgraced a kindergarten. The head mistress suspected a lack of method in the teaching of M. Pujol, and one day paid his class a surprise visit.

The sight that met her eyes petrified her. The class, including the governess, bubbled and gurgled and shrieked with laughter. M. Pujol, his bright eyes agleam with merriment and his arms moving in frantic gestures, danced about the platform. He was telling them a story—and when Aristide told a story, he told it with the eloquence of his entire frame. He bent himself double and threw out his hands.

"*Il était saoul comme un porc*," he shouted.

And then came the hush of death. The rest of the artless tale about the man as drunk as a pig was never told. The head mistress, indignant majesty, strode up the room.

"M. Pujol, you have a strange way of giving French lessons."

"I believe, madame," said he, with a polite bow, "in interesting my pupils in their studies."

"Pupils have to be taught, not interested," said the head mistress. "Will you kindly put the class through some irregular verbs."

So for the remainder of the lesson Aristide, under the freezing eyes of the head mistress, put his sorrowful class through irregular verbs, of which his own knowledge was singularly inexact, and at the end received his dismissal. In vain he argued. Outraged Minerva was implacable. Go he must.

We find him, then, one miserable December evening, standing on the arrival platform of Euston Station (the academy was near Manchester), an unwonted statue of dubiety. At his feet lay his meagre valise; in his hand was an enormous bouquet, a useful tribute of esteem from his disconsolate pupils; around him luggage-laden porters and passengers hurried; in front were drawn up the long line of cabs, their drivers' waterproofs glistening with wet; and in his pocket rattled the few paltry coins that, for Heaven knew how long, were to keep him from starvation. Should he commit the extravagance of taking a cab or should he go forth, valise in hand, into the pouring rain? He hesitated.

"*Sacré mille cochons! Quel chien de climat!*" he muttered.

A smart footman standing by turned quickly and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, sir; I'm from Mr. Smith."

"I'm glad to hear it, my friend," said Aristide.

"You're the French gentleman from Manchester?"

"Decidedly," said Aristide.

"Then, sir, Mr. Smith has sent the carriage for you."

"That's very kind of him," said Aristide.

The footman picked up the valise and darted down the platform. Aristide followed. The footman held invitingly open the door of a cosy brougham. Aristide paused for the fraction of a second. Who was this hospitable Mr. Smith?

"Bah!" said he to himself, "the best way of finding out is to go and see."

He entered the carriage, sank back luxuriously on the soft cushions, and inhaled the warm smell of leather. They started, and soon the pelting rain beat harmlessly against the windows. Aristide looked out at the streaming streets, and, hugging himself com-

fortably, thanked Providence and Mr. Smith. But who was Mr. Smith? *Tiens*, thought he, there were two little Miss Smiths at the academy; he had pitied them because they had chilblains, freckles, and perpetual colds in their heads; possibly this was their kind papa. But, after all, what did it matter whose papa he was? He was expecting him. He had sent the carriage for him. Evidently a well-bred and attentive person. And *tiens!* there was even a hot-water can on the floor of the brougham. "He thinks of everything, that man," said Aristide. "I feel I am going to like him."

The carriage stopped at a house in Hampstead, standing, as far as he could see in the darkness, in its own grounds. The footman opened the door for him to alight and escorted him up the front steps. A neat parlourmaid received him in a comfortably-furnished hall and took his hat and great-coat and magnificent bouquet.

"Mr. Smith hasn't come back yet from the City, sir; but Miss Christabel is in the drawing-room."

"IN HIS HAND WAS AN ENORMOUS BOUQUET, A USEFUL TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM FROM HIS DISCONSOLATE PUPILS."

"Ah!" said Aristide. "Please give me back my bouquet."

The maid showed him into the drawing-room. A pretty girl of three-and-twenty rose from a fender-stool and advanced smilingly to meet him.

"Good afternoon, M. le Baron. I was wondering whether Thomas would spot you. I'm so glad he did. You see, neither father nor I could give him any description, for we had never seen you."

This fitted in with his theory. But why Baron? After all, why not? The English loved titles.

"He seems to be an intelligent fellow, mademoiselle."

There was a span of silence. The girl looked at the bouquet, then at Aristide, who looked at the girl, then at the bouquet, then at the girl again.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "will you deign to accept these flowers as a token of my respectful homage?"

Miss Christabel took the flowers and blushed prettily. She had dark hair and eyes and a fascinating, upturned little nose, and the kindest little mouth in the world.

"An Englishman would not have thought of that," she said.

Aristide smiled in his roguish way and raised a deprecating hand.

"Oh, yes, he would. But he would not have had—what you call the cheek to do it."

Miss Christabel laughed merrily, invited him to a seat by the fire, and comforted him with tea and hot muffins. The frank charm of his English girl-hostess captivated Aristide and drove from his mind the riddle of his adventure. Besides, think of the Arabian Nights' enchantment of the change from his lonely and shabby bed-sitting-room in the Rusholme Road to this fragrant palace with princess and all to keep him company! He watched the firelight dancing through her hair, the dainty play of laughter over her face, and decided that the brougham had transported him to Bagdad instead of Hampstead.

"You have the air of a veritable princess," said he.

"I once met a princess—at a charity bazaar—and she was a most matter-of-fact, businesslike person."

"Bah!" said Aristide. "A princess of a charity bazaar! I was talking of the princess in a fairy-tale. They are the only real ones."

"Do you know," said Miss Christabel, "that when men pay such compliments to English girls they are apt to get laughed at?"

"Englishmen, yes," replied Aristide, "because they think over a compliment for a week, so that by the time they pay it, it is addled, like a bad egg. But we of Provence pay tribute to beauty straight out of our hearts. It is true. It is sincere. And what comes out of the heart is not ridiculous."

Again the girl coloured and laughed. "I've always heard that a Frenchman makes love to every woman he meets."

"Naturally," said Aristide. "If they are pretty. What else are pretty women for? Otherwise they might as well be hideous."

"Oh!" said the girl, to whom this Provençal point of view had not occurred.

"So, if I make love to you, it is but your due."

"I wonder what my *fiancé* would say if he heard you?"

"Your——?"

"My *fiancé!* There's his photograph on the table beside you. He is six foot one, and so jealous!" she laughed again.

"The Turk!" cried Aristide, his swiftly-conceived romance crumbling into dust. Then he brightened up. "But when this six feet of muscle and egotism is absent, surely other poor mortals can glean a smile?"

"You will observe that I'm not frowning," said Miss Christabel. "But you must not call my *fiancé* a Turk, for he's a very charming fellow whom I hope you'll like very much."

Aristide sighed. "And the name of this thrice-blessed mortal?"

Miss Christabel told his name—one Harry Ralston—and not only his name, but, such was the peculiar, childlike charm of Aristide Pujol, also many other things about him. He was the Honourable Harry Ralston, the heir to a great brewery peerage, and very wealthy. He was a member of Parliament, and but for Parliamentary duties would have dined there that evening; but he was to come in later, as soon as he could leave the House. He also had a house in Hampshire, full of the most beautiful works of art. It was through their common hobby that her father and Harry had first made acquaintance.

"We're supposed to have a very fine collection here," she said, with a motion of her hand.

Aristide looked round the walls and saw them hung with pictures in gold frames. In those days he had not acquired an extensive culture. Besides, who having before him the firelight gleaming through Miss Christabel's hair could waste his time over painted canvas? She noted his cursory glance.

"I thought you were a connoisseur?"

"I am," said Aristide, his bright eyes fixed on her in frank admiration.

She blushed again; but this time she rose.

"I must go and dress for dinner. Perhaps you would like to be shown your room?"

He hung his head on one side.

"Have I been too bold, mademoiselle?"

"I don't know," she said. "You see, I've never met a Frenchman before."

"Then a world of undreamed-of homage is at your feet," said he.

A servant ushered him up broad, carpeted staircases into a bedroom such as he had never seen in his life before. It was all curtains and hangings and rugs and soft couches and satin quilts and dainty writing-tables and subdued lights, and a great fire glowed red and cheerful, and before it hung a clean shirt. His poor little toilet apparatus was laid out on the dressing-table, and (with a tact which he did not appreciate, for he had, sad to tell, no dress-suit) the servant had spread his precious frock-coat and spare pair of trousers on the bed. On the pillow lay his night-shirt, neatly folded.

"Evidently," said Aristide, impressed by these preparations, "it is expected that I wash myself now and change my clothes, and that I sleep here for the night. And for all that the ravishing Miss Christabel is engaged to her honourable Harry, this is none the less a corner of Paradise.'

So Aristide attired himself in his best, which included a white tie and a pair of nearly new brown boots—a long task, as he found that his valise had been spirited away and its contents, including the white tie of ceremony (he had but one), hidden in unexpected drawers and wardrobes—and eventually went downstairs into the drawing-room. There he found Miss Christabel and, warming himself on the hearthrug, a bald-headed, beefy-faced Briton, with little pig's eyes and a hearty manner, attired in a dinner-suit.

"My dear fellow," said this personage, with outstretched hand, "I'm delighted to have you here. I've heard so much about you; and my little girl has been singing your praises."

"Mademoiselle is too kind," said Aristide.

"You must take us as you find us," said Mr. Smith. "We're just ordinary folk, but I can give you a good bottle of wine and a good cigar—it's only in England, you know, that you can get champagne fit to drink and cigars fit to smoke—and I can give you a glimpse of a modest English home. I believe you haven't a word for it in French."

"*Ma foi*, no," said Aristide, who had once or twice before heard this lunatic charge brought against his country. "In France the men all live in *cafés*, the children are all put out to nurse, and the women, saving the respect of mademoiselle—well, the less said about them the better."

"England is the only place, isn't it?" Mr. Smith declared, heartily. "I don't say that Paris hasn't its points. But after all—the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergères and that sort of thing soon pall, you know—soon pall."

"Yet Paris has its serious side," argued Aristide. "There is always the tomb of Napoleon."

"Papa will never take me to Paris," sighed the girl.

"You shall go there on your honeymoon," said Mr. Smith.

Dinner was announced. Aristide gave his arm to Miss Christabel, and proud not only of his partner, but also of his frock-coat, white tie, and shiny brown boots, strutted into the dining-room. The host sat at the end of the beautifully-set table, his daughter on his right, Aristide on his left. The meal began gaily. The kind Mr. Smith was in the best of humours.

"And how is our dear old friend, Jules Dancourt?" he asked.

"*Tiens!*" said Aristide, to himself, "we have a dear friend Jules Dancourt. Wonderfully well," he replied at a venture; "but he suffers terribly at times from the gout."

"So do I, confound it!" said Mr. Smith, drinking sherry.

"You and the good Jules were always sympathetic," said Aristide. "Ah! he has spoken to me so often about you, the tears in his eyes."

"Men cry, my dear, in France," Mr. Smith explained. "They also kiss each other."

"*Ah, mais c'est un beau pays, mademoiselle!*" cried Aristide, and he began to talk of France and to draw pictures of his country which set the girl's eyes dancing. After that he told some of the funny little stories which had brought him disaster at the academy. Mr. Smith, with jovial magnanimity, declared that he was the first Frenchman he had ever met with a sense of humour.

"But I thought, Baron," said he, "that you lived all your life shut up in that old chateau of yours?"

"*Tiens!*" thought Aristide. "I am still a Baron, and I have an old chateau."

"Tell us about the chateau. Has it a fosse and a drawbridge and a Gothic chapel?" asked Miss Christabel.

"Which one do you mean?" inquired Aristide, airily. "For I have two."

When relating to me this Arabian Nights' adventure, he plumed himself greatly on his astuteness.

His host's eye quivered in a wink. "The one in Languedoc," said he.

Languedoc! Almost Pujol's own country! With entire lack of morality, but with picturesque imagination, Aristide plunged into a description of that non-existent baronial hall. Fosse, drawbridge, Gothic chapel were but insignificant features. It had tourelles, emblazoned gateways, bastions, donjons, boulevards; it had innumerable rooms; in the *salle des chevaliers* two hundred men-at-arms had his ancestors fed at a sitting. There was the room in which François Premier had slept, and one in which Joan of Arc had almost been assassinated. What the name of himself or of his ancestors was supposed to be Aristide had no ghost of an idea. But as he proceeded with the erection of his airy palace he gradually began to believe in it. He invested the place with a living atmosphere; conjured up a staff of family retainers, notably one Marie-Joseph Loufoque, the wizened old major-domo, with his long white whiskers and blue and silver livery. There were also Madeline Mioulles, the cook, and Bernadet the groom, and La Petite Fripette the goose-

girl. Ah! they should see La Petite Fripette! And he kept dogs and horses and cows and ducks and hens—and there was a great pond whence frogs were drawn to be fed for the consumption of the household.

Miss Christabel shivered. "I should not like to eat frogs."

"They also eat snails," said her father.

"I have a snail farm," said Aristide. "You never saw such interesting little animals. They are so intelligent. If you're kind to them they come and eat out of your hand."

port whose English qualities were vaunted by the host. Aristide, full of food and drink and the mellow glories of the castle in Languedoc, and smoking an enormous cigar, felt at ease with all the world. He knew he should like the kind Mr. Smith, hospitable though somewhat insular man. He could stay with him for a week—or a month—why not a year?

After coffee and liqueurs had been served Mr. Smith rose and switched on a powerful electric light at the end of the large room, showing a picture on an easel covered by a

"'AH! THE PICTURES,' CRIED ARISTIDE, WITH A WIDE SWEEP OF HIS ARMS."

"You've forgotten the pictures," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah! the pictures," cried Aristide, with a wide sweep of his arms. "Galleries full of them. Raphael, Michel Angelo, Wiertz, Reynolds——"

He paused, not in order to produce the effect of a dramatic aposiopesis, but because he could not for the moment remember other names of painters.

"It is a truly historical chateau," said he.

"I should love to see it," said the girl.

Aristide threw out his arms wide across the table. "It is yours, mademoiselle, for your honeymoon," said he.

Dinner came to an end. Miss Christabel left the gentlemen to their wine, an excellent

curtain. He beckoned to Aristide to join him and, drawing the curtain, disclosed the picture.

"There!" said he. "Isn't it a stunner?"

It was a picture all grey skies and grey water and grey feathery trees, and a little man in the foreground wore a red cap.

"It is beautiful, but indeed it is magnificent!" cried Aristide, always impressionable to things of beauty.

"Genuine Corot, isn't it?"

"Without doubt," said Aristide.

His host poked him in the ribs. "I thought I'd astonish you. You wouldn't believe Gottschalk could have done it. There it is—as large as life and twice as natural. If you or anyone else can tell it from a genuine

Corot I'll eat my hat. And all for eight pounds."

Aristide looked at the beefy face and caught a look of cunning in the little pig's eyes.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked Mr. Smith.

"More than satisfied," said Aristide, though what he was to be satisfied about passed, for the moment, his comprehension.

"If it was a copy of an existing picture, you know—one might have understood it—that, of course, would be dangerous—but for a man to go and get bits out of various Corots and holy terror when you begin to talk. You almost persuaded me it was real."

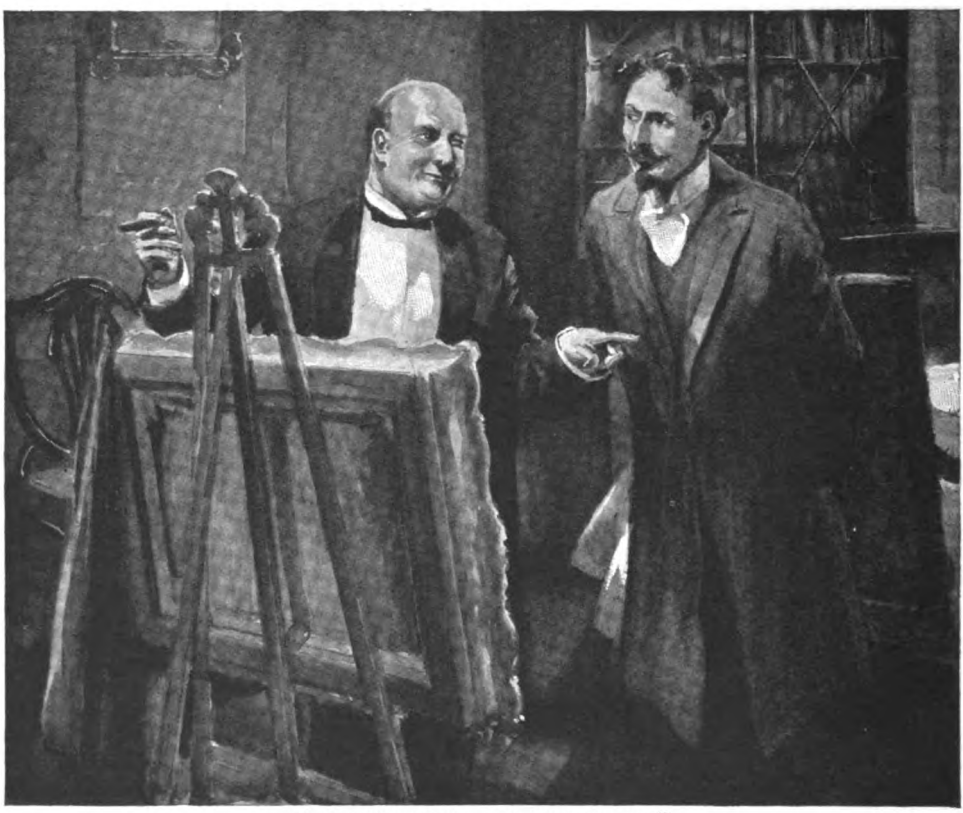
"*Tiens!*" said Aristide to himself. "I don't seem to have a chateau after all."

"Certainly three thousand," said he, with a grave face.

"That young man thinks he knows a lot, but he doesn't," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah!" said Aristide, with singular laconicism.

"Not a blooming thing," continued his host. "But he'll pay three thousand, which



"HIS HOST POKED HIM IN THE RIBS."

stick them together like this is miraculous. If it hadn't been for a matter of business principle I'd have given the fellow eight guineas instead of pounds—hanged if I wouldn't! He deserves it."

"He does indeed," said Aristide Pujol.

"And now that you've seen it with your own eyes, what do you think you might ask me for it? I suggested something between two and three thousand—shall we say three? You're the owner, you know." Again the process of rib-digging. "Came out of that historic chateau of yours. My eye! you're a is the principal, isn't it? He's partner in the show, you know, Ralston, Wiggins, and Wix's Brewery"—Aristide pricked up his ears—"and when his doddering old father dies he'll be Lord Ranelagh and come into a million or so."

"Has he seen the picture?" asked Aristide.

"Oh, yes. Regards it as a masterpiece. Didn't Brauneberger tell you of the Lancret we planted on the American?" Mr. Smith rubbed hearty hands at the memory of the iniquity. "Same old game. Always easy. I have nothing to do with the bargaining or

the sale. Just an old friend of the ruined French nobleman with the historic chateau and family treasures. He comes along and fixes the price. I told our friend Harry——"

"Good," thought Aristide. "This is the same Honourable Harry, M.P., who is engaged to the ravishing Miss Christabel."

"I told him," said Mr. Smith, "that it might come to three or four thousand. He jibbed a bit—so when I wrote to you I said two or three. But you might try him with three to begin with."

Aristide went back to the table and poured himself out a fresh glass of his kind host's 1865 brandy and drank it off.

"Exquisite, my dear fellow," said he. "I've none finer in my historic chateau."

"Don't suppose you have," grinned the host, joining him. He slapped him on the back. "Well," said he, with a shifty look in his little pig's eyes, "let us talk business. What do you think would be your fair commission? You see, all the trouble and invention have been mine. What do you say to four hundred pounds?"

"Five," said Aristide, promptly.

A sudden gleam came into the little pig's eyes.

"Done!" said Mr. Smith, who had imagined that the other would demand a thousand and was prepared to pay eight hundred. "Done!" said he again.

They shook hands to seal the bargain and drank another glass of old brandy. At that moment a servant, entering, took the host aside.

"Please excuse me a moment," said he, and went with the servant out of the room.

Aristide, left alone, lighted another of his kind host's fat cigars and threw himself into a great leathern arm-chair by the fire, and surrendered himself deliciously to the soothing charm of the moment. Now and then he laughed, finding a certain comicality in his position. And what a charming father-in-law, this kind Mr. Smith!

His cheerful reflections were soon disturbed by the sudden irruption of his host and a grizzled, elderly, foxy-faced gentleman with a white moustache, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in the buttonhole of his overcoat.

"Here, you!" cried the kind Mr. Smith, striding up to Aristide, with a very red face. "Will you have the kindness to tell me who the devil you are?"

Aristide rose, and, putting his hands behind the tails of his frock-coat, stood smiling radiantly on the hearthrug. A wit much less alert than my irresponsible friend's would have instantly appreciated the fact that the real Simon Pure had arrived on the scene.

"I, my dear friend," said he, "am the Baron de Je ne Sais Plus."

"You're a confounded impostor," spluttered Mr. Smith.

"And this gentleman here to whom I have not had the pleasure of being introduced?" asked Aristide, blandly.

"I am M. Poiron, monsieur, the agent of the Messrs. Brauneberger and Compagnie, art dealers, of the Rue Notre Dame des Petits Champs of Paris," said the new-comer, with an air of defiance.

"Ah, I thought you were the Baron," said Aristide.

"There's no blooming Baron at all about it!" screamed Mr. Smith. "Are you Poiron, or is he?"

"I would not have a name like Poiron for anything in the world," said Aristide. "My name is Aristide Pujol, soldier of fortune, at your service."

"How the blazes did you get here?"

"Your servant asked me if I was a French gentleman from Manchester. I was. He said that Mr. Smith had sent his carriage for me. I thought it hospitable of the kind Mr. Smith. I entered the carriage—*et voilà!*"

"Then clear out of here this very minute," said Mr. Smith, reaching forward his hand to the bell-push.

Aristide checked his impulsive action.

"Pardon me, dear host," said he. "It is raining dogs and cats outside. I am very comfortable in your luxurious home. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

"I'm shot if you do," said the kind Mr. Smith, his face growing redder and uglier. "Now, will you go out, or will you be thrown out?"

Aristide, who had no desire whatever to be ejected from this snug nest into the welter of the wet and friendless world, puffed at his cigar, and looked at his host with the irresistible drollery of his eyes.

"You forget, *mon cher ami*," said he, "that neither the beautiful Miss Christabel nor her affianced, the Honourable Harry, M.P., would care to know that the talented Gottschalk got only eight pounds, not even guineas, for painting that three-thousand-pound picture."

"So it's blackmail, eh?"

"Precisely," said Aristide, "and I don't blush at it."

"You infernal little blackguard!"

"I seem to be in congenial company," said Aristide. "I don't think our friend M. Poiron has more scruples than he has right to the ribbon of the Legion of Honour which he is wearing."

"How much will you take to go out? I have a cheque-book handy."

Mr. Smith moved a few steps from the hearthrug. Aristide sat down in the arm-chair. An engaging, fantastic impudence was one of the charms of Aristide Pujol.

"I'll take five hundred pounds," said he, "to stay in."

"Stay in?" Mr. Smith grew apoplectic.

"Yes," said Aristide. "You can't do without me. Your daughter and your servants know me as M. le Baron—by the way, what is my name? And where is my historic chateau in Languedoc?"

"Mireilles," said M. Poiron, who was sitting grim and taciturn on one of the dining-room chairs. "And the place is the same, near Montpellier."

"I like to meet an intelligent man," said Aristide.

"I should like to wring your infernal neck," said the kind Mr. Smith. "But, by George, if we do let you in you'll have to sign me a receipt implicating yourself up to the hilt. I'm not going to be put into the cart by you, you can bet your life."

"Anything you like," said Aristide, "so long as we all swing together."

Now, when Aristide Pujol arrived at this point in his narrative I, his chronicler, who am nothing if not an eminently respectable, law-abiding Briton, took him warmly to task for his sheer absence of moral sense. His eyes, as they sometimes did, assumed a luminous pathos.

"My dear friend," said he, "have you ever faced the world in a foreign country in December with no character and fifteen pounds five and threepence in your pocket? Five hundred pounds was a fortune. It is one now. And to be gained just by lending oneself to a good farce, which didn't hurt anybody. You and your British morals! Bah!" said he, with a fine flourish.

Aristide, after much parleying, was finally admitted into the nefarious brotherhood. He was to retain his rank as the Baron de Mireilles, and play the part of the pecuniarily inconvenienced nobleman forced to sell some of his rare collection. Mr. Smith had heard of the Corot through their dear old common friend, Jules Dancourt of Rheims, had mentioned it alluringly to the Honourable Harry, had arranged for the Baron, who was visiting England, to bring it over and dispatch it to Mr. Smith's house, and on his return from Manchester to pay a visit to Mr. Smith, so that he could meet the Honourable Harry in person. In whatever transaction ensued Mr. Smith, so far as his prospective son-in-law was concerned, was to be the purely disinterested friend. It was Aristide's wit which invented a part for the supplanted M. Poiron. He should be the eminent Parisian expert who, chancing to be in London, had been telephoned for by the kind Mr. Smith.

"It would not be wise for M. Poiron," said Aristide, chuckling inwardly with puckish glee, "to stay here for the night—or for two or three days—or a week—like myself. He must go back to his hotel when the business is concluded."

"*Mais, pardon!*" cried M. Poiron, who had been formally invited, and had arrived late solely because he had missed his train at Manchester, and come on by the next one. "I cannot go out into the wet, and I have no hotel to go to."

Aristide appealed to his host. "But he is unreasonable, *cher ami*. He must play his *rôle*. M. Poiron has been telephoned for. He can't possibly stay here. Surely five hundred pounds is worth one little night of discomfort? And there are a legion of hotels in London."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed M. Poiron. "*Qu'est-ce que vous chantez là?* I want more than five hundred pounds."

"Then you're jolly well not going to get it," cried Mr. Smith, in a rage. "And as for you"—he turned on Aristide—"I'll wring your infernal neck yet."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself!" smiled Aristide, who was enjoying himself hugely.

At this moment the door opened and Miss Christabel appeared. On seeing the decorated stranger she started with a little "Oh!" of surprise.

"I beg your pardon."

Mr. Smith's angry face wreathed itself in smiles.

"This, my darling, is M. Poiron, the eminent Paris expert, who has been good enough to come and give us his opinion on the picture."

M. Poiron bowed. Aristide advanced.

"Mademoiselle, your appearance is like a mirage in a desert."

She smiled indulgently and turned to her father. "I've been wondering what had become of you. Harry has been here for the last half-hour."

"Bring him in, dear child, bring him in!" said Mr. Smith, with all the heartiness of the fine old English gentleman. "Our good friends are dying to meet him."

The girl flickered out of the room like a sunbeam (the phrase is Aristide's), and the three precious rascals put their heads together in a hurried and earnest colloquy. Presently Miss Christabel returned, and with her came the Honourable Harry Ralston, a tall, soldierly fellow, with close-cropped fair curly hair and a fair moustache, and frank blue eyes that, even in Parliament, had seen no harm in his fellow-creatures. Aristide's magical vision caught him wincing ever so little at Mr. Smith's effusive greeting and overdone introductions. He shook Aristide warmly by the hand.

"You have a beauty there, Baron, a perfect beauty," said he, with the insane ingenuousness of youth. "I wonder how you can manage to part with it."

"*Ma foi*," said Aristide, with his back against the end of the dining-table and gazing at the masterpiece. "I have so many at the Chateau de Mireilles. When one begins to collect, you know—and when one's grandfather and father have had also the divine mania——"

"'I'LL TAKE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS,' SAID HE, 'TO STAY IN.'"

"You were saying, M. le Baron," said M. Poiron of Paris, "that your respected grandfather bought this direct from Corot himself."

"A commission," said Aristide. "My grandfather was a patron of Corot."

"Do you like it, dear?" asked the Honourable Harry.

"Oh, yes!" replied the girl, fervently. "It is beautiful. I feel like Harry about it." She turned to Aristide. "How can you part

with it? Were you really in earnest when you said you would like me to come and see your collection?"

"For me," said Aristide, "it would be a visit of enchantment."

"You must take me, then," she whispered to Harry. "The Baron has been telling us about his lovely old chateau."

"Will you come, monsieur?" asked Aristide.

"Since I'm going to rob you of your picture," said the young man, with smiling courtesy, "the least I can do is to pay you a visit of apology. Lovely!" said he, going up to the Corot.

Aristide took Miss Christabel, now more bewitching than ever with the glow of young love in her eyes and a flush on her cheek, a step or two aside and whispered:—

"But he is charming, your *fiancé!* He almost deserves his good fortune."

"Why almost?" she laughed, shyly.

"It is not a man, but a demi-god, that would deserve you, mademoiselle."

M. Poiron's harsh voice broke out.

"You see, it is painted in the beginning of Corot's later manner—it is 1864. There is the mystery which, when he was quite an old man, became a trick. If you were to put it up to auction at Christie's it would fetch, I am sure, five thousand pounds."

"That's more than I can afford to give," said the young man, with a laugh. "Mr. Smith mentioned something between three and four thousand pounds. I don't think I can go above three."

"I have nothing to do with it, my dear boy, nothing whatever," said Mr. Smith, rubbing his hands. "You wanted a Corot. I said I thought I could put you on to one. It's for the Baron here to mention his price. I retire now and for ever."

"Well, Baron?" said the young man, cheerfully. "What's your idea?"

Aristide came forward and resumed his place at the end of the table. The picture was in front of him beneath the strong electric light; on his left stood Mr. Smith and Poiron, on his right Miss Christabel and the Honourable Harry.

"I'll not take three thousand pounds for it," said Aristide. "A picture like that! *Non, jamais!*"

"I assure you it would be a fair price," said Poiron.

"You mentioned that figure yourself only just now," said Mr. Smith, with an ugly glitter in his little pig's eyes.

"I presume, gentlemen," said Aristide, "that this picture is my own property." He turned engagingly to his host. "Is it not, *cher ami?*"

"Of course it is. Who said it wasn't?"

"And you, M. Poiron, acknowledge formally that it is mine," he asked, in French.

"*Sans aucun doute.*"

"*Eh bien,*" said Aristide, throwing open his arms and gazing round sweetly. "I have changed my mind. I do not sell the picture at all."

"Not sell it? What the—what do you mean?" asked Mr. Smith, striving to mellow the gathering thunder on his brow.

"I do not sell," said Aristide. "Listen, my dear friends!" He was in the seventh heaven of happiness—the principal man, the star, taking the centre of the stage. "I have an announcement to make to you. I have fallen desperately in love with mademoiselle."

There was a general gasp. Mr. Smith looked at him, red-faced and open-mouthed. Miss Christabel blushed furiously and emitted a sound half between a laugh and a scream. Harry Ralston's eyes flashed.

"My dear sir——" he began.

"Pardon," said Aristide, disarming him with the merry splendour of his glance. "I do not wish to take mademoiselle from you. My love is hopeless! I know it. But it will feed me to my dying day. In return for the joy of this hopeless passion I will not sell you the picture—I give it you as a wedding present."

He stood, with the air of a hero, both arms extended towards the amazed pair of lovers.

"I give it to you," said he. "It is mine. I have no wish but for your happiness. In my Chateau de Mireilles there are a hundred others."

"This is madness!" said Mr. Smith, bursting with suppressed indignation, so that his bald head grew scarlet.

"My dear fellow!" said Mr. Harry Ralston. "It is unheard-of generosity on your part. But we can't accept it."

"Then," said Aristide, advancing dramatically to the picture, "I take it under my arm, I put it in a hansom cab, and I go with it back to Languedoc."

Mr. Smith caught him by the wrist and dragged him out of the room.

"You little brute! Do you want your neck broken?"

"Do you want the marriage of your daughter with the rich and Honourable Harry broken?" asked Aristide.

"Oh, confound your impudence!" cried Mr. Smith, stamping about helplessly and half weeping.

"I GIVE IT YOU AS A WEDDING PRESENT."

Aristide entered the dining-room and beamed on the company.

"The kind Mr. Smith has consented. Mr. Honourable Harry and Miss Christabel, there is your Corot. And now, may I be permitted?" He rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Some champagne to drink to the health of the *fiancés*," he cried. "Lots of champagne."

Mr. Smith looked at him almost admiringly.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "You *have* got a nerve."

"*Voilà!*" said Aristide, when he had finished the story.

"And did they accept the Corot?" I asked.

"Of course. It is hanging now in the big house in Hampshire. I stayed with the kind Mr. Smith for six weeks," he added, doubling himself up in his chair and hugging himself with mirth, "and we became very good friends. And I was at the wedding."

"And what about their honeymoon visit to Languedoc?"

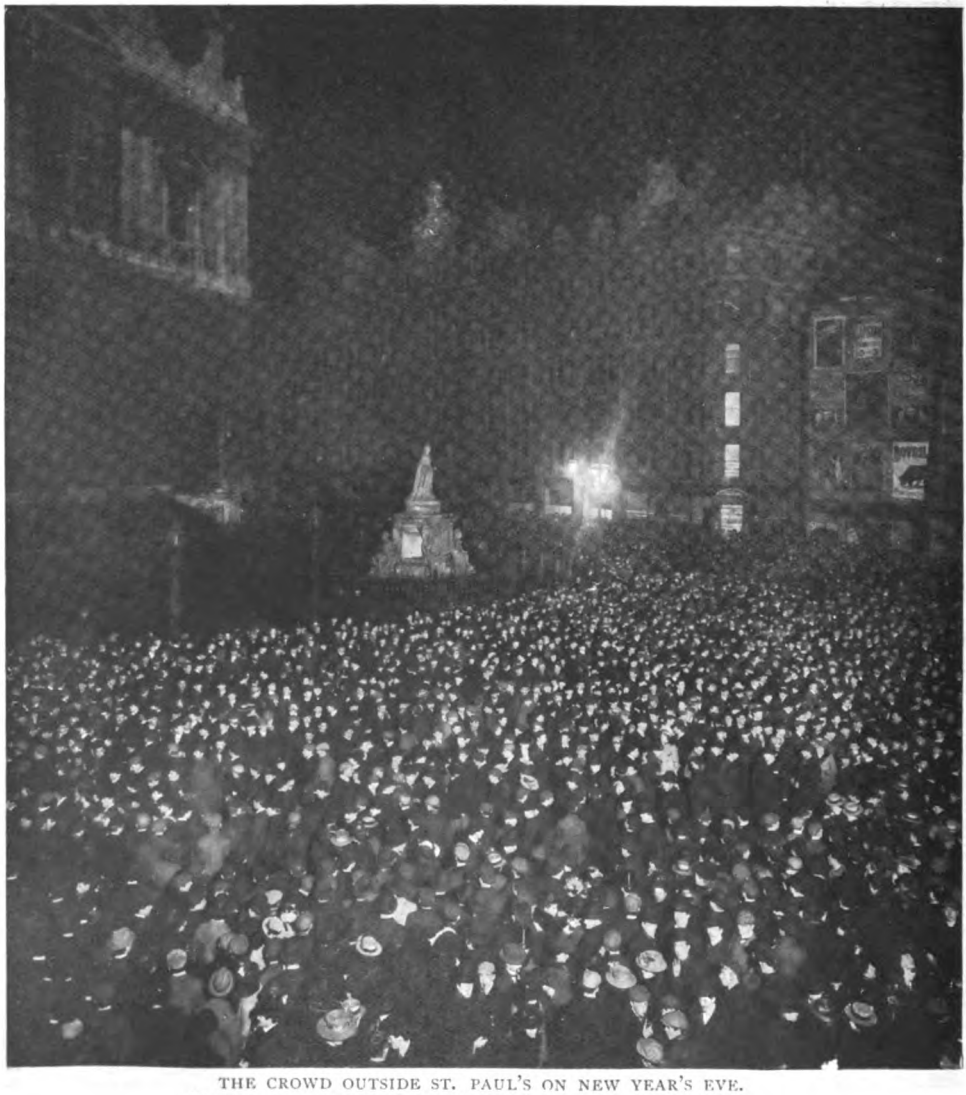
"Alas!" said Aristide. "The morning before the wedding I had a telegram—it was from my old father at Aigues-Mortes—to tell me that the historic Chateau de Mireilles, with my priceless collection of pictures, had been burned to the ground."

FLASHLIGHTING.

By FREDERIC G. HODSOLL.

Mr. Hodsoll is a pioneer in the art of taking flashlight pictures, and before he showed what it was possible to do in this direction the recording of a night scene by means of photography was practically unheard of. Mr. Hodsoll has accumulated a store of interesting pictures and a fund of anecdote in many parts of the world, on which we are able to draw for the benefit of our readers.

THE biggest flash I ever used in outdoor night photography was in 1901, when I flashlighted, on the stroke of midnight, the annual New Year's Eve gathering of Scotsmen outside St. Paul's Cathedral. I think I may justly claim that this is the largest flash that has ever been used, and it created an altogether unlooked-for sensation. The subject was a difficult one and had never, to my knowledge, been attempted before, for even at this date flashlight photographs in the open air were something of a novelty. Taking with me a special illuminating powder of my own invention, I perched myself up



THE CROWD OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The flash that was used to take this photograph was seen twelve miles away.

By kind permission of the "Sphere."

on a window-sill overlooking the Churchyard, the vast area of which it would be necessary to light up if my photograph was to be of any value. I therefore used an extra amount of powder, and on the stroke of the hour pressed the button. There was a loud report, and what appeared to be a vivid sheet of lightning shot up into the air, the effect of which was remarkable on the waiting crowds below, busily engaged in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and grasping one another's hands with good wishes for the New Year. Instantly there was a dead silence, which lasted for quite an appreciable time, and then the people began asking each other what had happened. I am afraid that, innocently enough, I alarmed some of them rather badly, for I was quite unnoticed up aloft, and there were many among the crowd, which instantly began to disperse in all directions, who went home with the uncomfortable conviction that they had witnessed an omen of evil import for the coming year. Others, again, were inclined to think that it was a satellite that had mysteriously dropped from the heavens. The intense brilliancy of my illumination is clearly shown on looking at the resulting photograph (the first reproduced), for it will be seen that the buildings on the opposite side of the Churchyard, and the people in front of them, are easily discernible. In fact, as I afterwards learned, the flash was seen at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, twelve miles away! It also attracted considerable attention in the newspapers, several of which contained references to it during the week, and, in fact, it was not until my photograph was published in one of the weekly illustrated papers that the mystery was solved.

Some of my most exciting flashlighting experiences occurred some years ago when I was exploring the wilds of Western America with a camera. The photograph reproduced below was taken on the plains of New Mexico, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railway station, and had an exceedingly curious sequel. I had been travelling all day, and in the evening discovered a party of cowboys who were rounding up a large herd of cattle. Fellowship on the plains is proverbial, and I was soon enjoying a sumptuous repast of yearling beef, molasses, and biscuits at the camp. The cowboys, who were a rough-looking lot, most of them with several months' growth of beard, were keenly interested in my camera, and very much wanted me to take their photographs. As it was too dark for anything else I suggested taking them by flashlight, grouped round the camp-fire. They readily agreed, and about twelve o'clock I fixed up my apparatus and performed the operation, much to their delight and astonishment. Naturally enough, they had never seen a flashlight photograph taken before, and were quite unprepared for the brilliant spurt of flame and loud report. The night was a dark one, and the plains were illuminated for a great distance around, and, although the cowboys soon recovered from the shock, the effect on the cattle was much more alarming, for they promptly stampeded. Off across the plains they dashed in all directions, mad with fright, and there was a wild scene of confusion as the cowboys rushed shouting and cursing to their ponies, and, saddling up in the dark, started in pursuit of the runaways. The terrified cattle, however, had a good start, and,

THE COWBOYS' CAMP.
This flashlight caused the cattle to stampede for miles.

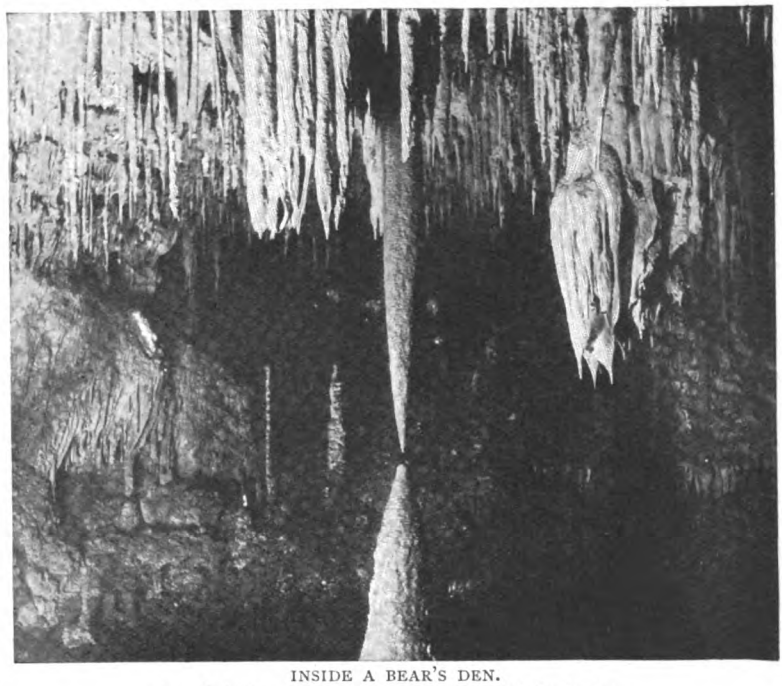
scattering for some miles round, it took several hours' hard and exciting work before they were headed off and brought back to camp. The cowboys, I am thankful to say, took the incident quite good-humouredly when they returned, which was fortunate for me, as they have an awkward way, at times, of shooting on sight if they imagine they have a grievance.

The next photograph reproduced is, I think, one of the most unique flashlights ever obtained, representing, as it does, a phase of Western life that, so far as I know, had never been taken before. The scene illustrated is the interior of a gambling saloon at an out-of-the-way little settlement called Lookout, near the Sacramento Mountains, New Mexico. I arrived at the township late one evening, and, after attending to my horses, looked about for a place where I could get some refreshments. There was only one saloon, and so in I went. The den was full up with a forbidding-looking crowd sitting and standing at tables, gambling as hard as they could go. They were much too intent on their games to pay any attention to me, however, and, having called for a glass of whisky, I watched the play for a few minutes. There were a number of cowboys present who had just come in from the plains with three months' wages, and it was easy to see that they were being fleeced by the professional element. In such places as this they frequently lose their all in a single night, and, if they create a disturbance, as likely as not they lose their lives as well. I had not been in the place very long before it occurred to me that here was a subject for my camera that ought not to be missed, although I felt very doubtful as to whether I should be allowed to take it. However, I could see that if done at all it would have to be done quickly, for, although most of my prospective sitters were fairly sober, liquor was being handed round plentifully, and here and there a six-shooter glistened ominously on the tables. I thereupon approached the proprietor of the place, who, after consulting his customers, and much to my surprise, told me to go ahead as soon as I chose, but to get it over as quickly as possible. I think it was the novelty of the thing that appealed to them, for I am certain there was not a single person present who had been flashlighted before. I at once ran back for my camera and obtained the picture, which is here reproduced, but which, however, does not contain portraits of all those who were in the saloon, for I noticed that several desperate-looking characters took great pains to be well out of range of my camera. Doubtless there was a very good reason for this. I made myself scarce with all possible speed after taking the photograph, and I have every reason to believe that after I left things

THE INTERIOR OF A WESTERN GAMBLING SALOON.
This meeting ended with a pistol-shooting affray.

became pretty lively, for my night's rest was punctuated at intervals by the sound of pistol-shots coming from the direction of the saloon.

Another photograph which was taken under exceptional circumstances was also obtained in the course of my wandering in the mountains. Coming across a large circular opening in the ground one day, which evidently led to a cave of some sort, I, and two friends who were with me, at once decided to explore it. We descended by means of a tree-trunk, which we lowered down the hole, and found ourselves in a huge cavern. We at once caught sight of the fresh tracks of a bear on the damp floor of the cave, and without a moment's hesitation returned to the surface for pistols. Well armed, we once more descended the cave, while I, in addition, took with me a camera and some flashlight powder. We all carried lighted torches, but after a thorough search were unable to discover the animal. Presently we noticed a hole in the wall of the cave, evidently leading into a second chamber. We went through the opening cautiously, and the sight that met our gaze was, I think, the most magnificent that I have ever seen. The roof and floor were literally covered with stalactites and stalagmites of exceedingly beautiful formations which scintillated in the flickering light, casting grotesque shadows from the glare of our torches. In the centre of this chamber two exceptionally fine cones had grown to such proportions that their needle-like points almost met, and it is almost unnecessary to add that I there and then took a flashlight photograph of them. This I did with one of my companions on either side of me with their fingers on the triggers of their pistols, in case the bear should make his appearance. The flash blinded us all for a few seconds, and whether it frightened the animal or not I am unable to say, but we certainly failed to find him, although the freshness of his tracks clearly proved that he must have been in the place quite recently. We afterwards discovered a passage leading into the open, so I suppose he must have made a hurried escape that way.



INSIDE A BEAR'S DEN.
This flashlight was taken under fear of an attack by the bear.

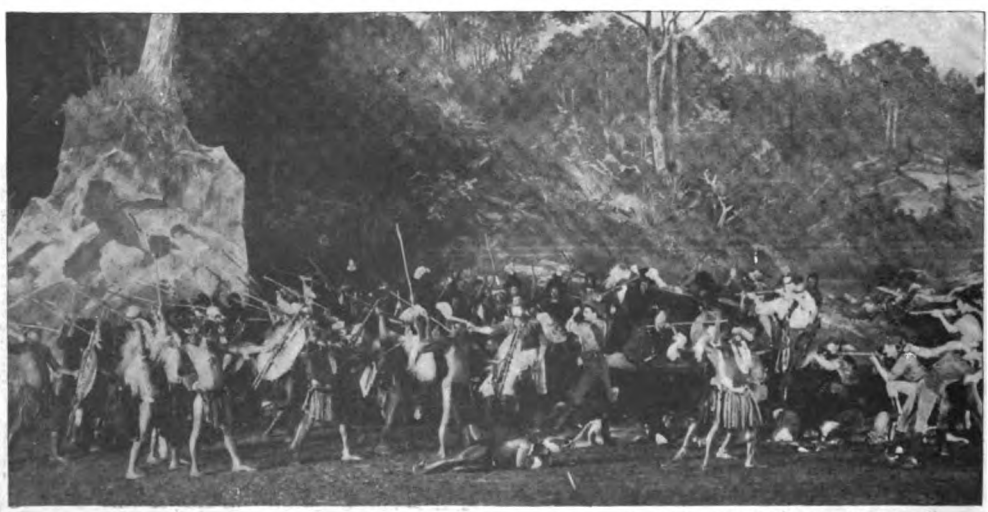
One of the most exciting experiences I had was when I was dispatched to follow up the hunt for two convicts who had escaped from Borstal Prison. The affair had attracted considerable attention, for the men, who were both desperate characters, had held up a mail-coach after their escape. They were

A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A POLICE HUNT FOR ESCAPED CONVICTS.

supposed to be hiding in the big woods near Faversham, and search-parties of police and civilians were out looking for them, but without success.

The next night I arranged with the driver of the mail-van to ride with him to Canterbury, travelling over the road on which the two convicts had previously attacked the coach. In some parts there were dense woods on both sides, and our ride was a decidedly uncanny one. We were going slowly up hill in a particularly dark and lonely spot, when a man came out of the woods and demanded a lift. This, naturally enough, we were not at all disposed to give him—for one thing there was no room, and for another we were a good deal suspicious as to his real intentions. On our refusal to take him up the man made a rush for the coach and scrambled up behind. As far as I could see in the darkness he was a rough-looking customer, but as to whether he was one of the convicts or not it was difficult to say. Anyway, he had no right where he was, and so I took the driver's revolver and, asking him to whip the horses up, ordered the interloper to get off. The man clung on, however, until we had gone about two hundred yards, and then dropped off and disappeared over a gate. Soon afterwards we came to an isolated inn, where two policemen were stationed. I told them what had happened, whereupon they immediately started off to try and track the man. This gave me an opportunity for another flashlight, which shows the officers on the trail with their lanterns. The man got clean away, however, but the next day the two convicts were captured.

Returning home from my travels, my next flashlight work was done in London, where, as I was absolutely unknown to the Press, and anxious to work up a connection, I looked about for a unique and difficult subject, and one, if possible, which no other photographer had succeeded in taking. This was in 1900, and I soon found what I wanted at the Earl's Court Exhibition of that year, which was "Savage South Africa." The chief attraction was a most realistic performance in the vast arena, called "Major Wilson's Last Stand." This depicted the massacre of the gallant band of Britishers by the Matabele, and although several flashlight photographs had been attempted they had all been failures. The reason, I imagine, was that no photographer had been able to make use of a flash sufficiently quick and powerful to cover such a large area. I at once approached the management, asking for permission to take a photograph of the scene. They refused to entertain my proposal, giving as a reason that it had already been attempted, but had been found impossible of realization. This only made me the more determined, and I submitted prints of my previous work. These, fortunately, impressed the authorities to such an extent that they gave me the desired facilities, but at the same time they informed me that they had very little hope of my being successful. They furthermore added, somewhat significantly, that the experiment would have to be made at my own expense, but that they would give me a

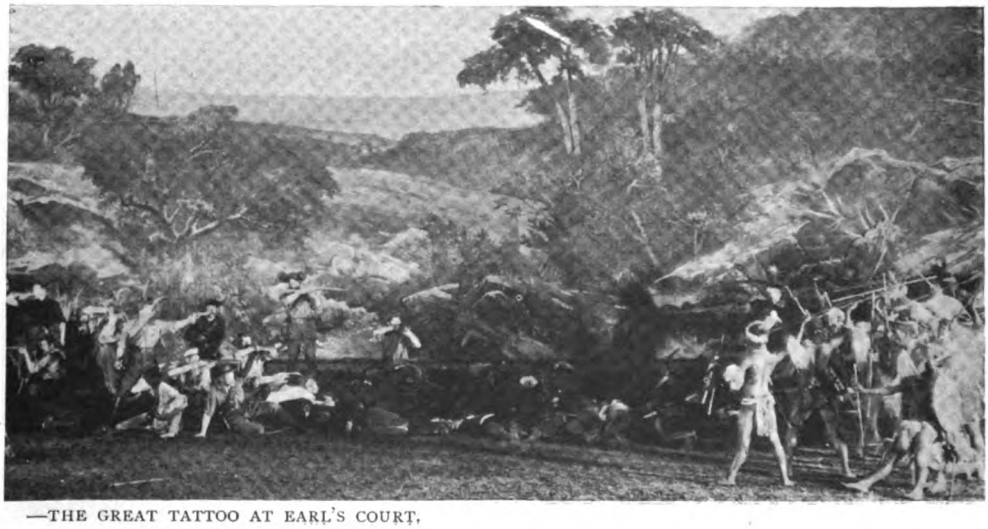


"MAJOR WILSON'S LAST STAND"—
A photograph that cost Mr. Hodsoll £20—

special performance. I at once commenced operations. There was an immense amount of preparatory work to be done, as this was, at the time, the biggest undertaking of the kind that had ever been attempted. I decided that it would be necessary, in order to secure sufficient illuminating power, to use seven separate flashes, all of which would have to be fired simultaneously. The first thing I did, therefore, was to arrange for the laying down of electric cables from the main plant into the arena. This in itself was a considerable item, as to run the current to each of the seven flash points I had to use nearly two hundred yards of cable. In fact, before I had everything ready to take the photograph, I was twenty pounds out of pocket. This sum included, in addition to many incidental expenses, the erection of stands to hold the flashlight powder, fitted with fuses and bright tin reflectors. To make doubly sure of success I used two cameras with twelve by fifteen plates. These I had to place in the front row of the auditorium, about two hundred feet away, to enable me to get in the entire scene. Finally I had everything ready; Major Wilson's party took up their positions, while the Matabele were just in front of me with their assegais, waiting to rush across the arena to the slaughter. As I stood with a pneumatic release in each hand I must confess that I felt not a little anxious as to the fate of my twenty pounds. The signal was given and the savages charged, brandishing their weapons, and just as they were in the act of massacring the intrepid Britishers I pressed both bulbs to expose my plates and touched the electric button to ignite the powder. The combined flash went off magnificently, and I think it alarmed Major Wilson's gallant men a good deal more than did the Matabele. On developing my plates I was very glad to find that I had obtained excellent pictures, which, when submitted to the authorities, brought me a congratulatory letter, stating that "what they believed to be impossible had proved to be an entire success."

The picture next reproduced, showing Sir George Martin playing the organ in Westminster Abbey, is not particularly exciting to look at, but it is a very good example of the difficulties under which a flashlight photographer sometimes has to work. As the organ-loft was very small, there was not room to operate, and I was at my wits' end to know how to take the photograph, for I was unable to place my camera far enough away from my sitter. At length, however, I saw a way out of the difficulty. I fixed a rope to the top of the organ-loft, and tied my camera on the end of it in such a position as to allow the lens to project through Sir George's peep-hole. I then let off my flash with my camera in mid-air.

The fact that the flashlight photographer must needs be resourceful and prepared for eventualities is, I think, fully proved by my experiences when I photographed the home-coming of General Sir Redvers Buller from South Africa. I went to Southampton to meet the ship, which I found had been delayed owing to fog, which made the



—THE GREAT TATTOO AT EARL'S COURT,
—and seven flashes to take.

SIR GEORGE MARTIN PLAYING THE ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This flashlight was taken with the camera suspended in mid-air at the end of a rope.

By kind permission of the "Sphere."

time of her arrival very uncertain. Late at night I met a reporter running for the docks, who shouted out as he passed me that General Buller's ship was just coming in. I was quite unprepared, but knowing there was not a moment to be lost, I hurried back to my hotel, grabbed up a box of flash-powder and a snap-shot camera, and, dashing into the kitchen, commandeered a saucepan lid in which to fire the powder. Then I set off post-haste for the docks, picking up *en route* a reporter to whom I gave the news. The ship was just coming alongside when we got there, and as it was necessary for me to take a position well above the level of the ground, we climbed up into the loft of a convenient shed overlooking the scene. It was quite dark in the place, but as we could just see a door on the opposite side we made a rush towards it. Then, without the slightest warning, we both almost disappeared in a heaped-up pile of some soft, fluffy, choking substance. We had, it appeared, broken into a grain warehouse, the loft of which was being used to store some kind of fine middlings. The awful stuff was several feet deep all over the floor, and through it we floundered and struggled, gasping for breath and well-nigh suffocated. At length, however, we fought our way through, and reached the door just as General Buller was stepping on the gangway; but, fortunately for me, an officer went up to speak to him and detained him for a little while. I hastily poured the powder into the saucepan lid, gave it to my friend to hold, and told him to ignite it with a piece of lighted paper as quickly as possible. Then, steadying myself against the door-post, I held the snap-shot camera in my hands as firmly as possible and waited. At first my friend was unable to ignite the powder, and the anxious moments were flying all too rapidly when suddenly it flared up. My unfortunate companion, taken completely by surprise, was sent flying on his back with some badly-burned fingers and a shock to his nervous system. The resulting photograph, however, was, all things considered, very satisfactory.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE LATE GENERAL BULLER.

The circumstances under which this photograph was taken gives some idea of the difficulties that a flashlight operator has to contend with.

A Miscalculation.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

BURNSIDE flung down the telegram, a certain angry disappointment showing in every line of his masterful face. Here were independence and opposition from the very quarter he least expected them. Unaccustomed to being thwarted, the height of his business eminence had bestowed upon him too great a power over his fellows. His word was law to thousands; he gave short shrift to those under him, and when he grew angry it was as if Jove sent his thunderbolts rolling through the vast factories of Burnside and Hare.

Hare was the sleeping partner, who raked in the profits from a distance. He had not the untiring capacity for work possessed by Burnside; indeed, he earned the very hearty contempt of the latter by maintaining that industry had become abhorrent to him now that Fortune so radiantly smiled.

Hare, collecting art treasures in distant climes, was a negligible quantity in the firm; it was Burnside who dominated the whole business—Burnside, who since the death of his wife ten years before had not encountered a soul to question his actions. Rumour said that the great manufacturer had been dominated in his turn by the gentle little wife he had worshipped. Her loss had warped his always hard nature; he was severe and indulgent by turns to his son and only child.

From his motherless youth Roger Burnside had been put strenuously through his paces. Great things were expected of him; he was urged to study when other boys claim idleness as a right; he was expected to possess an aptitude for business second only to that of the author of his being. Like many another father and son, they had lived together all their lives with hardly a ray of understanding and sympathy between them. And, truth to tell, the capacity for working at high pressure had not yet developed itself in Roger. Moreover, his father's interference roused in him an undercurrent of opposition, vague as yet, but gathering unsuspected force as time went by, and he grew of an age to chafe under the dominating personality of the older man. Roger had been fourteen when his mother died. Her name was never mentioned by the two, who loved her memory in their different way. Each wondered if the other had forgotten. Her influence was strong in Roger, keeping him straight when he had every inducement as a millionaire's son with a generous allowance to go astray. To-day, during Roger's absence from home, a telegram had been brought to Burnside in his private room at the works. Its contents mastered, he sat there for a long time brooding over it, waiting for his son, whom he had not seen for a week. The hum and clangour of machinery reached him where he sat. The sound was music in his ears, and during his few absences the cessation of that droning undercurrent of sound was like a physical want. To-day his thoughts were

not with the business. He drummed impatiently upon the desk, his financial schemes for once taking second place. He looked at the clock every few minutes, his wrath gaining ground with each swing of the pendulum. He was a big, broadly-built man, not over tall, but carrying authority in every line of him. His mouth was grim, his jaw set in rigid curves that meant unpleasantness for somebody. The clock struck, and his hand went out towards the electric bell. Before he could touch it, however, the door opened and Roger walked into the room.

He was taller, wirier, better-looking than his father, careful in his dress, which the other was not, frank and very pleasant-looking. The almost indolent quietness of his bearing invariably irritated the older man, who did not realize the capabilities that lay behind the leisureliness.

As he glanced up now his bushy eyebrows seemed to bristle and his jaw grew tenser. His eyes, too, took on a look not unlike that of a wounded bull. As Roger drew nearer and saw the look his own face stiffened into obstinacy. It was possible for the first time to trace a resemblance between the two.

"You have got back, then?" remarked the older man. "I was just about to ring. I wanted to see you about this preposterous idea of yours. We'd better have it out right away. Sit down."

His voice rolled out harsh and powerful. As if to show his hand at once the young man, instead of obeying orders, walked over to the window. When he turned, his close-cropped brown head was outlined in light that showed every ripple in the hair—a warm bronze like his mother's. He had her eyes, too, a dark grey that changed and deepened under any kind of emotion. Now, as they measured glances with his father, the pupils looked almost black. It was the first time they had come to really close grips. Roger had yielded too often, not thinking the game worth the struggle. But to-day a purpose every whit as strong as that which animated the father had taken possession of the son. Burnside turned impatiently in his chair.

"We've got to have this thrashed out right away," he said. "You'd oblige me, though, by sitting down. I can't see you looming up there against the light."

Roger took the chair indicated.

Burnside drew a long breath, and again they measured glances.

"Well?"

"Well?" echoed his son.

Burnside slapped his hand down hard on the telegraph-form that lay open upon the desk. There was concentrated fury in the action.

"This reached me two or three hours ago, and why in Heaven's name you sent it passes my understanding—a mere line, springing upon me your intention to marry a girl you have known a week—a *week!*"

Roger leaned forward, his face wearing an expression new in the older man's knowledge of him, a certain quiet resoluteness and dignity, mingled with something else that held his father momentarily silent.

"A day, an hour, would have been enough," he said, slowly. "The first moment I saw her I could have sent that wire just as easily, with the same absolute conviction. But then, of course, I did not know whether Audrey——" He stopped abruptly, a huskiness in his throat. The glory of his love was all about him still.

John Burnside's grim mouth twitched, then hardened again.

"So you have settled it between yourselves already?"

"Why, certainly," agreed Roger, with a half-remonstrating smile. "Did you suppose——" He broke off, then leaned nearer, his brown, handsome young face passionately earnest. "Father, let me tell you about her. You'd like her. You'd be proud of her——"

An ugly smile contracted the older man's mouth. "How much money is her father going to put down when she marries a millionaire's son, eh?"

Roger's expression changed; there came a fighting glint in his eye.

"Her father? He died five years ago, leaving his wife badly off for her position. Money? My little girl? Why, about enough of her own to pay for her gloves and shoe-ties, perhaps. Thank God, there's no shortness of money on our side."

"Stop!" said Burnside, harshly, with a species of half-inarticulate rage. "I don't want to hear anything more about her—her name, where she lives—they don't signify one *jot* to me, I tell you. My hard-earned money's not going to be thrown away on paupers. She knows you're a rich man's son; she's angled for you, safe enough!"

Roger's face grew white beneath his tan. "I'll not sit here and listen to remarks of that kind!" With difficulty he kept a hold on himself. "If you will let me know your intentions, sir, in a reasonable manner I'll stay. But unless you can speak of her differently she must be left out of the discussion."

"I thought she happened to *be* the discus-

sion," said Burnside, with a sneer. "Well, now, how are you going to live?"

"Live? Well, naturally——"

"There's no 'naturally' about it." Burnside leaned back in his chair, one big hand beating on the telegraph-form. "You haven't a penny but what I allow you. Work? You don't know the real meaning of the word—never will. When I was your age——"

"Yes, yes," said Roger, wearily. "I'm willing enough to work for her, if that's what you mean——"

"Beginning where I left off, eh?" interposed the older man. "My money's been got hard, let me tell you—by sheer grit, by self-denial, by early hours and late; mine hasn't been a soft life, and that money's not going to be squandered without a return. I've always planned that your wife's to be of some good old stock. Thought I was a dead strong republican? Well, so I am, but not for you and your wife. I've a notion I'd like your children to own a lord for their grandfather, just to balance my homeliness. Never should have thought it of me? Why else did I let you live like a prince, get my name into the papers on every occasion, give gorgeous spreads to my acquaintances, donate big sums to charity? D'ye think it was done on impulse? No, sir; it was all mapped out to make people talk: 'See what Burnside's given to the relief fund? A fortune, a fortune, but he won't miss it.'" The sneering voice took another tone as the speaker mimicked an imaginary admirer. "'John Burnside always goes one better than anybody else.' It's true enough I always try to, anyway. I've lavished money on you to fit you for the social circle where your father feels like a fish out of water. He hadn't time as a youngster to gain polish, but he determined that his son should foot it with the best. Look at young Fordby; married an earl's daughter last year—no less, and he hasn't one-fiftieth the expectations you have."

"SHE KNOWS YOU'RE A RICH MAN'S SON; SHE'S ANGLED FOR YOU, SAFE ENOUGH."

Roger's brown face wore an air of the purest amazement, tinged with a little contempt. He had never credited his father with such notions.

"Fordby happened to fall in love with the earl's daughter," he remarked. "The question of family came in a bad—a *very* bad—second." Suddenly he leaned over and held out his hand. "Come, let's be good friends, father, and square up our differences."

Burnside nodded, but he made no motion

of the hand in return. "By all means, when you tell me you have disentangled yourself."

Roger rose abruptly to his feet. "As that is not at all likely, perhaps you will tell me exactly where I stand?"

For just the fraction of a second Burnside hesitated.

"Financially, you mean?"

The young man nodded.

"The day you come to me and say you've broken off with the girl I'll bank a solid million to your credit, I reserving the right to choose your wife. Otherwise——" He opened a drawer and took out a cheque-book.

In silence the young man watched him make out a cheque for a hundred pounds, payable to "Roger Burnside." The pen spluttered as the heavy black characters formed themselves into the signature of one of the world's richest men. Roger never guessed the horrible anxiety that caused the blot at the end. With all his tyranny, Burnside cared for the boy more than he himself knew, and the thought of turning him off with a hundred pounds as his patrimony meant a harder strain than he could have imagined possible.

He pushed over the slip of paper and Roger took it up from the desk. Not a muscle of his face moved, but his eyes were dark and his lips hard compressed. He looked it over carefully, then glanced up.

"This represents your final word, unless——?"

Burnside nodded, expecting, hoping, with a dull undercurrent of doubt, to see the cheque torn up. Instead, Roger folded it and placed it with careful deliberation in his pocket-book.

Burnside's fingers twitched. Desperately now he wanted to tear it up himself, to say, "After all, you're the only one I've got. Take your own way."

Then his obstinate pride rushed back, overwhelming the impulse. Roger had yielded all along the line hitherto; he would yield again if he realized how strong was his father's opposition. To use a homely expression, Roger had always considered his father's bark to be infinitely worse than his bite. Now he saw his mistake. The hardness went deeper than he had supposed. Roger's thoughts passed to his mother. She must have seen some good in her husband; she had loved him devotedly. Standing there, before taking the irrevocable step towards independence, he remembered now the days of awful blackness that followed her death. Burnside had put no other woman in her place. They were left forlornly to themselves in the big, empty house with servants in goodly number, but no woman at the head of affairs. Home life had gone at her going, and even now the closed door of the room that used to represent light and warmth and love to him caused a pang in Roger's breast whenever he passed it.

He looked again at his father. Burnside sat immovable, his clenched fist pressed heavily upon the telegram. Glancing up, he met his son's eyes, and then, very deliberately, in his turn he tore the form into fragments. It was irrevocable, after all—there was no shadow of softening. Roger walked towards the door, turning as his fingers closed on the handle.

"You mean it?" he asked, his young face slightly haggard.

Burnside tossed the last scrap of paper to the carpet.

"Every word holds good."

Yet beneath the harsh tones was the vibration of another feeling.

"You headstrong young fool; can't you realize what you're giving up?"

"Quite," said Roger, twisting the door-handle—"a solid million. But money, pleasant as it is, doesn't represent everything; it's not to be named in the same day with *love*. I've had plenty of the first, thanks to you, father; but for the past ten years precious little love has come my way. I mean to hold on to it now I've got it. I wanted you to share it, that's all; we've been horribly lonely, you and I."

He looked back, hesitating, the door held slightly ajar. Burnside squared his shoulders all the more obstinately, perhaps, for the something poignant that tugged at his heart. He waited, listening for a sound nearer, more portentous, than the hum of machinery. It came in a moment, quiet yet distinct, the click of the latch as Roger closed the door between them. Footsteps echoed in the stone corridor, then there fell a silence only broken by the droning hum that had helped to bring a fortune to Burnside and Hare.

In the big, silent house there was only one of them left now. Burnside forced himself home every evening, forced himself to eat alone at the round table, with its empty chairs to right and left of him. In the place she had vacated ten years ago his wife seemed to sit at meals with him, her hands folded on the white table-cloth, her eyes, deep and serious and reproachful, fixed upon him.

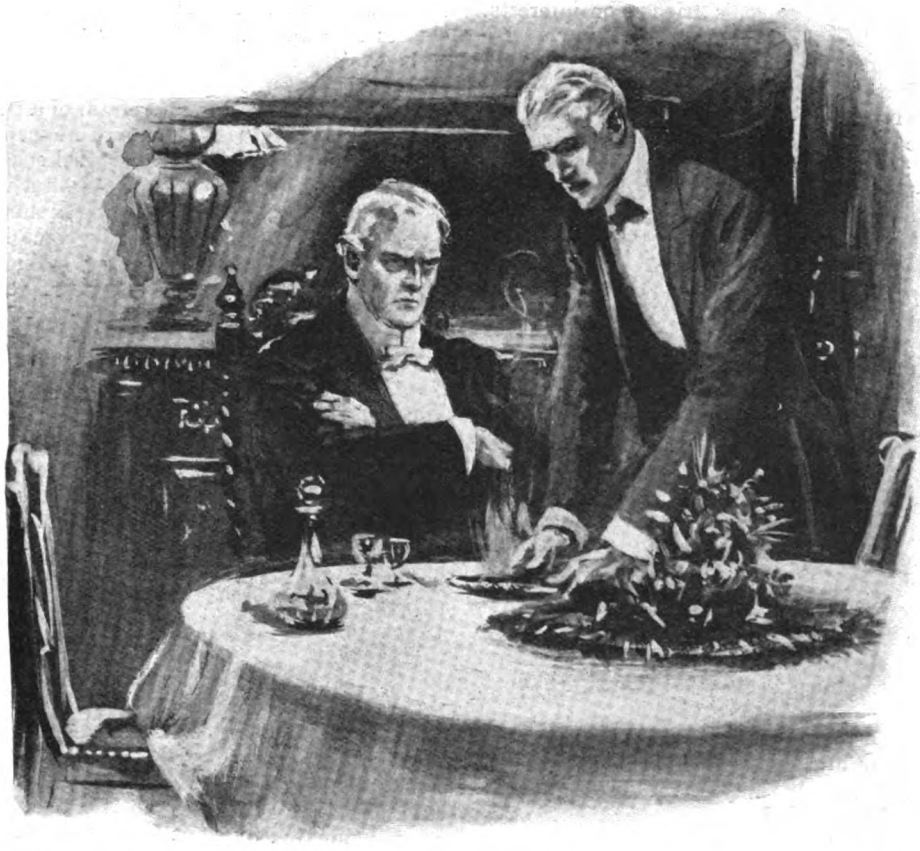
Burnside faced it out with a dogged obstinacy that held good for a time.

"He'll be glad enough to come back when his hundred pounds are spent," he told himself.

But as the days followed one another, merging into weeks and then into months, he gave up saying this. There came no word of Roger, and the cheque had never been cashed. He had disappeared with a completeness that was disconcerting to a man of Burnside's type. He found it more and more difficult to sit at the empty table. The house was deadly in its quietness, as if it held no living soul between its walls but himself. The servants' quarters were far away; they lived their own life. It was nothing to them if the master they feared sat alone in his solitude.

With Burnside and Hare it was a splendid year commercially; all their ventures prospered—everything Burnside touched turned to gold. He was the luckiest man of the year—financially. People talked of him with bated breath, and pointed him out to their fellows as the Crœsus of the day.

In another continent Hare shared a reflected glory. He had his art treasures to interest him, in addition to a very charming wife and several children. Burnside had nothing but the business. He worked almost as hard as he had worked in his difficult youth, not for success this time, but to crush out the memories that crowded upon him in his leisure moments. The silence that surrounded Roger began to oppress him; he drew back appalled from the thought of that empty table night after night, year after year, with no interest in life but money, money, money.



"BURNSIDE FORCED HIMSELF HOME EVERY EVENING, FORCED HIMSELF TO EAT ALONE AT THE ROUND TABLE, WITH ITS EMPTY CHAIRS TO RIGHT AND LEFT OF HIM."

Then suddenly one evening, as he sat there, the crust of hardness broke. He was alone, awfully alone in the midst of a wealth and luxury he had begun to loathe. He turned his eyes from one empty chair to the other, holding out a big, shaking hand to each.

"I'll find him, please God; he shall have his way," he said aloud to the vacant places. And then his head dropped down upon his arms outstretched across the table.

It had been easier to turn Roger away than to find him. Though they had lived together under the same roof-tree, Burnside had no knowledge of his son's friends or interests, and now he suffered from his ignorance. He himself made no friends. All his energy, all the determination and force that had placed him where he was financially came to his aid in the search. His whole mind was given up to it; he followed every clue with the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound. The few of his son's friends he traced knew nothing of Roger, nothing of the girl he loved. Burnside cursed his own folly in refusing to hear her surname and for destroying the telegram. He remembered the name "Audrey," but the place where Roger had been staying had slipped his memory and refused to return. *She* would know where Roger was.

Burnside grew grey in the contest. The man who had never been crossed experienced now an impatience that amounted to agony. He could settle to no business; his sleep at night was broken. Obsessed by that one idea he grew absent-minded, and a medical friend, encountering him in the street, advocated a change of scene.

"Never felt better in my life," Burnside maintained, obstinately, shooting out an arm and testing his muscle. "Just you feel that, Hobson."

The latter surveyed the grey face whose eyes were always restlessly on the alert. It was well known that the millionaire and his son had quarrelled.

"Nerves all gone to pieces, in spite of your thews and sinews, Burnside. Take my advice, go abroad for a bit. Do you all the good in the world. You plutocrats never slacken the pace until the health's ruined, and then what good's all your money?"

Burnside shook his head and strode on in his heavy, lumbering way. At the corner he ran against two men turning hurriedly.

"Spent a few days at Heatherdale not long ago," one was saying to the other. "Know it? Fine place for——"

Burnside brought himself to an abrupt standstill. "Heatherdale?" The name seemed oddly familiar. Then it burst upon his consciousness, and he grew almost dizzy with joy. It was the name he had racked his memory for over and over again. The name of the place Roger had telegraphed from, the place where he had met Audrey. Burnside repeated the two words mechanically as he went home. Hobson was right; he needed a change. He would go to Heatherdale for a few days. If he could only find her, she, of all people, would be able to supply Roger's whereabouts.

He settled one or two matters at the works that morning, dashed home, and thrust some clothes into a suit-case, feeling as excited as a boy. Then he caught the express to Heatherdale by the fraction of a second, and found himself whistling the refrain of a popular song. He sobered down in a moment or two, and once again doubt overwhelmed him in a cold douche. He was bound on a wild-goose chase. Audrey was not such an unusual name, after all. How was he to trace her? She did not go about labelled, and he did not know a soul in the little town. Burnside had never been a religious man; since his wife's death, however, there had risen in him the firm belief that he and she would be together again in some future state; love like theirs was not wiped out by death. Now, as the express rushed through the surrounding country, a passionate, inarticulate, half-ashamed prayer rose to his lips. For the first time for months his intolerable restlessness gave place to another feeling. He experienced the sensation of a man tossed from a raging torrent into smooth waters. Hope triumphed over doubt.

Arrived at his destination, he drove to an hotel, looking about him with interest at the sedate, clean little town. The side-walks with trees on either hand pleased him, and brought back some vague memories of childhood. The sense of well-being grew upon him. It was as though he, the masterful, were dominated by some force stronger than himself.

In the vestibule of the hotel the first person he encountered was a man with whom he had some business dealings. That he should meet him there so unexpectedly seemed all part of the scheme. No doubt Bryce knew something of the place.

"Only down for a night," he told Burnside, after the first greetings were over. "I have a young niece whose birthday-party takes place this evening. She has a weak spot in her heart, bless her, for Uncle William, and I

was bound to run down, though, to tell you the truth, I can ill spare the time."

Burnside's worn features relaxed.

"You are to be envied, I think," he remarked, looking beyond into the street. "It is well to have someone want you to that extent——"

He checked himself, then turned round suddenly on the other man.

"Her name doesn't happen to be Audrey, by any chance?"

"Audrey? No." Bryce looked a trifle perplexed. "Her name's Mina—Wilhelmina in full, called after me—I'm William."

He laughed a little, turning to go in. Burnside turned too, loath to leave a genial companion. Then a thought flashed through his brain.

"Would it be possible to take me with you this evening?" he asked, with some touch of awkwardness.

"Take you?"

Bryce did not understand. It never dawned upon him that the great man whose name was well known in several continents would care to be a guest at little Wilhelmina's party.

"I mean to the birthday festivities." The millionaire looked more and more embarrassed. "I have an evening on my hands, and—and—but of course you may not care to take a stranger——"

Across Bryce's genial face came a puzzled look.

"They'll be delighted to have you, of course," he said, hastily. "It isn't that—but, you see—there'll only be games, and a little dancing and some sandwiches and cakes and ice-cream, all as simple as can be. Mina's friends are to be there—just young people, you know."

"Well, I should like to look on for a while." Burnside spoke with slow, dogged obstinacy. "I'll keep my ugly face in the background, I promise you. You're not a chicken yourself, Bryce."

"That's so." Bryce burst out laughing. "Well, have some dinner with me, and we'll turn in as soon as the thing is in full swing. I've seen Mina already, and given her my blessing and a little bangle."

Burnside hesitated a moment, deep in thought. Under the new conditions he felt slightly dazed. Then inspiration came to him.

"Does she like chocolates?" he asked, his lined face almost tragic in its earnestness.

Bryce laughed again, an amused, half-astonished laugh.

"Wilhelmina's great on chocolates," he replied.

Without another word, Burnside started for the door. It was easy enough to find his way about. The biggest box of chocolates—and it was of vast proportions—hardly satisfied him. It was only by sheer luck that even this was obtainable in the town. Burnside watched while the big, blue-ribboned box was wrapped up. He himself carried it back to the hotel, and exhibited its glories to Bryce at dinner, while in their turn the waiters stared at the great man whose face, thanks to the Press, was well known to them all. Bryce felt a reflected glory. He wondered what had brought Burnside to the quiet little town. It was a health resort, of course, in a modest way, but not the kind of place a man like Burnside would patronize. He saw the great man under a different aspect to-night—a sense of homely kindliness overspread the harsh features as Wilhelmina's gift was placed upon the table. Dinner over, Burnside felt impatient to be off.

"They end these things rather early, don't they?" he asked, flinging down his cigar, hardly begun, and palpably expecting his companion to do the same.

"Plenty of time yet." Bryce looked more puzzled than before. "But we'll start if you like. It's no distance; shall we walk?"

"By all means."

Bryce good-naturedly sacrificed his cigar to the other's impatience. Burnside was silent as they went, his head down-bent, his shoulders rounded into a stoop. The great box of sweets was under his arm. An anxiety that was like a physical pain possessed him now that he was near his goal.

Arrived at their destination, he realized in a kind of dream a number of young people dancing a polka to the strains of a piano and violin. He understood that he was being made welcome by Wilhelmina's mother, and that presently, as the music died away, Wilhelmina herself came to greet her uncle and namesake. The great man had never been accustomed to social events or to young girls. He who could make hundreds fear him felt positively shy as he presented Wilhelmina with the box. But she, fortunately, was not in the least embarrassed.

"I've never had such a glorious box of sweets in my life," she said, raising rapturous eyes to his. "They're just the loveliest things I've ever seen. Let's go away and eat some now, shall we?"

It was what Burnside had hoped for. Wilhelmina, the box held somewhat osten-

"'I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A GLORIOUS BOX OF SWEETS IN MY LIFE,' SHE SAID."

tatiously, led him to a secluded spot where they could see without being themselves too much observed. She had some of her Uncle William's geniality, and Burnside's face relaxed as he watched her. She was slim and fair and pretty in her pink frock, a girl of about fifteen. He found it in his heart to wish he had a daughter like her. He was not proof against her persuasiveness, and presently found himself venturing to eat a chocolate. The music recommenced, and she sprang up, unwilling to lose a bar.

"I'm engaged for this to Tom Dacre," she said, hurriedly. "But if you like I'll let you have it instead. It's a waltz."

"I'm afraid I can't waltz," said Burnside, in a disappointed tone. "I suppose——" He hesitated. "I suppose you couldn't

let this dance slide and talk to me instead?"

"Tommy will be mad with me," said Wilhelmina, her feet keeping time with the music.

"Let him," replied Burnside, with a sudden desperate courage. The Fates could not be going to desert him now, just when they had dovetailed events so neatly. Wilhelmina drew the curtain a degree more forward over the arched recess.

"So Tommy sha'n't find me," she said, and solaced herself with another sweet.

"You seem to have a great many friends in the town," remarked Burnside, tentatively.

"Nearly everybody there is to know," assented Wilhelmina. "We've lived here all our lives, you see."

Burnside leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the room beyond.

"I wonder——" He spoke with deliberation, mechanically helping himself at the same time to a pink almond. "I wonder, among your girl friends, if there is one named—Audrey?"

"Two," replied Wilhelmina, promptly. "Audrey what? Audrey Maine or Audrey Smith? They're both here."

Then before he could reply she sprang up.

"Why, there is one of them—Audrey Maine. I'll bring her. You'll like to talk to her better than to me. Everybody does."

Burnside rose as Audrey came into the recess. It was rather dim there after the brightly-lighted room; but Burnside faced the light and she had the advantage. She looked at him for a moment, and then half turned as if to run away. Wilhelmina had already done so, unable to resist any longer the music and Tommy Dacre. Burnside saw he had been recognized, and his doubts almost became certainties. Still, he was so well known pictorially that there might be no meaning in her recognition.

"Please stay," he said, after an instant's throbbing silence. "I want to ask you a question."

She sat down, her hands folded in her lap. At a glance he saw that she was lovely, in a slight, pale, brown-eyed fashion, with fair brown hair parted on either side of a serious brow. Her face was as white as her gown. He could see that, in spite of her serenity, she was trembling a little. He had found the clue at last.

"I believe you know my son, Roger Burnside?" he said, going straight to the point. It was hardly a query. Audrey raised her head.

"I know him very well," she said, in a clear voice, all her tremors ceasing as she spoke. "We are going to be married as soon as he sends for me."

"Ah!" Burnside drew a long breath. "Then you know where he is."

A little proud and tender smile dawned on Audrey's lips. To Burnside's memory came the expression on Roger's young face when he had spoken of her.

"Then you will give me his address." He took out his pocket-book as he spoke, and waited with pencil uplifted to write.

"No," said Audrey, in a voice that held a note of suppressed passion. "*No, I will not.*"

Burnside snapped his pocket-book and thrust away the pencil. His face grew dark. *He* to be defied by this slight, pale girl, with her serious face! Then, as she raised her eyes and looked at him, his anger died out. She reminded him in some vague way of his wife. He remained silent, looking out at the dancers beyond.

Audrey stirred as if to go, but he caught a fold of her gown. His voice was hoarse, a pang of jealousy convulsed him. Then, against himself, a question broke from him.

"He is well?"

"He was quite well when I heard last."

"Then he is abroad?"

She nodded, knitting her brows a little.

"Please do not ask me any more. He said I was only to let you know if he—if he—if any harm came to him." Her lips quivered. "The work he does is rather dangerous."

"Dangerous? How? Tell me. I have a right to know."

"I don't believe you have," said Audrey, with disconcerting candour. "You are his father, but you have done your best to spoil his life."

Burnside straightened himself and looked at her, and as he looked he realized his helplessness. She was neither to be hectored nor persuaded—a small, slight thing he could have crushed between his hands. Something in his eyes hurt her, made her feel sorry for him. She leaned nearer as if to speak, then checked herself. A faint pink flushed her cheeks, her eyes shone. All enmity seemed to die out suddenly. Burnside watched her for a moment.

"You love him?" he asked abruptly, almost sternly. She looked at him with a glimmer of tears, and he understood. Presently he put towards her, half doubtfully, one of his big, clumsy hands, and without an instant's hesitation she slipped into it the one wearing Roger's ring.

"When you write to him," said Burnside, huskily, as if weighing every word, "tell him from me that for the first time in my life I've miscalculated. He's right—*all along the line.* Money isn't in it with love. Tell him I've wanted him pretty badly these lonely months; that deep down I've loved him all the time; that only the other day I banked that million to his credit and half another beside, and that he'll oblige me by accepting it straight away. Tell him I've found out since he left that a man, just because he happens to be a father, doesn't own all rights in his son, body and soul."

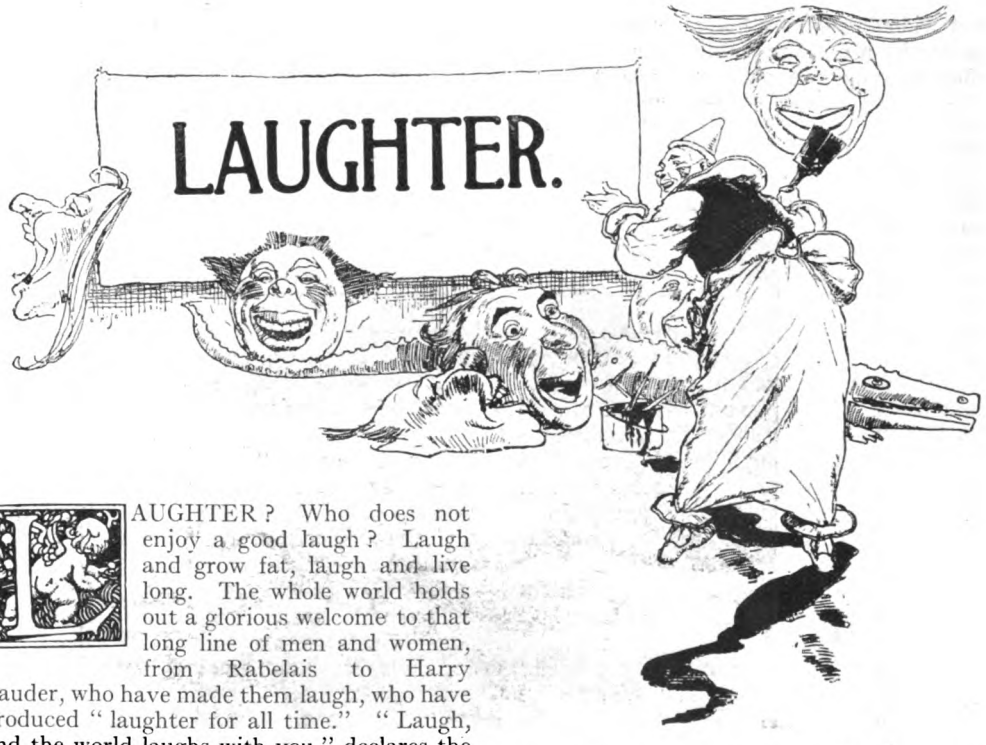
His grasp tightened on the hand wearing Roger's ring. "Tell him he's to drop that confounded work and come home to marry without delay the girl he loves. Tell him——" His voice broke off abruptly. Audrey drew nearer, looking up at him with a happy face, half laughter, half tears.

"Let's cable every word," she said; "unless you think it will cost too much. Then he can come back to us the moment he gets it."

For reply Burnside, with a face as radiant as her own, took out his pocket-book, and between them, totally regardless of cost, they made out the cable.

"BETWEEN THEM THEY MADE OUT THE CABLE."

LAUGHTER.



LAUGHTER? Who does not enjoy a good laugh? Laugh and grow fat, laugh and live long. The whole world holds out a glorious welcome to that long line of men and women, from Rabelais to Harry Lauder, who have made them laugh, who have produced "laughter for all time." "Laugh, and the world laughs with you," declares the modern poetess, and Rabelais adds, "because it is proper to man to laugh"; and so the great god Laughter, "holding both his sides," has dominion in every breast in every clime. And how diverse are his high-priests! How different is Smollett from Caran d'Ache, Thackeray from Dan Leno, Charles Dickens from Charles Hawtrey, Liston from Mark Twain, John Leech from Mr. Pélissier, and Corney Grain from Mr. W. W. Jacobs. These are lords of laughter, the "funny men" who set the table, the drawing-room, the theatre, and the library in a roar; whose public speeches are punctuated with (laughter) and (great laughter), and for whom the "standing-room only" signs are brought into requisition.

THEIR MAJESTIES ARE GOOD LAUGHERS.
From a Photo. by Sport & General.

One has only to glance at the accompanying photograph of His present Majesty George V. and his Royal Consort to see that both can yield themselves to the joys of unrestrained laughter. The late Queen Victoria could laugh heartily upon occasions, and there are many instances related of her capacity for laughter. Indeed, laughter has become a

characteristic of those occupying high office and a passport to the good opinions of the public.

Yet, after all, what is laughter? An American humorist has called it "an undignified widening of the human mouth, accompanied by a noise resembling a cough in the effort to avoid swallowing a chestnut."

QUEEN VICTORIA COULD LAUGH HEARTILY.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short, and audible cachinnations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter; but there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lachrymal glands."

There you have a scientific definition. But it is clear that mankind would hardly take the trouble to go through that experience if that was all that laughter consisted of. They would not regard Dickens or Mark Twain as a benefactor merely because a perusal of their writings produced that. No; even the philosophers know that laughter is something better than that—something internal—that there is such a thing as silent laughter. Hobbes calls laughter "a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly." But this, while good for the man chasing his hat in the wind, or with the legend "Please kick me" tied to his coat-tails, does not cover the ground as fully as it might. Still, it is not a bad definition of the causes which produce that much-desired "convulsive action of the diaphragm."

If a laugh is a benefaction and the provoker of a laugh a benefactor, why are there more statues to dull people than to witty ones? Who was the greatest laugh-promoter in history? It was said of Sydney Smith that he was the father of ten million laughs. "Laughter," said Lord Rosebery, recently,

" is a physical necessity. We live under a sunless sky, surrounded by a melancholy ocean, and it is a physical necessity for the English nation—even for the Scotch nation and the Welsh nation—to laugh. It exhilarates all social relations. Was not," his lordship added, " the laugh of Sir Frank Lockwood something that would make a stuffed bird rejoice ? And those who listened to the splendour of merriment which he could impart by that laugh realize the intense value of that emotional exercise."

In speaking of laughter, it is necessary for us to inquire into the celebrated causes of laughter, and if they be literary to ask, " Which is the funniest book ever written ? "

To this question various authorities have returned various answers. The Prince Consort, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, and an imposing list of eminent persons down to Lord Rosebery have pronounced in favour of " The Pickwick Papers." " There is no book on the shelves of the world's library," said a recent American Ambassador, " quite as funny as ' Pickwick.' Its nearest rival is ' Don Quixote,' and that is also the saddest book ever written."

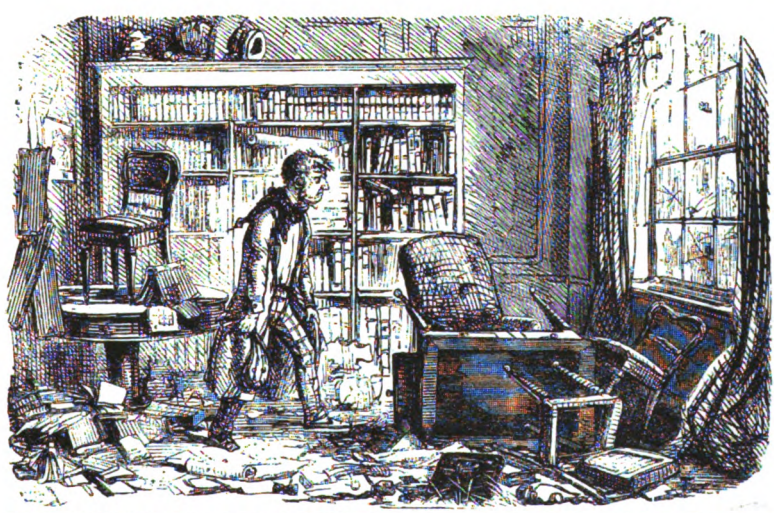
A large number of the most humorous artists of the day were once asked which was the funniest picture ever drawn, and a majority of them (among them the late Linley Sambourne) voted for " A Gentleman Chasing a Bluebottle," by John Leech, which first saw the light very many years ago in the pages of *Punch*. But there is a long line of comic draughtsmen from Hogarth through Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Gavarni, Leech, Busch, Caran d'Ache, Opper, Phil May, down to Mr. Raven Hill, who have created, and still continue to create, hearty laughter. Once, at least, Phil May produced laughter by a clever study of laughter.

As to laughter-provoking plays, this number is so great that a choice of the drollest would be very difficult. Johnson's opinion of Goldsmith's " She Stoops to Conquer " may be recalled. " I know of no comedy which has answered so much the great end of comedy, making our audience merry." Goldsmith was quite content to make laughter the test. " Did it make you laugh ? " he asked a Royal Academician who was hesitating about a criticism. " Exceedingly." " Then that's all I require," replied the author.

It is said that a manager whose theatre was somewhat in need of repair issued the following statement to his patrons :—

" The cracks in the walls and ceiling of this theatre are not due to age or neglect, but are the result of the mighty roars and peals of laughter on the part of the audiences at ' Charley's Aunt.' "

Yet there are some people who cannot laugh—who are wholly unable to enjoy either the physical or the mental luxury of a laugh. Thus, it was said of William III. that he was utterly at a loss to understand what could be got out of laughter except loss of dignity, which is on a par with the Scot who, when told that it required a surgical operation to



" ELDERLY GENTLEMAN CHASING A BLUEBOTTLE." THE DRAWING BY LEECH SAID TO BE MORE PROVOCATIVE OF LAUGHTER THAN ANY OTHER EVER MADE.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of " Punch."

TYPICAL LONDON LAUGHTER—A SNAPSHOT AT A SUFFRAGIST MEETING.

get a joke into the head of one of his countrymen, asked, "And why should you wish to get it in?" "To make you laugh, of course," was the reply. "An' do ye think I've naethin' better to do than sic silly nonsense?" There are many persons in history who have been, according to common report, incapable of laughter. Queen Mary I., John Knox, Robespierre, and Moltke are examples. The Iron Duke himself rarely, if ever, went beyond a grunt.

In fiction there are many such: Scrooge, for instance. But he reformed, and one day he broke into a laugh. "Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!"

Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, was of rather a heavy, melancholy temperament, and yet he sometimes gave way. "And," Boswell tells us, "upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily." Johnson's laugh, however, his biographer adds, was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humoured growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros." Has anybody ever heard a rhinoceros laugh?

LORD KITCHENER ENJOYS A LAUGH.
From a Photo. by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

Douglas Jerrold wrote "The Anatomy of a Laugh," in which a laugh was divided into several species, as: 1. A convulsive laugh, 2. A jolly laugh, 3. A pleasant laugh, 4. A polite laugh, 5. A scornful laugh, 6. A sneering laugh, 7. A frigid laugh, and 8. A laugh on one side of the face.

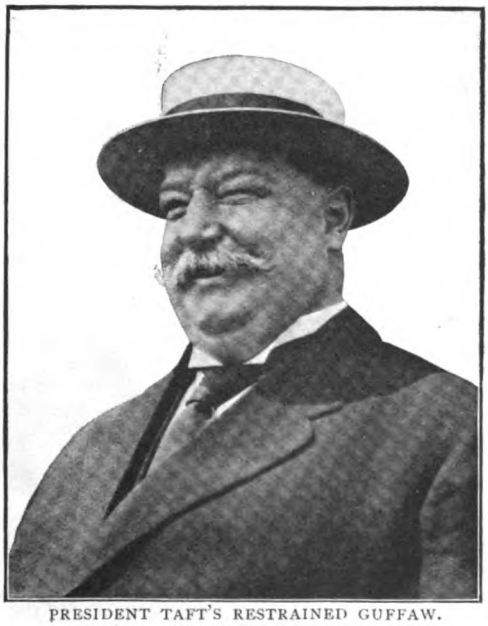
But the list could be largely extended. There is the foolish laugh, the peevish laugh, and the ironic laugh—the latter very often met with in the Houses of Parliament. Indeed, a study of Parliamentary laughter ought to prove fruitful. Never, perhaps,

From a Photo. by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

was there truer and more natural laughter than when Sir Boyle Roche, M.P., declared gravely, "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; but, Mr. Speaker, I will nip it in the bud."

Bulls are a frequent cause of laughter in the House. Only the other day members were convulsed by the statement from the Opposition benches: "Mr. Speaker, I support the Bill as it stands unreservedly. (Cheers.) Of course, there will have to be several alterations." (Great laughter.) A few weeks ago an M.P., who is also a distinguished novelist, created roars of laughter by observing: "Sir, the sting of this resolution is, like that of a serpent, in its tail." There was one member of Parliament of whom it was said that he had no sense of humour, only a laugh. "It began like the roar of distant waters, and then burst in a deafening cataract. It was contagious, overpowering, irresistible. All business in the House was suspended. The honourable gentleman addressing the Speaker sat down; the reporters in the Gallery closed their note-books. The mover of the motion withdrew it. *Solventur risu tabulæ.*"

It has been said that for natural primitive laughter there is nothing to compare with the article that is produced at a Punch and Judy show; but the like is probably quite as often seen at a political meeting where feeling does not run very high.



PRESIDENT TAFT'S RESTRAINED GUFFAW.
From a Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

LAUGHTER IN EXCELSIS—MR. ROOSEVELT AS THE GERMAN SEES HIM.
Reproduced from "Lustige Blätter."

A study of laughter was recently made of a rough London street crowd at a Suffragist gathering, which is a striking object-lesson in the merriment of the human male. On looking at the photograph, reproduced above, one can almost seem to hear the roar of laughter from a thousand throats at the sally of the speaker.

Laughter in church would seem to be a good thing out of place, but there are thousands of instances of it, even amongst Scottish congregations. In England the chief clerical humorist for many years was the late Rev. H. R. Haweis, who once announced from the pulpit, "I see someone has been criticizing laughter in church. Let me tell him that I would far rather see laughter in the

MR. BALFOUR ALSO ENJOYS A GOOD LAUGH.
From a Photo. by Topical Press.

LAUGHTER OF YOUNG AND OLD, RICH AND POOR.
BY PHIL MAY.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

House of God than envy and covetousness and worldliness and uncharitableness. Laughter, innocent laughter, cheers and cleanses the heart and prepares it to receive the lessons of Christianity." In the same way Mr. D. L. Moody in America and Mr. Spurgeon in England were no friends of a sad, dour religion. "Don't tell me," said the former, "that Christ never laughed. He was a man as we are; and there were times when even His soul broke into pure laughter, and it issued from His lips even as the laughter of a little child." Yet to the Puritans laughter was said to have been "one of the deadly sins," and, according to Sydney Smith, even for a Methodist to have laughed a century ago was to have forfeited his claim to salvation.

In the courts of law laughter has latterly become a regular feature, and some of our judicial humorists have earned a brilliant reputation for the quality and frequency of their sallies. It is recalled that one eminent judge was so accustomed to convulsing the

MEDITATION AND MIRTH.
BY MR. EILLIE NORWOOD.
Cover up either half of the face with a sheet of paper, and the dissimilarity of expression will be more clearly defined.
From a Photo. by Debenham, York.

court that the clerk used to roar out automatically, "Silence in court!" On one occasion the joke, although excellent, hung fire, and the only sound to be heard was the officer's peremptory "Silence in court!" The learned judge, nothing abashed, looked around quizzically. "Why is there silence in court?" he asked.

Mr. Asquith is not precisely the laugher that Mr. Balfour is, but Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, is a far heartier laugher than Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Bonar Law. Even Lord Kitchener can occasionally give way to merriment. Mr. Roosevelt's laugh is as world-renowned as is the extensive smile of his successor, President Taft.

Laughter clubs and Smile clubs are frequently reported in America. In 1872 a Laughter Club was formed of members who were supposed to have been implicated in the Tammany Hall exposure as a means of showing their scorn of the charges levelled against them, but it was disbanded in the following year. The existing Smile Club of America is founded on the principle that a smile at the right moment in times of doubt, difficulty, and pain will do much to render life endurable. "When in doubt, smile. Face the problems, the temptations, the emergencies of life with a smile. Do not curse your luck. It won't do you any good. A smile will." To which is added, "Try a smile first. You will be surprised how much good it will do you." Briefly, the system might be described as "Self-Help-by-Smiles."

Apropos of the phrases "half a smile" and "to smile on the other side of one's face," these are not often taken as they are in the preceding portrait of Mr. Eillie Norwood, literally. Half the face is smiling, the other half the very emblem of melancholy.

And what shall be said of the laughter of children? The unrestrained, rippling, heart-free, contagious merriment that has in it no sophistication — that knows nothing of the arts and the cares of this wicked world!

> One human sound the devil hateth,
> One music wholly undefiled;
> One rapture that with goodness mateth,
> The laughter of a little child.

THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN.
Photos. by Speaight & Bassano.

Remember the magnificent panegyric of laughter which Carlyle gives us in "Sartor Resartus": "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

THE DICKENS STAMP.

Peggotty's Hut at the Festival of Empire.

MR. FRANK LASCELLES, THE ORGANIZER OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAGEANT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

AT the Festival of Empire this summer—that great object-lesson in Imperial history of which Mr. Frank Lascelles is the organizer—we are to see a reproduction of Peggotty's boat, or house, or house-boat, at Yarmouth, which so delighted the soul of little David Copperfield and has so delighted the souls of millions of readers ever since—where the hero of the novel met Little Em'ly, "a most beautiful little girl who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself." Ham Peggotty had spoken of it as a house, but when David looked up and down the beach in search of a house, nothing of the sort could be seen.

"There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"'That's not it?' said I. 'That ship-looking thing?'

"'That's it, Mas'r Davy,' returned Ham.

"If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in I might have thought it small or inconvenient or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

"It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table and a Dutch clock and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot, that was grouped around the book.

"On the walls there were common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects, such as I have never seen in the hands of pedlars without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at

PEGGOTTY'S HUT, REPRODUCED AT THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

From a Design by Messrs. Piggott Bros. & Co., Bishopsgate, E.C.

Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it: a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then, and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs."

Now, it is a very odd thing, but when "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), the artist, came to illustrate this passage he utterly disregarded the description of Peggotty's hut, and instead of making the superannuated craft stand on its keel, he capsized it and made the hull serve as roof. Browne's defence was that he thought the author had made a mistake, that a boat could not be made to stand erect on the beach as if it were riding the waves. But Dickens in this, as in other matters, knew what he was writing about. He had seen such a boat-dwelling as this, and when Fred Barnard came along as illustrator he rectified Browne's mistake. It is, then, the real Peggotty's hut that has been set up at the Crystal Palace, hard by the reconstructed Globe Theatre of Shakespeare. Here, in the midst of all those Imperial glories which Mr. Lascelles has organized—probably the greatest pageant by the greatest pageant-master the world has ever seen—is a small fragment of humble English life—of the life of the common people—as given to us sixty years ago by a writer who in popularity stands second only to Shakespeare himself.

To the thousands who will pay a pilgrimage to the home of Peggotty opportunity will be given, of course, to buy the Dickens stamp from the dwellers within, and so swell the fund which, we need hardly remind STRAND readers, is being raised to celebrate the great novelist's centenary and at the same time benefit his family and acquit ourselves of what Lord Rosebery has called a "long-outstanding debt."

Besides the reproduction of Peggotty's boat at the Festival of Empire, visitors to the Coronation Exhibition at the White City will behold the interior of the famous Old Curiosity Shop, reconstructed according to Dickens's description and Cattermole's

CATTERMOLE'S DRAWING OF "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."
Reproduced at the White City.

drawings. This and its chief occupant we are introduced to in the following words:—

"The place through which he made his way at leisure was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place: he might have groped among old churches and tombs and deserted houses and gathered all the spoils with his own hands. There was nothing in the whole collection but was in keeping with himself; nothing that looked older or more worn than he,"

The Cheesewring.

By E. BLAND.

Illustrated by A. K. Macdonald.

WHEN you have been taken to Cornwall by a kind uncle and aunt and have been promised a round of interesting excursions, it is idle to pretend that you are not racked by something beyond sympathy when your uncle slips on a banana-skin and dislocates his ankle. Of course, it is very sad about the ankle, but youth is youth, and Valeria found the hotel at Liskeard intolerable. Her regrets for her uncle's sufferings, sincere as they must have been, did not, somehow, fill all her waking hours.

"I almost wish," she said, "that I had stayed at home."

The aunt was, quite properly, devoted to the uncle, and Valeria was left to her own company.

She opened the window and leaned out. The air was soft, yet sharp; the sun shone, and the January sky had the tint of June's. The Cornish Riviera was doing what it could to compensate, by agreeable weather, for the flung banana-skin.

"Oh, bother!" said Valeria; "I must go out. "I'll go and buy postcards."

When she came back the aunt was reading the *Western Morning News* by the sitting-room fire, and announced that the uncle was a little easier and was trying to sleep, adding, "This is dreadfully dull for you, dear Valley. And I'm afraid your uncle won't be able to get about for weeks. Would you like to go home again—to-morrow, say?"

"And leave you alone? Of course I shouldn't."

"I thought you wouldn't, love," said the aunt, patting her hand, "so I was thinking—how would you like to look up anything in the guide-book that seems as if it would repay a visit, and go by yourself; in the motor, of course?"

"But won't you be lonely?"

"No," said the aunt. "I shall be busy with your uncle, and we can have our little game of bézique in the evenings. You won't be dull going alone?"

"Oh, no!" The disclaimer was perhaps a shade too enthusiastic. "I shall love it. You are a dear, kind auntie, and I'll go to Restormal Castle to-day. I've looked it all up."

She went where she would; there were no restrictions, except that luncheon had to be taken in the car, because young ladies must not go alone to hotels and eat.

To Valeria, the fourth daughter of a not too prosperous tea-taster, the mere luxury of it all made a strong appeal. To drive all over the country in one's own carriage, wrapped soft in furs of price, warm and all alive, to see new things and new faces, to be entirely one's own mistress for long hours—this was happiness indeed. And she had the nature that can keep company with dreams and not be lonely. Even the loneliness had its charm.

And on the day when she went to the Cheesewring she quite definitely wanted something to happen. Something—anything. Her dreams were not very exalted ones, and I am afraid they generally included a young man. The Fairy Princess always did dream of the Fairy Prince, and always will, whatever the really nice-minded may pretend to believe. There was to be a prince and a princess, and he was to like her awfully. That was about all.

But these hopeful opportunities for the meeting of princes and princesses are rare, and none had come to Valeria. She wished that she could drive the car herself. She wanted to get Edwardes wholly out of the picture, and on the Cheesewring day Fate achieved this for her. For the road ends more than a mile from that wild cairn, and the motor was not quite well, and Edwardes had to own that it might take him a couple of hours to get her right again.

"Sorry, miss," he said.

"I don't mind a *bit*," she said, brightly. "I'll take my lunch up to the Cheesewring and have a picnic."

She tramped off bravely down the grey village street, turned the corner she had been

"VALERIA, BREATHLESS WITH HER CLIMB, THREW HERSELF DOWN ON A FLAT ROCK."

told to turn, and in two minutes her feet were on one of the little pony-tracks that intersect the Cornish moors—tracks older than any building within sight; tracks that date from ancient days of pack-horses and roads not made. The way wound up and up and up.

In front of her towered the tall rock encumbered with loose stones set in grass, with a quarry bitten out of one side of it, and on the quarry's edge, the topmost point of that high and lonely place, the Cheesewring itself, the pile of giant stones against whose mystery such waves of conjecture have dashed themselves in vain.

Valeria, breathless with her climb—the last two hundred yards were a sort of toy mountaineering, and the basket had grown much heavier since she started—threw herself down on a flat rock and looked out over the vast landscape now unrolled before her like a map.

"It was worth the climb," she said. "How quiet! How glorious! How lonely! I suppose no one ever comes here in the winter. I've never been so alone in my life."

And even as she said it she heard a footstep on the rock behind her. A tremor ran through her. Be as brave as you will a tramp is a tramp, and the spot, as she had a moment before joyously noted, was lonely.

She could see nothing; but she could hear the footsteps approaching. Then came silence. She listened, her ears straining, but there was nothing more. And suddenly, quite close, only just round the end of the big stone, there was the sound of a sigh, a deep, heart-broken sigh—a groan almost.

"*What* shall I do?" someone was saying on the other side of the stone. "What *shall* I do?"

It was the sort of outbreak that comes after long, silent thought on some grave dilemma. The tramp was in trouble—bad trouble, that was plain. Only was it a tramp? The words were low-spoken; it was almost a whisper, but it was not Valeria's idea of a tramp's voice.

"Ah!" Another sigh came from behind the stone.

"I think I'd better go," said Valeria to herself, and stood up.

Then, quite without meaning to do it, she made a step, and another step.

"I will give him some sandwiches," she told herself, "and see what he is like. It would be hateful to go away and just eat your own lunch when there's someone starving here, perhaps."

She went round the stone to give sandwiches to the tramp, and walked straight into the presence of the hero of her dreams. That is to say, she found herself confronting a young man who sat on a stone, just like the stone she herself had been sitting on. His attitude was one of deep dejection, and he was looking out over the bleak, wild landscape with eyes that seemed to see nothing but sorrow. This, in one instant, she saw. The next, he had sprung to his feet and taken off his hat.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, not behaving at all as she behaved in dreams. "Can you tell me the time?"

He told her, keeping his eyes carefully from the leather-framed watch on her wrist.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, and turned away.

What else could she do? There had been no accident to introduce them, and Valeria had been far too well brought up to talk with persons to whom she had not been introduced. So there was the Prince, and there was the Princess, with nobody to introduce them. And the Princess turned and went down the hill, stumbling a little over the loose stones. And there was an end of the adventure. It really was a pity, because the Prince was tall and rather good-looking, suitably dressed in Harris tweed of agreeable pale stone colour. He had nice eyes, very bright and clear and grey. And altogether——

It really was a pity. Valeria thought so. And when she became aware that he was following her she did wonder, just for a moment, whether it had not to him also seemed a pity.

She stopped. He came towards her. It was a thrilling moment. What would he say? What could he say to which she would not have to reply by a cold word and prompt retreat?

He said, "Forgive me, but would you mind not telling anyone that you have seen me here?"

"Why should I?" she answered.

"I don't know. You probably wouldn't. Only one does mention unimportant odds and ends. Only to me it isn't unimportant. It's"——he paused a moment for the right word, and then gave it, weightily. "It's vital—a matter of life and death, you know."

"For people not to know I've seen you?" She was stupid with astonishment.

THE CHEESEWRING.

"No, I'm not mad," he answered her thoughts. "I—I don't know how to explain, and you don't want to be explained to. Only you won't give me away, will you?"

"Of course I won't," she answered, with youth's generous warmth, adding, with youth's tardy caution, "You haven't done anything *wrong*, have you?"

"I wish——" he said, and cast a keen glance towards the village. "If we stand

"AND THE PRINCESS TURNED AND WENT DOWN THE HILL, STUMBLING A LITTLE OVER THE LOOSE STONES."

here we may be seen. I may be seen—and if you were seen with me—— I know it's too much to ask. Would you come back to that stone where I was when you asked me the time? Will you?"

It surprised Valeria very much to hear herself say "Yes."

He turned and went up among the great stones, and she followed him, half frightened and half glad. Here, at any rate, was an adventure.

"Well?" she said, when the two of them were back in that little space, walled in on three sides by great stones, where he had sat and sighed and asked himself what he should do.

He was looking at her with the truthful grey eyes whose direct, fearless glance gave her the confidence to say again:—

"You haven't done anything wrong, have you? It's not the police you're afraid of?"

"No," he said, roundly; "it's not the police." He hesitated, and then, suddenly, as one making up his mind once and for all, he said, quietly, "I am a Russian revolutionary."

She clasped her hands. The situation was better, really, than anything she had imagined.

"But you speak English so well. Couldn't you disguise yourself? No one would know you were a Russian."

"I was at school in England; near here, too. But disguise would be of no use. Yes, I will tell you. I will trust you. I joined a secret society and made a vow of obedience. At last an order came that I could not obey. I was ordered to kill a Russian general. I could not do it."

"So you left them; you disjoined—resigned, I mean?"

"You can't resign from such things," he laughed, grimly, and added, "It's a life membership. It's like this," he went on; and again he seemed to hesitate and then to decide; "the penalty for refusing an order is death. So I am hiding here."

"But you can't hide here for ever," she said, with sudden common sense.

"True," he replied; "and I needn't. The president of the society can remit the penalty. Only he's not in England at present."

"So you've got to hide till he comes home?"

"Yes. He'll be back in ten days. Till then I must hide."

"But"—the whole situation was seeming more and more impossible to her—"what do you have—how do you get food?"

"You think of everything," he said. "I have some in my den. There's a hiding-hole here, a sort of square cave hollowed out. We found it when we were children, and, I don't know why, we all swore to keep it a secret. I little thought then——" He stopped, as one who finds himself going too far. "The entrance is covered over by a slab of stone like that."

He pointed to the large flat grey slab on which her hand lay, pink and ungloved.

"And suppose," she almost whispered, "some day when you opened it you found them outside waiting for you—the people who want to kill you, I mean?"

"You have imagination," he said; "yes, and courage. Suppose they came now, and found you here with me?"

She rose hastily. "If there's any chance of their being here to-day," she said, "go back to your cave now, at once."

"And leave you?"

"They won't hurt me. And I'll tell them I've been here for hours, and there isn't anyone here."

"Didn't I say you had courage?" he said. "But it isn't like that. They——" He paused, and seemed to consider. "You see, it's like this. They won't find out that I haven't obeyed the order till to-morrow. So to-day's safe. As long as no one knows I'm here."

"And if anyone does come," she urged, eagerly—"any chance person, I mean—I'll say you're my brother. I mean, I'll ask them the time and say my brother's watch has stopped."

"Like yours," he said, smiling, and she flushed a deep pink like a hollyhock.

"Mine hasn't," she said, bravely. "I heard you sigh, and I thought you were a tramp, and hungry perhaps, or something. And I thought I had far too many sandwiches—and—well, when I saw it was *you*, of course I had to say something."

"Your promise to let me be your brother removes my last anxiety," he said, with a gaiety that seemed to her the height of gentle courage. "And were there really too many sandwiches? There is nothing in my cave but biscuits."

"How horrible!" was her heartfelt comment. And with hasty, hospitable hands she unpacked her basket. "See, look—sandwiches, heaps and heaps of them, and bananas and grapes and cake and port, because I'm supposed to need sustaining."

"Now," he said, "you don't know what a feast this is for me. Not only the sandwiches, but *you*. You see," he hastened to add, before she could begin to wonder what she

ought to think of the sudden personal note. "I haven't spoken a word, except to myself, for three days. Will you indulge me? Help me to forget all the horrors. Let's pretend they're not true. Let's pretend we're just two human beings with nothing to be afraid of, who've come up here to eat their sandwiches and enjoy the view. Shall we? Will you do that for me?"

She would have done much more than that for him. But it was not necessary to tell him so. They sat there in the pale bright winter sunshine and talked. Valeria's adventure had come to her in such a guise that she found herself forgetting that it was an adventure. The utter trust of this agreeable fugitive had broken down a thousand barriers.

So they sat, looking out over the coloured country, and giving thought for thought, confidence for confidence, as she, at least, had never done before, till his keen eyes, scanning the stone-strewn approach to the Cheesewring mound, perceived a little figure in it, advancing, but still a long way off.

"Someone is coming," he said. "I must hide. Go down and meet them. Ask the time, and delay their coming up, will you? You see, I trust you altogether."

Her hands were busy among the sandwich papers, replacing all in the basket. Even at such a moment Valeria would not leave greasy papers and banana-skins lying about to vulgarize a noble and lonely place.

"Good-bye," she said, when all was in the basket again, and held out her hand.

Next moment she knew that he had kissed her, and no one had ever kissed her before.

There was silence.

"Forgive me," he said; "and now I can ask nothing more of you."

"It was very wrong," said Valeria, like a book; "but—is there anything I could do to make things safer for you?"

"You angel!" he said. "Indeed I didn't mean to. Only—I can't explain. Perhaps you'll understand some day. Has anyone ever before?"

"THEY SAT THERE IN THE PALE BRIGHT WINTER SUNSHINE AND TALKED."

"No," said Valeria, coldly. "What can I do to help you?"

"A letter. Would you post a letter?"

"Yes," she said, still cold as ice, but ice that threads of fire shot through. "Is it written?"

"No," he said; "that's just it. But would you—oh!—after that I oughtn't to ask you—would you come again to-morrow—at the same time?" He looked away from her and said, slowly: "You said you would pretend I was your brother. Think it was that, and because you are so brave. And then you will forgive me and trust me and come again. Will you—will you? At the same time?"

Valeria looked at him. He looked very pale and penitent.

"Yes," she said, "if I can help you."

"NEXT MOMENT SHE KNEW THAT HE HAD KISSED HER, AND NO ONE HAD EVER KISSED HER BEFORE."

"You are the bravest, the best——" He stopped. "Good-bye, good-bye."

She gave him her hand, but it was both he took, kissed them reverently, and dropped them and turned away.

"Go," he said, gently and quickly. "Go now."

Valeria went, her head spinning and her lips still trembling to the touch of his, so soft and strong. At the foot of the mound she met the advancing figure which the Russian revolutionist had descried. It was Edwardes.

"I thought you'd turned your ankle or something, miss, so I came along to see."

"Thank you," said Valeria, polite and cold, with her burning cheeks and beating heart. "It was thoughtful of you, Edwardes, but you need not have troubled."

And Edwardes, noting the flush and divining the heart-beats, said to himself, "No, not much I needn't."

You now see Valeria, huddled in the warm luxury of the car, speeding towards the aunt and uncle, far too agitated to think, and contented just to be thrilled by the emotional vibrations of the adventure. The rest of the day was like acting in a charade. She was very attentive, very unselfish, played bézique with the aunt, read the *Times* to the uncle, and all the while her heart kept up a little monotonous tune, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow!"

Of course it is not right to make assignations with young men, however bright-eyed, without telling your aunt; but, on the other hand——

"I'm going to the Cheesewring again," she told Edwardes next day. "I'm going to do a sketch of the view." She brandished a brown packet bought at the stationer's that morning. "It will take two or three hours, so you need not be anxious."

"No, miss," said the chauffeur, and to himself he said, "Not much I sha'n't." But he had been the family coachman before motors "came in," and he had enough of the old feudal feeling left to wonder whether he ought not to follow her and "make sure."

Valeria, to whom he was part of the machinery of the motor-car, climbed the stony mound with only one thought—to see the stranger again, to help him, to learn more about him so that she could help him more. She wouldn't look at a little fear that crawled in the back of her mind, "Suppose he shouldn't be there?" She was right, for he was there.

And again she spread sandwiches and cake and fruit before him, and again they sat side by side on the low stone in the sun and talked and talked and talked. But to-day he talked less of himself and more of her. He wanted

to know everything; where she lived, how she lived, who were her friends, what were her dreams, hopes, ambitions, everything.

And to-day he did not kiss her. Nor did he ask her to come again. She told herself that she was glad, very glad; but she found it difficult to leave him.

"Look here," she said, suddenly. "I wonder—perhaps you think it's a bother for me to come again. But it isn't. It must be so dreadful for you, being here all alone. I'd do anything in the world to help you. Shall I come again to-morrow?"

He did not answer at once. When he spoke it was with an air of definitely and finally making up his mind.

"Yes," he said—"will you? I didn't think it was fair to ask you to come again. But if you will—— And I shall have something else to tell you to-morrow. Look here," he said, abruptly, "I won't wait till to-morrow. I'll tell you now."

"Oh, *no!*" she cried. "Because—look there!" she pointed. "There's that wretched Edwardes. Oh, good-bye, good-bye!"

She gave him both hands, caught up her parcel of sketch-book and colours, and hurried down the slope to meet the conscientious chauffeur.

"I made sure it was an accident *this* time, miss," he said; "it's getting on for dusk. Let me carry the view, miss."

She gave the parcel to him. And he forgot to give it back to her. When he had taken her to the hotel he opened the parcel, and found therein a virgin sketch-block, dry brushes, and tubes of untouched colour.

"Thought as much," said Edwardes, tying up the parcel again.

That was how it happened that Valeria was sent home by the morning train and had no chance to keep her appointment at the Cheesewring. The aunt avoided harassing explanations and Edwardes was not mentioned. It was dull for Valeria, that was all, and the doctor's wife was going to London that day. It was a special opportunity.

Valeria, furious and silent, packed. She would not go to London. She would get out at the first station and take the first train back. She would not bear it; to be torn like this from the adventure, from the only person who trusted her and leaned upon her. Never to see him again; never to know what had happened to him. It was not to be endured. But the aunt saw her as far as Plymouth, and the train did not stop again till Bristol, and the doctor's wife was kind, and one can't make a scene at a railway station with a kind stranger-chaperon. So she sat silent in her corner, and the train swept her farther and farther from that desolate rocky place where he was waiting for her—waiting, waiting in vain. She cried a little, furtively, in her corner. But she went home.

"I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED YOUR ANKLE OR SOMETHING, MISS, SO I CAME ALONG TO SEE."

The home atmosphere seemed foreign. Home did not seem to be at all the place for a girl with such a secret as hers. She furtively bought a Russian grammar and dictionary, but she had no heart to embark on the difficult study.

"SHE LISTENED FOR HALF AN HOUR TO THE CONFIDENCES OF VIOLET."

Her food seemed tasteless and her sleep was broken and slight.

"Cornwall hasn't done *you* much good," said her sister Violet on the fifth morning when Valeria pushed away her full porridge-plate. And after Valeria had replied her mother remarked, quite justly, that dear Valley seemed very irritable, adding that she was probably out of sorts and wanted a tonic. Valeria burst into tears, which was humiliating, and left the room, slamming the door, which was temper.

The long day languished away somehow. Valeria had decided that she could never be happy again. But that was no reason why she should be disagreeable. Because, of course, though you may be wretched for life, to be disagreeable for life would be both silly and inconvenient.

So she found Violet just before tea-time and said she was sorry she had been a pig, and

Violet said "All right, girl!" and they kissed each other, and Valeria felt that, all interest in life being over, she must be the light of others' lives, so she listened for half an hour to the confidences of Violet, and felt what a good sister she was being.

And after tea, when the others had gone to their various amusements—*she* would never be amused again, she felt, so it was no use trying—she sat down in the drawing-room alone with the Russian dictionary and grammar.

The curtains were drawn and the soft warmth enwrapped her. She was quite alone. She shivered as she thought of *him*, alone also, but alone in that little stone cave, cold, wretched, in deadly peril. He was there and she was here, and she could do nothing—nothing.

She threw the books on the floor, and the back came off the grammar.

"It's no good," she said, and stamped her foot. "What's the good? What's the good of anything?"

And then the front-door bell rang. She dried her eyes quickly. Bother these stupid people who came ringing bells! And there was no escape. The maid opened the drawing-room door and said, sympathetically:—

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

Of course, you knew who it would be. So did I. But Valeria didn't. Yet when she saw the man from the Cheesewring she did not cry out or exclaim. She just held out her hand and said, "How do you do?" just as though it had been anybody.

Not till the door was closed did she behave otherwise than as a young lady should behave to a caller.

But then she took him by the arms above the elbow and shook him.

"Oh! how could you?" she said. "How am I to hide you? The ten days aren't up till Monday. Oh! why did you come?"

"Why didn't *you* come that next day?" he asked, gravely.

"I couldn't. I was sent home. But never mind about that. Oh, do go! Do, please, go and hide somewhere safe!" She stood with clasped hands, appealing.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he asked. And Valeria was too agitated by anxiety for him to remember not to speak the truth.

"Yes," she said; "I'm frightfully glad. But you ought to be disguised. Why have you come?"

"To see you," he answered, standing very tall and straight beside her on the hearthrug; "and I am quite safe. Believe that."

"It's all over? The president's come back? Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

She was fumbling for her handkerchief. When she had found it she sat down in the armchair and cried.

He stood quite silent for more than a minute, more than two. Then she heard him say again the first words that she had ever heard him say: "*What* shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

"You're sure everything's quite safe?" she said at last, sniffing and dabbing her eyes. "I'm sorry to be so childish; but I *have* been so anxious."

"I see you have," he answered, coming nearer to her.

She looked up at him. Their eyes met, and the next moment she was crying again and he was holding her in his arms, stroking her hair and soothing her with "There, there!" and "Don't, dear, don't!" as though, indeed, she had been a child.

"I've been walking up and down on the other side of the road for hours," he said, "because I knew this was the night they all went out."

"How did you know?"

"I blush to say that I asked your housemaid. And they did go. And here we are. I never believed in love at first sight before. Did you?'

"No; yes; no—I don't know," said Valeria. "I can hardly believe it. It's not true, I think—I don't know. But you won't—I mean, you've done with secret societies and things like that, haven't you, for ever?"

"For ever," he said. "I've had a lesson. And I'm not out of danger yet. No, it's not what you think." Somehow he gave her the sense that he was suddenly and definitely making up his mind. "Look here," he went on; "when I talked to you that first day, and you were so sweet and brave and kind, I thought I'd been a fool. And afterwards—after you'd gone away, you know—I knew it. And then when you came the next day and talked about how I'd trusted you, I felt such a hound. And I meant to tell you the next day. Only you never came. So I came to you, dear. Say you forgive me."

He was kneeling by her, holding her wrists in his hands.

"I don't understand," she said. But I think she was beginning to.

"I am a civil engineer," he said, quietly. "My income is good and my prospects better. I have just come back from three years in South America. And it was so good to see

England again! I went up to the highest point I could get to, to see as much of England as I could. And I saw you. And it was love at first sight—at least—no, I *will* speak the truth now. It wasn't exactly. I only wanted to talk to you. And I wanted it more than I've ever wanted to talk to any girl. And I knew you'd never let me make acquaintance by chatter about the view or anything. So I—I made up all that tale."

"You made it up?" She tried to free her hands vainly. "You're not a revolutionary? Not even a Russian? You made it all up?"

"Every word of it," he reassured her. "I didn't feel at all sure you'd believe me. But when you did—oh, my dear, you don't know what a brute I felt. And I did mean to tell you that next day. You do forgive me, don't you?"

"Forgive you?" cried Valeria. "I'll never forgive you as long as I live."

She had torn her hands from his grasp, and stood facing him with flaming cheeks and eyes that blazed. "You make up a long tale of lies, lies, lies, to make me sorry for you and frightened about you. I've been wretched, wretched. I've never been so miserable in my life. And you did it just for a joke."

"You know I didn't," he answered. "I did it first because I liked you, and then because I loved you."

"It isn't like what you call love to try to make me anxious and wretched and——"

"How was I to know you'd care?" he demanded, hotly.

"You knew the second day," she answered, unreservedly.

"Yes; and wasn't I going to tell you the second day, only that ass of a chauffeur—— Oh, forgive me! After all—we are here together. We should never have been together if I hadn't. I should have just seen you pass by, and never dared to speak to you and never seen you again, and been sorry all my life."

"And now it's I that have got to be sorry all my life that you ever did see me."

"Ah! you don't really mean it," he said, with an air at once so humble and so confident that it brought her suddenly to the brink of relenting. So she answered still more hardly:—

"Yes—I do mean it. You've just amused yourself by making a fool of me. Telling me lies to see how much you could get me to believe. And I believed it all—all! I suppose it was very amusing for you. And I hate you. Now will you go, please? Good-bye! Yes, you'd better go. Good-bye!"

There was a moment's silence. Then:—

"Very well," he said, "I will go. If anyone's been made a fool of it's me. But you've taught me a lesson. This is the last time I ever speak the truth to a woman."

Without another look he turned towards the door. And at the same moment the front gate squeaked loudly.

Valeria made one bound across the room and caught his arm.

"No, don't go," she said. "Don't!"

"You didn't mean me to go?"

"No," she said.

"And I didn't mean to go, either," he assured her. "We've been mutually deceived."

A latch-key clicked, and the front door was heard to open and close again.

"Don't!" whispered Valeria. "Oh, let me go! That's mother just come in."

"Your mother," said he, "has just rubbed her shoes on the mat and gone upstairs to take off her bonnet. Before she comes back to receive the news of our engagement, please let me forgive you."

"You—forgive me! What for?"

"For making up this tale of lies about not forgiving me, just to make me sorry and frightened about you. I've never been so miserable in my life."

"Ah!" she said, not recognizing at all her own words. "I'm glad you were a little miserable too. You deserved it, didn't you?"

"But then, you see, I knew you didn't mean it."

"You didn't—you couldn't—not truly. You *were* going."

"Was I?"

"You said so."

"Ah! but it's no use speaking the truth to a woman; she never believes you."

"If you speak the truth now I will." She leaned back against his arm to look in his face.

"I love you," were the words that any other man would have spoken. Not so Valeria's lover.

"The truth?" he said. "The truth is that you love me, and I score every point in the game."

"If I didn't like you, I should hate you," she said.

"Exactly," said he. "That's what love means."

And then the door opened.

The Best Derby Winner I Ever Saw

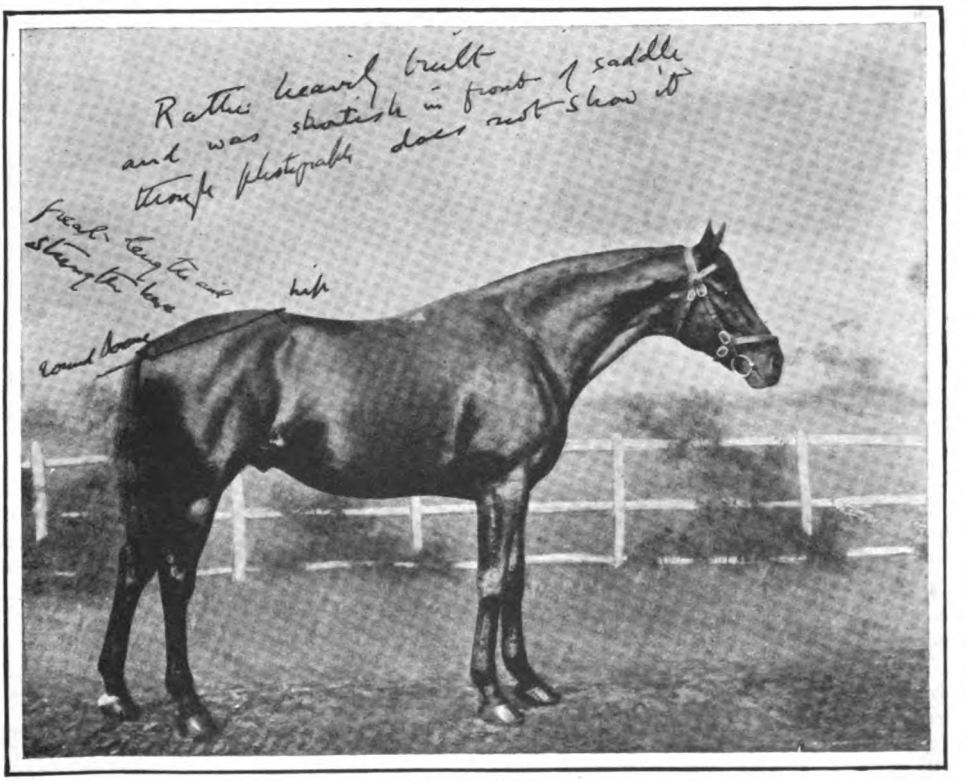
AND WHY I THINK SO.

A Symposium of the Opinions of Leading Racing Men. With Notes and Criticisms by Mr. W. Allison, of "The Sportsman."

EVER since the Derby was first inaugurated it has been associated with a far greater glamour of romance than has ever surrounded any other horse-race in the world. The result of other events on the Turf may indeed be said to possess—comparatively, of course—but little interest from the point of view of the general public, but "What's won the Derby?" is a question which even those who, at other times of the year, take but the faintest interest in the sport of kings seem to ask almost as a matter of course after the decision of the most important prize the Turf has to offer.

"But which is the best Derby winner of all time?" The question is one on which the opinions of the majority of sportsmen have ever been somewhat at variance, though this is not altogether surprising when it is recalled that no less an authority than the late Lord George Bentinck once remarked that "where the merits of a racehorse are concerned opinions will never agree."

Still, despite the controversial note which



ORMONDE.

The notes on this and the following photographs are by Mr. Allison.

From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

must necessarily enter into the question, in canvassing the views of experts on the subject the opinions of the majority should inevitably carry the greatest weight. In order, therefore, to endeavour to discover a solution to a question which has ever aroused considerable argument, we have collected the opinions of many leading patrons, owners, and trainers on the Turf, whose vast experience and intimate knowledge of the racing merits of the thoroughbred should go far to provide a convincing reply to a query which cannot fail to be of particular interest at this season of the year.

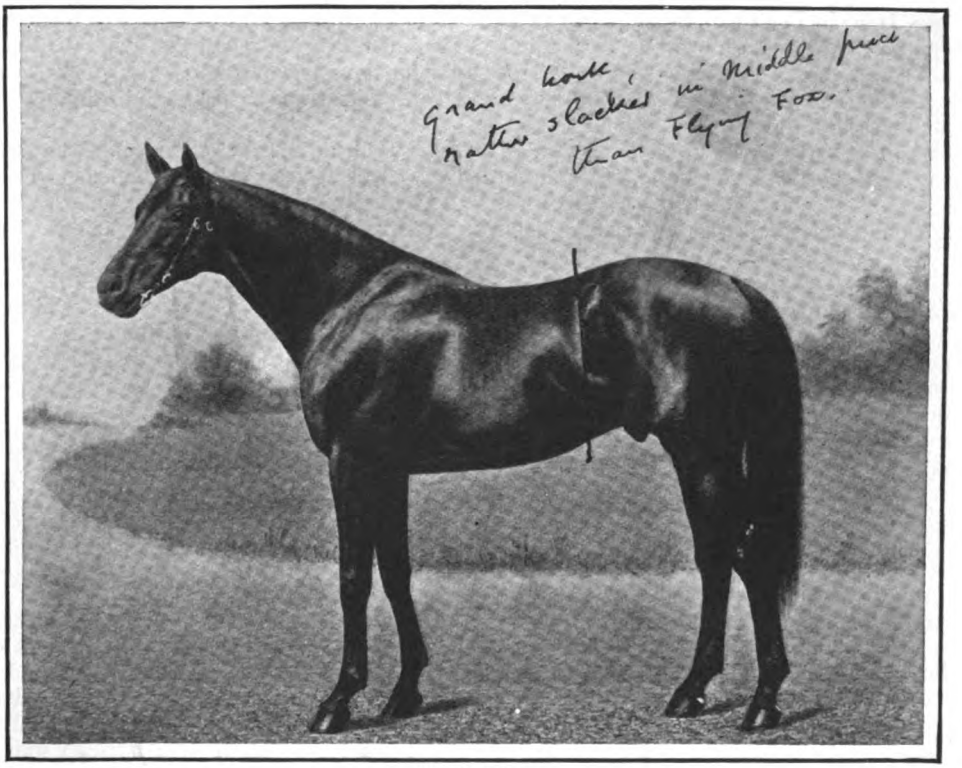
FLYING FOX.
From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

LORD DERBY.—The best Derby winner I have ever seen was Ormonde, whose whole career points to his surpassing merit.

MR. JAMES BUCHANAN.—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Persimmon. In St. Frusquin Persimmon beat a really good horse, and the easy manner in which in the following year he ran away with the Ascot Gold Cup, making a useful horse like Winkfield's Pride appear but a very moderate performer, stamps His late Majesty's first Derby winner as a veritable giant among racehorses.

J. H. MARTIN (Jockey).—I have not been privileged to see very many Derby winners, but since I first witnessed the big Epsom race I can safely say that I consider Flying Fox "the pick of the basket." The Fox's later performances all point to his being an unusually good horse. It may interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to learn that the best—and only—Derby winner I have ever ridden was the late Mr. J. Gubbins's Ard Patrick, on whom I won the race nine years ago.

SIR THOMAS GALLWEY, K.C.M.G., C.B.—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Ormonde, who never once tasted defeat on the racecourse. Indeed, the only time he was ever really extended was in the Hardwicke Stakes, Ascot. And even then his victory lent additional glamour to his merit,



PERSIMMON.
From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

for he was a roarer at the time—and yet beat such sterling horses as Minting and Bendigo.

MR. LUDWIG NEUMANN.—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Spearmint. His victory a few days later in the Grand Prix de Paris assists me considerably in forming this opinion.

LORD ELLESMERE.—It seems to me almost impossible to express a decided opinion as to the best Derby winner I have ever seen. To do so conscientiously it would be necessary to be provided with some collateral estimate which would enable one to compare one with another. However, I can at least say that I think Galopin won the big race in easier fashion than any other winner I have ever seen capture the most important prize the Turf has to offer.

LORD WOLVERTON.—Ormonde was the best Derby winner I ever saw. I base my opinion on the whole of his subsequent career as a racehorse.

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.—I should not like to have to say with any conviction what winner of the Derby I consider the best I have ever seen, for, frankly, the question is a difficult one to answer, owing to the fact that it is impossible to get any direct line—that is to say, collateral line—to the form of the respective winners. But amongst Derby winners of the last forty years I consider Favonius, Kisber, Ormonde, and Persimmon as the best. Favonius, it may interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to learn, was tried on various occasions a fourteen-pound to eighteen-pound better horse than Hannah, winner of the Leger in the same year. Kisber won the Derby almost more easily than any other horse, and he distanced two good old horses, Hesper and Huntsman, in the home trial before the race. Ormonde's whole career was exceptionally brilliant. To say more is surely unnecessary. Persimmon beat a good horse in my own colt St. Frusquin when he won the late King Edward's first Derby, and in the following year captured the Ascot Gold Cup in most convincing style. No doubt there have been other great Derby winners during the last forty years since Favonius won, but on this point opinions differ.

JOHN DAWSON (Trainer), St. Alban's House, Newmarket.—I have no hesitation in naming Ormonde as the best Derby winner I have ever seen during the whole of my Turf career. Ormonde came in in an extraordinarily good year, and I base my opinion on his merit largely on Minting's victories in the Grand Prix de Paris and the Jubilee Handicap. Past a doubt Ormonde was a smashing good horse.

JOHN PORTER (Late Trainer at Kingsclere).—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Ormonde—and I have seen a few real good horses win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Ormonde was never beaten and was, I consider, a giant among giants. I much question whether any living man has ever seen a better horse win the Derby—or any other race, for that matter.

CAPTAIN FABER, M.P.—I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the best Derby winner I ever saw was Ormonde. I base this opinion on his running with such nailing good horses as Minting and Bendigo, also on his home trials.

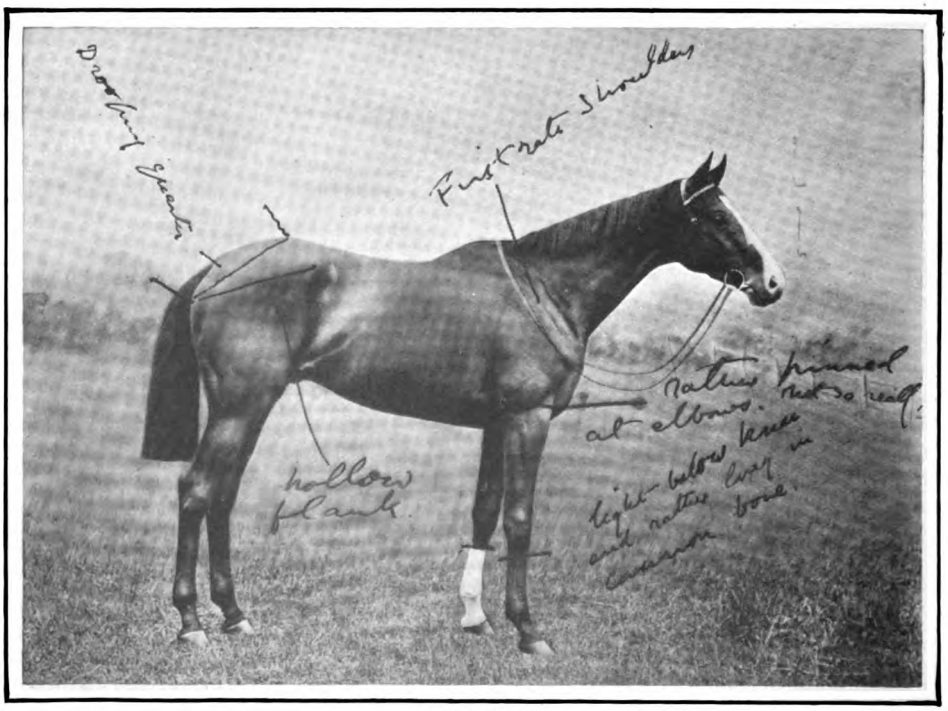
MR. CHARLES WOOD (Ex-Jockey, and now Trainer, of Jevington, Sussex).—Ormonde was the best Derby winner I ever saw. I base my opinion on this matter on his whole racing record, which was surpassingly brilliant.

T. CANNON, JUN. (Trainer).—The best Derby winner I ever saw—or am ever likely to see—was Ormonde. A glance at his record is sufficient to prove this at once.

COLONEL W. HALL WALKER, M.P.—The best Derby winner I have ever seen was Isinglass. He defeated an unusually good field, and his subsequent career was exceptionally smart.

LORD SOUTHAMPTON.—The best Derby winner—and the best racehorse—I ever saw was Ormonde. A horse who could beat the field he did in the Hardwicke Stakes when he already made a noise must indeed have been a wonder.

SAM DARLING (Beckhampton).—As there is no collateral guide to enable one to form an opinion as to their respective merits, I find it a difficult matter to pick out any individual Derby winner as the best. I am inclined to think, however, that the four horses I should



SPEARMINT.
From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

ISINGLASS.
From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

choose among the many Derby winners I have seen are Ormonde, Persimmon, Galtee More, and Ard Patrick. If I had to place them, I may add that I should do so in this order.

MR. P. P. GILPIN.—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Ormonde. I am led to form this opinion by the horses he beat—Minting, The Bard, Saraband, and Bendigo.

BERNARD DILLON (Jockey).—The best Derby winner I ever saw was certainly Spearmint, the property of Major Eustace Loder. I base my opinion on the great style in which he won at Epsom, and also on the brilliant form the son of Carbine showed when I afterwards rode him to victory in the Grand Prix.

GEORGE CHALONER (Ex-Jockey and Trainer).—Isinglass was the best Derby winner I have ever seen. He was possessed of fine speed and excellent stamina, and, in my opinion, should never have been beaten.

WILLIAM WALTERS, JUN. (Trainer, Newmarket).—The best Derby winner I ever saw was Ormonde. I base this opinion on the class of the horses he beat—Minting in particular. The late Matthew Dawson did not believe it possible that Minting could be beaten in the Two Thousand Guineas, and yet Ormonde defeated him by two lengths.

It will thus be seen that the opinions of many of the leading patrons of the Turf, and most knowledgeable connoisseurs of the merits of a racehorse, are divided on the question as to which is the best Derby winner of all time between six horses—Ormonde, Galopin, Flying Fox, Isinglass, Persimmon, and Spearmint—of which Ormonde carries the greatest number of votes.

Now, although there is an old and very true racing maxim to the effect that "Racehorses win in all shapes," no expert on matters appertaining to the racehorse will reasonably deny that, as a general rule, the horse with the best racing points proves superior to a rival not so generously favoured by Nature.

In order, therefore, to assist readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to obtain an accurate notion of the merits of the Derby winners mentioned, as judged from the point of view of looks, Mr. W. Allison, M.A. (Special Commissioner of the *Sportsman* and one of the greatest living authorities on the scientific breeding of racehorses), has forwarded us the following criticisms of the six selected winners.

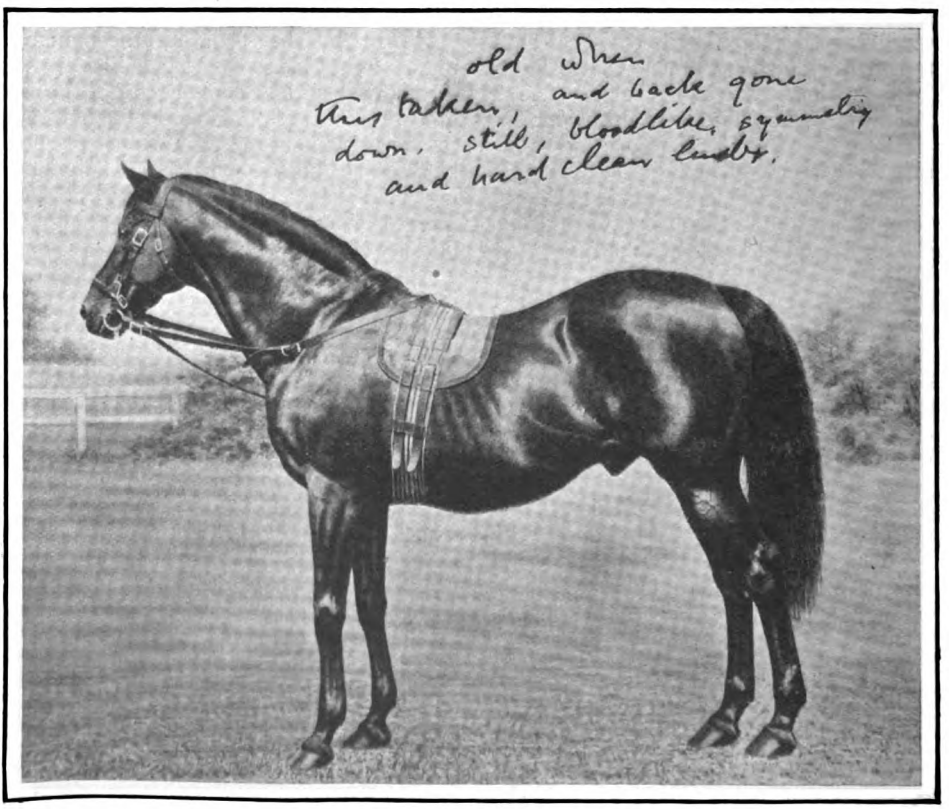
ORMONDE.—A big horse, rather heavy and "lumpish," with great power and superb action. He stood an inch or two higher than his length, but had great length all the same from hip to round-bone, with unusual development of muscle at the latter point. He was short (comparatively) in front of the saddle,

and the late Duke of Westminster particularly noticed this when riding him in a gallop at Kingsclere. The photograph does not suggest this very clearly; but it was so. Ormonde lacked quality. His son, Orme, is a refined edition of him, and Flying Fox (son of Orme) was a better-looking horse than either.

FLYING FOX.—One of the best-looking horses ever seen; perfect in every respect, except that his extreme strength of neck and slight deficiency of length of rein gave an impression that he was wanting in length from a general point of view. This, however, was not so. His height from withers to the ground was the same as his length from shoulder-point to round-bone, which constitutes the ideal framework. His middle-piece, back, and quarters were models of robust strength, and his legs could not be surpassed, especially as regards the clean, strong hocks, with ample bone below them. His neck was like an electric accumulator; as that of Job's war-horse, "clothed in thunder"; and the width of it conduced to the semblance of shortness.

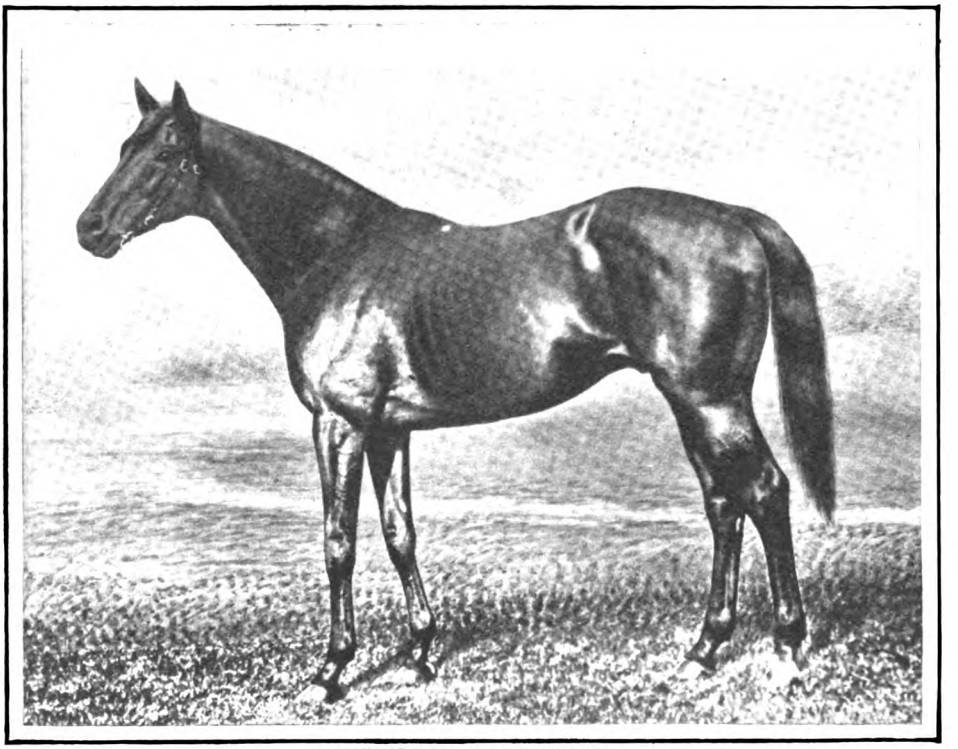
PERSIMMON.—A grand-looking horse with great power, size, length, and the best of limbs; hocks as good as those of Flying Fox, and length of rein better; but, on the other hand, Persimmon was more heavily built, and not so closely coupled as to loin and middle-piece generally. He showed Melbourne characteristics inherited from his dam, and being also inbred to King Tom, Rataplan, and Stockwell was dissociated from the more blood-like type of his sire, St. Simon.

SPEARMINT.—The best Derby winner of this century. Excellent though the photograph is, it does not do him justice, though he certainly is not quite what he should be in his fore-legs, being rather light below the knee and long in the cannon-bone. Moreover, he has drooping quarters, like his sire, Carbine, and is hollow of flank—in the photograph—though he was not so on the day he won the Derby. He is conspicuous for depth of girth



GALOPIN.

From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



THE IDEAL RACEHORSE.
PERSIMMON'S HEAD ATTACHED TO FLYING FOX'S BODY.
From Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

and heart-room, also for beautifully-placed, lengthy shoulders, and good, intelligent head, well set on. In the photograph he appears rather pinned at his elbows, but his action is perfect, and that alone counts.

ISINGLASS.—A very truly-made horse at all points, with size, power, and quality. He is rather light of bone beneath the knee and hock for his commanding size, but the bone must be of excellent quality, as proved by his Turf career. Though a big horse, he was not, when in training, a heavy one, and showed more quality than Ormonde.

GALOPIN.—At his best was a model as regards balance, quality, and truth of symmetry. He was of medium size—not more than 15.3—and all over suggestive of fire and vitality. Even in the photograph—taken when he was twenty-three or twenty-four—his great quarters, thighs, and beautiful hocks are noticeable, as also his still-remaining strength of back and well-sprung ribs. His humerus bone—from shoulder-point to elbow—was conspicuously long, and that is very conducive to far-reaching stride. Derby winners since Galopin's year have almost invariably been bigger horses, but Bayardo, the undoubtedly best three-year-old of 1909, was about the same size.

It will be seen that in his criticisms of the various Derby winners selected by experts as "the best of all time" Mr. Allison is of the opinion that, from the point of view of looks, Persimmon and Flying Fox can be found fault with in one respect, and one respect only, the former being slightly wanting in strength in the middle-piece, and the latter being a little deficient in length of neck. In order, therefore, to give readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE an accurate idea of the appearance of the ideal racehorse, we have amalgamated the photographs in such a way that the one weak point in each horse has disappeared altogether, leaving an exact representation of what the absolutely perfect racehorse would look like.

Some Coronation Stories.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

ON a day in March last the Home Secretary, standing at the Table, proclaimed a Message from the King, whereat in accordance with loyal custom members on both sides bared their heads. The Message desired that the House should be represented by Mr. Speaker at the ceremony of the Coronation, "leaving other members," Mr. Winston Churchill blandly explained, "to go to Westminster in the manner most convenient to themselves." "Another proof," he added, "of the gracious consideration His Majesty shows for the convenience of his faithful Commons."

There is little doubt that the faithful Commons, if left to unfettered choice, would have preferred to accompany the Speaker, who is sure to have an exceptionally good point of view provided for him. As matters were left there remained nothing for it but to scramble for places in whatsoever part of the Abbey authority might allot to members.

A PRIVATE VIEW.

On the occasion of the Coronation of King Edward VII., I enjoyed the rare privilege of being present in the Abbey at a full-dress rehearsal of the ceremony. I am not sure that it was not quite as interesting as the actual performance. It certainly was illuminated by more flashes of humour. Keeping an appointment at the Abbey, discovery, disconcerting at first, was made that all the doors opening on to the scene were locked and the keys removed. The acquaintance of my guide with the ins and outs of the stately structure was happily extensive and peculiar. Leading the way by a dark staircase to the Muniment Room, thence passing through a sort of rubbish loft, we entered a gallery close by a corner of the Choir that gave full view of the scene below.

MR. SECRETARY CHURCHILL—A MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

Occupying seats, or strolling about on the floor, were a number of peers, variously disguised. Some were in full robes of crimson velvet slashed with bars of ermine, their heads capped with coronets. Others, with comic effect, added a coronet to ordinary morning dress. A score of peeresses walked to and fro with frequent curtsying. Each had a train looped round the waist of an ordinary morning costume. One or two were not above suspicion of serving at

other times as table-cloths. Others were lengths of white or cream-coloured muslin. One lady wore a bride's train of white satin trimmed with lace and flowers. Another trailed a tartan plaid, grey and black in colour.

Sir Ponsonby Fane (for this time only) represented Majesty seated on the Throne. Beside him was the Duchess of Buccleuch, representing Her Majesty the Queen. Her train of purple cloth was borne by eight Eton boys, glowing with delight at spending a half-holiday in such circumstances. In their joyous excitement the Royal train and their duties connected with it played quite a secondary part. It was huddled along anyhow. This shortcoming was painfully notable when the Queen's procession, entering the Abbey, approached the Throne. The Duke of Norfolk, by virtue of his office of Hereditary Earl Marshal, superintended the rehearsal. Those familiar with his Grace's ordinary unassuming, almost diffident, manner were surprised to discover in him resemblance to what Forster's cabman described as "a harbitrary gent."

"I ENJOYED THE RARE PRIVILEGE OF BEING PRESENT IN THE ABBEY AT A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL."

"Ladies," he cried aloud, addressing the throng of peeresses in *déshabille*, "must stand well out of the way and must on no account speak to anyone in the procession."

THE PRIMATE DOES HOMAGE.

The King (Sir Ponsonby), conducted with great ceremony to the Throne set on a platform facing the altar, received the homage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was the late Dr. Temple, well stricken in years and almost blind. Led up to the Throne, he dropped on bended knee, recited the Oath of Submission, kissed the graciously extended hand of Majesty, was helped to his feet and led away.

Next time I saw him was on Coronation Day, when, profiting by the rehearsal, he went through the ceremony, this time with the Sovereign himself seated on the Throne. It was an anxious moment for all concerned. He got through the service successfully, reading slowly and expressively. Once or twice he missed a word, went back in search of it, and repeated the truncated sentence. Having done homage and kissed the King's hand, he remained on his knees, His Majesty making as though to help him to his feet. Two clerics in attendance stepped forward, and, each giving a hand to his Grace, lifted him up and led him away, he gallantly insisting on retiring backward.

At the rehearsal the Primate was followed to the steps of the Throne by a procession of marquesses, dukes, and a' that. In the van came Lord Halsbury, wearing the gown of the Lord Chancellor, also his full-bottomed wig, a coronet dexterously balanced on the top of it. Another delightful figure was that of the late Duke of Devonshire, also coroneted. He thought it not worth while to put on any robe. He did not push forward for place, characteristically hanging at the rear of the procession with one hand in his trousers pocket and a yawn on his face. The peers,

schooled by the Earl Marshal, went through the full procedure of paying homage. Each bent low over the King's extended hand, kissed his left cheek, touched his shoulder, and retired backward down the steps, those who wore robes cautiously kicking them away so as not to trip. Finally went the two processions out of the Abbey, one headed by the Deputy King followed by the peers. The Duchess of Buccleuch, with her rearguard of Eton boys and galaxy of peeresses, made stately exit in succession to His Majesty's procession.

BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Among the claims to take part in the ceremony of the Coronation submitted to the Court appointed by His Majesty none exceeded in quaintness and picturesque accessories that of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. The ancient privilege is nothing less than that of carrying the Canopy over the Sovereign in the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, the Barons being seated at the subsequent banquet at a special table set at Royalty's right hand. It goes back to Plantagenet times, and is confirmed by the Charter of the Cinque Ports granted by Edward I. There is, indeed, record of its being conceded at an earlier date, when, in the twentieth year of his reign, Henry III. married Elinor, daughter of Hugh Earl of Provence, and the Barons of the Ports, clad in purple silk, bore the Canopy over the young Queen as she walked up Westminster Hall.

The last time the privilege was exercised was at the Coronation of George IV., on the 1st of August, 1820. Some years ago, rummaging the contents of an old oaken chest preserved in the Town Hall at Hythe, there was discovered a manuscript account of the ceremony. It is written by John Shipden, Esq., and William Fowle, Esq., solicitors to the Barons of the Cinque Ports. A delightful document, it preserves with some unconscious touches of humour and many artless, graphic asides the story of a memorable day.

"OTHERS, WITH COMIC EFFECT, ADDED A CORONET TO ORDINARY MORNING DRESS."

At the outset there was difficulty in inducing the Court of Claims to recognize the ancient right. Its authenticity was unquestionable, and in the end was fully conceded. Fifteen Barons were designated to represent the

ancient Ports at the ceremony. There ought to have been sixteen, but one of the Barons from Winchelsea happened to be Henry Brougham. It chanced that at this time the distinguished advocate was busy in the matter of the trial of Queen Caroline. Obviously, it would not do for him to assist at the Coronation of a husband whose constitutional sense of virtue had been outraged by alleged misconduct on the part of his spouse. In reply to inquiry from the solicitors as to whether or not he intended to be present, "Mr. Brougham desired to intimate that under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed he felt himself under the necessity of most respectfully soliciting permission to decline the distinguished honour of Canopy Bearer."

Trouble arose, threatening at one time abandonment of the enterprise, and incidentally the deprivation of posterity of opportunity of reading this artless story. At a preliminary meeting the Barons authorized the solicitors to demand sixteen tickets of admission to Westminster Hall for the Barons—as we have seen, there are only fifteen of them — and two for the solicitors. Communication was also addressed to the Deputy Earl Marshal informing him of the intention of the Barons to proceed from York stairs to Parliament stairs, passing thence direct to Westminster Hall. The Barons requested his lordship to cause directions to be given that they might have the benefit of such arrangements as should be made for the Corporation of London and other public bodies whose duty it was to attend the Coronation. Excuses were made about supplying a barge for the Barons. Eventually one was obtained from Mr. Searle, a name still familiar by Thames side. He charged them a hiring fee of ten guineas, with half a guinea each for a coxswain and sixteen bargemen.

"SIR PONSONBY FANE (FOR THIS TIME ONLY) REPRESENTED MAJESTY SEATED ON THE THRONE."

A DIRE THREAT.

More serious was the difficulty met with in obtaining tickets for admission to the Hall and a promise that at the banquet a table should be duly spread on the right hand of His Majesty. Urgent letters were addressed to the Earl Marshal informing him that "as the day for the Coronation is fast approaching and we have received no positive answer on the subject of the Barons' table, we are naturally in a state of great anxiety and suspense."

These Barons, look you, were not men to be trifled with. At one of their earliest meetings they unanimously resolved that, in order to uphold the ancient dignity of the Cinque Ports, when, at the service in Westminster Abbey, the King put on his crown, straight-

way the Barons should don their caps and remain covered during the rest of the ceremony. Their letters to the Earl Marshal being treated with contumely, they met again further to consider the matter. A resolution was submitted declaring that unless the Barons were conceded their full rights and privileges as admitted by the Court of Claims they would be compelled to decline the Canopy service altogether. On the suggestion of a more wary Baron it was decided to stop short of formally passing the resolution, holding it, as it were, *in terrorem*, over the head of the Earl Marshal. This had the desired effect. The Earl Marshal, swollen with pride of office, collapsed, and the Barons received notification that everything should be done, save provision of a barge, to meet their just claims.

"LORD HALSBURY WEARING HIS FULL-BOTTOMED WIG, A CORONET DEXTEROUSLY BALANCED ON THE TOP OF IT."

IN GALA ARRAY.

In the last week of July, 1820, the Barons, accompanied by their retainers, the solicitors to wit, arrived in London, putting up at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. At five o'clock in the morning of Coronation Day they met at Somerset House and, having robed themselves, embarked in their barge and were rowed in state to Parliament stairs. They were fearfully and wonderfully arrayed. Each had with more or less agility got himself into a scarlet satin doublet with gold twist buttons and braidings, scarlet satin sleeves slashed with purple, purple satin cuffs ornamented with gold twist braidings and rosettes, laced frill round the collar of the doublet surmounted by a full standing muslin ruff, trunk hose of purple satin with scarlet satin trappings bordered with gold twist. From either shoulder hung a tunic of purple satin lined with scarlet silk. Crimson silk hose, with rosettes of the same colour at the knees and on the white kid shoes, modestly covered the baronial legs. On their heads they wore black velvet Spanish hats with one scarlet and two black ostrich feathers turned up in front by a gold twist loop and button. A dress sword hung handy in a purple velvet belt.

Never before had silver Thames carried on her broad bosom a statelier pageant, nor had August sun looked enviously down on a fairer sight.

THE CANOPY.

But there were sore troubles in store for the gorgeous Barons. Their solicitors had in vain sought permission for a full-dress rehearsal of their performance at the Coronation. Having recovered from his fright at threat of withdrawal of the Barons' presence, possibly a little spiteful in consequence, the Earl Marshal would have none of it. The consequence was the Barons made their first acquaintance with the Canopy when, on arrival in Westminster Hall, they found it planked down on the left-hand side of the stone steps that exist to this day. The Canopy lived up to the splendour of the Barons' sartorial excellence. Draped in purple silk, with gold-braid trimmings, it was slung upon four silver staves, each staff having four corners. At each corner tinkled a silver bell gilt with gold. "Which Canopy, staves, and bells," the solicitors mention for the information of whom it may concern, "the said Barons who bear them have been accustomed to have and take as their own fee for the said service."

The Barons had never carried a Canopy before. No one could say what might happen if they deferred experience till the moment the Royal Procession started. In their dilemma one of the attendants at the Hall came to their assistance with the

suggestion that now was their time. They might pick up the thing and traverse the route presently to be trodden in the company of Majesty. The happy thought was carried into execution. Thrice the stalwart Barons marched up and down Westminster Hall loyally bearing their burden. It would have been all right had they had the Hall to themselves and the company of the sympathetic attendant. Unfortunately, temporary galleries flanking the Hall were already filled with company of both sexes, whose ennui of long waiting was gratefully varied by the spectacle of fifteen Barons in scarlet satin doublets, black velvet hats, and the rest staggering under the weight of what looked like the roof of a spare bedroom. The weather was hot, the Canopy weighty, with perverse tendency to tip over on the side of the weakest Barons. Jeers from the crowd in the gallery grew uproarious, and after the third turn the Barons resolved to set the Canopy down and retire from the blaze of the public eye.

"THE BARONS HAD NEVER CARRIED A CANOPY BEFORE."

A WARY KING.

The Barons were duly in their place when the King started on procession through Westminster Abbey. They took up the Canopy in order duly arranged. On the left front were three Barons from Sandwich. On the right a trio from Hastings; Hythe and Rye followed, each represented by a couple of Barons. Winchelsea had only one, Mr. Brougham's place not being filled. Romney and Dover brought up the rear with two Barons apiece.

At the start there was some heart-burning. His Majesty, it was presumed, would, in accordance with tradition, walk to the Abbey under the Canopy. After a shrewd glance at the bulky structure and at the Barons staggering under its weight, the King marched off in front, the Barons following after, bearing a Canopy that covered nothing. This was disappointing, not to say ludicrous. Explanation was subsequently made that the King's procedure was based upon desire to give fuller opportunity to his people to gaze on the Presence. On returning after the Coronation he walked under the Canopy, and all was well.

By this time the tables were spread for the Royal banquet. To their exceeding joy the Barons found that they had not been forgotten. There was a table set on the right hand of the King, with fifteen chairs, each one having painted on its back the legend "Baron of the Cinque Ports." To their mighty indignation the Barons found a common person, a mere Master in Chancery, installed in one of the chairs. What was more, he resisted

all invitation to withdraw. Says the manuscript report: "The solicitors were compelled to exercise a considerable degree of firmness and decision before they could displace him."

The dignified reticence of this statement leaves one in doubt whether the chair was forcefully withdrawn from under the Master in Chancery by the united effort of the Barons, or whether he was led forth by the collar.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

The banquet over and the King withdrawn, that white elephant, the Canopy, again obtruded itself. It had been deposited in its former place by the flight of steps in Westminster Hall, fortunately within sight of the Barons. Minions in the temporary gallery were from time to time discovered stealthily approaching it with intent to tear off, or cut off, some little memento of the historic event. In spite of the utmost vigilance several of the small medallions representative of various orders of knighthood fixed round the cornice of the Canopy were appropriated. Obviously it would not be safe to leave the Canopy unguarded till the following day, when it might be removed. The Barons accordingly buckled to again and carried the thing over to the House of Commons, with intent to deposit it within its sacred walls. Finding the Lobby door too narrow to pass it through, they trotted off to the House of Lords, and there found a resting-place. The solicitors, equal to all emergencies, took off and carried away the bells, "which, being very portable, were too hazardous to be left."

Next day, the Canopy being safely removed to the Thatched House, a division of the spoils took place. The gold and silver cloth and the frame of the Canopy were divided into sixteen equal parts. Lots were drawn for the eight silver bells and silver staves. The unallotted staff and one-sixteenth part of the Canopy remaining over, owing to the absence of Baron Brougham of Winchelsea, were unanimously voted to the solicitors "for the attention and zeal with which they had executed the important duties committed to them."

Here the comedy ended, and the Barons, worn out with the excitement of the great day, went home, carrying heirlooms in the way of bells and staves, fragments of gold and silver cloth, which hang to this day on the walls of some homes in Kent.

Not since this August day, dead ninety-one years, have the rafters of Westminster Hall looked down upon repetition of the spectacle. As the Sovereign about to be crowned does not in the first instance repair to Westminster Hall, there is no opportunity for the Barons of the Cinque Ports to perform their ancient duty. But the Canopy still plays its part in the ceremony of the Coronation. At the moment of this month of June when King George V. is anointed in Westminster Abbey four Garter Earls will uplift a Canopy and hold it over Majesty's head. The Earls appointed are Rosebery, Cadogan, Elgin, and Roberts, the last affectionately known in less stately associations as "Bobs."

LORD ROSEBERY.

As for the Barons of the Cinque Ports, they are not altogether left out. They will carry no Canopy nor eat dinner other than that provided at their private expense. But they have places appointed for them in Westminster Abbey whence they may conveniently view the ceremony and muse over days and deeds that are no more.

The Outcast.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

THE girl was, as usual, the centre of a little group of admirers gathered together in front of the hotel. The man, as usual, was alone. He was standing with his hands behind him, leaning against the trunk of a fir tree, looking down upon the vineyard-covered plain which stretched to the Mediterranean. The girl was watching him. He had been for several moments the topic of their conversation.

"You all seem trying to put me off," she remarked, "but you are really not succeeding a bit. If I were a man, I think I should be a gambler myself. And as for the rest, how can the poor fellow be sociable if none of you speak to him?"

"He divides his time," one of them said, "between the smoke-room and the hills. When he goes into the smoke-room, he plays bridge diabolically well for the highest stakes he can get. When he goes to the hills, he walks out of the hotel with his head in the air, and doesn't even say good morning to anyone. What can you do with a man like that?"

"I don't know," Pamela replied, rising to her feet. "I'll tell you presently."

She walked across to him and stood by his side.

"It is a beautiful view, isn't it?" she remarked, following the direction of his gaze.

"Mademoiselle——"

He recognized her nationality and corrected his speech. It was the American girl, this, with whom he had travelled in the motor-omnibus from the station a few days ago. She was no longer wearing her trim blue-serge travelling costume. She was even more attractive in golf clothes and without a hat. She had exactly the coloured hair and eyes he most admired, a fact which he had realized vaguely during those few moments they had spent together, and since done his best to forget. He was a little taken aback by her unexpected presence.

"It is, indeed," he assented.

"I do not seem to have found an opportunity to thank you for your kindness at the station the other day," she said. "I got my trunk all right during the morning. It was very good of you."

"I am delighted to have been of any service," he declared. "It was a very slight matter."

"Not so slight to me, I can assure you," she replied, laughing. "Six evening frocks to a travelling young woman are of some consequence. If it hadn't been for you, I should have had to dine that first night in a shirt waist."

"Instead of which," he remarked, "you wore some marvellous arrangement of white muslin with blue underneath, which made you look like——"

"Like what?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned a little away.

"I am glad to have been of any service to you," he repeated, relapsing into his former moodiness.

Miss Pamela Wilcox almost gasped. The man was positively indicating that he had had enough of their conversation! Her first impulse was to leave him at once. Then she remembered that there were others who were watching her enterprise, and she swallowed her resentment.

"I should like to know what I looked like, please?" she asked, meekly.

"Too charming for the peace of mind of a susceptible person like myself," he answered, with faint irony.

"So you are susceptible, are you?" she remarked. "Is that the reason you avoid everyone in the hotel?"

"Your sex has always been fatal to my peace of mind," he assured her, solemnly; "hence my seclusion."

"A matter of cowardice?"

"Of infinite discretion," he retorted.

Her eyes followed the flight of a bird for a moment across the plain.

"Will you dance with me this evening?" she asked.

He turned deliberately and looked at her. She smiled into his face with unflinching good-humour. The abrupt negative seemed to crumble away from his lips.

"I have been here for a fortnight," he said, "and I have not been near the ballroom."

"Quite time you became more sociable," she declared. "We'll have the first two."

"How do you know I can dance?" he asked.

"I don't, but I'll risk it," she replied.

"Or that I am a respectable person for you to dance with?"

"I'll risk that too," she decided, laughing. "Mind you don't go sneaking off to that wretched cardroom. I shall be waiting for you in the lounge."

"But, Miss Wilcox——"

She only turned and waved her hand. Already she was on her way to rejoin her friends. Calveley slowly resumed his former position. His expression, in fact, was, if possible, even more morose and discontented. He would have strenuously denied that the few words which he had exchanged with one of his fellow-creatures had altered in the slightest his outlook upon life. Yet it was certain that there was something more attractive in the prospect at which he was gazing. Some miraculous weaver of colours seemed to have been there during the last few moments, working with strange flashes of colour, little touches of light and shade. The dull earth of the ploughed vineyards gleamed with a rich and comely brown. Delicate patches of green seemed to have sprung up from invisible places. The plain white farmhouse set in the valley was, after all, no such

"'WILL YOU DANCE WITH ME THIS EVENING?' SHE ASKED."

ugly place—its red roof and bright green shutters had their own peculiar picturesqueness. The distant hills were grey no longer. A faint mauve halo rose like mist from their summit. The Mediterranean was gleaming like molten silver. Down in the garden hollows a bird was singing. Calveley felt the change, and for a moment he revelled in it. His pulses were warm with life. The girl's voice seemed to live in the air around him, a music to which his heart kept tune. He had always been a dreamer, and he told himself that this was not the effect of her personality; it was simply that she stood for things which seemed for a time to have slipped past him. He revelled in those few moments of her imagined presence. He saw her as clearly as though she were actually by his side. Fair brown hair and plenty of it, complexion a little freckled, mouth very sweet, but not too small. She was of scarcely more than average height, slim, and yet by no means thin. Her voice was delightful; there was the slightest possible suspicion of a transatlantic accent, just enough to redeem it from monotony, and there was a thrill in it, some nameless quality, which had already set it far apart from any other sound in the world.

Calveley came suddenly to his senses and laughed at himself shortly. He looked out upon his folly and he was amazed. These were the sentimental vapourings of a boy! . . . .

She was surrounded by her friends in the lounge after dinner, but she left them directly Calveley approached. He told himself that he was over his folly now, but he wished that she had not worn white, that her eyes had not met his so kindly. He addressed her with much formality.

"May I speak to you for a moment, Miss Wilcox?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," she replied, drawing a little apart with him. "Shall we sit down? The music has not begun yet."

"I am sorry to say I cannot dance with you," he said.

She looked at him for a moment without any attempt at speech. Then she looked down at the tips of her shoes.

"That seems a pity," she remarked. "I have been rather looking forward to it."

"I am sorry," he muttered.

She said no more, but she made no attempt to get up and go away. He saw something in her face which suddenly upset all his resolutions. He had meant to be purposely and finally brutal. Instead, he threw all his resolutions to the winds.

"Miss Wilcox," he said, "you know everyone in the hotel. Haven't people told you anything about me?"

"I really forget," she replied, calmly. "Gossip never interested me."

"But gossip is sometimes true," he reminded her.

She nodded.

"Very likely. Now you mention it, I believe that I have heard a few things about you. You can tell me if they are true, if you like."

"I will," he promised.

"They say that you are quite nice-looking—I suppose we must start with that."

His eyes flashed, and she hurried on.

"That you are exceedingly morose, that your only form of recreation consists of long and solitary walks, that you are very rude to anyone who tries to be agreeable to you, and that you spend most of your time in the smoking-room, playing cards for high stakes with some very horrid men."

"Anything else?"

"Opinions, on the whole, are a little divided about you," she went on. "Your name is familiar to no one. Your appearance is—shall I say somewhat distinguished?—for a nobody. And you play cards and billiards remarkably well. Consequently——"

"Now we are coming to it," he murmured.

"Consequently," she continued, smoothly, "there are people who whisper the mysterious word 'Adventurer'! I have been solemnly warned against you by a dozen kind friends."

"Your friends are right," he said, hardly. "'Adventurer' is a fairly accurate and somewhat kindly description of me."

She smiled at him sweetly.

"I knew you were going to turn out interesting," she declared.

He set his teeth.

"Miss Wilcox," he said, leaning towards her, "I am here under a false name. I left Monte Carlo because of a gambling scandal—I was asked to leave. I am not a proper person for you to associate with."

She sat up in her chair.

"The music!" she exclaimed. "I believe it is 'The Chocolate Soldier' waltz."

Her eyes flashed into his; her body was swaying a little.

"Don't you understand?" he asked, harshly. "I am here under a false name—a confessed gambler, suspected of cheating. If people knew——"

"I was right," she interrupted suddenly. "It is 'The Chocolate Soldier.' Come."

She leaned towards him as she rose,

Calveley laughed at Fate then, as she slipped into his arms.

There followed days which the gossips of the hotel, and perhaps a few others, considered a scandal. Pamela and her new friend were inseparable. She made a few efforts to draw him into the little circle of her immediate friends, but, though his manners were always perfect, he met their advances with so much restraint, and was so obviously uncomfortable, that she finally desisted. They took long walks together and played golf. His first appearance on the golf links with borrowed clubs was the occasion of a little episode which, if possible, increased the gossip. He had been persuaded to play in a mixed foursome, with Pamela for his partner, and on the tee, which was somewhat crowded, the question of handicaps came up.

"I am afraid," he admitted, apologetically,

"'I DON'T REMEMBER ANYONE OF YOUR NAME PLAYING FOR THE 'VARSITY IN RECENT YEARS,' HE REMARKED."

"that my handicap will sound ridiculous nowadays. I haven't played for a long time, but I used to owe four."

"Plus four!" his opponent gasped. "Horrors!"

"It was when I used to play golf regularly," he explained. "I played for the 'Varsity and

stuck to it for a . . don't think that you need worry. I sha . obably be quite useless now."

One of Pamela . isappointed admirers spoke up from amongst the little crowd.

"I don't remember anyone of your name playing for the 'Varsity in recent years," he remarked.

Calveley ignored him. It was his turn to drive, and he gave his caddie brief instructions as to the building of his tee. The young man was persistent.

"Did you play for Cambridge or Oxford?" he asked, pointedly.

Calveley hesitated. Then he remembered that his own careless statement had provoked the question.

"I played for Oxford," he said, and mentioned the year.

"There was no one of your name in the team," the young man declared, bluntly.

Calveley turned slowly round. There was no change in his expression, but he seemed to have grown taller.

"I not only played for Oxford, but I captained the team," he said, quietly.

"Then you did so under another name," the young man asserted.

"Is that your business or mine?" Calveley asked, quietly.

There was a tense silence. The young man shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Calveley smote his ball far down the course, provoking a little cry of delight from his partner. His opponent followed suit according to his capacity, and they all strolled off together.

"You are really a delightful person to play golf with," Pamela declared, cheerfully. "Remember, please, that you are not to think of anything but the game until we have finished. We have to give them half a stroke, and I want to win."

"We'll win," Calveley asserted, grimly; "but I must have my walk this afternoon."

"It shall be your reward," Pamela promised.

They won five up and four. In the afternoon Calveley had his walk. They started out to climb the pine-wooded hill at the back of the hotel. Near the summit they paused. For some time they had not spoken. It was a silence which became more and more emotional.

"Sit down," he begged.

She obeyed him. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the pine trees, the land below sleepy and beautiful after the heat of the day.

"Do you know that you have been very kind to me these last few days, Miss Pamela?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes, I know it," she admitted.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because I like you," she replied.

He leaned towards her. He had the appearance of a man placing himself under restraint.

"You have been very good," he said. "You see what I am—nearly forty years old, a tired, worthless person, with no aim in life, no purpose save to drift on ignobly down the stream. I had forgotten all the beautiful things; I did not even think that I had any emotions left. Then you came."

She half looked up and then away.

"Do you mind, I wonder, if I talk to you like this?" he went on, gravely. "It is hard for me to keep silence altogether. I think that you came when my very soul was poisoned with bitterness and loathing of the whole world. I hated even my life; and there were moments——"

Her fingers held his. He smiled.

"They will never come again," he promised. "Dear, it is more wonderful to make a weary man feel than anything else in life. I caught a glimpse of you that first day; I watched you with your friends; I didn't understand why the sight of you seemed to fill me with vague regrets. I found myself thinking of you. Do you know what it means to a morbid man when he finds his thoughts engrossed by someone else beside himself?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him steadfastly. There was a new softness in her face, something wonderful.

"I think that you are far too morbid," she declared. "You speak and think only of the present and the past. There is the future."

"That is what I dare not think of," he answered, sadly. "A man who has misused his past as I have done has no right to count upon the future."

"You are foolish," she whispered.

"Heaven knows, I soon shall be if I stay here much longer!" he replied, a little wildly. "Pamela, can't you see—don't you understand—that my heart is full of things I must not dream of saying to you? Come!"

She held to her place obstinately.

"What sort of things?" she whispered.

He flung himself away from her, but returned almost at once.

"Little lady," he pleaded, "don't spoil my wonderful dream. You have made a little corner of fairyland in my heart, a little

treasure-chamber into which I can creep sometimes when the black days come. Don't force me to destroy it."

"But what about me?" she whispered, with a tremble in her voice.

"God forgive me!" he answered, and took her into his arms.

Through an unreal world they walked down the winding path to the hotel. Theirs was the golden silence, the one tense period when the finger of the gods is laid upon the wheels of time. But the awakening came. A huge touring motor-car was discharging its load in front of the hotel—a funny little man with a huge fur coat, a loud voice, and many diamonds, a wife and children to match; an unpleasant crowd to look upon, but notable patrons of the hotel. Calveley half paused as he saw the man, then he walked firmly on with Pamela by his side.

"The Goldbergs," she whispered. "Horrid people. They come every year and pay a fabulous price for their rooms. Whatever is the matter with the little man?"

Mr. Goldberg was suddenly excited. He caught hold of the hotel proprietor's shoulder and pointed to Calveley.

"Is that person staying in the hotel?" he demanded.

His raucous voice was audible to everyone around. Calveley came to a standstill before him. The contrast between the two men as they faced one another was absurd.

"If you are alluding to me, sir," he said, "I certainly am staying here. Have you any objection?"

"'BUT WHAT ABOUT MY MONEY?' HE CRIED—'MY FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS?'"

Mr. Goldberg turned to the porters.

"Stop unloading my trunks," he ordered. "Huber," he went on, excitedly, "either that person leaves the hotel or I do not enter it. Which is it to be? Now, then!"

The proprietor turned a bewildered face towards his angry patron.

"I do not understand, sir!" he protested. "What is the objection to Mr. Calveley, sir?"

The new-comer turned back towards Calveley with an ugly sneer upon his face.

"So it's Calveley here, is it?" he demanded. "It was the Honourable Ronald Calveley

Trent at Monte Carlo. The fellow is a sharper and adventurer," he continued, raising his voice so that those who were standing around could hear. "With two others of his own kidney he robbed me of four thousand pounds last month at baccarat."

The listeners all drew a little nearer. There was a breathless silence. Only Pamela laughed aloud, quite naturally, but a little scornfully.

"Robbed you, indeed!" she exclaimed. "No one is likely to believe that, Mr. Goldberg."

"It's the solemn truth," Goldberg declared, "and, what's more, he can't deny it."

There was one awful moment of silence, during which Pamela's heart stood still. Then Calveley replied, and, though he did not raise his voice in the slightest, every word he said was distinctly audible to all of them.

"I do deny it absolutely and completely," he asserted. "I regret having to admit that I was in company with men who have been pronounced card-sharpers, but I was ignorant of the fact, and directly I knew it I returned the whole of my winnings to the directors of the club where the affair took place."

"Rubbish!" Mr. Goldberg cried, excitedly. "It was seven hundred pounds out of four thousand. You were one of the gang, Calveley, or whatever you call yourself; and if you're the sort of person they admit here—well, I don't set foot in the hotel, that's all. It's in your hands, Mr. Huber, entirely in your hands."

The hotel proprietor shrugged his shoulders. He gesticulated with the palms of his hands, turning as though in appeal for their sympathies to the little crowd of bystanders. How was it possible for him to arrive at any decision save one? Mr. Calveley occupied a single room, for which he paid a moderate price. He had no friends in the hotel, nor any following. Mr. Goldberg, on the other hand, occupied, with his wife and family and servants, the greater part of one floor, for which accommodation he paid a sum befitting his means. The rooms had been kept waiting for him, there was no one else likely to engage them. Mr. Huber turned regretfully towards Calveley. There could be little doubt as to what his decision would have been if he had ever been called upon to make it. At that moment, however, Fate intervened. Almost unnoticed during the progress of the little scene, another large touring-car had drawn up behind Mr. Goldberg's. Its solitary occupant—a tall, dark man, good-looking, and obviously English, came strolling up toward the group. He looked around him for a moment with a slightly bewildered expression. Then he came up and laid his hand familiarly upon Calveley's shoulder.

"Halloa, Ronny!" he exclaimed. "What's going on here? Who's the funny little man who can't keep still?"

Calveley started. He looked at the new-comer in amazement.

"Morchester!" he exclaimed. "Dicky! Why, what on earth are you doing here?"

"First of all, tell me what's the trouble," the new-comer insisted. "It may be my fancy, but you seem to be mixed up in it somehow."

Calveley laughed a little bitterly. He pointed to Mr. Goldberg.

"This is the person who lost his money that night at baccarat," he explained. "He has just arrived here and recognized me. Now he refuses to stay unless I am turned out, that's all."

Calveley's new friend whistled softly. Mr. Goldberg elbowed his way to their side.

"I don't know who you may be, sir," he declared, loudly, "and I don't much care; but my charge against that young man is that he was one of a gang of sharpers who robbed me of four thousand pounds at baccarat last month."

The new-comer nodded.

"So you're Mr. Goldberg, are you?" he said. "Well, sir, I am very pleased to be able to tell you that, under the presidency of the Grand Duke and one of the Governors, a small committee to whom my cousin here appealed has pronounced him innocent of any complicity in the matter. His membership of the club and his entrance to the Rooms have been restored, and I have an autograph letter in my pocket here from his Serene Highness congratulating him on the result."

Mr. Goldberg stared at the speaker, open-mouthed. He made one more attempt at bluster.

"That's all very well," he declared. "But I don't know who you are from Adam."

"I don't suppose that you do," the new-comer remarked, dryly. "There are several people in the hotel, however, who do, including, I think, Mr. Huber."

"Certainly, your Grace," the latter replied, with a low bow. "The Duke of Morchester," he added, in an awed whisper, to Mr. Goldberg.

Mr. Goldberg was plainly nonplussed. The characteristic of his race, however, saved him from wholly abandoning his position.

"But what about my money?" he cried—"my four thousand pounds?"

The Duke looked at him for a moment through his eyeglass, as one might look at some interesting specimen of the insect world.

"Confound you and your money, sir!" he said, turning on his heel. "Come on, Ronny, and show me where we can get a drink," he added, passing his arm through his cousin's. "It's a dusty ride from Monte Carlo."

"You're sure it's all right?" Calveley gasped.

"Right as rain," Morchester declared. "Who's the pretty, fair-haired girl slipping away there? She was standing by your side when the row was on."

"The dearest little woman in the world!" Calveley exclaimed, fervently.

"Glad you've found her at last," his cousin remarked, dryly. "It was about time."

Pamela the next morning was elusive. It was not until within a few minutes of the time fixed for his departure that Calveley found her. She was sitting on the trunk of a fallen pine tree near one of the paths at the back of the hotel. Something about her discomposure at the sight of him seemed to suggest that she was hiding. Calveley looked at her reproachfully.

"Since ten o'clock," he declared, seating himself by her side, "I have been looking for you."

"That's too bad," she replied, with a touch of her old lightness, "especially as I must go directly. My aunt is waiting for me to take her for a walk."

"Then your aunt must wait," he said, firmly. "I am going away in a few minutes with Morchester. There is something I want to say to you first—something I must say."

"Going away!" she repeated, a little blankly.

"My cousin wants me to stay with him for a few days at Monte Carlo," he explained. "I think perhaps it would be best for me to do so. Please don't look so nervous," he went on, a shade of bitterness creeping into his tone. "I only want to tell you that I haven't misunderstood anything. I am not quite such an idiot as that."

She looked at him wonderingly, and almost immediately dropped her eyes.

"I have come," he continued, "to thank you from the very bottom of my heart for your kindness to a poor outcast. I am glad that Morchester turned up, and that you know that I am not entirely a wrong 'un. But I am bad enough, Heaven knows!"

"Are you?" she murmured.

He looked at her with a curious wistfulness.

"I don't think," he went on, "that I have ever regretted it quite so much as I do now. You see, I have lived in the darkness so long that it never seemed possible to me that my day too might come; that you, Pamela dear, were anywhere alive in the world to touch the clouds with your fairy fingers and let the sunlight through. If I had known——"

"If you had known?" she whispered.

"I should have lived a different life," he declared, with quiet passion. "I should not be sitting here by your side, a tired, pleasure-sated man of forty, with no profession nor any useful place in the world, with simply a taste for athletics and a weakness for gambling. To my dying day there is nothing else in life I shall regret like this."

"Is this what you wanted to tell me?" she asked.

"This, and to thank you," he replied. "Those are poor words, aren't they? They mean a good deal to me, though. And I want you above all to know," he went on, earnestly, "that I haven't really misunderstood, and that it was your dear, kind little heart which made you come and talk to me because you saw I was miserable. You needn't have hidden away from me this morning. I understood."

"Did you?" she murmured.

His fingers closed upon hers.

"So much so," he continued, "that I nearly went away without seeing you at all, only I thought that you might like to know this. I have finished with my present life. Morchester and I talked it out last night. It's late to make a start, but he's going to get me a job out in Africa somewhere. That's one reason why we're hurrying off. There's a man at Mentone who's in the Government, and Dicky hopes to have it all fixed up by the end of the week. And it's all you," he added, with a sudden curious little break in his voice.

She leaned towards him, so close that her breath fell upon his cheek, her lips almost touched his.

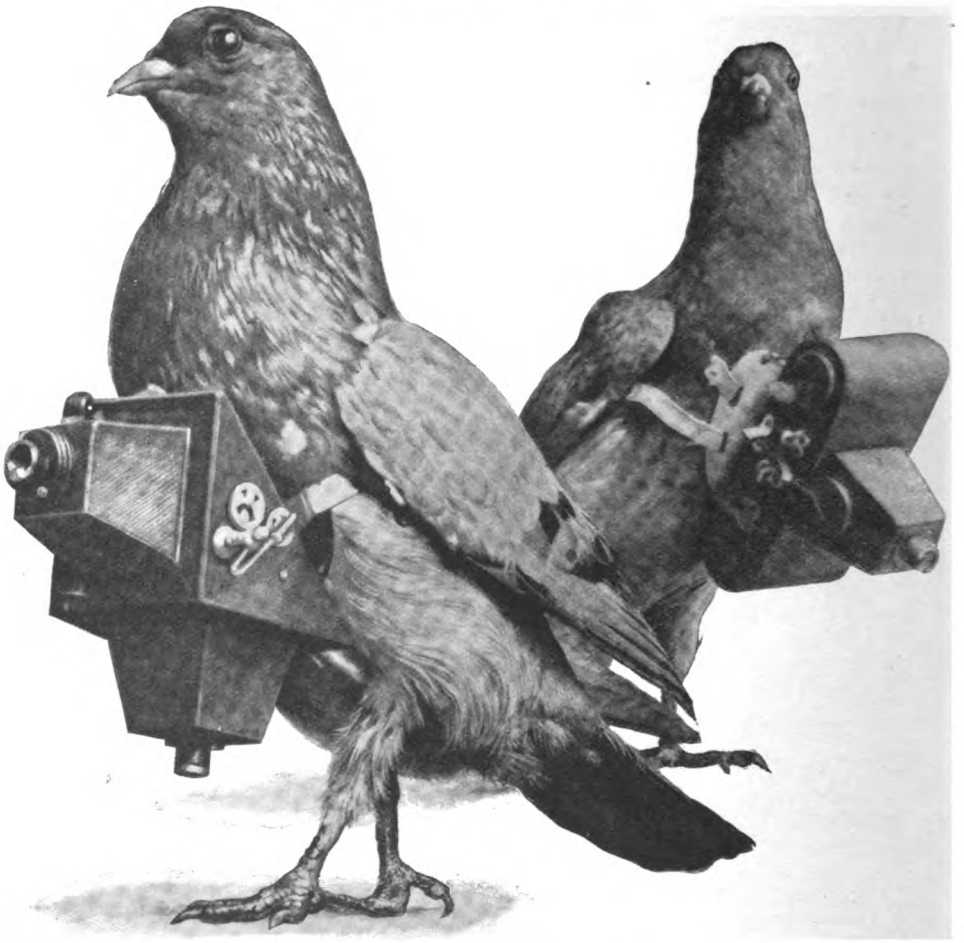
"After all, you are a very stupid person," she declared. "I should like to come to Africa, too."

"'AFTER ALL, YOU ARE A VERY STUPID PERSON,' SHE DECLARED. 'I SHOULD LIKE TO COME TO AFRICA, TOO.'"

Pigeon-Photographers.

What France and Germany Are Doing.

Who Will Experiment in This Country?



TWO PIGEON-PHOTOGRAPHERS, EQUIPPED WITH A DOUBLE-LENS AND A SINGLE-LENS CAMERA RESPECTIVELY.

AT the Aeronautic Exhibition of Paris, in October last, the visitor who, having examined the flying-machines of the newest design in the great hall, passed on to the photographic section, stopped suddenly, surprised and puzzled, before the sight which met his eyes.

Before a painted background, representing a pigeon-house, stood a pair of pigeons—stuffed, of course—strapped and buckled like soldiers on service, each carrying on its breast a queer-looking apparatus. A descriptive notice explained the puzzle. These were carrier-pigeons of a new and special kind—pigeon-photographers, furnished with their cameras and ready to operate.

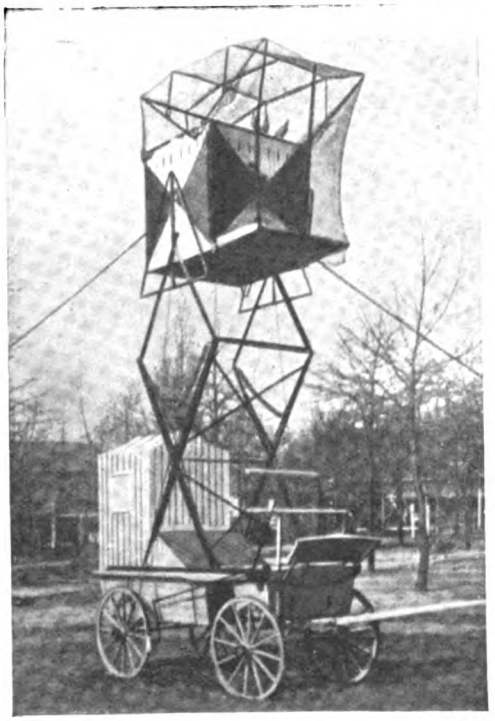
Pigeon-photography comes to us from Germany, and its invention, like so many others, owes its origin to a freak of chance. A few years ago a German doctor, Dr. Julius

ATTACHING THE CAMERA TO THE PLATE CARRIED BY A TRAINED PIGEON.

Neubronner, established at Cronberg, and connected with a sanatorium at Falkenstein, had the idea of making use of carrier-pigeons between his house and the sanatorium at some miles distance, and soon a regular service was established. An assistant doctor at the sanatorium would draw up a description of a patient's symptoms and entrust the paper to a pigeon, who would fly with it to the doctor's house at Cronberg, its native home. Pills or capsules were then made up by Dr. Neubronner and placed in a little satchel borne by another pigeon, who flew back to its own cot at the sanatorium. It was found that a pigeon can carry as much as a third of its own weight—that is, about two and a half ounces.

Now one day it happened that one of these messengers, which was celebrated for its speed, did not appear at its destination for a whole month. Where it had been during the interval it was impossible to guess. Not long afterwards the same thing occurred with another pigeon. What had happened to these truants? Both from a scientific point of view and from the study of the habits of the carrier-pigeon it was interesting to investigate the matter. An ingenious idea struck the doctor. If the pigeons were furnished with tiny cameras, acting automatically at a fixed moment, the image of the surrounding country would be impressed upon the sensitive plate and would furnish valuable information as to the direction taken by a straying bird.

The doctor resolved to put this theory into practice, and after many failures succeeded in constructing a small camera, furnished with an extra-rapid shutter, capable of taking



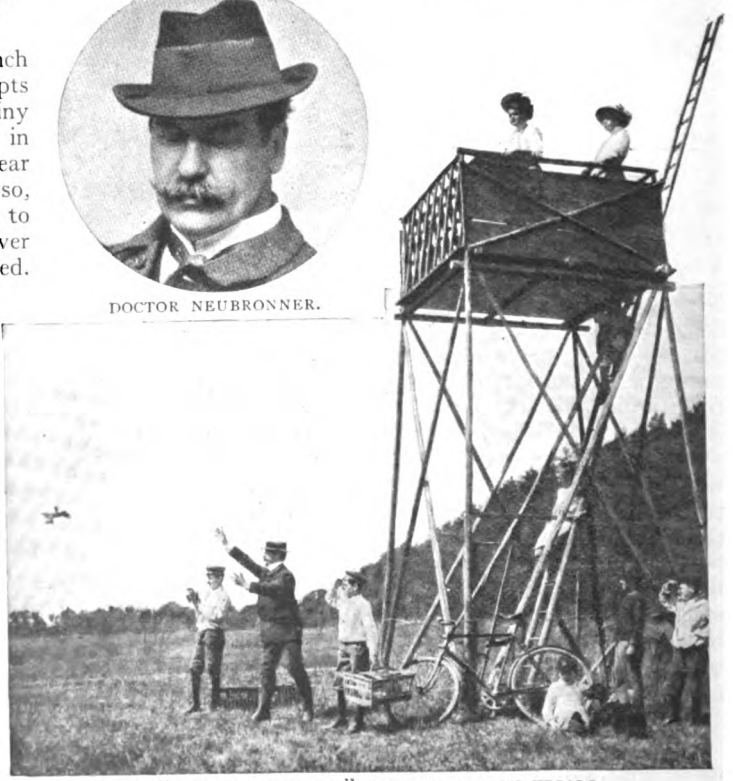
THE MOVABLE PIGEON-HOUSE USED FOR LONG FLIGHTS.

negatives about half an inch square. The first attempts were not brilliant. The tiny negatives were confused in detail and would not bear enlargement; yet, even so, they were sufficient to identify the country over which the bird had passed. But, what was of much more moment, these feeble results led to further experiments and improvements, until the art of pigeon-photography arrived at its present state of perfection. Thousands of trials were made, extending over several years, before Dr. Neubronner at last realized his dream and the present types of cameras were invented.

These cameras differ widely in appearance, according to the special purpose for which they are intended. There is the single-lens camera; there is the "panoramic" apparatus; and there is the double-lens camera, constructed to take two negatives of two inches square—one a perpendicular and the other a horizontal view. There is also the "repeating" camera, which secures eight views in the course of the same flight. But all alike are suited in size and weight to the powers of the bird-carriers. The largest measure four inches long by two and a half inches in width and depth, while their weight is about two and a half ounces—the capacity of a pigeon's carrying powers.

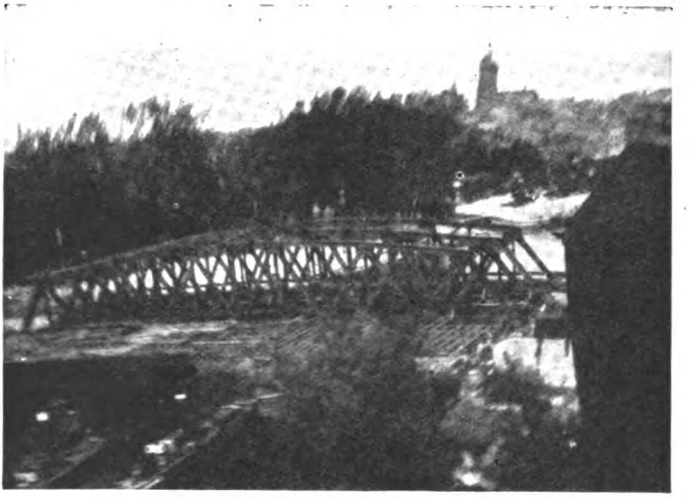
Now let us consider how the winged photographer is educated in the use of his instruments; for he requires a special training and has to pass through his apprenticeship. In the first place he has to become accustomed to wear a sort of harness, which supports the apparatus, consisting of two straps of india-rubber and soft leather, which cross over his back and are attached to a thin aluminium plate below his body. A glance at the illustrations herewith will make the arrangement clear. Thus harnessed, the pigeon is taken to a distance from its home, and there released. At first he

DOCTOR NEUBRONNER.



A "RELEASING-PLACE" USED IN PIGEON TRIALS.

A PIGEON - PHOTOGRAPH, ACTUAL SIZE.



THE SAME VIEW ENLARGED AND "SQUARED UP."

displays considerable resentment at this new form of servitude, and struggles with wings, beak, and claws to rid himself of his encumbrance. But in a little while, finding all his efforts vain, he resigns himself to his fate, and after three or four trials he carries his straps and plate with the best grace in the world.

Next he has to learn to carry the camera itself, attached to the plate by means of a slot or slide. Then comes a new struggle and a new resignation. In the course of a fortnight the bird flies as contentedly with the little black box on his breast as an old soldier with his knapsack on his back. Henceforth he is a "pigeon-photographer."

Then comes the day of his first actual taking of a photograph. Let us suppose that it is desired to secure a view of a village situated at a distance of eight miles from his cot. His owner takes him three or four miles beyond the village, in a straight line with the bird's home. Next, in order that the shutter may be sprung over the village, he reckons how many minutes from the start the flight to this point will occupy. Now, the speed of a carrier-pigeon in full flight may be taken as about twenty-five yards a second, or something like fifty-two miles an hour. Suppose that the time of flight to the spot of which it is desired to secure a view works out at four minutes ten seconds, then all that remains to be done is to regulate the apparatus accordingly. In the case of a camera capable of taking only one photograph in a single

ANOTHER PIGEON-PHOTOGRAPH.

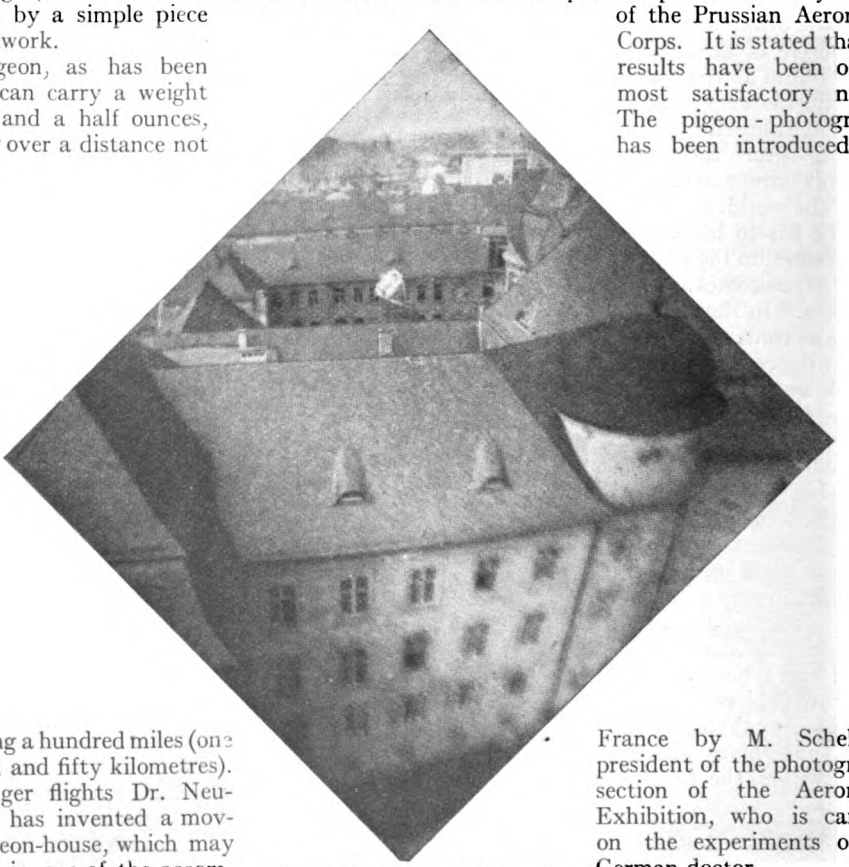
THE SAME ENLARGED.

flight the mechanism is very simple and ingenious. It consists of a small india-rubber ball, with a very fine aperture, attached to a lever which releases the shutter. The ball is blown up with a syringe, and when full takes ten minutes to empty, a graduated scale showing to what extent it must be filled to empty itself in any shorter time. The ball being filled to the required degree, the apparatus is shut and the pigeon released. The air escapes slowly until the ball, collapsing, lets fall the lever which "springs" the shutter. The photograph is taken.

In the more complicated forms of camera, which take as many as eight views during a single flight, the film is moved and the shutter snapped by a simple piece of clockwork.

A pigeon, as has been stated, can carry a weight of two and a half ounces, but only over a distance not exceeding a hundred miles (one hundred and fifty kilometres). For longer flights Dr. Neubronner has invented a movable pigeon-house, which may be seen in one of the accompanying illustrations, consisting of a kind of large cage supported by a metal framework resting on a carriage. The pigeons, who live constantly in this moving dwelling, acquire the habit of "homing" to it wherever it may be stationed. In order to acquire an idea of the practical results obtained it is sufficient to cast a glance at the accompanying illustrations. Their chief defect arises from the attitude of the flying pigeon, which often brings out the view in strange positions on the plate, as may be seen in the small photograph of the Bridge of Spandau. But it is only necessary to square up the print, as has been done with the enlargement of the same view, and an excellent result is obtained.

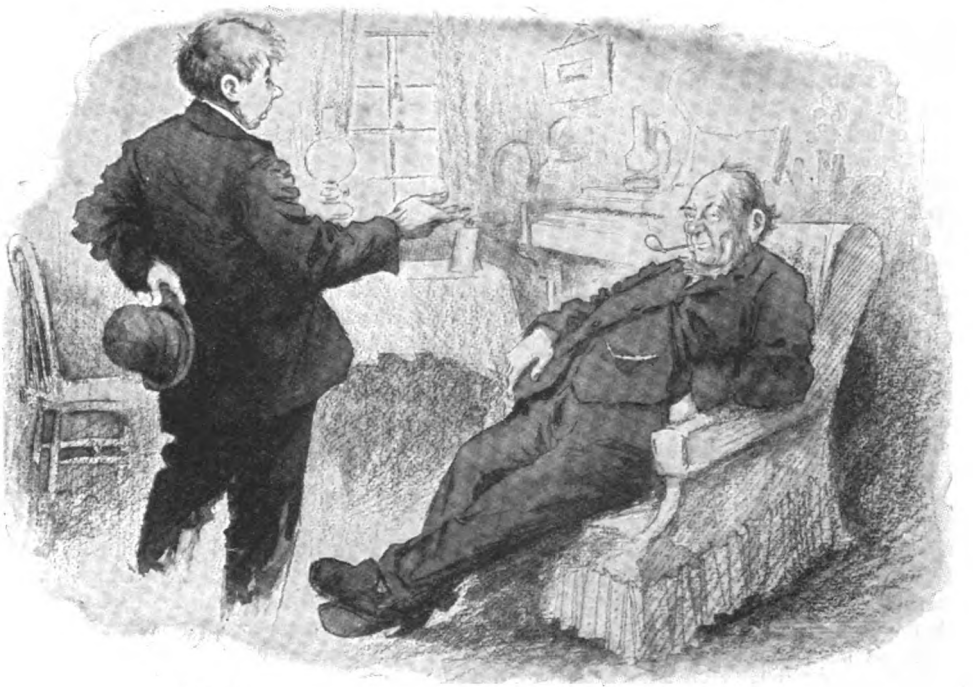
What will be the practical value of pigeon-photographs—in time of war, for instance? That has still to be ascertained. But the German War Office have invited Dr. Neubronner to make further experiments at Reinickendorp in the presence of Major Gros, of the Prussian Aeronautic Corps. It is stated that the results have been of the most satisfactory nature. The pigeon-photographer has been introduced into France by M. Schehelier, president of the photographic section of the Aeronautic Exhibition, who is carrying on the experiments of the German doctor.



A FREAK-PHOTOGRAPH — A PIGEON TAKEN BY ANOTHER IN FULL FLIGHT.

What is being done in this country? Apparently nothing. Here, then, is a new and interesting study open to amateur photographers of an ingenious turn of mind, and one which may lead to the most valuable results.

DUAL CONTROL



BY

W. W. JACOBS

"NEVER say 'die,' Bert," said Mr. Culpepper, kindly; "I like you, and so do most other people who know what's good for 'em; and if Florrie don't like you she can keep single till she does."

Mr. Albert Sharp thanked him.

"Come in more oftener," said Mr. Culpepper. "If she don't know a steady young man when she sees him, it's 'er mistake."

"Nobody could be steadier than what I am," sighed Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Culpepper nodded. "The worst of it is, girls don't like steady young men," he said, rumpling his thin grey hair; "that's the silly part of it."

"But you was always steady, and Mrs. Culpepper married you," said the young man.

Mr. Culpepper nodded again. "She thought I was, and that came to the same thing," he said, composedly. "And it ain't for me to say, but she had an idea that I was very good-looking in them days. I had chestnutty hair. She burnt a piece of it only the other day she'd kept for thirty years."

"Burnt it? What for?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"Words," said the other, lowering his voice. "When I want one thing nowadays

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she generally wants another; and the things she wants ain't the things I want."

Mr. Sharp shook his head and sighed again.

"You ain't talkative enough for Florrie, you know," said Mr. Culpepper, regarding him.

"I can talk all right as a rule," retorted Mr. Sharp. "You ought to hear me at the debating society; but you can't talk to a girl who doesn't talk back."

"You're far too humble," continued the other. "You should cheek her a bit now and then. Let 'er see you've got some spirit. Chaff 'er."

"That's no good," said the young man, restlessly. "I've tried it. Only the other day I called her 'a saucy little kipper,' and the way she went on, anybody would have thought I'd insulted her. Can't see a joke, I s'pose. Where is she now?"

"Upstairs," was the reply.

"That's because I'm here," said Mr. Sharp. "If it had been Jack Butler she'd have been down fast enough."

"It couldn't be him," said Mr. Culpepper, "because I won't have 'im in the house. I've told him so; I've told her so, and I've told 'er aunt so. And if she marries without my leave afore she's thirty she loses the seven hundred pounds 'er father left her. You've got plenty of time—ten years."

Mr. Sharp, sitting with his hands between his knees, gazed despondently at the floor. "There's a lot o' girls would jump at me," he remarked. "I've only got to hold up my little finger and they'd jump."

"That's because they've got sense," said Mr. Culpepper. "They've got the sense to prefer steadiness and humdrumness to good looks and dash. A young fellow like you earning thirty-two-and-six a week can do without good looks, and if I've told Florrie so once I have told her fifty times."

"Looks are a matter of taste," said Mr. Sharp, morosely. "Some of them girls I was speaking about just now——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Culpepper, hastily. "Now, look here; you go on a different tack. Take a glass of ale like a man, or a couple o' glasses; smoke a cigarette or a pipe. Be like other young men. Cut a dash, and don't be a namby-pamby. After you're married you can be as miserable as you like."

Mr. Sharp, after a somewhat lengthy interval, thanked him.

"It's my birthday next Wednesday," continued Mr. Culpepper, regarding him benevolently; "come round about seven, and I'll ask you to stay to supper. That'll give you a chance. Anybody's allowed to step a bit over the mark on birthdays, and you might take a glass or two and make a speech, and be so happy and bright that they'd 'ardly know you. If you want an excuse for calling, you could bring me a box of cigars for my birthday."

"Or come in to wish you 'Many Happy Returns of the Day,'" said the thrifty Mr. Sharp.

"And don't forget to get above yourself," said Mr. Culpepper, regarding him sternly; "in a gentlemanly way, of course. Have as many glasses as you like—there's no stint about me."

"If it ever comes off," said Mr. Sharp, rising—"if I get her through you, you sha'n't have reason to repent it. I'll look after that."

Mr. Culpepper, whose feelings were a trifle ruffled, said that he would "look after it too." He had a faint idea that, even from his own point of view, he might have made a better selection for his niece's hand.

Mr. Sharp smoked his first cigarette the following morning, and, encouraged by the entire absence of any after-effects, purchased a pipe, which was taken up by a policeman the same evening for obstructing the public footpath in company with a metal tobacco-box three parts full.

In the matter of ale he found less difficulty. Certainly the taste was unpleasant, but, treated as medicine and gulped down quickly, it was endurable. After a day or two he even began to be critical, and on Monday evening went so far as to complain of its flatness to the wide-eyed landlord of the Royal George.

"Too much cellar-work," he said, as he finished his glass and made for the door.

"Too much——! 'Ere, come 'ere," said the landlord, thickly. "I want to speak to you."

The expert shook his head, and, passing out into the street, changed colour as he saw Miss Garland approaching. In a blundering fashion he clutched at his hat and stammered out a "Good evening."

Miss Garland returned the greeting and, instead of passing on, stopped and, with a friendly smile, held out her hand. Mr. Sharp shook it convulsively.

"You are just the man I want to see," she exclaimed. "Aunt and I have been talking about you all the afternoon."

Mr. Sharp said "Really!"

"But I don't want uncle to see us," pursued Miss Garland, in the low tones of confidence. "Which way shall we go?"

Mr. Sharp's brain reeled. All ways were

alike to him in such company. He walked beside her like a man in a dream.

"We want to give him a lesson," said the girl, presently. "A lesson that he will remember."

"Him?" said the young man.

"Uncle," explained the girl. "It's a shocking thing, a wicked thing, to try and upset a steady young man like you. Aunt is quite put out about it, and I feel the same as she does."

"But," gasped the astonished Mr. Sharp, "how did you——?"

"Aunt heard him," said Miss Garland. "She was just going into the room when she caught a word or two, and she stayed outside and listened. You don't know what a lot she thinks of you."

Mr. Sharp's eyes opened wider than ever. "I—I thought she didn't like me," he said, slowly.

"Good gracious!" said Miss Garland. "Whatever could have put such an idea as that into your head? Of course, aunt isn't always going to let uncle see that she agrees with him. Still, as if anybody could help——" she murmured to herself.

"Eh?" said the young man, in a trembling voice.

"Nothing."

Miss Garland walked along with averted face; Mr. Sharp, his pulses bounding, trod on air beside her.

"I thought," he said, at last—"I thought that Jack Butler was a favourite of hers?"

"Jack Butler!" said the girl, in tones of scornful surprise. "The idea! How blind men are; you're all alike, I think. You can't see two inches in front of you. She's as pleased as possible that you are coming on Wednesday; and so am——"

Mr. Sharp caught his breath. "Yes?" he murmured.

"Let's go down here," said Miss Garland, quickly; "down by the river. And I'll tell you what we want you to do."

She placed her hand lightly on his arm, and Mr. Sharp, with a tremulous smile, obeyed. The smile faded gradually as he listened, and an expression of anxious astonishment took its place. He shook his head as she proceeded, and twice ventured a faint suggestion that she was only speaking in jest. Convinced at last, against his will, he walked on in silent consternation.

"But," he said at last, as Miss Garland paused for breath, "your uncle would never forgive me. He'd never let me come near the house again."

"Aunt will see to that," said the girl, confidently. "But, of course, if you don't wish to please me——"

She turned away, and Mr. Sharp, plucking up spirit, ventured to take her hand and squeeze it. A faint, a very faint, squeeze in return decided him.

"It will come all right afterwards," said Miss Garland, "especially with the hold it will give aunt over him."

"I hope so," said the young man. "If not, I shall be far—farther off than ever."

Miss Garland blushed and, turning her head, gazed steadily at the river.

"Trust me," she said at last. "Me and auntie."

Mr. Sharp said that so long as he pleased her nothing else mattered, and, in the seventh heaven of delight, paced slowly along the towpath by her side.

"And you mustn't mind what auntie and I say to you," said the girl, continuing her instructions. "We must keep up appearances, you know; and if we seem to be angry, you must remember we are only pretending."

Mr. Sharp, with a tender smile, said that he understood perfectly.

"And now I had better go," said Florrie, returning the smile. "Uncle might see us together, or somebody else might see us and tell him. Good-bye."

She shook hands and went off, stopping three times to turn and wave her hand. In a state of bewildered delight Mr. Sharp continued his stroll, rehearsing, as he went, the somewhat complicated and voluminous instructions she had given him.

By Wednesday evening he was part-perfect, and, in a state of mind divided between nervousness and exaltation, set out for Mr. Culpepper's. He found that gentleman, dressed in his best, sitting in an easy-chair with his hands folded over a fancy waistcoat of startling design, and, placing a small box of small cigars on his knees, wished him the usual Happy Returns. The entrance of the ladies, who seemed as though they had just come off the ice, interrupted Mr. Culpepper's thanks.

"Getting spoiled, that's what I am," he remarked, playfully. "See this waistcoat? My old Aunt Elizabeth sent it this morning."

He leaned back in his chair and glanced down in warm approval. "The missis gave me a pipe, and Florrie gave me half a pound of tobacco. And I bought a bottle of port wine myself, for all of us."

He pointed to a bottle that stood on the supper-table, and, the ladies retiring to the

kitchen to bring in the supper, rose and placed chairs. A piece of roast beef was placed before him, and, motioning Mr. Sharp to a seat opposite Florrie, he began to carve.

"Just a nice comfortable party," he said, genially, as he finished. "Help yourself to the ale, Bert."

Mr. Sharp, ignoring the surprise on the faces of the ladies, complied, and passed the bottle to Mr. Culpepper. They drank to each other, and again a flicker of surprise appeared on the faces of Mrs. Culpepper and her niece. Mr. Culpepper, noticing it, shook his head waggishly at Mr. Sharp.

"He drinks it as if he likes it," he remarked.

"I do," asserted Mr. Sharp, and, raising his glass, emptied it, and resumed the attack on his plate. Mr. Culpepper unscrewed the top of another bottle, and the reckless Mr. Sharp, after helping himself, made a short and feeling speech, in which he wished Mr. Culpepper long life and happiness. "If you ain't happy with Mrs. Culpepper," he concluded, gallantly, "you ought to be."

Mr. Culpepper nodded and went on eating in silence until, the keen edge of his appetite having been taken off, he put down his knife and fork and waxed sentimental.

"Been married over thirty years," he said, slowly, with a glance at his wife, "and never regretted it."

"A VERY FAINT SQUEEZE IN RETURN DECIDED HIM."

"Who hasn't?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"Why, me," returned the surprised Mr. Culpepper.

Mr. Sharp, who had just raised his glass, put it down again and smiled. It was a faint smile, but it seemed to affect his host unfavourably.

"What are you smiling at?" he demanded.

"Thoughts," said Mr. Sharp, exchanging a covert glance with Florrie. "Something you told me the other day."

Mr. Culpepper looked bewildered. "I'll give you a penny for them thoughts," he said, with an air of jocosity.

Mr. Sharp shook his head. "Money couldn't buy 'em," he said, with owlish solemnity, "espec—especially after the good supper you're giving me."

"Bert," said Mr. Culpepper, uneasily, as his wife sat somewhat erect—"Bert, it's my birthday, and I don't grudge nothing to nobody; but go easy with the beer. You ain't used to it, you know."

"What's the matter with the beer?" inquired Mr. Sharp. "It tastes all right—what there is of it."

"It ain't the beer; it's you," explained Mr. Culpepper.

Mr. Sharp stared at him. "Have I said anything I oughtn't to?" he inquired.

Mr. Culpepper shook his head, and, taking up a fork and spoon, began to serve a plum-pudding that Miss Garland had just placed on the table.

"What was it you said I was to be sure and not tell Mrs. Culpepper?" inquired Mr. Sharp, dreamily. "I haven't said that, have I?"

"No!" snapped the harassed Mr. Culpepper, laying down the fork and spoon and regarding him ferociously. "I mean, there wasn't anything. I mean, I didn't say so. You're raving."

"If I did say it, I'm sorry," persisted Mr. Sharp. "I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

"You're all right," said Mr. Culpepper, trying, but in vain, to exchange a waggish glance with his wife.

"I didn't say it?" said Mr. Sharp.

"No," said Mr. Culpepper, still smiling in a wooden fashion.

"I mean the *other* thing?" said Mr. Sharp, in a thrilling whisper.

"*Look here!*" exclaimed the overwrought Mr. Culpepper; "why not eat your pudding, and leave off talking nonsense? Nobody's listening to you."

"Speak for yourself," said his wife, tartly. "I like to hear Mr. Sharp talk. What was it he told you not to tell me?"

Mr. Sharp eyed her mistily. "I—I can't tell you," he said, slowly.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Culpepper, coaxingly.

"Because it—it would make your hair stand on end," said the industrious Mr. Sharp.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Culpepper, sharply.

"He said it would," said Mr. Sharp, indicating his host with his spoon. "He ought—to know—— Who's that kicking me under the table?"

Mr. Culpepper, shivering with wrath and dread, struggled for speech. "You'd better get home, Bert," he said at last. "You're not yourself. There's nobody kicking you under the table. You don't know what you are saying. You've been dreaming things. I never said anything of the kind."

"Memory's gone," said Mr. Sharp, shaking his head at him. "Clean gone. Don't you remember——"

"NO!" roared Mr. Culpepper.

Mr. Sharp sat blinking at him, but his misgivings vanished before the glances of admiring devotion which Miss Garland was sending in his direction. He construed them rightly not only as a reward, but as an incentive to further efforts. In the midst of an impressive silence Mrs. Culpepper collected the plates and, producing a dish of fruit from the sideboard, placed it upon the table.

"Help yourself, Mr. Sharp," she said, pushing the bottle of port towards him.

Mr. Sharp complied, having first, after several refusals, put a little into the ladies' glasses and a lot on the tablecloth near Mr. Culpepper. Then, after a satisfying sip or two, he rose with a bland smile and announced his intention of making a speech.

"But you've made one," said his host, in tones of fierce expostulation.

"That—that was *las'* night," said Mr. Sharp. "This is to-night—your birthday."

"Well, we don't want any more," said Mr. Culpepper.

Mr. Sharp hesitated. "It's only his fun," he said, looking round and raising his glass. "He's afraid I'm going to praise him up—praise him up. Here's to my old friend, Mr. Culpepper: one of the best. We all have our—faults, and he has his—has his. Where was I?"

"Sit down," growled Mr. Culpepper.

"Talking about my husband's faults," said his wife.

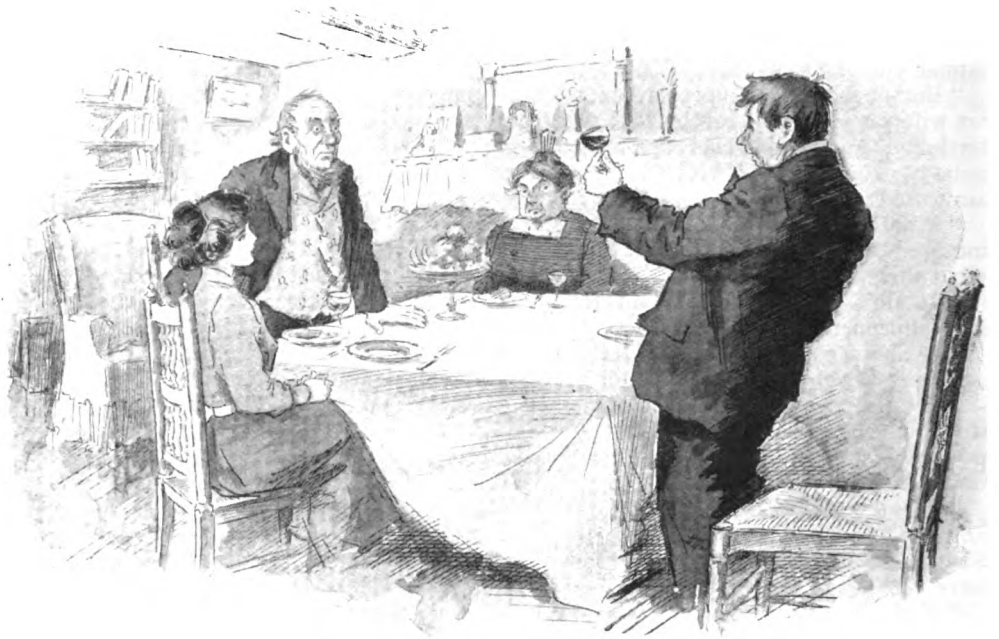
"So I was," said Mr. Sharp, putting his hand to his brow. "Don't be alarm'," he continued, turning to his host; "nothing to be alarm' about. I'm not going to talk about 'em. Not so silly as that, I hope. I don't want spoil your life."

"Sit down," repeated Mr. Culpepper.

"You're very anxious he should sit down," said his wife, sharply.

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Culpepper; "only he's talking nonsense."

Mr. Sharp, still on his legs, took another sip of port and, avoiding the eye of Mr. Culpepper, which was showing signs of incipient inflammation, looked for encouragement to Miss Garland.



"'YOU GET OFF HOME,' SAID THE PURPLE MR. CULPEPPER, RISING."

"He's a man we all look up to and respect," he continued. "If he does go off to London every now and then on business, that's his look-out. My idea is he always ought to take Mrs. Culpepper with him. He'd have pleasure of her company and, same time, he'd be money in pocket by it. And why shouldn't *she* go to music-halls sometimes? Why shouldn't she——"

"You get off home," said the purple Mr. Culpepper, rising and hammering the table with his fist. "Get off home; and if you so much as show your face inside this 'ouse again there'll be trouble. Go on. Out you go!"

"Home?" repeated Mr. Sharp, sitting down suddenly. "Won't go home till morning."

"Oh, we'll soon see about that," said Mr. Culpepper, taking him by the shoulders. "Come on, now."

Mr. Sharp subsided lumpishly into his chair, and Mr. Culpepper, despite his utmost efforts, failed to move him. The two ladies exchanged a glance, and then, with their heads in the air, sailed out of the room, the younger pausing at the door to bestow a mirthful glance upon Mr. Sharp ere she disappeared.

"Come—out," said Mr. Culpepper, panting.

"You trying tickle me?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"You get off home," said the other. "You've been doing nothing but make mischief ever since you came in. What put such things into your silly head I don't know. I shall never hear the end of 'em as long as I live."

"Silly head?" repeated Mr. Sharp, with an alarming change of manner. "Say it again."

Mr. Culpepper repeated it with gusto.

"Very good," said Mr. Sharp. He seized him suddenly and, pushing him backwards into his easy-chair, stood over him with such hideous contortions of visage that Mr. Culpepper was horrified. "Now you sit there and keep quite still," he said, with smouldering ferocity. "Where did you put carving-knife?"

"No, no, Bert," said Mr. Culpepper, clutching at his sleeve. "I—I was only joking. You—you ain't quite yourself, Bert."

"*What?*" demanded the other, rolling his eyes.

"I—I mean you've improved," said Mr. Culpepper, hurriedly. "Wonderful, you have."

Mr. Sharp's countenance cleared a little. "Let's make a night of it," he said. "Don't move, whatever you do."

He closed the door and, putting the wine

and a couple of glasses on the mantelpiece, took a chair by Mr. Culpepper and prepared to spend the evening. His instructions were too specific to be disregarded, and three times he placed his arm about the waist of the frenzied Mr. Culpepper and took him for a lumbering dance up and down the room. In the intervals between dances he regaled him with interminable extracts from speeches made at the debating society and recitations learned at school. Suggestions relating to bed, thrown out by Mr. Culpepper from time to time, were repelled with scorn. And twice, in deference to Mr. Sharp's desires, he had to join in the chorus of a song.

Ten o'clock passed, and the hands of the clock crawled round to eleven. The hour struck, and, as though in answer, the door opened and the agreeable face of Florrie Garland appeared. Behind her, to the intense surprise of both gentlemen, loomed the stalwart figure of Mr. Jack Butler.

"I thought he might be useful, uncle," said Miss Garland, coming into the room. "Auntie wouldn't let me come down before."

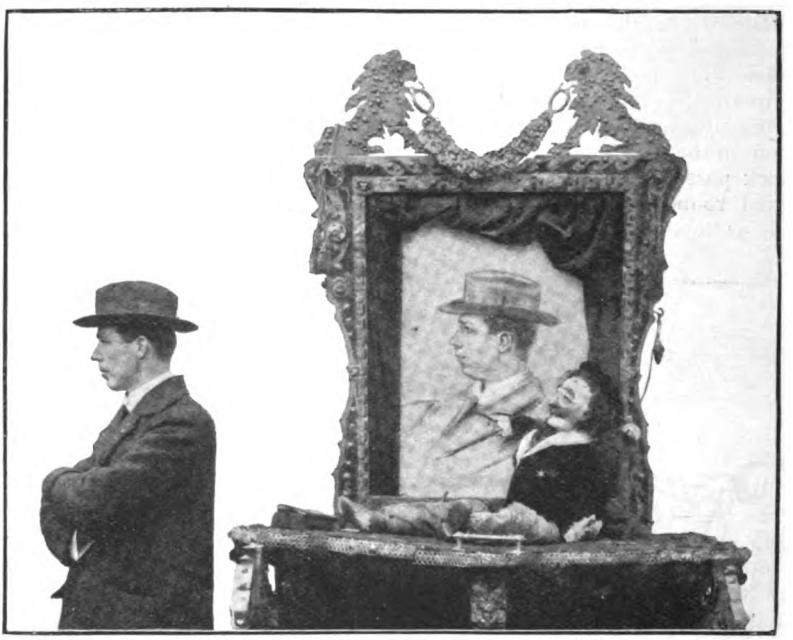
Mr. Sharp rose in a dazed fashion and saw Mr. Culpepper grasp Mr. Butler by the hand. More dazed still, he felt the large and clumsy hand of Mr. Butler take him by the collar and propel him with some violence along the small passage, while another hand, which he dimly recognized as belonging to Mr. Culpepper, was inserted in the small of his back. Then the front door opened and he was thrust out into the night. The door closed, and a low feminine laugh sounded from a window above.

"HE FELT THE LARGE AND CLUMSY HAND OF MR. BUTLER TAKE HIM BY THE COLLAR."

An Artificial Artist.

By FREDERIC LEES.

The Author here relates how M. Pierre Gill'o, an inventive genius whom he met under novel and amusing circumstances, succeeded, after fifteen years' thought and labour, in creating an artificial man, which drew from the great Coquelin *aîné*, who saw it in its early and still imperfect form, unstinted words of admiration and praise.



THE ARTIFICIAL ARTIST DRAWING THE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE.
From a Copyright Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

AS the luxurious express of the P.L.M. Co. began to move out of the railway-station at Toulon, and the people on the platform waved their handkerchiefs to their friends who were off to Nice for the Carnival, I became aware, on looking out of the carriage window, of a sudden movement among the crowd, and the next moment saw a man dash forward towards the train. Springing on to the footboard with the agility of an acrobat, he opened the door in a trice and, after colliding against me in the corridor, threw himself, exhausted and covered with perspiration, into a corner of my compartment.

"A thousand apologies for my awkwardness, monsieur," he said to me, when he had regained a little breath and mopped his forehead with a large red handkerchief. "*Mille pardons, je vous en prie!* Much depended on my catching this train. What should I have done, sir, had I missed my appointment in Nice with the impresario who wishes to see my artificial man? *Mon Dieu*, what should I have done?"

I felt inclined to tell him that I cared not a hayseed what the consequences would have been. But on second thoughts I decided to remain silent and, having unfolded my newspaper, keep an eye on him over the top of the columns of print. We were alone, and the mention of an artificial man put me on my guard.

Yet, in spite of his precipitous appearance —suggestive of escape from a guardian—and his mysterious reference to an *homme artificiel*, there was nothing about my strange travelling companion that stamped him as a lunatic. His eyes, brimming over with fun, were perfectly sane; his face, round and plump and full of jollity, was the very picture of health and mental serenity. A Southerner, without a doubt, I concluded. But from what part of the South of France? Tarascon? If I was anywhere near right I should not have

long to wait, thought I, before I heard more ; and I made up my mind that if he spoke again I would cast aside my British reservedness and, though I might not actually encourage him to talk, at any rate lend a willing ear.

As I had foreseen, the man's Southern exuberancy was bound to manifest itself ; and when the flow of words came they rushed upon me with all the impetuousness of the waters of the river in which he fished as a boy. In five minutes I knew his whole family history ; his birth at Lyons, on the banks of the Rhone ; his boyhood days and the number of his illnesses ; his love for the performances at the famous marionette theatre of his native town and his growing love for mechanics ; his marriage and his struggles as a creator of an artificial man ; and, finally, within the last few months, the attainment of his ideal, which was summed up, he said, by the visiting-card he had the honour to present to me. On it I read, not without astonishment, the following words :—

PIERRE GILL'O,
manager et inventeur breveté
DE L'HOMME ARTIFICIEL,
? qui dessine ?
Villa Gill'o,
Cros-de-Cagnes (près Nice).

So M. Gill'o's artificial man was an artist ? I began to feel a desire to know more, and at once betrayed myself by a question.

" Oh, yes," replied my companion, thoughtfully, as he prepared to light the cigar I had offered him, " my little man can draw. But he can do more than that. When, fifteen years ago, I set to work to solve the problem of making a mechanical man, my ideals were high. I realized that I must produce something better than the usual marionette with its stiff, jerky movements. My *petit homme*—if ever he came into being — must possess all the suppleness of a human being. His head and features must have the power of expressing some, if not all, of the emotions ; he must have complete control over his arms and hands, exactly as though he possessed a brain which was capable of directing them in this or that direction. I decided, too, that the result must be attained without the use of wires worked from above ; the means to the end must be either mechanical or electrical, or a combination of the two. And having once settled these points, I set to work.

" *Mon Dieu !* how I did work ! Being an artist as well as a mechanic, there was no satisfying me. Time after time I threw my plans and the skeleton of my *bonhomme* aside, but, once I had got over my feeling of despair, I used to return to them. If ever you see my wife she will tell you how many, many times, in the old days, she used to leave me up at night cudgelling my brains over that terribly difficult problem of how to turn a mass of steel and wood and cloth into a Montmartre artist. Having been trained in a studio on the famous Butte, I got it into my head, you see, that my artificial man must be capable of drawing portraits with something of the skill of a Parisian draughtsman—not imaginary portraits, but those of well-known people or any individuals who cared to sit. I wanted to make him a sort of caricature of the Bohemian artists whom you meet in the studios around the Moulin de la Galette, and be able to say, as it were, to my public : ' Why employ an artist of flesh and blood to paint your portrait when you can get the work done just as well and much more expeditiously by a mechanical man ? '

M. AND MME. GILL'O, INVENTORS OF THE ARTIFICIAL ARTIST.
From a Copyright Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

"Failures—hopeless failures—strewed my path. My friends assured me that I had undertaken an impossible task, and when I returned to it again and again, working, sometimes, until three and four in the morning, they said that 'Poor Gill'o was *maboul*—hopelessly off his head.' People who knew me used to look at me pityingly as I passed them in the streets of Lyons and shake their heads, as much as to say: 'There goes the mad inventor!'

"However, I continued to persevere, and, having at last got on the right track, produced an artificial man which was capable of making certain rudimentary movements that might fairly be called lifelike. Still, it was far from being perfect, so I wisely abstained from exhibiting it. I was determined to astonish those people who had been so kind as to declare that I was *loufoque!*

"This was model No. 1. I worked on it continuously for two more years, and the result was model No. 2—an infinitely more perfect piece of mechanism which I did not hesitate, this time, to show to an audience. I was then in Buenos Ayres. The opportunity of making my *début* at the Coliseo Argentino of that city presented itself, and at the very first performance it was my good fortune to have Coquelin *aîné* as one of my spectators. You may imagine my delight when I recognized that incomparable entertainer sitting in one of the boxes, and how I thought that, among those two thousand people, only one man really counted. Whilst Mme. Gill'o was introducing my *petit bonhomme*, and during the entire performance, I watched Coquelin's face, and it was not long before I saw that I had made the best of impressions. Overflowing with joy, I felt that I must have a record of that never-to-be-forgotten *matinée*, so, seizing my pencil, I made a rapid sketch which accurately depicted the great actor's look of wonder and amusement. As though to complete this *croquis d'après nature*, which is hanging in my *salon* at Cros-de-Cagnes, the next post brought me a letter, written in Coquelin's beautifully fine handwriting, and in which he spoke of the pleasure that my little artificial man had given him. I carry this precious letter about with me everywhere, so if you would care to read it, sir, here it is!"

AFTER DRAWING PRESIDENT FALLIÈRE'S PORTRAIT THE ARTIFICIAL MAN PROCEEDS TO CONDUCT THE ORCHESTRA.

From a Copyright Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

Now thoroughly interested, I took the proffered letter, which (translated) read as follows:—

Royal Hotel, Buenos Ayres.

To Monsieur Gill'o.

SIR,—Your little artificial man is astonishing, so full of life, so amusing, and so mysterious he is. I have not endeavoured to discover the means by which you work him; for in the pretty Argentine Circus where I spent a most agreeable *matinee* I was entirely absorbed in the pleasure of seeing him appear on the stage, make his bow to the public, take his seat, draw, conduct the orchestra, execute his portraits, and in a word, go through the charming entertainment which you gave to everyone and, in particular, to

—Yours very cordially,
C. COQUELIN.

"Such was the impression which my artificial artist, model No. 2, produced on a man who was particularly well qualified to speak on subjects concerning the amusement of the public," said M. Gill'o, when I had finished reading Coquelin's letter. "Ah! if only he could have seen model No. 3! This—aided by suggestions from my wife, who has also a deep knowledge of mechanics—I have just completed, and I can assure you that it marks even a greater advance over the *petit bonhomme* which preceded it than the second model did over the first."

M. Pierre Gill'o's charming villa at Cros-de-Cagnes, a pretty little hamlet some eight miles from Nice, stands in the midst of vineyards and orange-groves—an ideal spot for a man of imagination to work out his problems. There, after the carnival at Nice

was over, I again met the inventor of the artificial artist, and had an opportunity of judging for myself of the marvellous abilities of his homunculus and of what it was capable of doing. This I will now explain.

This wonderful mechanical man, who is about four feet in height, reposes during his non-working hours in a long, plush-covered box. Carried on to a little stage by Mme. Gill'o, who acts as her husband's spokesman, the lid of the box is opened, whereupon the occupant proceeds, as calmly and as naturally as though he were getting out of bed, to raise himself and look around. Assisted on to the stage, on which he sits during the whole of the performance, he makes his bow to the public. Having done this with the grace of the trained actor, he suddenly turns his body round and vigorously rings a bicycle-bell on his left as a signal to the orchestra that it is time to strike up a tune. Then, seizing a miniature conductor's baton, he proceeds to conduct the band, and with such surprising accuracy of gesture that one could almost believe that he was made of flesh and blood.*

Suppose that the musicians are not playing very satisfactorily, he taps impatiently with his stick on the right of the wooden easel which forms the background of the stage. A gross error in harmony or time causes him to stop suddenly and manifest his despair by covering his ears or, with upturned eyes, by clutching frantically at his hair. An interruption on the part of someone in the audience —a cough or a sneeze—likewise throws him off his balance, and with a severe look at the culprit he makes him feel the full extent of his displeasure. In short, his imitation of an exacting and rather short-tempered conductor is perfect in every detail.

But a more wonderful proof of his skill follows, and in this particular M. Gill'o's invention baffles all one's attempts to imagine the nature of the mechanism (partly, in my opinion, electrical) which he has adopted. Throwing aside his baton, the artificial man places himself a little on one side of the easel, and, selecting a stick of charcoal from a box of crayons which lies on his right, begins to draw the portraits of well-known people—the Kaiser, President Fallières, the Czar, George V., etc.—with lightning rapidity. Two or three minutes is sufficient to produce a striking likeness. An offer is then made to draw the portrait of anyone who cares to sit. A person steps forward, and in five minutes a faithful representation—this time in colour—is produced on the sheet of drawing-paper. Nothing is more curious than to see the little automaton glancing from his sitter to his work, measuring by the aid of his pencil, noting the colours of the face and dress, and unerringly selecting the right crayon; and nothing is more amusing than to witness his tricks when, on such an occasion as this, he happens to be in a mischievous mood. For, as the sitter is bound to maintain perfect immobility and is unable to see what the artist is doing, he serves as a butt for all sorts of roguishness, which never fails to set the onlookers into roars of laughter. In order to test his ability as a portraitist I myself sat to him, and, as can be seen from the introductory photograph, with a result that was most satisfactory and convincing.

* Some people have declared that they were convinced he was a trained monkey, and, in order to meet this statement, M. Gill'o frequently, at the close of a performance, unscrews the head of his mechanical man.

SORROW. SURPRISE. LAUGHTER.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS OF THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

From Copyright Photos, by Laurence & Co., Paris.

THE WONDERFUL GARDEN.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE door of the drawing-room at the Manor House was kept locked, and Mrs. Wilmington dusted the room herself and carried its key in her pocket. After the uncle had said that about Mrs. Wilmington having expected the children to break everything in the house, the three C.'s began to wonder whether the drawing-room had always been kept in this locked-up state, or whether it was only done on their account.

Each of the three C.'s had turned the handle of the drawing-room door many times to see whether by chance Mrs. Wilmington had just this once not remembered to lock it. But she always had. And their interest in the room had steadily grown. And now here was another wet day, just the day for examining a strange and mysterious room. And the room was locked up so that no one could enjoy this advantage.

Rupert was still in bed. The doctor had decided against measles, but the feverish cold which had given rise to the measles idea was still too bad for Rupert to be anywhere but where he was. And the others were only allowed to see him for a few minutes at a time. Mrs. Wilmington had, so Harriet explained, "taken to the new young gentleman in a way you'd hardly believe," and was spending the afternoon reading "Masterman Ready" to him, after a baffled attempt to read him "Eric, or Little by Little," which she fetched from her own room on purpose, but Rupert had stopped his ears with his fingers rather than listen to it.

"It is *the* time," said Charlotte. "There is a time in the affairs of men that they call the Nick. And this is it. Let's try to get in.

The Wilmington is safely out of the way. Let's ! "

" Yes, let's," said Charles.

" No, don't let's," said Caroline. " The uncle mightn't want us to. Perhaps there's some wonderful secret kept in there known only to the head of the house and his faithful Wilmington. The uncle's been so jolly decent. Let's go and ask him for the key."

So they all went. It was deemed respectful to wash themselves a little.

" They like you to be clean when you ask for things," said Caroline.

There was an agitated pause on the sheepskin mat outside the uncle's study door.

" Shall we knock ? " Charles asked.

" You don't knock at sitting-room doors," said Caroline, as she turned the handle and opened the door three inches and three-eighths.

" Who's that ? " said the voice of the uncle. " How often am I to give orders that I am not to be disturbed on any pretence ? "

" There isn't any pretence," Charles was beginning, when Caroline broke in with :—

" It's a depredation of the Secret Rose."

" So I perceive. But I am too busy to play now," said the uncle.

" It isn't play. We want to ask your permission for something."

" Well, if I receive this deputation, will it undertake not to do it again for a week ? On any pretence ? Then come in."

They came in, to a room that seemed quite full of books. There were books on the tables, books on the floor, books on the mantelpiece and on the window-ledge, books open and books shut, books old and new, books handsome and ugly. The uncle seemed even to have used books to cover the walls with, as ordinary people use wall-paper. He was sitting at a wide green-leather-covered writing-table and had his thumb in a tall brown folio.

They all said " Good morning " politely, and Caroline coughed and said :—

" If you please, uncle, we want to explore the whole house to look for the other book—the book, I mean, that is lost out of the picture. Dame Eleanour's book, I mean. You said we might. But the drawing-room door's locked."

" Dear me ! " said the uncle, impatiently. " Can't you unlock it ? "

" No," Charles told him. " The Wil—I mean, Mrs. Wilmington keeps the key in her under-pocket."

" Oh, she does, does she ? You won't break anything ? But of course you won't," said the uncle, rather in a hurry. " Well, as members of the Society of the Secret Rose, I'll let you through my secret door."

He put a folded paper in his book to mark the place, got up, and crossed the room to a low, narrow door by the fireplace that looked as though it led to a cupboard. He went through the door, and the children followed him. They found themselves in a little carpeted corridor. At the left was a door—closed and barred—to the right a flight of stairs, and in front another door. This the uncle opened.

" Here is the drawing-room," he said, and there it was. " Now come up here," said the uncle, and led the way.

At the top of the stairs was another door. The uncle opened it, and behold, the well-known corridor, with the stuffed birds and fishes, from which their bedroom doors opened.

" I will give you the key of this door to keep," said the uncle, " and then you can visit the drawing-room when you please. If you do not disturb anything and refrain from making your visits in muddy boots, Mrs. Wilmington need never know. It will be a secret between us. My little contribution to the Society of the Rose. Like a conspiracy, isn't it ? " he asked, anxiously.

" Just exactly like," everyone agreed, and asked whether it was really a secret staircase.

" It is now, at any rate," said the uncle. " It used to be merely the humble back stairs, but I had it shut up because I dislike noise."

" We'll always come down in our bath slippers," Caroline promised him. " Oh, uncle, you are a darling ! "

The uncle submitted to a complicated threefold embrace, and went back to his brown folio.

" Now, then," said the three, and entered the drawing-room.

You went up three steps to it. That was why you could not reach up from the outside to look through the windows, of which there were three. They were curtained with grey and pink brocade that rhymed with the carpet. There were tall, gold-framed mirrors set over marble tables with golden legs, and round mirrors whose frames had round knobs on them, and oval mirrors with candlesticks branching out from underneath them. There was a golden harp, with hardly any of its strings broken, in one corner, and a piano with inlaid woods of varied colours on which Caroline would have dearly loved to play " The Blue Bells of Scotland " and Haydn's " Surprise," but, as this would have meant Mrs. Wilmington's surprise too, it was not to be thought of. There were carved Indian

cabinets with elephants and lions on them, and Chinese cabinets with mandarins and little-footed gold ladies and pagodas in ivory under glass cases, and wax flowers also glass-cased. There were statues, tall and white and cold, and boxes of carved ivory and carved ebony; and one of porcupine quills and one of mother-of-pearl and silver. A workbox that was. There were cushions and chair-seats of faded needlework, old and beautiful and straight-backed chairs and round-backed chairs, two crystal chandeliers that looked like fountains wrong way up, and china of all sorts, including a Chinaman who wagged his head when you came near him.

The room was the kind you sometimes find in houses where the same family has lived for many, many, many years, and each generation has taken care of the beautiful things left by its ancestors, and has added one or two more beautiful things, to be taken care of by the generation that is to come after. You could have amused yourself there for an hour just by looking; and the three C.'s remembered joyously that they had not been forbidden to touch.

It is wonderful how careful children can be if they do not allow their minds to wander from their determination to be careful. The three C.'s looked at everything and touched a good many things, and did not break or hurt anything at all. They examined the cabinets, opening their doors and pulling out every drawer in the hope of discovering some secret place where *the* book might be. But they only found coins and medals and chessmen and draughts and spilikins, bright foreign sea-shells, a sea-horse and a snake-skin, some mother-of-pearl counters and ivory draughts, and an ivory cribbage-board inlaid with brass that shone like gold.

"It's no good," said Charles at last, pulling out one of the lacquered drawers. "Let's play spilikins. It's a nice, quiet game that grown-ups like you to play, and we owe the uncle *something*."

"Let's have just *one* more look," Charlotte pleaded. "Oh, I say, we haven't looked at the books yet."

There were books—not many—on some of the tables, large books with pictures, and one, a photograph book, so heavy that Caroline could not lift it up.

"I say, look here!" she called out. "This book's only got about three pages of uncles and aunts, the rest is solid like a box, made to imitate a book. Suppose *the* book were inside the box part?"

"Won't it open?"

The others were crowding close to look.

"There's a sort of catch there," said Charles, putting his finger on a little brass button. "Oh, crikey!"

He started back. So did the others. For a low, whirring sound had come from the book, and Charlotte had hardly time to say, "It's a Nihilist bomb; come away!" before the book broke into the silvery chiming cadence of "Home, Sweet Home."

"It's a musical-box," Charlotte explained, needlessly. And then the same thought struck each mind.

"Mrs. Wilmington!" For the musical-box was a fine one, and its clear, silvery notes rang out through the room. Mrs. Wilmington must hear, wherever she was. She would hear and come.

"Fly!" said Caroline, and they fled. They got out, locked the door, rushed softly yet swiftly up the stairs, and waited behind the upper door till they heard Mrs. Wilmington's alpaca sweep down the front stairs. Then out, and down after her, quickly and quietly, so that when, having found the musical-box playing with sweet, tinkling self-possession to an empty drawing-room whose doors were locked, and having satisfied herself that no intruder lurked behind brocaded curtain or Indian screen, she came to the dining-room, she found the three C.'s quietly seated there, each with a book, a picture of good little children on a rainy day.

"Oh, you *are* here," she said. "Did you hear that musical-box?"

"Yes," said the children, meekly.

Mrs. Wilmington stood a moment in the door. She did not understand machinery, and to her it seemed quite possible that a musical-box might begin to play all on its own account without any help from outside. On the other hand, it had never chosen to do so before these children came.

"You ought not to wear bedroom slippers in the sitting-rooms," she said, and went away without more words.

"I nearly burst," said Charles then, "especially when she noticed our feet."

"But she'll find out," Charlotte said. "She found out about Rupert. Let's go back *now*; because she won't think we're *there* now she knows we're *here*. There was another book, all heavy too. We'll start that and wake her up again."

"I say, isn't it a lark?" Caroline whispered, as they crept up the stairs.

They found the second book. It was not so very heavy as the other, but in it, too, there were only three or four pages of ladies in

crinolines and gentlemen in whiskers and chokers, leaning against marble pillars, with velvet curtains loosely draped in the background.

"Be careful," Charlotte urged. "Be quite ready to fly before you start it."

"'FLY!' SAID CAROLINE, AND THEY FLED."

But when they pressed the little catch and sprang towards the door ready to "fly," no silvery sound met the ear. In an awestruck silence they went slowly back to the table.

And now, looking more closely, they saw that the catch was not made to press down, but to slide along. Charlotte pushed it. A lid flew up, and there was a space that had perhaps once held a musical-box, but now held a reel of silk, an old velvet needle-book with a view of the Isle of Wight painted on it outside, and, inside, needles red with many a year's rust, a box of beads with a glass top, a bone silk-winder, a netting-needle, and a sheet of paper with some finely-pencilled writing on it.

"Bother!" said Charles. "Let's start the other musical-book."

But Charlotte was looking at the beads and Caroline was looking hard at the writing.

"What jolly little different beads, not a bit like now," said Charlotte; and Caroline said, "It's a list of books, that's all. I say!" she added, in quite another voice, "that Thessalonian book is underlined, ***hard*** —I wonder why?" She unfolded the paper and turned it over. "There's another underlined, Pope's Ill something," she said.

"Iliad," said Charles, looking over her shoulder. "I always know Latin words the minute I see them, even if I don't know what they mean. Let's start the other musical-book."

"No," said Caroline, quickly. "Let's find Pope's what's-its-name. There's only those two underlined. It's a clue, that's what it is. Come on, and don't make a row. I feel we're on the brink of. The very brink. Punctuality and dispatch."

"All the books in the dining-room's names are in a book at the end of the bottom shelf," said Charles. "I know, because I thought it was *the* book; the cover's something like the one in the picture."

It was easy to find Pope's Iliad in the catalogue. Then there was a rush and a dragging of chairs to the spot. Caroline, being the tallest, reached the volume and got it down.

"The cover feels loose in my hand," she said. "Oh! I do believe it is!"

It was. From the loose boards whose back pretended that they were covering Mr. Alexander Pope's translation of the Greek epic, another and quite different book came forth. A thin brown book—the second book of the picture! Charlotte climbed on a chair expressly to compare the two. There was no doubt of it. The two were the same. Inside was yellowy paper with a queer sort of waviness about it, and large print of that curious old-fashioned kind where the "s's" are all like "f's," except at the ends of words.

"We can read this," said Charles, hopefully. "I mean even *you* can. It's not Latin this time. Let's take it to uncle and tell him we've found it. *W'on't* he be delighted with us?"

"We promised not to bother for a week," Charlotte reminded him. "Let's keep it for a week, and then we'll give him the two together. He won't be able to believe his eyes. It *is* an eyesore, isn't it?"

"I think what you mean's a sight for sore eyes," Caroline suggested. "Let's have a look. Is it spells?"

"It looks like all about being ill," said Charlotte, doubtfully; "but it's very hard with these 's's' pretending to be 'f's,' and the spelling is rum, isn't it?"

"All spelling's rum, I think," said Charles, "especially 'ie's' and 'ei's.'"

"It says, 'It is a good wounde herbe, and the juice taken in wine helpeth the jaundice, and is fovereign for the plague, if fo be the fufferer be not too far gone in it.'"

"What does? What is?"

"'The flowers,'" Charlotte read on, "'be large and yellow in fome and in others paler and fmaller. The ftalk is two feet high, and divideth himfelf into many fpreading branches.'"

"What does?"

"Ragged wort. It's all about plants, I think, and what they're good for."

"How glorious!" Caroline cried, and clapped her hands. "Now we've got all three. The spells, and the medicine, and the 'Language of.' And what one won't do the other will. Hist! Not a word!"

They had only just time to return to the sitting-room and to throw the book into a chair and sit down on it as the door opened and Harriet entered with the tea-tray.

The uncle did not come in to tea. Only Mrs. Wilmington looked in for a moment to say that Rupert's cold was worse, and that they had better not see him again that day.

"And please don't be up and down stairs all the time in your heavy boots," she added.

"Our feet don't seem to please her to-day somehow, whatever we put them in," said Charlotte.

"What we've got to do," said Caroline, pouring out milk, "is to get Rupert better. I felt all the time in the drawing-room how hateful it is for him to be out of things like this. If we could work something out of the three books, I'm sure he would get all right in no time. A threefold spell, that's what we want."

They spread out the book on the table as soon as tea was cleared away, and put their heads together over the yellow pages. But it was some time before they could find anything that seemed as though it could possibly do Rupert any good.

"What a beastly lot of herbs there are in the world!" Charlotte remarked.

And Charles reminded her that they called any old flower a herb in books.

Their eyes were quite tired of the yellow paper and the long "s's" before the great idea occurred to them. It was Caroline who had it.

"Let's look up Roses," she said. "I'm sure the rose is Rupert's lucky flower. Perhaps if we made a conserve, or a decoction, or a tincture, or something——"

"We promised not to give anyone anything for their insides. I've just remembered," said Charles. "How awkward!"

"Never mind—let's look! We'll make it a spell as well. Out of the 'Language of.' I expect it'll work all right. Find Rose."

They found Rose. Pages and pages of it. The author of the herbal had plenty to say. As he himself put it, "If I fhould fet down here all ufes of the rofe my booke would be already too long."

But after diligent search they found out that the rose is under the dominion of Venus.

"That's all right," said Charles. "She had a little boy of her own. So she'd know."

Also that the decoction of roses "is proper to cool the heat of fevers."

"Only we don't know what fever Rupert's

got," Charles said. "It might be the scarlet kind or the swine kind, if humans have that."

They also found that the rose was "a confiderable reftorative. The bitternefs of the rofes when they be frefh is of good ufe to cure choler and watery humours."

"I suppose watery humours means when you're in the humour to cry; he isn't that," said Charlotte.

Farther down the page they found, "The moift conferve of rofes mixed with mithridate and taken together is good for thofe that are troubled with diftillations of rheum from the brain to the eyes and the nofe."

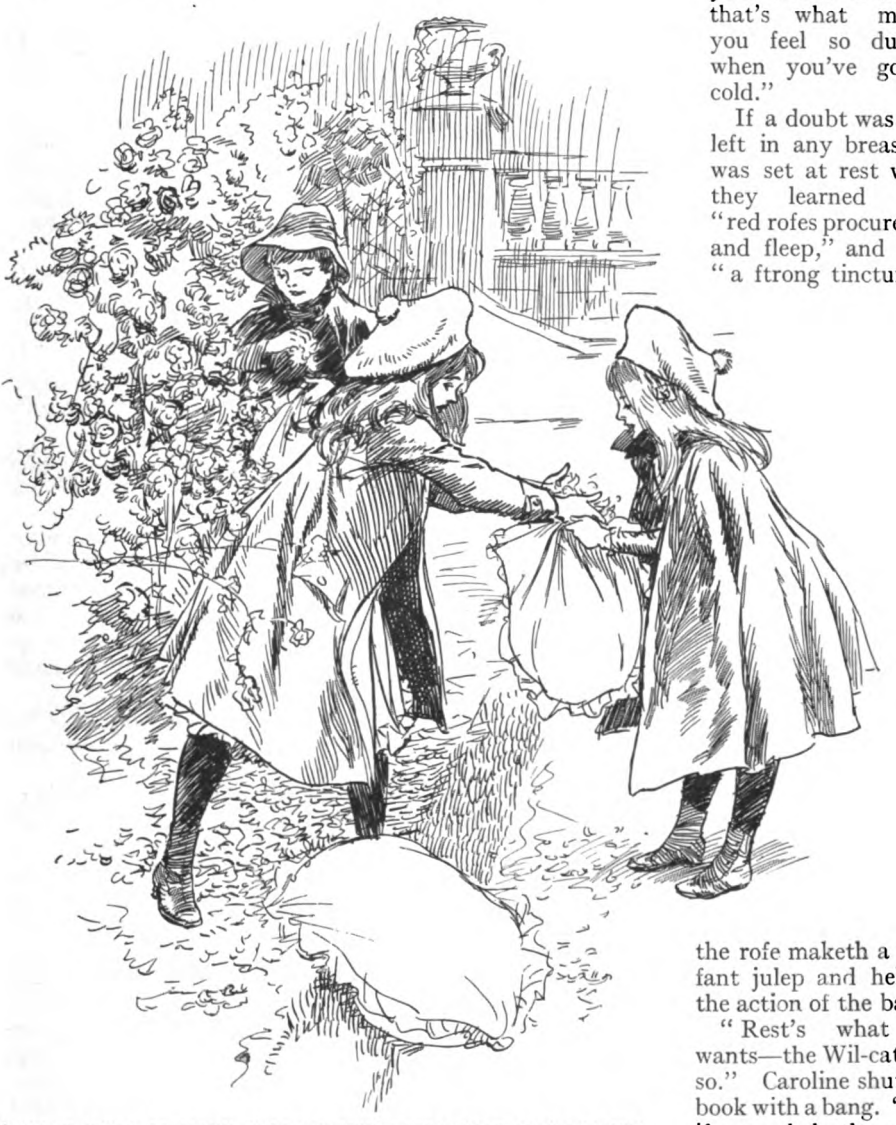
"That's it," cried Caroline. "I knew the rose would do the trick! I know a cold in the head is rheum. That's French. I dare say it's Latin too," she added, hastily. "But I never knew before that colds come from your brain. I expect that's what makes you feel so duffing when you've got a cold."

If a doubt was still left in any breast, it was set at rest when they learned that "red rofes procure reft and fleep," and that "a ftrong tincture of the rofe maketh a pleafant julep and helpeth the action of the bark."

"Rest's what he wants—the Wil-cat said so." Caroline shut the book with a bang. "And if roses help the action of the bark, that's the very thing. She said the cough wanted easing."

"Does bark mean cough?" Charles asked, doubtfully.

"You may depend it did in those old times," Caroline assured him. "Aunt



"THERE WERE SO MANY FULLY-BLOWN ROSES THAT IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FILL THE THREE FRILLED LINEN PILLOW-CASES."

Emmeline told me lots of the words they call slang now were book-words once. 'Swank' wasn't slang in Shakespeare's time, she said. And it's stopped raining. Let's get the roses. And we can think about how we'll give them afterwards. Perhaps if he just smelt them?"

"There was an old Roman Johnny," said Charles, instructively; "he asked all his friends to a party and let down tons of rose-leaves on them till they died. Couldn't we do that to Rupert? Not till he died, of course. But till he got better."

"We might cover him with rose-leaves," said Caroline, delighted with the romantic idea—"like babes in the wood. Let's get pillow-cases full. I know where the linen-room is. And hide them till everyone's in bed. And then put them over him. We ought to put something out of the 'Language of' as well. Iceland moss means health, I believe. Only there isn't any."

A hasty search in the "Language of Flowers" informed them that nemophila meant "success everywhere," and, as nothing better could be found, it was decided to mix a few nemophila flowers with the rose-leaves.

The garden was very wet indeed. Even in mackintoshes it was difficult to avoid getting wet through. Every tree dripped on their heads, and the water from the soaked rose-leaves ran up their sleeves and down their necks. There were so many fully-blown roses that it was easy enough to fill the three frilled linen pillow-cases. It was nearly bed-time when the three dripping children, each carrying a dripping sack of rose-leaves, stood outside the arbour which led to the secret passage. They had gone out that way.

"I know we were told not to," Charlotte had said, "but it was only the Wil-cat who told us, and it was only because the uncle doesn't like other people to use the passage. And of course we'll tell him afterwards, and he'll say it was all right. When we've cured Rupert everyone will say how clever."

"There was a society once called the Rosicurians. If we cure him we shall be that."

"I do wish I could remember," said Caroline, frowning, "whether we *did* promise not to go through the passage, or whether it was only that we were *told* not to. It really does make *all* the difference, doesn't it?"

But no one could remember.

"Then here goes!" said Caroline, pushing open the door. The candle they had put there in readiness gave them enough light to fasten the bolts by and also to find the recess in the vault of the passage which they had decided to use to hide the rose-leaves in.

They listened at the other door, got safely into the passage, and up to their rooms. Caroline pulled off her wet things, put on her bath slippers, and crept down with her bath-towel to rub away the water that had dripped on the floor by the door of the room where the secret staircase was. They feared so wet a patch might prove a clue to Mrs. Wilmington. But Mrs. Wilmington was with Rupert, putting cold bandages on a very hot head, and before she left him for the night the stones were dry.

And now you see the three C.'s in their quilted red dressing-gowns, carrying up the wet sacks of rose-leaves. They felt their way to Rupert's room. In it a night-light was burning dimly. They lighted the dressing-table candles.

"Halloa!" said Rupert. "Who's that?"

"It's only us," whispered Caroline. "Is the fever very hot?"

"It is now," said Rupert; "it was cold just now. I wish I could go to sleep. I can't, though. I feel all hot and then all cold. It is beastly."

"We've brought you something nice and cool," said Charlotte. "You get out of bed and you'll see."

Rupert, his eyes very bright and his cheeks a bright scarlet, tumbled out of bed in his pyjamas and rolled into the armchair by the bed-head. Caroline threw a blanket over him.

"I *must*," she said, when he protested, "They always do when you're ill and they're making your bed."

The children turned back the bedclothes and emptied three sacks of dripping rose-leaves on to the bed.

"Now," said Charles, shivering a little himself, "get in. I should think that's enough to cool the hottest fever."

Rupert rolled into bed. He was really very feverish; if he had not been, he would never have rolled into that couch of wet red rose-leaves.

"Oh, how ripping!" he said. "It's lovely; so cold, so cold. You are bricks to bring them. And how sweet they are! No, don't cover me up. That's what Mrs. Wilmington does. Let me get cool."

"They always cover you up," said Caroline, severely. "Lie still, or the spell won't work."

"Oh, is it a spell?" said Rupert. "I thought it was rose-leaves. Sacks of them, sacks and sacks and sacks and sacks and sacks. Each sack had a cat, each cat had a kit, you know. I say, if I talk nonsense, it's because I want to. You're not to think I don't know it's nonsense."

"You're not to talk at all, even if you could talk sense," said Charlotte, tucking the bedclothes very tightly round his neck. "Lie still and say, 'I am much better. I am quite well!' I have an aunt called Emmeline, and she never has a doctor, and she always says that."

"I am much better. I am quite well," said Rupert, obediently. "I am much better. I am quite well. I am much better. I am a bell. I shall ring presently for Mrs. Wilmington. I have a clapper inside my head. I am much better. I am a bell." And so on, for a very long time.

"This is the delirium it talked about in the book," said Caroline, in a satisfied tone, and held the blankets down more firmly.

Presently Rupert began to shiver, and Charlotte fetched the eiderdowns from the beds of the three, while the others held the blankets tightly round Rupert, who now no longer seemed to know at all what he was saying, nor whom he was saying it to.

"MRS. WILMINGTON CREPT INTO RUPERT'S ROOM."

When quite suddenly he stopped talking they waited a little, and when they were quite sure that he was asleep they took up the fur hearthrug and put that on his bed for fear he should take cold, and then they crept back to their own beds.

"I *know* the spell will work," were Caroline's last words. "You'll see, Rupert will be all right in the morning."

At five o'clock Mrs. Wilmington crept into Rupert's room to see if he needed anything. The floor was strewn with wet, cold, crushed rose-leaves, and on it lay two wet sheets. Rupert, rolled in a tangle of blankets, eiderdowns, and hearthrug, was sleeping as a healthy baby sleeps. She laid her hand very gently on his forehead. It was cool and soft.

By breakfast-time Rupert was much better. The fever had gone.

"So you see the spell *did* work," said Caroline. "Rupert is much better. I sometimes think we are much cleverer than grown-up people think we are. Rupert is *much* better."

But all the three C.'s had dreadful colds in their heads.

(*To be continued.*)

Finger-Print "Squiggles."

Written and Illustrated by RICHARD KERR.

FOR hundreds of years finger-prints have been used in connection with certain rites and ceremonies; but for the purpose of identification they were not adopted until Sir William Herschel introduced the system in Bengal to prevent personation, which was of common occurrence in the Indian law courts.

Owing to the efforts of the present Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police and the late Sir F. Galton, the finger-print system as an aid in the detection of crime has been brought to such perfection that about six thousand identifications are annually reported, and at least a hundred thousand finger-print slips are under the control of the officials at New Scotland Yard. The aim of the present article is to describe a method of utilizing finger-prints for purposes probably not dreamed of by the authorities. Two or three recently-published articles on playing-card and other squiggles will be recalled by STRAND readers, but the art of finger-print squiggling will come to most of them as a complete novelty.

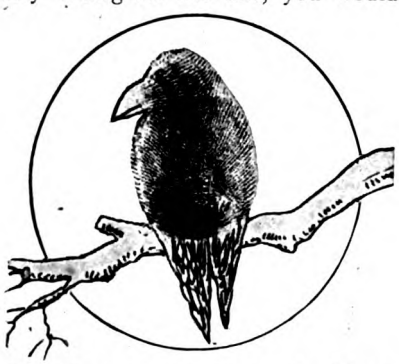
A good deal of *one-sided* amusement may be obtained by getting each of your friends to put one or two finger-prints in your albums, when, by the addition of a few lines, the prints may be

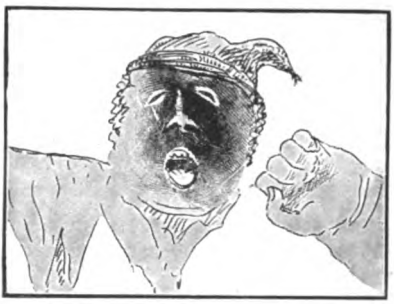
transmogrified into some grotesque personages or other creatures. To complete the performance, the friends should add their autographs to their own embellished finger-prints. How amusing these may be made a glance at the accompanying illustrations will show.

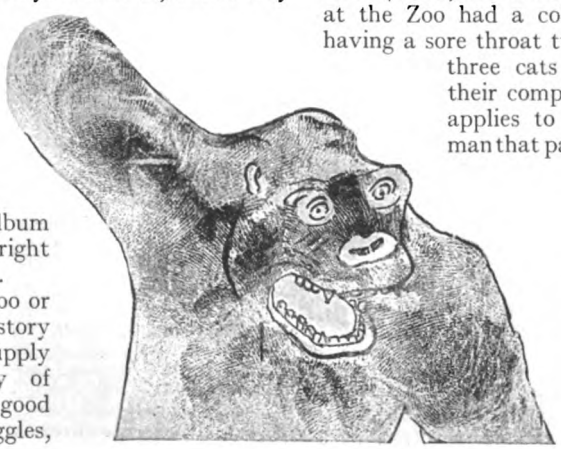
In this way, should any of these friends ever seriously transgress the law, you would at once be able to supply the authorities with their finger-prints as well as their autographs, and, if a large reward were offered, you might earn it. But in doing so you might possibly lose the friendship of your friends, unless they were of a very forgiving nature. The police find plenty of finger-prints on articles in burgled houses, but the difficulty is to find their owners. Your album might supply the right clue in some cases.

A visit to the Zoo or to the Natural History Museum will supply you with plenty of hints for making good finger-print squiggles, though your native ingenuity should provide you with many subjects.

The "darky" on the Ramsgate beach may be depicted by means of a few additional lines to the print of your friend's finger. You may make your chum appear a regular Bill Sikes, or you may depict him as a singer, a scholar, or as a convict rejoicing at the prospect of regaining his liberty. Fear may be made to show itself in one face and contentment in another. Coming to the animals, the giraffe, it will be seen, demands a finger-length, as well as the finger-tip for the head. His finger-print portrait recalls the old story told of Sydney Smith, who, when he heard that the giraffe at the Zoo had a cold, remarked, "Fancy having a sore throat two yards long!" The three cats require but little for their completion; while the same applies to the pig—"the gentleman that pays the rent in Ireland."







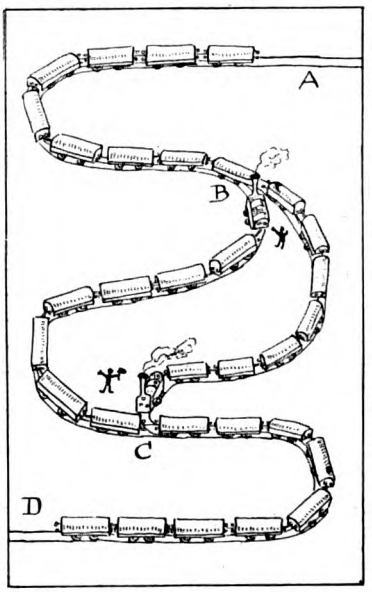
Finger-prints seem to have no limit in their application to the representation of members of the animal kingdom, and as the final illustration I give a lifelike representation of a gorilla, composed of a number of impressions.

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.

43.—A RAILWAY MUDDLE.

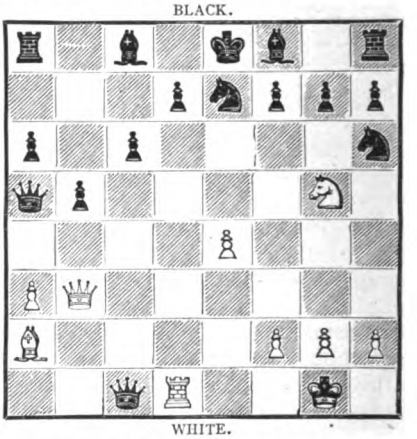
THE plan represents a portion of the line of the London, Clodville, and Mudford Railway Company. It is a single line with a loop. There is only room for eight wagons, or seven wagons and an engine, between Band C on either the left line or the right line of the loop. It happened that two goods trains (each consisting of an engine and sixteen wagons) got into the position shown in the illustration. It looked like a hopeless deadlock, and each engine-driver wanted the other to go back to the next station and take off nine wagons. But an ingenious stoker undertook to pass the trains and send them on their respective journeys with their engines properly in front. He also contrived to reverse the engines the fewest times possible. Could you have performed the feat? And how many times would you require to reverse the engines? A "reversal" means a change of direction, backward or forward. No rope-shunting, fly-shunting, or other tricks are allowed. All the work must be done legitimately by the two engines. It is a simple but interesting puzzle if attempted with counters.



44.—A CRITICAL CHESS POSITION.

THE diagram shows a position that occurred in an actual game of chess. Black has just taken a piece with a pawn, which he has converted into a queen at his Q B 8. What would you now have done if you had been White? Of course, rook takes queen seems the obvious move, but as it leaves you a rook, a bishop a knight, and two pawns to the bad, you would have a game that is hopelessly lost. If you do not take the queen, Black is actually much stronger than when he began the game! Now, what is the best play?

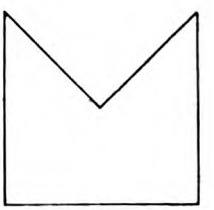
BLACK.



WHITE.

45.—DISSECTING A MITRE.

THE figure in the illustration roughly represents a mitre. It will be seen that its proportions are those of a square with one quarter removed. The puzzle is to cut it into five pieces that will fit together and form a perfect square. I have seen an attempt, published in America, to perform the feat in four pieces, based on what is known as the "step principle," but it is a fallacy, because the figure formed is only an oblong that is very nearly square—not a perfect square. At present no solution has been found in four pieces, and one in five has not apparently been published. Yet the solution is quite simple and pretty.



46.—A PERPLEXING DISTRIBUTION.

A GENTLEMAN some years ago distributed £1 10s. 1d. in one hundred silver coins amongst a number of children, giving each child the same amount. Not more than six children received their money in exactly the same coins. How many children were there, and how was the money paid?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

40.—THE FOUR FROGS.

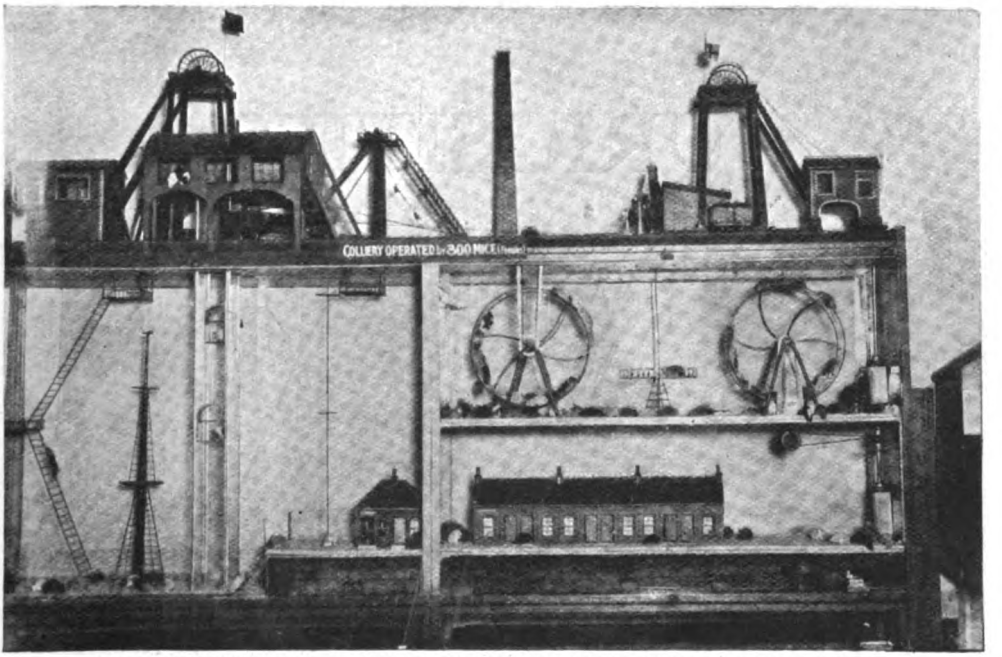
THE fewest possible moves, counting every move separately, are sixteen. But the puzzle may be solved in seven plays, as follows, if any number of successive moves by one frog count as a single play. All the moves contained within a bracket are a single play. The numbers refer to the toadstools: (1—5), (3—7, 7—1), (8—4, 4—3, 3—7), (6—2, 2—8, 8—4, 4—3), (5—6, 6—2, 2—8), (1—5, 5—6), (7—1).

41.—A COIN PUZZLE.

THE pile of six coins should be in the following order, reading the upper faces from top to bottom: Head, tail, tail, tail, head, head. It is more perplexing if you assume an indifference to the number of coins and sometimes use five (which should be arranged head, head, tail, tail, head) or seven coins (which should run head, tail, tail, head, head, head, tail).

42.—CHESSBOARD SOLITAIRE.

PLAY as follows: 7—15, 8—16, 8—7, 2—10, 1—9, 1—2, 5—13, 3—4, 6—3, 11—1, 14—8, 6—12, 5—6, 5—11, 31—23, 32—24, 32—31, 26—18, 25—17, 25—26, 22—32, 14—22, 29—21, 14—29, 27—28, 30—27, 25—14, 30—20, 25—30, 25—5. The two counters left on the board are 25 and 19—both belonging to the same group, as stipulated—and 19 has never been moved from its original place



THE MOUSE COLLIERY, SHOWING THE MICE AT WORK IN THE VARIOUS SECTIONS.

A Mouse Colliery.

Worked by Three Hundred Mice

FOURTEEN years ago two Scotch coal-miners named Hugh Ferris and William Hastings set on foot a scheme which has resulted in one of the most wonderful creations of the kind ever seen in the British Isles. It began in a very simple way—they bought two white mice. They kept them purely as a hobby, and gave up much of their spare time to studying the animals closely. They bred from these two until quite a colony had sprung up; and it is an interesting fact that almost every mouse in their collection is a descendant from the first pair.

Spending, as he did, part of his day at home with the pet mice and part at work in the colliery, it is not surprising that the two phases of life gradually became intermingled in Mr. Ferris's mind. It is little wonder, then, that very soon he came to associate mice with colliery and colliery with mice.

After many years of trouble, expense, and worry, these two Scotsmen erected with their own hands a miniature colliery, the workers being the mice. This first construction did not please them—or, at any rate, did not satisfy them—so they set to work to build what has now come to be known as the "Jungle Mouse Colliery Company, Ltd.," this name being explained by the fact that their exhibition has been secured by the Bostock Jungle.

As will be seen from the illustration, the chief feature of the whole structure is the two large wheels which may be seen on the right of the picture. That on the left has control of the works at the pithead, while all the mechanism of the coal-cutting machine and the rest of the underground workings is set in motion by the wheel on the right. The whole colliery is worked by three hundred mice. The mice can either sleep or work, as they please, and if watched closely can be seen to do a fair share of each. They work from two to five and from seven to ten. At five o'clock and ten o'clock a curious spectacle can be witnessed, when the miners go home from work. The two lots of mice troop down into separate departments, until it is time to go to work again, when they return to the colliery, the section that managed the shaft during the previous shift taking over the other department, and *vice versa*.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

CAN YOU DO THIS?

I HAVE for many years studied your Curiosity pages with great interest, and when I saw a friend of mine fold his arms right round his head and clasp hands under his chin, I thought it would make a photograph which would interest your readers. I may add that this is not a trick photograph, but a genuine example of double joints.—Mr. Horace Jno. Book, 125, Bedford Street South, Liverpool.

HUNG OUT TO DRY.

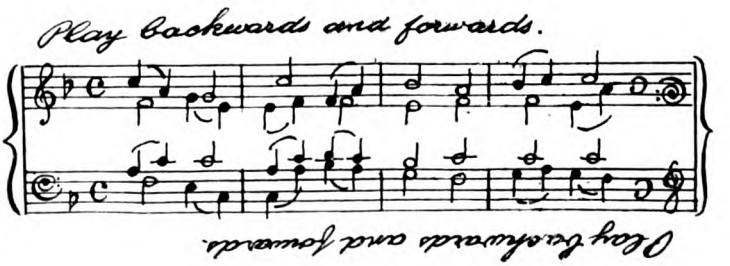
THIS little girl fell into the water, and, as her mother was very busy, she jokingly remarked that she would hang her on the line to dry, which she proceeded to do. She was given a chicken-bone to nibble, and it can be seen from the picture that she is quite contented. It goes without saying that her mother kept a close watch on her.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, New Haven, W. Va.

A HIDDEN PORTRAIT.

YOU will notice that the accompanying drawing—which, by the way, is my own work, and which was set as an examination test in drawing at the Church Missionary High School, Palamcottah, S. India—is really a puzzle picture. The hidden picture, which is quite easy to find, and, once found, difficult to lose sight of, shows the head and shoulders of a woman.—Mr. Y. C. Appavoo Jesudas, Drawing Master, Church Missionary High School, Palamcottah, S. India.

A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.

I DO not remember to have seen in your pages anything quite like the accompanying musical curiosity, which was composed by myself. It is playable in four different ways, and forms correct harmony in each.—Mr. J. W. P. Arrowsmith, 2, West View, Deganwy, near Llandudno.



A CURIOUS CHINESE SIGN.

I AM sending you a photograph which shows how the "yellow peril" makes itself evident on a sign hung over the establishment of one of our alien invaders in Liverpool. The notice is painted on both sides, but, in repeating it on the side shown, the writer evidently thought that the letters had to be in the exact position of those on the opposite side, as they would appear if the board had been transparent. It will be noticed, however, that the letters "L" and "R" are not treated in this style. He was evidently conscious of there being something wrong with the sign, for, copying on the same principle, he would not have been able to recognize his own name; so he solved the difficulty by painting it in the usual way. —Mr. Robert H S. Parry, 22, Wellfield Road, Walton, Liverpool.

A CENTENARIAN'S CHAIR.

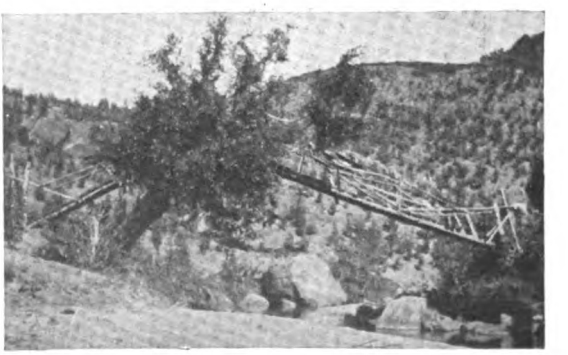
PLACED at the entrance of the citadel in Cairo is an old chair bearing the following curious inscription: "Only he who by the favour of God has lived one hundred years may sit here." It belonged to an old soldier who served in the battles of Egypt against the Turks. He lived a hundred and twenty years, and by his good nature gained the favour of the Khedive, so that whenever he visited the citadel he used to shake hands warmly with him. During the last years of his life this old soldier used to sit down in this chair and do nothing.—Mr. Kamel Yacoul, Saptieh, Azab Str. No. 15, Cairo, Egypt.

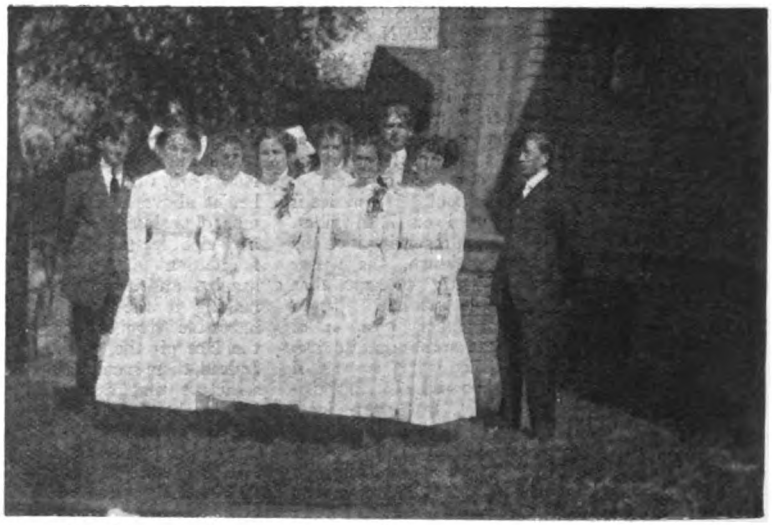
THE TALLEST DWELLING-PLACE IN THE WORLD.

THIS striking photograph shows a night view of the Metropolitan Building in New York, which has a height above the pavement of six hundred and fifty-eight feet, and from foundation of seven hundred and fifteen feet, making it the highest habitable dwelling on the face of the earth. Indeed, there is only one structure that eclipses it in height, namely, the Eiffel Tower, in Paris. The Metropolitan has forty-six storeys. The weight of the steelwork in the building is eight thousand tons, the total weight of the structure being thirty-eight thousand and twenty two tons. It contains twenty-five acres of floor space. At the twenty-fifth to twenty-seventh floors is one of the largest clocks in the world, the time-piece having a dial twenty-five feet in diameter, with hands twelve feet long and figures four feet in height. Below the lantern is a peal of bells rather more than double the height above ground of any other peal.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 35, Amner Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.

BRIDGE SUPPORTED BY A GROWING TREE.

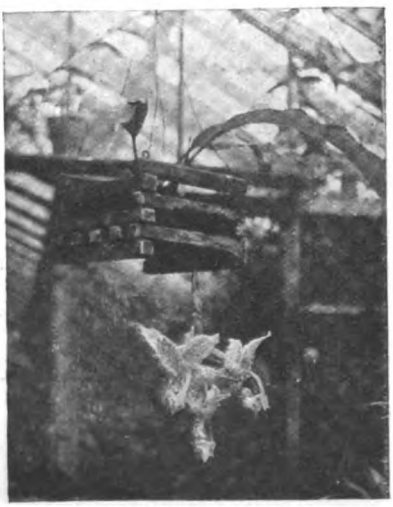
THIS photograph shows a bridge across a stream on a tea estate in Ceylon. Poles sufficiently long not being obtainable on the spot, and transport in the hill-district being difficult, a tree growing from the side of a steam was utilized as a support, enabling shorter poles to be used. This bridge is quite rigid, and in crossing half-a-dozen coolies are very often on it at one time. The small bushes which will be seen on the hill-side are tea-plants. — Mr. Wilfred Tulip, Scotland Gate, Morpeth.





SAVED BY A SHADOW.

A SHADOW cast by a church-steeple not long ago saved a man from imprisonment for life. Before the Omaha Criminal Court, Frank Erdman was charged with attempting to kill Thomas Denison, well known in Omaha, by dynamiting his residence. A bag filled with dynamite was discovered on Denison's porch one Sunday afternoon before three o'clock. Two girls testified to having seen Erdman in that neighbourhood about half-past two on that afternoon. They said they were able to recollect the time, as they were returning from a confirmation class. At this class a photograph was taken of the members, among them being the two girls. Attorneys for Erdman called as a witness Father Rigge, Professor of Astronomy at Creighton University, who was, by the aid of his art, enabled to state that the photograph was made within one minute of twenty-one minutes twenty-nine seconds past three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon. This decision was reached through the position and angle of the shadow of the church-steeple. This testimony showed beyond a doubt that the two girls were mistaken in the time they claimed to have seen a man answering Erdman's description near Denison's home, and, since the prisoner had a perfect alibi for all later hours, he was found not guilty of the charge. This is probably the first time that astronomy has figured in a criminal trial in this country.—Mr. T. R. Porter, Omaha, Nebraska.



AN ECCENTRIC PLANT.

YOU published some time ago a photograph I sent you of an orchid that possessed eccentric habits of growth. Here is another to which I have had my attention called, which is popularly thought to produce flowers on its roots, and with a superficial examination it might appear that this was actually the case. However, the plant does not really develop flowers from its root, but its flower-stalk grows downwards instead of upwards in the ordinary way, with the result that its spray of large blooms appears beneath the plant. The photograph will make clear the curious appearance thus produced better than a detailed description. The plant belongs to the genus *Stanhopea*, and probably comes from tropical America. It was grown and photographed by Mr. E. Cooper, Red Lane, Coventry. — Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

WHAT IS THE QUOTATION?

+ 5/-.

REMOVE the above, put nothing in its place, and leave a well-known quotation behind.—Mr. J. E. Hutton, Priors Marston, Byfield, Northants.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S MATCH PUZZLE.

THE puzzle was to take five matches and place them thus :—

I I I I I

and then, by adding another three, to make a well-known quotation from "Hamlet." The following is the solution :—

K I N I

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM IN MAY NUMBER.

Z	A	Y	B
Hearts 5	Hearts 9	Hearts 10	Hearts 3
Hearts ace	Diamonds 3	Diamonds 9	Diamonds 6
Spades 10	Hearts knave	Hearts queen	Clubs queen
Clubs 10	Clubs 4	Clubs 5	Clubs king
Clubs 3	Spades 8	Clubs 9	Clubs 8
Spades knave	Spades 9	Hearts 8	Diamonds 7
Clubs knave	Spades queen	Diamonds 2	Diamonds 8

The best play for A—B, for by trumping with queen and returning king B compels Z to give up a high trump or be forced into the lead, losing a spade trick. The winning card in each trick is underlined. — Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, N.Y., U.S.A.

The Doctor's Manifesto

In order that the public may get genuine standard bread made according to the Doctors' Manifesto, the famous firm of Millers, Charles Brown & Co., are now milling and supplying Bakers with Brown's D.M. Standard Flour. Ask your baker for

BROWN'S DM
DOCTOR'S MANIFESTO

STANDARD BREAD

made from Charles Brown & Co. s D M. Flour. You will then know that standard bread is far more delicious and appetising than ordinary bread, as well as being far more nutritious.

If your baker cannot supply it, send p.c. to Dept. S. for list of local bakers who do sell Brown's D.M. Standara Bread.

CHARLES BROWN & CO., Waddon Flour Mills, Croydon, Surrey, and Tower Bridge Flour Mills, London.

R. A. & Co.

Coronation Styles.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

June, 1911.

By "EvE."

A Smart Travelling or Motor Hat.

Fig. 1.—The smartest and most convenient hats for motoring, or, indeed, railway travelling, are those of the "crushable" variety, which can be folded into a small compass, although composed of fine straw. A big bow and drapery of rainproof silk forms a light-weight trimming.

IN washing materials fine white lawn is particularly popular for this summer's morning shirts and blouses, decorated with fine Irish hand embroidery and Cluny lace. There is a marked revival of Valenciennes lace as a trimming this year, principally on blouses of all-over coarse Irish lace or broderie, the bold pattern designs of which have a gathered outlining of this trimming lace.

Hand embroidery plays a prominent part in the trimming of laundry fabrics, an innovation being the working of natural-looking fruit designs in place of the recent conventional floral patterns.

The Broderie Coat.

Fig. 2.—Tucked cambric, edged with cornflower-blue linen, forms the novel collar and sleeve finish.

You have the Judgment of the World's Greatest Musicians to rely on when you buy a

PIANOLA PIANO

THERE can be very few, if any, to whom the prospect of playing all the music they desire does not appeal. You, of course, appreciate how illimitable is the pleasure which music of your own production can afford you. There is nothing that you cannot play on the Pianola Piano.

Practically every living musician has expressed in writing his or her appreciation of the Pianola. Many of them own Pianolas. So you have all the weight of expert testimony behind the Pianola. You must also remember that this consensus of approval is behind **no other instrument.** This remarkable fact proves two things. Firstly, that you are losing a great deal of pleasure if you do not own a Pianola Piano. Secondly, that you would be making a very serious mistake if you bought any other instrument.

There are three pianos which are combined with the Pianola:

Steinway, Weber, and Steck

These three are pianos of international reputation with factories in both the Old World and the New. This world-wide fame, as against the localised demand for all other pianos, justifies the conclusion that the Steinway, Weber, and Steck are the best pianos in the World to-day.

You are invited to call and play the Pianola Piano at Æolian Hall or to write for full particulars, mentioning Catalogue "F."

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The Orchestrelle Co.,
AEOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

Broderie Anglaise, as I prophesied a month or so since, is now much seen in the fabrication of smart little coats and skirts composed wholly of the broderie, also in dresses. A pinafore blouse of embroidery is worn over a finely-tucked lawn or cambric chemisette, while the knee skirt of lawn is several times tucked to form the heading to a deep gathered flounce of the embroidery, the foot part being scalloped.

Another style for broderie has a whole skirt of the material and also what may be termed a style of Russian coat of the same, the top of which, however, is cut in a low yoke or pinafore effect, to permit of wearing a tucked net or cambric chemisette with sleeves beneath.

Fig. 3.—Green leaves form the foundation of this pretty hair wreath for a bride's coiffure, between which the orange blossoms are daintily arranged.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

A Pretty Head Dress for a Bride and Her Maid.

Fig. 4.—This very pretty lace cap of semi-Dutch persuasion is fashioned on fine silk-covered wire, lined with chiffon; a string of large pearl beads is drawn loosely round, ending in a large cabuchon of pearl beads, which fastens the graceful plume at left side, the stem of which is also ornamented with graduated pearl beads.

Some of the smartest designs in fashionable footwear are seen sketched on page 90, where this season's daintiest boots and shoes, both for ladies and children, are faithfully reproduced.

In these days no such thing as discomfort in boots can be for a moment thought of; be the models ever so smart and new or different in shape, comfort is studied, if not more, at least as much as, cut. Boots and shoes, however, whether plainly or smartly cut, cannot be expected to last and keep their shape unless they *are* good; they cannot be expected to wear well if too cheap a price is paid—or rather, I should say, the cheapest pair of boots in the end is the good-priced one.

The illustrations show No. 1 as a lady's black patent summer walking shoe, with flat, corded silk bow; No. 2, child's black strap ditto; No. 3, child's two-strap brown glacé; No. 4, lady's brown walking glacé, with very broad laces and large eyelet holes; No. 5, dainty white doeskin bootikins for baby, with white silk pompons and white enamel buttons; No. 6, lady's court shoe of bronze satin with grey shot stripe; No. 7, lady's pantoufles for the boudoir, of pink quilted satin turned over with white satin; No. 8, baby's shoes of coloured quilted satin; No. 9, lady's black patent, laced with silver grey; No. 10, lady's walking boot of dull kid, with patent golosh, outlined with a fancy hole design; No. 11, American-toed black patent; Nos. 12 and 13, beaded court shoes in black and bronze; No. 14, laced walking boot with grey suède tops and patent golosh; Nos. 15 and 16, court walking shoes of grey doeskin, the former with ornamented tongue of steel beads; No. 17, walking boot of stitched dull kid with patent toe-cap only.

One's footwear, like most items of the wardrobe, needs constant surveillance and care to get the best out of them. They should be placed upon trees within a few minutes of taking off, and at least three pairs should be worn alternately. This counteracts any tendency to "turn over," or heavier wear on one part of the boot than another. The best plan, by the way, is to buy these where one buys one's boots, and not haphazard from any shop, if the utmost benefit from them is desired. For

Your Frequent Longing for

Musical execution may be gratified at once. There is no more need for you to yearn in vain for the ability to express, through the medium of musical sounds, your ideals and ambitions. The restrictions hitherto placed upon you by limited technique may be immediately removed, and you can, at your own pleasure, indulge in delightful music, all the more sweet and appreciated because you are the master spirit. The

Autopiano

'Kastner,' London

enables you to do this as surely as though you had the training and genius of a Paderewski, and is a permanent source of pleasure to every member of your family and your friends. For hand playing it is unsurpassed, the beauty of tone, sympathetic touch, and general design and appearance of the various models rendering it the delight of all who hear it.

The Exclusive Features by means of which the "Autopiano" enables you to get these individual and human-like effects are the "Kastonome," the "Etronome," the "Correctoguide," the "Soloist," the Kastner "Reliance" Motor, and Patent Flexible Fingers.

The "Autopiano" is made in combination with the following celebrated pianos, Broadwood, Rachals, Lipp, Allison, Challen, etc., and can be secured by a small cash deposit and trifling deferred payments. Utmost value allowed for ordinary pianos in part exchange.

Call at once and hear the "Autopiano," or if unable to do so, write for new Art Catalogue No. 3 and full particulars of easy terms for purchase.

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INSIST ON SEEING THIS TRADE MARK ON THE FALL. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

The Autopiano
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For descriptions] FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR. [*See page* 83.

CAPTAIN: "YES, THAT'S THE SUREST CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS."

Good News for Travellers.

Horrors of Sea-Sickness Banished!

A well-known Paris Physician has discovered a certain cure for **Sea-sickness** or **Train-sickness.** He has successfully localized the cause of this dreadful disorder in the *optic layers*, *striated bodies*, and *spinal bulb* of the brain, not—as was commonly supposed—in anæsthesia of the stomach.

The formula of **"Delphinine"** was the ultimate result.

"Delphinine" acts powerfully and directly through the brain on the stomach, with the result that, in the very roughest weather, the worst cases of sickness are immensely relieved and at least 90 per cent. are absolutely cured.

But—"Prevention is better than Cure," and **"Delphinine"** should be used for the marvellous preventive it is. Absolutely harmless in composition, it can be taken even by children and the constitutionally weak, while robust travellers will be pleased to know that there is no change in diet required except abstinence from coffee.

"Delphinine" is presented in tiny tasteless tablets taken two at a time, every fifteen minutes for an hour. Prices: **2/6, 4/6,** and **9/-,** post free. *Sole Agents for United Kingdom:—*

HEPPELL & CO., Foreign Chemists, **Strand, Haymarket, & Piccadilly, W., LONDON;** also at **151, London Road, LIVERPOOL.**

Prepared by WEITZ, Pharmacien, 8, Rue de Duras, PARIS.

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BORDEAUX—Pharmacie Riviere, 8, Rue St. Catherine.
LE HAVRE—112, Rue de Paris.
CHERBOURG—58, Rue de la Fontaine.
ALGER—3, Place du Government.
TUNIS—2, Avenue de Paris.
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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—43, Grande [Rue.
BREST—2, Rue de Paris.
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DIEPPE—30, Grande Rue.

CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL RELIABLE CHEMISTS.

"I have no hesitation in stating that the 'Delphinine' remedy of Dr. Flasschoen is the true specific against sea-sickness, and I endorse the enthusiasm it has excited among my colleagues."—Dr. FERRO y FERRO, Inspecteur de Voyage, &c.

FIG. 5.

Fig. 5.—A smart travelling costume of fine navy-blue serge, the collar and cuffs being finished with striped blue and white silk. The same design is also intended for Tussore, with black and white ribbed silk trimming, the seams piped smartly with black silk. A pattern (No. 708) can be supplied of this suit for 1/0½ post free; particularly becoming to a stout figure.

Fig. 6.—The charm of this costume is its tailored simplicity, the model being designed to exhibit the virtues of linen and pique for early summer "tub" costumes, though for present wear this cut may be admirably expressed in aluminium-grey or Parma violet cloth. A paper pattern (No. 754) can be supplied for 1/0½ post free.

Suits for the Coronation.

FIG. 6.

Many Women Will Don a Plain Coat and Skirt on the Great Day.

children the "Phat-pheet" models are to be recommended for their natural shapes.

Powdered magnesia is best for cleaning light or white suède, while brown leather requires to be washed thoroughly with soap to entirely remove all dust before applying brown boot cream of a good, recognized make.

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"ZUG" SHOOTING BOOT
DOUBLE WATERTIGHT TONGUE

This boot has stood the test for years. Thousands of Farmers, Gamekeepers, and Sportsmen are wearing them regularly and with universal satisfaction. Where others fail our famous "Zug" Boot proves successful.

DESCRIPTION.—No. 1120. Best Stout Waterproof, "Zug" Grain Uppers, special design, double tongue, watertight to top of boot, hand stitched with wax thread at side seams, whole cut vamp, stout solid English leather soles waterproofed by patent process and nailed in groups of three to prevent slipping.

The "Barratt" System of sizes and widths.

All our Men's Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide). When ordering simply state size and width required. Boots exchanged in case of misfit.

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The World's Leading "Boots-by-Post" Specialists,
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Gives Four Times the Field of View of an ordinary Field Glass.

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(Mention *The Strand Magazine.*)

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.,
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

One of the most important items of women's wearing apparel is certainly the corset. Its beginning dates back to prehistoric times, when, as a girdle in varying forms, it was adopted by the inhabitants of almost every clime—men and women. Had its use depended merely on being an article of clothing it is very probable that it would have quickly died out, after the manner of fashions, and have been subject to revivals, according to the dictates of La Mode. But from the savage who first realized that knotting the girdle tighter and tighter allayed the increasing pangs of hunger, and the would-be strong man who girded up his loins for the lifting of heavy weights, another reason made itself manifest—the necessity of preserving the youthful shape of the figure after age or the eating of much food began to leave its effects. This brought about the gradual increase of width in the girdle or waistband until it reached the bust and covered the abdomen. So for these fundamental reasons the corset has remained, and its many evolutions are seen in the perfect examples of to-day.

Naturally, in the attainment of perfection the good-class corset was always an expensive item; but now that it really seems as if the high-water mark of excellence has been reached attention naturally turns to its manufacture at a reduced price, and thus it is that to-day corset-makers are able to offer their best at prices in fair proportion to the quality of the corsets. Really good, well-made, and comfortable corsets are now cheap for the prices charged.

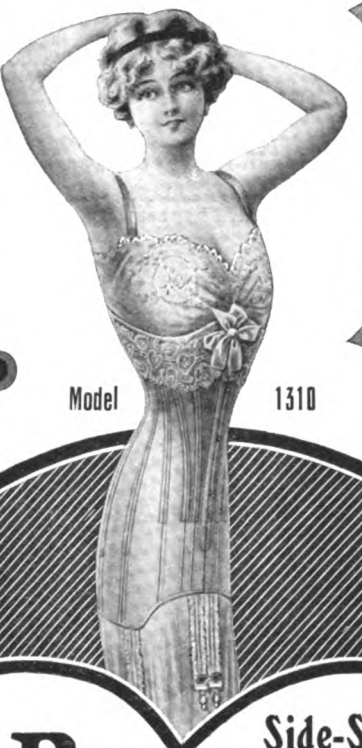
FIG. 919. A Washable Corset.

The exigencies of fashion, medical requirements, and personal comfort all demand attention in the perfect corset. If it be too cheap and ill-fitting in any particular no amount of dressmaking skill can make amends; on the other hand, a really well-corseted figure is a delight and acquisition to the modern *costumière*.

To be well corseted, however, must not be confused with tight-lacing; in fact, it is the reverse. The essential features of the latest corsets are ease and comfort to the wearer, graceful and artistic lines, and the necessary body support.

Especially during the summer is a washable corset desirable, and these are now being made with quite simple but wonderfully convenient devices for abstracting the bones and busks before sending them to the washtub. They are, too, quite cheap—from 4s. 11d. Although so inexpensive to buy ready-made, readers may yet be pleased to fashion these themselves, and accordingly a pattern of these corsets (as Fig. 919) can be ordered from this office, for a 22in. or 24in. waist, price 6½d. post free. The quantity of coutille or cotton brocade required is stated on each size pattern. As shown on Fig. B, the inside of the corset is finished with a strong strip of material at top and bottom and a shaped piece for strengthening the waist-line. The whalebones are simply stitched into tape covers (as Fig. A) and fitted into stitched slots made for them in these strips, and are thus easily bent in or out of position for laundry purposes.

J. B.



Model 1310

J.B. Side-Spring CORSETS

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MODEL 1310.—A delightful model with long subdued hips and abdominal lines for average figures. Modelled low in the bust and under the arms. Made of substantial Venetian Cloth in White and Dove—also in Broche, White and Blue. Hose Supporters at front and sides.

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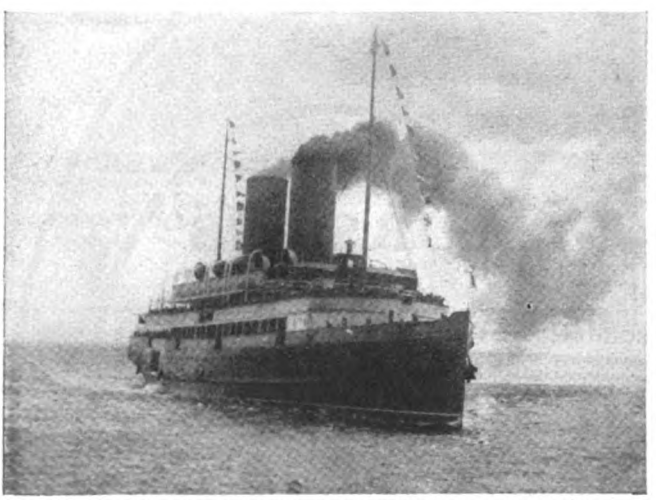
THE "LITTLE MAN ISLAND."

THE GEM OF THE IRISH SEA.

If we were asked to name the most favoured spot for a holiday on earth, we should unhesitatingly answer, "The Isle of Man."

"WHERE shall we go for our holiday?" This is a question which becomes acute in June, and decision is most difficult, involving as it does so many considerations. People would like to go here, there, and everywhere, but there are other conditions which have to be taken into account. And, as a rule, the people who ask the question decide, at the last moment, to go to some place they know, some nearby resort, to which they have perhaps been dozens of times before. Indeed, there are holiday-makers who go to the same place year after year, simply because it is too much effort to decide on going to some holiday land with which they are not familiar. This going off on the line of least resistance does not insure the most interesting or helpful holidays: indeed, on the other hand, it is almost a guarantee of stagnation.



THE EXPRESS TURBINE STEAMER "BEN-MY-CHREE."

There is value in holidays. Living in any resort costs about the same, and the value lies in what is seen or enjoyed for the cost incurred. Thus, you may dump yourself down in one little commonplace seaside town, the actual interest of which, apart from the fresh air and restful atmosphere, can be exhausted in an hour. Thousands of people spend their annual leisure in a place which is little more than a pier, a promenade, and an indifferent band. Or, on the other hand, they might have a holiday which gives them more of life in every way, restful surroundings, fresh air, quiet but changing beauty, many points of interest, new manners and customs, a complete change of environment. And such is the best holiday. Any seaside town may give pure air and rest, and extreme monotony. But it is possible to find some seaside centres which give rest and pure air without monotony—indeed, add to the holiday constant variety which heightens enjoyment, and in a very acceptable measure is a pleasant educational process as well. Such a holiday may be enjoyed at the Isle of Man.

Have you ever thought of the Isle of Man? Do you know where it is or what it is? Mere words hardly convey its charm, and yet, so far as this article goes, some attempt at least might be made. It is a little island set like a gem in the fragrant, breezy Irish Sea. Not far off, yet far enough away to give an entire change of scene and atmosphere. The very people, their habits and dialect, are different. The Isle of Man is a complete change. From Liverpool, or Fleetwood, after a two hours' sail, this gem-like garden of the Irish Sea shows itself on the horizon.

Steering with due course towards the isle
A picture glowing with colour bright.—*Othello.*

The hills stand up against the sky, green and gold in the sunlight, for the Isle of Man is a little emerald isle which grows more beautiful the nearer one gets to it. Not to have seen this tight little, bright little island rise from its home in the sea to greet you is to have missed a picture which lingers—a grateful image—in the mind for many years and calls again and again by its insistent beauty. Your landing-place is the beautiful Douglas Harbour, with its wonderful bay, but your home on the island may be in the big town, or in one of the many little fishing villages, or in the quiet depths of the country, which gives one all the pleasure of isolation without the many inconveniences of remoteness.

"Yes," says the tired Londoner, or the hard-worked city man or woman of Leeds, or Glasgow, or Birmingham, "the Isle of Man may be a delightful centre, as you say, but then look at the distance. It is quite out of the question for my holiday—the Isle of Man is too far." Too far! Indeed, the Isle of Man, a little new world unspoilt, is one of the most easily accessible places open to the English holiday-maker. Going on your annual twenty or thirty mile journey to a monotonous seaside town, you have perhaps forgotten that modern travel has made distances shrink and made travelling not a toil but a delight. The Londoner—and the Isle of Man ought to charm London people by the thousand—may breakfast leisurely in his own home, catch an easy train, enjoy a view of the noble river Mersey and its shipping, and be in the Isle of Man, after an invigorating sea trip on a superb steamer, in time to change for dinner. Put into figures, the Isle of Man is only seven-and-a-half hours of very pleasant travelling from London, while the speedy sea trip, thanks to the new turbine steamers, offers no barrier, even to those who are squeamish on the water. From Birmingham, Leeds, or Glasgow, the journey to the island is even

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ISLE OF MAN

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Write for full particulars to the MISSES KELLY.

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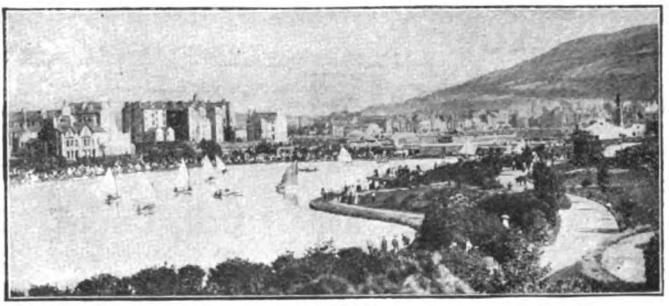
Telegrams: "*Ducker, Douglas.*" S. DUCKER, Proprietor.

a shorter trip, and so many conveniences have been arranged for the traveller that at no stage does the journey become irksome.

Even if the island were difficult of access, it would be worth an effort to see it, and possibly, if it were as far away as the Mediterranean, it would be the most popular resort in the world. Nature has been kind to the gemlike island which rears itself so proudly in



RAMSEY.

the Irish Sea. It has almost every attraction that can be asked of a holiday resort. Thirty miles in length, at its longest part, barely eight miles wide, one might cover a continent and not find the variety of scenic delights to be discovered in the Isle of Man. Mountain, valley, hill, and dale, flat, low-lying coast-line, rocky cliffs, river and lake, wild moorland beauty and ordered design produced by cultivation—all this one may find in Manxland. At the south of the island there are magnificent cliffs; a range of mountains dominates the centre; there are wide stretches of fragrant moorland purple with heather; there are clear rushing streams and picturesque waterfalls; the glens of fairylike beauty alone make the island famous, while there are quiet little villages built round natural bays where Nature may be found in her most restful mood.

And one may live to suit one's taste. If life to you is a matter of sumptuous hotels in well-ordered towns, the Isle of Man, in its finest watering-place, Douglas, can give them to you, and you may make excursions from your headquarters and come back to dinner and the theatre at night. If you like quiet apartments in well-ordered towns, there are centres like Ramsey, Peel, and Port Erin to give you your heart's desire. If you would have a country cottage standing alone in some sea-girt solitude, the Isle of Man will find you your ideal. Or if you love the moorland, and would live away from the haunts of man in some quaint farm or corner of a little fishing village, then go to the Isle of Man. It is not a town with the set habits of a town, or an isolated stretch of country full of solitudes that do not appeal to the gregarious. The Isle of Man is a little commonwealth, a state in miniature, with big towns and little villages and country solitudes, each making an appeal to different tastes.

It is almost impossible to state all its attractions.

In it are dozens of ideal bathing centres.

Lovers of sea-fishing may follow their sport day by day.

Golf is very accessible, and the seven links of which it boasts are not only sporting courses but delightfully picturesque.

For the children there is every type of sea front—golden stretches of sand, rocky beaches with quaint treasures waiting to be discovered in the hidden pools, shallows where tiny children may bathe and paddle in safety.

Pedestrians may spend days roaming in old-world surroundings through the many glens.

Cyclists find delightful roads and lovely calling-places.

Those who drive may discover a new excursion every day.

There is any amount of safe boating and yachting.

In the evening one may sit and enjoy the beautiful sunsets in unbroken silence, or join the gay crowd on the promenades or near the bands, or continue the pleasures of the city in the brilliantly-lighted theatres.

The Isle of Man is at once Arcadian and cosmopolitan. There is no healthy human taste to which it does not appeal, bringing with its appeal new charms and endless variety.

You should read about the Isle of Man. It is the place you have been looking for.

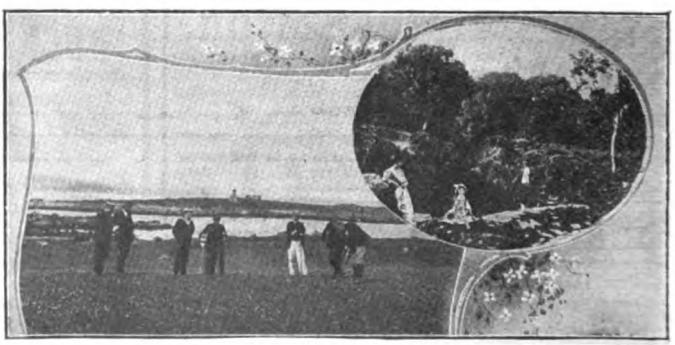
The Official Information Department, with offices at 27, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and Douglas, Isle of Man, issues a book which should be studied in detail before you make your holiday choice.

It tells of the best way of getting there, and covers the glorious charm of the island, only hinted at here, in detail, describing all its centres, Douglas, Peel, Port St. Mary, Castletown, Port Erin, Onchan, Laxey, Dalby, Ballasalla, Kirk Michael, Ballaugh, and Sulby.

It also tells of the many attractive excursions, to the hills, the cliffs, the glens, and the many bays, and gives many excellent illustrations of those beauty spots.

But better still is to simply make up one's mind and go to the little island in the sea, which arises to beckon the town dweller to a round of pleasures which will give him change, rest, health, and contentment, and will add new joy to his life while the holiday lasts, and leave him at the end of his holiday with a garland of pleasant memories.

Few who have been to this island fail to return. The pictures which remain in the mind of the restful, quiet, yet ever-changing interest of the Isle of Man recur again and again, and the longing to go back to this world-famed beauty spot remains within the hearts and minds of those who have once fallen under its magic spell.



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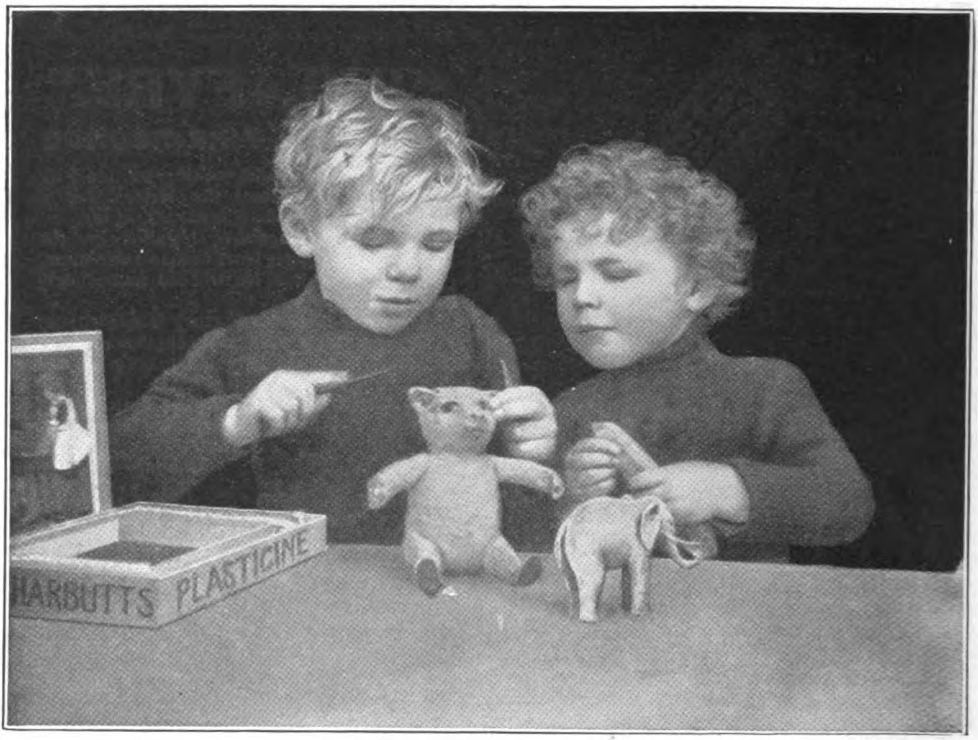

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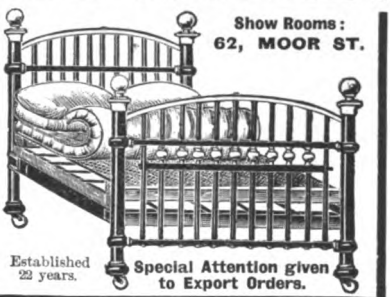

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